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See "The Simpletons."

"ON THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE STREAM THREE YOUNG WOMEN V

HARPER'S

*Gates
Sample.*

NEW MONTHLY¹⁸ MAGAZINE.

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AN ARABIAN DAY AND NIGHT.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

WE were jogging along gently through the sand of the Sahara Desert one fine windy day in March. The noses of our horses were pointed towards Timbuctoo, their tails towards the main range of the Atlas Mountains. How we happened to be at this point is soon told. Remington was used up with hard work; so was I. Both agreed that a few days under a burning African sun would be of inestimable value in curing us of our ailment, so common to the industrious American that it might as well go by the name of *Americanitis*. Both of us had rather loose notions of African conditions. I say both, for I discovered by accident that Remington's principal outfit consisted of a huge revolver and a monstrous pair of arctic galoches. We both knew that the Congo and the Niger were in Africa; that Stanley had been there; that all Europe was wrangling over the swampy sections of it; and that France had some highly picturesque Arab troops somewhere on the northern edges. I hasten to say all this at the risk of offending Remington:

Firstly. In order to establish a reputation for joint veracity.

Secondly. To furnish the fullest guarantee of impartiality in regard to the observations we made.

The third of our desert party was a distinguished Franco-African official—let us call him for convenience Capitaine du Moulin. We had made his acquaintance by a happy accident while travelling to the end of the railway leading from the coast to the Atlas. We had apparently surprised him and his wife by asking permission to smoke before lighting our cigars; we had given them a still greater shock by moving our valises into a neigh-

boring compartment in order to make Madame du Moulin more comfortable. Had our civilization been dictated by the most mercenary motives it could not have brought us a richer reward.

"Monsieur is not English!" remarked madame.

Remington's French having been selected mostly from the upper Missouri, I was forced to speak for both.

"No; we are Americans," I answered.

"Of course—I knew it," said she, looking knowingly at her husband. "No Englishman would have asked permission to smoke...."

And then she and the Capitaine told story after story, each worse than the last, proving conclusively that the English are the most ill-mannered, the most offensive people imaginable.

The sentiments of Madame du Moulin would not be worth quoting had I not heard them re-echoed wherever I went, and amongst different classes of Franco-Africans. But the Capitaine was a guardian angel to us. He had looked over a letter of introduction I bore to a great official; we had shared lunch together. He said he had to make a visit upon a great Arab chief, who was expecting him in a few days; would we be his guests?

And so it came about that we were jogging along gently through the sand of the Sahara, bound for the black tents of El Hadj Ahmed Ab d'el Kader ben el Hadj Mohammed. This is a long name; but then we were a long time getting there, and my memory needed exercise. Far away behind us stretched the ragged ridge of the Atlas; ahead of us nothing but a gray blanket of sand waving away into an infinity of shiny mist. I had seen the same sort of thing in Colorado. Remington said it was Arizona all over again.

People grow silent and sensitive when they live on the great plains, and no wonder. To the desert-dweller every star gains in significance, every object that lifts its head above the horizon. The cloud that scuds; the bird; the track of an animal; the shape of a tent; the load of a camel; the track of a man; a bunch of grass; a sign of water—whatever arrests his eye on a day's march speaks to him of nature ministering to a variety of his needs. He must have water and grass; he must have shelter from storms; he must avoid dangerous gullies; must watch for signs of wild beasts; must anticipate the ambush of an enemy—and with it all use heaven as his guide, with its sun by day and stars by night. The traveller of the desert plains is never without occupation; his eyes are sweeping the horizon without interruption, and he picks his way by the help of a judgment constantly exercised—for the Arab knows no roads which are not unmade by one puff of sand.

It was little that we saw in the shape of humanity—a camel train now and then bearing dates and wool from the interior, the camels swinging along with irritating regularity, feeding as they moved, and treading gently, as though on rotten ground. The drivers eyed us malevolently, and I felt comfort in reflecting that France supported 50,000 soldiers in Algeria for the express purpose of making our journey safe. The caravans were escorted by Arab horsemen in white burnouses, perched high upon tough and springy mustangs. Each horseman had his gun balancing across his saddle-bow, and looked at us as though repeating imprecations from the Koran.

We were getting rather tired of desert-journeying; we had been out since sunrise, and it was now long past noon. We were straining our eyes for the tents of El Hadj Mohammed, when, lo! in a lift of land appeared the outline of a solitary horseman. Without a movement he stood until we had come so close as to see the whites of his eyes. Remington kept his hand on his six-shooter; the silent figure also had a gun. No house, no creature, was in sight. The Arab seemed to have risen from the earth.

"It is El Hadj Mohammed himself," said Capitaine du Moulin at last. "But strange that he should be alone and not move to greet us!"

We were now close together, and solemn formal greetings were exchanged. The chief was seventy years of age, but sat his Arab horse with the ease of youth. Over his long white burnoose he wore a black one of camel's-hair—a costly garb in the desert, where black camels are scarce. His mouth spoke welcome; he pressed the palm of his hand to ours, then touched his finger to his lips in sign that he accepted us as guests, and would therefore allow no one to cut our throats for the present. His face was modelled in a manner rarely seen excepting amongst soldiers and men exposed to hardship in dry hot countries.

"Where are you from?" asked the Arab chief, in very bad French.

"From England," answered Capitaine du Moulin for us.

I protested on behalf of Remington and myself that we were not English, but Yankees.

"No use telling him that," said Du Moulin. "He has heard of England—he does not know that there is such a place as America!"

This had a depressing effect upon us, and we jogged along for some time in silence.

Suddenly from out of an ambush sprang a cloud of Arabs, who spurred their swift horses down upon us at a breakneck gallop. The horsemen charged so suddenly and with such fury that it seemed as though they must ride over us; their big burnouses flew out in the wind and flapped like the wings of a mythical monster—half horse, half man. High in the air they waved their guns until quite close, when suddenly they brought them to their shoulders, aimed them steadily towards us, and—fired. A great cloud of smoke, a cloud of dust greater still, the sharp noise of musketry and the rattle of cavalry equipment—all these made the confused impression of being caught in the midst of a scene of war. But when the smoke and dust cleared away there stood before us a squadron of Arabs, motionless, proudly erect in their saddles, a look of concentrated joy and defiance in their mysterious eyes, their guns trailing in their right hands, their cream-white horses quivering with excitement. As they threw their animals back upon their haunches, they were saying to themselves, under their breath: "By the beard of Mohammed, it is a cursed shame that we must stay our hands from extermin-



“THE CARAVANS WERE ESCORTED BY ARAB HORSEMEN.”



NATIVE GENDARME.

nating these infidel dogs! But we must wait for better times."

Of course we praised the performance, and exchanged signs of friendship. Three of El Hadj Mohammed's sons were in this band of welcome. Two were grown men, athletic, soldierly-looking fellows. The third was barely nine years old. He was not big enough yet to shoot a gun from the saddle, but he rode his little horse as wildly and securely as the best of them, and fired a single-barrelled pistol as his share of the demonstration.

It takes some time for the casual traveller to be reconciled to a form of welcome involving the shooting of guns and pistols aimed in his direction. One instinctively thinks that a mistake might occur—that a stranger might now and then get the worst of it.

We jogged on to the tents of El Hadj, surrounded by all that could flatter the vanity of honored guests. The encampment consisted of about a dozen round tents made of brown camel's-hair cloth. The entrances faced towards the inside of

a semicircle, and along the front of the tents was a thick rope of camel's-hair, to which the horses were hobbled. The tent of the chief was, of course, the largest—probably twenty feet in diameter.

His retainers and servants met us at the door with every demonstration of loyal devotion, but with eyes that belied their hospitable gestures. The chief waved us a signal to enter his desert home, and his family, excepting the women, stood in a row to give solemnity to the act. The floor was soft with many layers of rich Oriental rugs. The interior seemed at first very dark, but when our eyes had become accustomed to it we noted costly curtains and shawls of the finest texture hung about the sides and across the top. I offered to take off my boots on entering, but the chief insisted that we should waive that customary act—much to our relief.

In the next tent I heard a baby cry—the first note that made me feel that I was amongst people of flesh and blood. I felt like cuddling that baby, that little voice in the desert was so intensely human and homelike to me. But I was warned to express no curiosity as to the harem, where El Hadj Mohammed kept five fat wives, who spent their days eating sweetmeats and lolling over soft cushions. I got an indirect acquaintance with this woman-hutch. The wives were too fat and stupid to be handsome, but were dressed up in costly fabrics and covered with string upon string of coins.

We sat in a circle. The chief did the honors by offering us dish after dish of highly spiced meat, each dish tasting much like the last one, save that the sauce contained more or less sand according as the wind happened to strike it while coming from the kitchen tent to ours. We ate a little of each out of compliment to our host, but I for one would have given it all cheerfully in exchange for a glass of fresh milk and a piece of clean bread.

No mere servant or retainer was permitted to come near us—no one but the chief himself. The kitchen menials brought the dish to the door of the tent; the lowest retainer then took it and handed it to the next in rank, until it finally passed to El Hadj Mohammed, who alone then placed it before us. He himself ate nothing, explaining that it was a period of fasting for the faithful, when between sun and sun no food could pass their lips,

not even a whiff of tobacco. The little son, however—he with the fiery pony and pistol—was exempted by reason of age, and he ate more than the whole party of unbelievers.

He was spitted from end to end on a pole the size of a canoe mast, and elicited universal admiration, particularly from the fasting faithful. We seized our jack-knives, and peeled off shingles of meat so



“AS THEY THREW THEIR ANIMALS BACK UPON THEIR HAUNCHES.”

Finally came the great event of the feast, the solemn act, like bringing in the plum pudding at Christmas. The flaps of the tent door were parted wide. El Hadj waved his hand, and in stalked two noble sons of the desert, bearing between them the kid that had been roasted whole in our honor. Hoofs and skull were there. He looked horribly naked with the skin off and his sides shiny with dripping.

succulent that we soon forgot all about what we had already consumed. It was a Homeric feast, with Homer waiting upon us. Since then Remington and I have made gastronomic discoveries in the houses of Paris, and tasted things which made us feel that our heaven was not good enough for a French cook; still, even there we found ourselves praising a dish in this wise:

"It's splendid, but, ah! that Sahara kid!"

El Hadj gave us delicious coffee, done after the manner of the East, and served not in china, but in silver cups of exquisite workmanship. He kindly allowed us to smoke, although before doing so he and all the faithful carefully protected themselves from the forbidden fragrance by drawing their burnouses across their mouths and nostrils.

Then we lay back upon our cushions, and chatted, and forgot all about New York, and London, and bills, and publishers, and streets, and steamers, and other impediments to philosophic elevation.

We had sad reflections as we bade good-by to El Hadj Mohammed, his three sons, and his many retainers. He begged us to spend the night with him, but we had reasons for not further taxing his hospitality. His camp looked very lonely as we gazed back upon it from time to time on our homeward march across the waste of sand. Nothing else was in sight for many miles save his twelve black tents, like ant-hills on the horizon. An Arab furnished us escort and guidance until we came to the limits of his little government. Then he too bade us farewell, and we travelled on, with no landmark save the distant peaks of the Atlas and the setting sun.

II.

A day or so after our visit to the Arab camp we happened to be in a Moorish town with a strong garrison of Spahis and Turcos. We said we wished to try a genuine old-fashioned Moorish bath, such as the Arabs enjoyed, and without any admixture of vulgar modernity.

We were gratified.

But we stumbled into the ladies' compartment. The keepers had all gone off to a dog-fight on the next corner, and consequently no one was in attendance to warn us against the shock our feelings were about to sustain. Be it said, by-the-way, that Remington and I are fairly modest, not to say shy.

At first we could see little in the steamy space; but as we grew accustomed to the strange light we became painfully aware that the living tableaux about us were not of the sex we had anticipated. If any doubt had lingered in our minds on this subject, it would have been satisfactorily dispelled by a succession of fem-

inine screams, which started from the door and made the circle of the room, like the contagious wail sometimes heard at the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs.

We had seen enough.

Through the hot mist we finally succeeded in reaching the door, then the court, and then the street, but only to rush, into the arms of the excited doorkeepers, who had rushed back to their female aquarium armed with big sticks and followed by a crowd of Arab loafers.

The situation was disagreeable, and of course just when Remington's huge cowboy revolver was most needed it was lying in the bottom of his valise. Fortunately for us, however, the crime of which we stood convicted was scarcely greater than that of our accusers, who had forsaken their precious post for a dog-fight. Then, too, we were strong in having been seen hobnobbing with the commander of the garrison in public. I detected my advantage in the quality of the bluster made by the chief janitor, and cooled him down somewhat in this diminuendo strain:

"You are a dog; you are placed here to guard the bath; you desert your post; I shall have you exposed; you will be punished; you lay a trap for innocent Americans; you let them walk into the women's bath; you are a scoundrel; your ancestors are inferior animals. Thank Allah that I am generous. I forgive you this once."

And thus from blustering fury he piped so softly that it was scarce above a whisper that he begged we would do him the honor of visiting the bath that very evening after the ladies had gone home. We graciously accepted, dismissed him from our presence, and stalked away with the spring of triumph in our step, and in our hearts profound gratitude that we escaped without broken heads.

We dined royally to celebrate our good luck. We had several bottles of champagne at three francs and fifty centimes the quart bottle—a very good wine of native manufacture, by-the-way. I do not mention the brand, because it would cause the price to go up.

Before dinner we had decided to leave the place by the first train—before the lynching party could organize. After dinner we thought better of it; that we might hurt the feelings of the Arab if we slighted his establishment.

So we went again.



A REVOLVER CHARGE.

We stared a long time at the dusky denizens of the tepidarium before entering. We had no mind to make a second mistake. A venerable Arab in full dress saluted us gravely, and waved us to a portion of the room where we might undress and hang our clothes. Three spry little Arabs, wearing nothing but a suit of brown

as though I were mounting an altar reared for human sacrifice. Our Arab imps disappeared, but dusky forms passed close to us now and then, gliding mysteriously on inexplicable errands. The thumping and banging of human flesh was heard; now and then a grunt or groan. From off in another cavern came a funereal



ARAB METHOD OF PICKETING A HORSE.

skin and a rag around the waist, sprang upon me, while three more invaded Remington. We were quickly stripped and escorted like captives past a dozen or more Arabs who were smoking and sipping coffee—resting after their bath. The spry little Arabs held us tightly by the arms; for we went down some slippery marble steps; we turned into a black passage-way; we then rose one step; then we banged at a huge oak door, from around which issued spurts of steam.

The great door closed behind us with a report of muffled thunder that went sounding about remote caverns like the magical ninepins of Rip Van Winkle. We could see nothing; the steam blinded us. Over the slippery flags we were guided, and then laid upon a square block of hot marble at the centre of the cavern. I felt

dirge, a savage singsong, such as negroes in their primitive state call forth. It is not a melody, yet evidently meant for such. The Chinese also do it. Now and then a chorus of Arabs joined in the sad savagery, and then all would be hushed save the beating of human flesh.

Neither of us knew where we were or how we might get out of this dungeon. The sounds betokened a large number of Arabs. We were the only whites.

There were evidently subterranean spaces beyond this one. We had gravely outraged the native sense of propriety; what if they chose to take their revenge!

We had scant time for speculation. Three Arab sprites seized Remington. Other three imps seized me. We were made to lie flat on our backs on the steamy stone floor, with no pillow but a



THE TENTS OF EL HADJ MOHAMMED.

block of wood—after the fashion of Japan. Not even a piece of matting shielded us from the stones. Then one sprite seized me by the neck and commenced handling my jugular sections with a view to determining the one where it pained me most. He squeezed and wrenched, and finally twisted my head as though it had been a spigot. Another sprite took my arms and turned the bones in their sockets.

Then he pulled my arms across my chest so tightly that my breastbone nearly cracked. Tears came to my eyes, but I dared not show feeling. Remington gasped, and quoted fragments of profane Scripture; but he was helpless—his revolver was in his valise. The sprites then tossed us on to our bellies as though we had been half-done slapjacks, and one jumped full upon my back into the hole under the shoulder-blades. From this perch he seized one foot and screwed it about as he had before done the arm—it gave me a satisfactory notion of the Spanish Inquisition. Then he seized the other foot and hauled it up along my spinal column as a sailor might strain on a lanyard. He danced upon my back; jumped into the air, and landed on the sides of my barrel as an agile clown treads a ball in the circus. He did this all not merely with perfect facility, but ob-

vious pleasure, for the while he exchanged gurgling utterances with the tormentors of Remington. Nor were the other sprites idle. They thumped and scraped my several parts as though I had one skin too many. And when my standing sprite had finished dancing in the small of my back, a second one jumped on the rest of my person with all-fours, and brought the full weight of his body to bear upon every squeeze of his very muscular hands.

Oh, how sorry I was that we had come! At last we were allowed to rise, were lathered and sprinkled and laid to rest upon the soft cushions of the tepidarium—soft flowing burnoose about us, and Remington with a cigar alight. I began to doze.

Suddenly I heard the sound of angry voices, the clanging of chains, the clash of swords. I started up. The Moorish lamp swinging in the middle of the room burned strangely red; the venerable Arabs who had been sitting about with their coffee and cigarettes were gone; Remington was gone. I tried to escape. But the three sprites again seized me. This time their eyes glared like tigers'; their white teeth seemed long and sharp; their skin seemed blacker. The doors opened, and in poured steam and flame and a band of grinning Moors. They were armed with



THE ARAB DANCE.

swords and spears whose tips were glowing hot. In their midst stalked the image of El Hadj Mohammed, looking serious. He took his seat on the edge of the fountain that played in the middle of the room underneath the Moorish lamp, and waving his hand as sign of silence, addressed me:

"You are to be put to death, because you are the curse of my people."

I attempted to protest my innocence, but my tongue refused to move.

"I know what you mean," said he; "you wish to deny it. You cannot. For fifty years you have kept my people in slavery; you have made war upon us; you have butchered us. You keep your soldiers here to frighten us; you set us an example of drunkenness and moral rottenness; you hedge us about; you make us poor; you take away our flocks; you wish to starve us. But Allah is with us. This night you die, and to-morrow none shall live but the faithful."

And with that he ordered me despatched. The three sprites again seized me; the men with the spears and swords held the red-hot points poised above me.

I woke on my mattress, and heard Remington grumble that I had grabbed his cigar. There played the pretty fountain; there hung the Moorish lamp; there sat the noble Arabs puffing their tobacco, just as they were when I came in. Yet I am equally sure of the words spoken to me that night by El Hadj Mohammed, for I heard the one as distinctly as I saw the other.

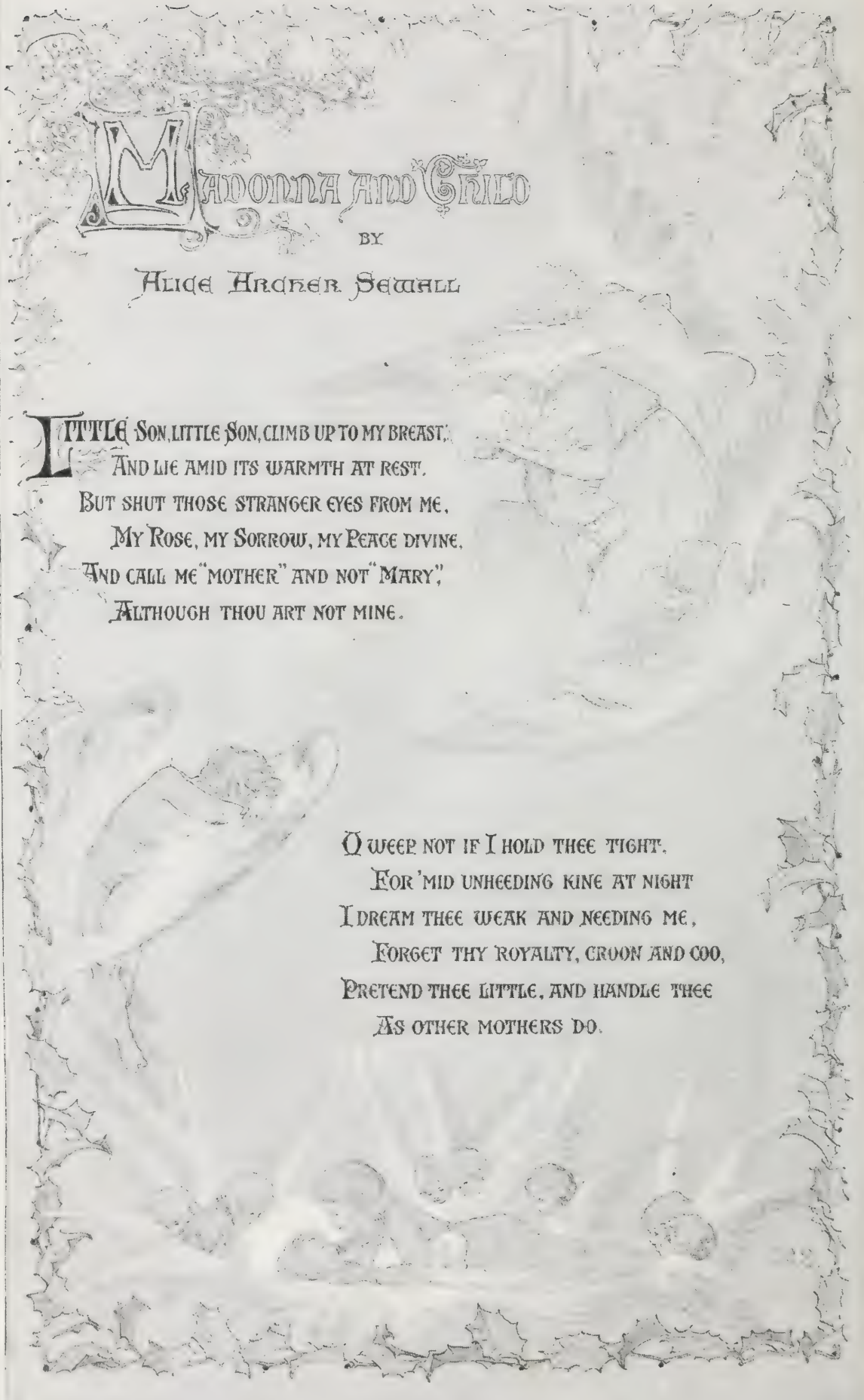
I was too much wrought up to go home to bed, so we hunted up the crookedest streets of the Arab town, and stumbled about in the midst of wonderful architecture until we heard music. We followed the sound into a long low room occupied wholly by Arabs, who sat cross-legged on a raised platform. These Arabs were as dignified as so many Othellos, and sipped their coffee and smoked just as the others had done in the Moorish bath. The common Arab "trash" perched about where it could. The corner near the door was occupied by the musicians, who beat soft drums and played tunes of the devil's composition into instruments of reed. At the far end of the room a venerable native prepared coffee, which he passed to the guests as they



"ASSUMING THAT RAGS ARE PICTURESQUE,
HOW CAN YOU BEAT IT?"

came in. Up and down the room danced a wicked-eyed "limb of Satan," making antics with his elbows and playing a dance measure. He was soon joined by an Arab woman, gorgeously decked out in native finery, who swayed her body gently about, keeping time to his music, and acting as though her object was to fascinate him by the suggestion of an easy conquest on his part.

The dancing piper acted as treasurer with an agility worthy of a Japanese fireman. When a guest signified his intention to subscribe towards the entertainment fund, the piper danced over towards him, no matter what obstacles might be in his path. Then, keeping up the dance music all the while, he bowed his body like a contortionist until his forehead was presented to the giver, as if it had been the palm of his hand. The subscriber placed sometimes one coin upon the forehead, sometimes two, sometimes he covered the whole space with coins, and then the audience watched the piper as he danced away and around the room, holding his forehead so well that not a coin fell off.



MADONNA AND CHILD

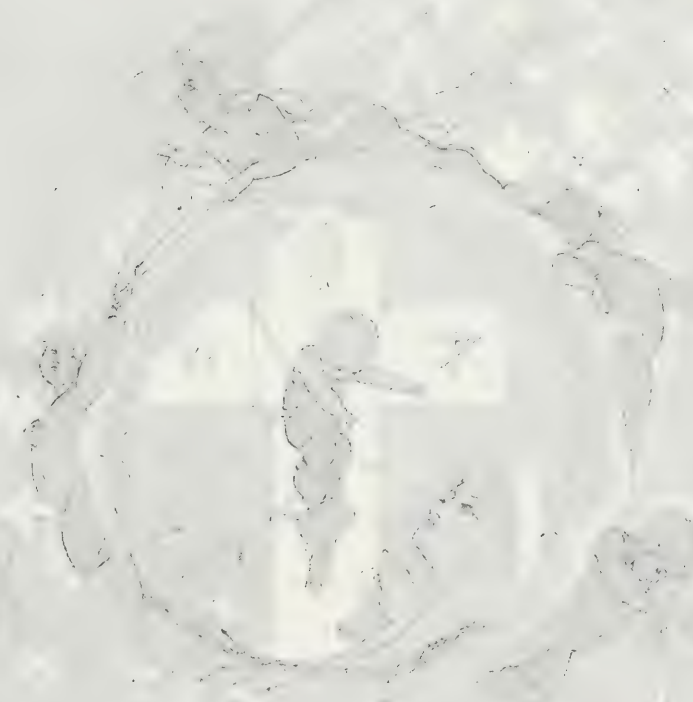
BY

ALICE ARCHER SETHALL

LITTLE SON, LITTLE SON, CLIMB UP TO MY BREAST,
AND LIE AMID ITS WARMTH AT REST.
BUT SHUT THOSE STRANGER EYES FROM ME,
MY ROSE, MY SORROW, MY PEACE DIVINE,
AND CALL ME "MOTHER" AND NOT "MARY,"
ALTHOUGH THOU ART NOT MINE.

O WEEP NOT IF I HOLD THEE TIGHT,
FOR 'MID UNHEEDING KINE AT NIGHT
I DREAM THEE WEAK AND NEEDING ME,
FORGET THY ROYALTY, CROON AND COO,
PRETEND THEE LITTLE, AND HANDLE THEE
AS OTHER MOTHERS DO.

THINE EYES ARE CLOSED, BUT HE WHO KEEPS
WATCH OVER ISRAEL NEVER SLEEPS!
AND WHEN I SLEEPLESS LIE BY THEE
THY LITTLE HANDS MINE EYES DO BLIND
AND MOVE ACROSS THEM SOOTHINGLY,
AND FEEL SO LARGE AND KIND.



IT IS I WOULD CLIMB TO THY LITTLE BREAST.
O HOLD ME THERE AND LET ME REST!
IT IS I AM WEAK AND WEARY AND SMALL,
AND THY SOFT ARMS CAN CARRY ME.
SO PUT THEM UNDER ME, GOD, MY ALL,
AND LET ME QUIET BE.

EVOLUTION OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IT used to be said Americans did not know how to live, but that was before we were "discovered" by the journalistic missionaries of Great Britain. It used also to be said we did not know how to enjoy ourselves; but again, that was before the dawn of the country club. If we knew neither how to live nor how to enjoy ourselves until comparatively recent years, it must be acknowledged we have made excellent use of both time and opportunity since our enlightenment. Even yet our efforts to acquire more intimate acquaintance with the leisurely side of life are parodied by those who cannot understand the demands of this great throbbing work-a-day country of ours.

It must be admitted unhesitatingly that we are only just learning how to play; we have not been, nor are we yet, a nation of pleasure-seekers. We are a practical people; we build our living-house before undertaking landscape-gardening. If we have been long in turning our attention to material enjoyments, we have atoned somewhat for early indifference by modernizing the paraphernalia and investing in the pursuit all that earnestness which characterizes the American in whatever field he launches. Indeed, we have entered upon our recreation with such vigor, I often question if even yet we have attained wisdom with the recreative incentive. I confess to a doubt whether full enjoyment of our joys is an American attribute. We steal away for our holidays (likely as not with a portmanteau filled with work to do at odd moments), determined to rest and take life at its easiest; we promise ourselves to forswear all thoughts of business and the outer world; to loll about under the trees, and seek some of the lessons nature is said to have for us. We hold bravely to our resolutions for a day or so, but the third or fourth is certain to find us bargaining for city newspapers. Perhaps our grandchildren may see the day they can separate themselves from the office as effectually as though it existed in name only, but the present-day American, at least he who fills any active part in this great progressive movement, has not yet reached that development in the cultivation of holiday amusement.

In this particular we may indeed learn from the Englishman, who knows to the fullest how to take his recreation; nothing hurries him; little worries him; when he goes on his holidays, only collapse of the Bank of England would recall him to the business world. He has gone from town to enjoy himself, and he does so to the utmost of his capability, which is considerable. Truly it is restful to observe the Britisher at play; there is no doubting he is bent on recreation. Every movement bespeaks leisure. But then his disposition is and his training has been totally different from those of the American, to whom the Englishman's comfortable way of conducting his business would of itself be recreation. Even the boys at play reveal the difference in temperament; the American school-boy engages in his games with as much light-hearted enthusiasm as the English lad, but the former shortly exhibits the national characteristic when, as university undergraduate, he gives so serious a turn to his sports, making preparation for contest a matter of considerable expense and elaboration, and giving results the greatest possible importance.

We Americans do nothing by halves—perhaps we should enjoy life more if we did—and the history of the country club, as much as anything else, bears witness to our tendency to superlative development. From having not a single country club in the entire United States of America twenty-five years ago, we have in a quarter of a century, in half that period, evolved the handsomest in the world. But here at least the reaction has been beneficial, for the country club has done appreciable missionary work in bringing us in contact with our fellows, where another than the hard business atmosphere envelops us, and in enticing us for the time being to put aside the daily task.

Apropos of the desire for relaxation that now and again fastens upon us when we have been driving the mind at the expense of the body, I recall a story once told me by an old army officer, who was well on his allotted years, illustrating my point so fittingly as to be worthy of recital here. It was while he was a cadet at West Point, and during the days when recrea-



TEA AT A COUNTRY CLUB.

tion as a tonic to study had not been recognized; whatever there was of muscular activity came as a *nolens volens* part of the daily curriculum; no out-door games of any description were tolerated, or at least encouraged. The desire to play became a disease that spread throughout the academy, and grew irrepressible, until one day marbles, surreptitiously taken into the barracks and half-ashamedly exhibited, suddenly filled the pockets of every cadet in the corps, as though by a sportive Santa Claus, and plebs and first classmen played at marbles with all the abandon of ten-year-old schoolboys. The West Point management has grown more sensible and liberal since that time, and marbles are no longer a necessity.

The country club in America is simply one of the results of a final ebullition of animal spirits too long ignored in a work-a-day world; it is nature's appeal for recognition of the body in its co-operation with the mind.

Only a careful study of our country's history and its social traditions will give us a full appreciation of what the country club has done for us. It has, first of all, corrected to a large extent the American defect of not being able or at least not willing to stop work and enjoy ourselves; it has brought together groups of congenial, cultivated people, that often as not might be sweltering in the midsummer sun in town, or at isolated country houses, or in crowded, ill-kept "summer hotels." It has given them a club and country villa combined in one, where, having practically all the comforts and delights of housekeeping, they are called upon to assume none of its cares or responsibilities. For here the steward attends to the early morning market, worries with the servants, and may be held to account for the shortcomings of the *chef*, and at a cost below that on which a separate establishment of equal appointment could be maintained.

It is impossible to overestimate the blessings of the country club in adding comforts to country living that before were utterly unattainable, and in making it possible to enjoy a degree of that rural life which is one of England's greatest attractions. I say degree, for we have not yet attained the full delights of suburban residence as they are enjoyed in England, where a large and wealthy leisure class make wellnigh every great

hall virtually a country club. In its present development the country club is really an American institution; there is little occasion for it in England, and nowhere is it so elaborated in the Old World as in the New.

To Boston must be given the credit of first revealing the possibilities and the delights of the country club. I never journey to the "Hub" that I do not envy Bostonians the geographical situation of their city, which is superior, from a sportsman's point of view, to that of any other in the United States. What with rural New England within a very few hours' railway travel, and the "North Shore," that ideal summer resting-spot, at their very gates, there is out-door entertainment for those of every disposition.

What nature has done for the Bostonian, a visit to the "North Shore," or perusal of Mr. Robert Grant's charmingly realistic pen-picture of its beauties, alone can show. Really it was not very neighborly of Mr. Grant to awaken so abruptly to our rural shortcomings those of us who had pitched our tents on less-favored ground.

A quarter of a century ago the residents of the north shore of Massachusetts Bay—to which no self-respecting Bostonian nowadays ever dreams of alluding otherwise than as the "North Shore"—differed little from those on the remainder of the much-broken New England coastline. If you seek the pioneer in the modern movement you must go to Mr. Grant for information. I shall tell you only how by degrees the busy American began to appreciate that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and gradually to stop for a breathing-spell. And thus, one at a time, slowly at first, the value of wholesome air and a bit of relaxation made converts. Slowly the underestimated farms passed from rustic to urban ownership, and became at once the most economical and best sanitariums in America, while the erstwhile proprietors withdrew farther into the New England fastnesses. Gradually, too, the entire scene changed from the up-at-sunrise-to-bed-at-sunset monotony of the simple-minded country folk to the brisk atmosphere of refined people; Nature herself seemed to welcome the more congenial surroundings, and the country assumed a brightened aspect. Where the leg-weary family hack, silhouetted against the autumn sky,



AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB TRAPS.

had toiled over the hills to the solitary cross-roads store, the village cart now dashed along, drawn by a good-blooded horse, and driven by a fashionably gowned woman. Man and woman-kind improved in health, horseflesh in quality, and we began to learn how to use to advantage our opportunities for recreation and health.

Its contiguity to Boston, and the completeness of individual establishments, made a country club in its initial sense along the north shore unnecessary in the very first years of its popularity, and not until it had grown beyond the country abode of a few individuals, and taken on the air of a country retreat of the comparatively many, did the need of a co-operative amusement institution become apparent. Therefore but five years ago the Casino was established near Nahant, and only in the last couple of years the first country club (Essex) of the immediate north shore has been opened at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

On the southern shore of Massachusetts Bay Nature has not been so lavish in her setting of the country; beautiful it is, indeed, but wanting in that grandeur of coast-line which is the chief charm of the north. Here there are handsome homes, and many of them, but the settlement of this shore differed from that of the other, inasmuch as those who went first to the latter did so as individuals, whereas, on the south, the pioneer fresh-air seekers settled in little bands of chosen ones. Thus the need of a rendezvous was early experienced, and realized in the establishment, in 1882, of the Brookline Country Club, the first of the genus in America, albeit some of the hunting clubs had been and are to this day filling a similar sphere.

Probably the country club has rendered its greatest service in tempting us out of doors, and cultivating a taste for riding and driving that has so largely benefited both sexes. With the evolution of the country club we have been developing into a nation of sportsmen and sportswomen. Indeed, sport of one kind or another and the origin of the country club are so closely connected, it is exceedingly difficult to decide which owes its existence to the other. It may be asserted that country clubs, generally speaking, have been created by the common desire of their incorporators to make a home for amateur sport of

one kind or another. Some grew directly out of sport, as, for instance, the Country Club of Westchester County, which was originally planned for a tennis club, the Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and the Buffalo clubs, that were called into existence by the polo and hunting men. Others owe their existence to a desire to establish an objective point for drives and rides, and a rendezvous within easy access of town like the Brookline and Philadelphia Country clubs. Others have been called into being as the centralizing force of a residential colony, as Tuxedo. And yet others have been created by fashion for the coast season, as the Kebo Valley, at Bar Harbor.

If sport has not been the *raison d'être* of every club's establishment, it is at all events, with extremely few exceptions, the chief means of their subsistence. Practically every country club is the centre of several kinds of sport, pursued more or less vigorously as the seasons come and go. A few of them maintain polo teams, and all supply implements and encouragement for as many kinds of games as its members will admit.

After all, the country club is nothing more than a rendezvous for a colony of congenial spirits; at least that, with more or less variation, is its cardinal virtue; but in our restless progressive way we have pursued the revelations of the new life with such tireless energy, I sometimes fear we run the risk of neutralizing the good to be otherwise derived. The ultra-fashionable side of the country club we must always deplore. The effort, happily in only isolated cases, to drag all the pomp and vanity and inane parade of town into the country, where it is in touch with neither the surroundings nor one's inclinations, presents quite as incongruous a situation as that other inanity, where much time and money, and not so much brains, combine to enforce the formalities of full dress at a yachting-cruise dinner upon those who have got into their flannels for a week's relaxation.

The intrusion of "fashion," so called, into some of our choicest summer resting-places has robbed them of all that charm which superb scenic surroundings and relief from society's conventionality formerly gave. One goes into the country in summer to rest and be rid of the set scene of the winter functions. Newport



—Hedie P. Smith

ON THE BALL.



COUNTRY CLUB OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

has long been given over to society's star performers, and to simple-minded provincials who journey thither to gape at the social menagerie.

As great an offence, however, is the desecration of the country by attempts to citify it. Citified country is not often a pleasing picture to contemplate, never so when it greets us at the club whither we have flown to escape it. I am inclined to agree with Miss French's sometimes irritable but always philosophical Professor in his lament at finding neither a lily in the ponds nor a solitary mud-puddle anywhere on the roads in the country-club vicinity; who finds, instead, asphaltum walks, and brooklets which you make sure are turned on in the morning and shut off again at night, and where "little bird-cage cottages are all about, with little birds in them all singing the same song. Big clubhouse, same people, same rocking-chairs, same people rocking in them, same waiters, same floor, same band, same dead monotony, until you feel as if you would like to blow up one half of it to give the other half a new and real sensation." But this is a phase of one or two country clubs only, for not many spoil what they

have by attempting what they cannot obtain—natural results with artificial propagation. Where nature has left off, man has stepped in to complete—and not infrequently, too, to mar—the picture. What marvellous displays of taste do we see by those privileged to erect country houses! What a heterogeneous array of architectural nightmares is presented for one's torture—particularly at the sea-side resorts, where the majestic splendors of the coast-line demand the more of the builder! Nowhere does recent architecture harmonize more thoroughly with its surroundings than in California, where many of the country houses and suburban clubs seem almost to have been modelled as a fitting and crowning complement by the same hand that had fashioned the ideal setting.

Really, country-club life has two sides—its domestic, if I may so call it, and its sporting, and not every club has both. Nor do I mean social for domestic. Every club has a social side, and that of the country club is particularly festive in season. But the domestic side is given only to those that have been the magnet in the founding of a colony of residents. Its domesticity may not be of



ALONG THE TURNPIKE

the nursery order, but it goes so far as apportioning a part of its house for the exclusive use of its women members, and in some instances, at the mountain and sea-side resorts, the house is common to members of both sexes. One or two in the West carry the domestic feature so far as to give it somewhat of a family aspect, which, it must be confessed, is a hazardous experiment. One roof is not usually counted upon to cover more than one family harmoniously. The one distinguishing feature of the country club, however, is its recognition of the gentle sex, and I know of none where they are not admitted either on individual membership or on that of *paterfamilias*.

Clubs like the Meadow Brook and the Rockaway, which were organized for hunting and polo pure and simple, have no domestic side and make no especial provision for women, though both entertain, the latter in its pretty little club, the former more often at the home of one of its members.

It is the sporting side of the country club, however, that gives it life and provides entertainment for its members; the club and our sporting history are so closely interwoven as to be inseparable. Polo, hunting, and pony-racing owe to it their lives, and to the members we are largely indebted for the marked improvement in carriage horseflesh during the past five years. They founded the horse show, made coaching an accepted institution, and have so filled the year with games that it is hard to say whether the country-club sporting season begins with the hunting in the autumn or with tennis in the spring, for there is hardly any cessation from the opening to the closing of the calendar year.

Once upon a time the country was considered endurable only in summer, but the clubs have changed even that notion; all of them keep open house in winter, some retain a fairly large percentage of members in residence, and one or two make a feature of winter sports. Tuxedo holds a veritable carnival, with tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and skating on the pond, which in season provides the club table with trout. The Essex Country Club of New Jersey owns probably the best-equipped toboggan-slide in America, and on its regular meeting nights electric illumination and picturesque costumes combine to make a most attractive scene.

Spring opens with preparations for polo, lawn-tennis, and yachting. Not all country clubs have polo and yachting, but every one has courts, and several hold annual tournaments that are features of the tennis season, and where the leading players are brought together. Of the country clubs proper, only Westchester, Philadelphia, Essex, Brookline, St. Louis, Buffalo, really support polo teams, besides which there are the Meadow Brook and Rockaway, the two strongest in the country, and Myopia hunt clubs. Two only enjoy yachting facilities, the Country Club of Westchester County and the Larchmont Yacht Club. The latter, although strictly speaking devoted to yachting, is, nevertheless, virtually a country club, with one of the handsomest homes of them all, a fleet second in size only to that of the New York Yacht Club, and a harbor that is one of the safest and most picturesque on the coast. Westchester has no especial fleet aside from the steam and sailing yachts owned by a few individuals of the club; but its harbor is a good one, and its general location very attractive.

All the clubs dabble in live-pigeon trap-shooting, which is regrettable, for it is unsportsmanlike, to say nothing of the cash prizes, professionalizing the participants. It is a miserable form of amusement and unworthy the name of sport; but it is not so popular as formerly, and that, at all events, is something in its favor.

The polo season begins in the latter part of May, and continues more or less intermittently to the middle of September, and sometimes even as late as the first week of October. But usually October sees the end of it, for by that time the interest in hunting is quickening, and active preparations are making for the field. Hunting and polo in the early days constituted the sole sport of the country-club members, but the introduction of other games in the last five years has divided the interest that was once given to them entirely. Neither has retrograded; but they have not expanded as they should. However, that's another story. Whatever may be lacking in its progression, polo is the game that furnishes the country club with its most spirited scenes. The rivalry between the teams is always of the keenest, and the spectators, made up largely of the members of the contesting clubs, are quite as susceptible to its enthusiasm as the players.



DISCUSSING PROSPECTS AT A PONY RACE MEET.



THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Probably the most characteristic country-club scene, however, is created by the pony-race meetings given on the tracks with which several of the clubs are provided. Here there is ample opportunity for the hysterical enthusiasm so dear to the feminine soul, and plenty of time between events for them to chatter away to their hearts' content. Here, too, there is the certainty of seeing one's friends not only in the carts and on top of the coaches that line the course, and on the temporary little grand stand, erected for the near-by residents of the club colony, but frequently riding the ponies. Formerly more gentlemen rode than is the case now, but one day some one, who evidently cared more for the stakes than for the sport, put a professional jockey on his pony, and many others with equally strong pot-hunting tendencies have followed the example. So to-day we go to a meeting expecting, hoping to see our friends, or at least club men, in the saddle, and find instead at least eight out of every ten ponies ridden by second-rate professionals or stable-boys.

Only, therefore, when racing is under strictly club auspices and partakes of the nature of a hunt meet, with gymkana and

other equestrian sports of more or less acrobatic nature, do we have the Simon Pure sport, with "gentlemen up." On such an occasion the social and sporting sides of the club are revealed at their best. Turn your back to the race-course and you well might fancy yourself at a huge garden party; go into the paddock, and you will find the same scene with a different setting; the same well-groomed men and women that out yonder are drinking tea are here, every last one of them talking horse for dear life, and, what is more to the point, talking it understandingly. Some of the clubs, notably the Genesee Valley Hunt, hold annual meetings, where very skilful tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, and rough-riding creditable to a Cossack, show the practical results of this sporting age. Some, again, on their point-to-point runs give us the only really amateur steeple-chasing of a high class in America. The country club has, indeed, as many sides and many charms as a fascinating woman—merciless in the live-pigeon-shooting, equal to any emergency in the hunting-field, and a veritable coquette in the bewitchery of the hunt ball.

There is so much that is entirely de-

lightful in the country club, we wait patiently and in confidence for the correction of the few incongruities that drew forth the "Professor's" pointed criticism. Probably when we have been enjoying ourselves awhile longer we will learn to do so a bit more comfortably to all concerned; just now we make of it a little too much business, and lay out the day's routine for our guest as though it were a "brief" to be completed by the evening, whether or no we have the inclination for the undertaking. The English excel us in this small but important particular of entertaining, by knowing that the secret of pleasing one's guests is in permitting each to follow the bent of his own inclinations. On the other side your host gives you to understand that you can best please him by pleasing yourself. You may join the party that is putting up a luncheon-basket for a day's drive, or go for a round of the golf-links, or have a run with the hounds, or stop at home, as one often feels like doing, for a few quiet hours in the library. The average American host is more solicitous for your day's pleasure—aggressively so, let us say; he is determined you shall enjoy yourself—at least he will keep you on the go. He makes up the parties, and thrusts his guests into them with apparently never a thought of its being quite possible that all may not be of a like turn of mind. He works hard in his endeavor to keep the interest of his guests constantly aroused; he wants no *ennui* under his roof. Our big-hearted, energetic American host means it all for our pleasure, but has not been "at play" long enough to have thoroughly mastered the art.

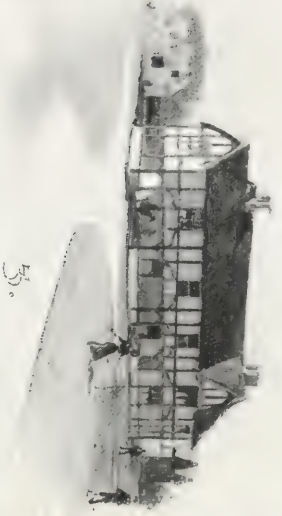
The club furnishes more independent recreation than most hosts are able to provide, which is one of the reasons why men who do not care to be raced hither and thither in a perspiring search for pleasure prefer the club hearth-stone to that of the individual.

But country-club benefits remain so abundant as not to be easily computed. While being a family physician whose prescriptions are always agreeable, it has at the same time cultivated a love of out-doors for itself, and stood as the rallying-point for every sport in America in which the horse is a factor. Modern organized hunting in America began in 1877 with the Queens County

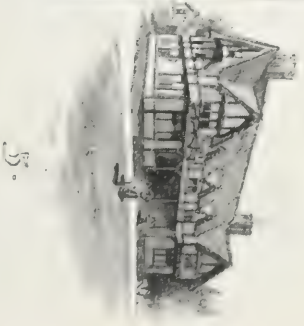
drag hounds (though it must not be forgotten that fox-hunting has existed in the vicinity of Philadelphia for about one hundred and fifty years, and in parts of the South for the same length of time), and immediately found support from the men who afterwards made country clubs possible; so also with polo, introduced in '76; and pony-racing, first centralized under an association in '90. Probably coaching and driving generally, however, have profited most by the country club, in that it has given an objective point in the day's outing where intelligent care for the animals, congenial spirits, and a good dinner were assured. Too much credit cannot be given the Coaching Club, founded in '75 by Messrs. James Gordon Bennett, Frederick Bronson, William P. Douglas, Leonard W. Jerome, William Jay, De Lancy Kane, S. Nicholas Kane, Thomas Newbold, and A. Thorndike Rice, not only for its encouragement of four-in-hand driving, but for the general impetus, and consequent improvement in horse-flesh, that has shown such satisfactory results in the past ten years. The club's influence on horsemanship and sportsmanship has been considerable, and with the creation of country clubs long drives became a possible and delightful feature of the year. Nor have the Coaching Club's pleasures and lessons been altogether esoteric; it has from the very beginning given the public an almost annual opportunity of enjoying the exhilaration of coaching, to say nothing of acting as a general educator in coaching ethics. Mr. De Lancy Kane was the first, in April, 1876, to put on a public coach, the Tally-Ho, to Arcularius's Hotel, at Pelham Bridge, which he again ran in '77, and also in '80. On April 25, 1881, the Tantivy was put on the road to Tarrytown by Colonel W. Jay, George Peabody Wetmore, T. A. Havemeyer, Hugo O. Fritsch, Isaac Bell, Jun., and F. Bronson, and ran six months.

In '82 Mr. Kane reappeared with the Tally-Ho, and in May of the same year the Tantivy was put on the road to Yonkers by the same proprietors as the year before. In '84, '87, and '89 public coaches were run by Messrs. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, C. Oliver Iselin, F. Bronson, R. W. Rives, and the Coaching Club.

Since that time coaching has grown materially. Short trips out of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston no longer suffice.



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THE BURLINGAME COUNTRY CLUB, CALIFORNIA.

- 1 and 2. The Stable. 3. The Old Club-House. 4. The New Club-House. 5. A Club Cottage. 6. The Bay, from Club Grounds. 7. The Railway Station.

Mr. F. O. Beach made the first ambitious attempt at a longer route by running a line to Tuxedo Club; but 1894 has been the greatest year in coaching history, there having been three distinct lines running out of New York to country clubs, one of them, a daily between New York and Philadelphia, about 110 miles, the longest route on record, the next being from London to Brighton, 54 miles. This coach was maintained by the Philadelphia Four-in-hand Club, and horsed and driven by its members. It was a huge undertaking, requiring 108 horses, and drivers serving four days in the week—twice as first whip and twice as second—but they made a record of maintaining the longest and most perfectly appointed coach line in the world, and with thirteen changes of horses completed the distance in twelve hours and five minutes.

Tandem-driving has not been so associated with the country club, and though leading a fairly prosperous existence, with annual meets showing improvement in form and horseflesh, has had nothing like the influence on the amateur sporting world of four-in-hand driving.

This paper would not be complete without a glance at some of the country clubs that have been instrumental in setting in motion and keeping moving this out-door wave that has swept over us in a dozen years.

As the eldest and one of the most picturesquely located, the Country Club of Brookline deserves precedence. It had its origin in J. Murray Forbes's idea of an objective point for rides and drives, and was organized in 1882. No other club possesses a hundred acres of such beautiful land within such easy access, for it is only five and a half miles from the State House, and can be reached from Boston without going off pavement, and, better still, in its immediate neighborhood none of the rural effects have been marred.

The club-house, originally a rambling old building, is very picturesque, and has been enlarged from time to time to meet requirements. Its piazza overlooks the race-course, in the centre of which is one of the best of polo fields. Before the organization of the club the Myopia Hunt, then in its infancy, held steeple-chase meetings on its property, and in these races, and those given in the early years of Brookline, "gentlemen up"

was the invariable rule. Of late years, however, professionals have been admitted, and with no advantage to the sport. In those days the regular working ponies and hacks of the members were entered; now horses come from New York and Canada, trained to the hour, and in some respects the racing is of a higher order, but the sport is not so enjoyable, and the old-time flavor has departed.

There is a shooting-box, where clay pigeons are used, a toboggan-slide, golf-course, and good tennis-courts, both grass and gravel; and it is not improbable that some day will see cottages for members similar to the plan adopted at Tuxedo.

In the winter, one evening a week has a *table d'hôte* and an informal dance, to which the members and friends from town are sure to come. In fact, nearly all the seats are booked far in advance, and the informality of these occasions lends the essence of ideal country-club life. Indeed, no country club in America so nearly approaches that ideal as Brookline.

The Country Club of Westchester developed from a suggestion to organize a tennis club into a determination to found a club where all country sports could be enjoyed. The newly organized club leased the house and racing-grounds of Dr. George L. Morris, at Pelham, and after some alterations, including a large addition, took possession April 4, 1884, fully equipped with tennis-courts, a race-track, polo field, baseball grounds, traps for pigeon-shooting, a pack of hounds, boats, and bath-houses.

The sale of Dr. Morris's property made it necessary to find other quarters, and in December, 1887, the Country-Club Land Association organized and bought Van Antwerp Farm, of about eighty acres, located on East Chester Bay, between Pelham Bridge and Fort Schuyler, and in the spring of '88 began to lay out the grounds and build the present club-house and stables, into which they moved the following year.

From its inception the club has kept up all the sports of the day: polo and tennis tournaments, baseball, pigeon-shooting, golf, boating (having two launches for the use of the members), and tobogganing and skating in winter. There is also quite a colony of handsome cottages on the grounds, owned by members, and altogether Westchester has probably more



IN A PHILADELPHIA SUBURB.

than any other encouraged sport of all kinds, both by precept and example.

Although entirely given over to hunting and polo, the Meadow Brook and Rockaway clubs were the pioneers in the country-club movement, and have been the most active workers in encouraging its growth. Both are strictly devoted to the horse, and the Meadow Brook men more particularly have been most prominent in the culture of the American breed.

The Meadow Brook Hunt Club was organized in 1879, though it had hunted two years previously with a pack that was taken over to Westchester. Its clubhouse is a quaint affair, with absolutely no pretensions to architectural beauty, and made up of two wooden buildings, each two stories high, joined together at their second story by a covered bridge, under which the driveway goes to the stables in the rear.

Rockaway has a modern home and more space for entertaining. Tuxedo has a modern and very handsome club, that was opened in 1886 with a colony of handsome cottages, which, in fact, called it into being. Philadelphia's country club was organized in 1892, with polo as a *raison d'être*. It has none of the features of Brookline, Westchester, or Tuxedo, but is a charming objective point for an afternoon drive. As a matter of fact, any other sort of club around Philadelphia is uncalled-for. There is no need of country clubs in Philadelphia suburbs, with its handsome homes, and miles of beautiful lawns and orchards and gardens that load the air with rich perfumes, and where fields of daisies grow in such profusion they look like fields of snow which refuse to melt under the rays of the summer sun. Chestnut Hill and Bryn-Mawr and the rest are more English in their method of entertaining than any other suburbs in America.

The Elkridge Fox-hunting Club is Baltimore's country club, and delightfully situated it is in Multavideo Park, about five miles out on St. Charles Avenue. As its name implies, fox-hunting is its sport, for which purpose it was organized in 1878, the country-club feature being added to gratify the wishes of the non-hunting set in 1887. There is no attempt at lavish display here, but its appointments are in the best of taste and judgment, and its *chef* unexcelled.

I cannot undertake, of course, to touch upon every country club—it would be stupid reading and take too much space—and therefore confine myself to representative ones only, but I must mention the Burlingame Country Club, of California, because, architecturally speaking, it is the most picturesque in America, and altogether a unique member of clubdom, and because it has an interesting history. It is situated in an 800-acre park, with splendid roads and attractive views, surrounded by a colony of cottages, all of the English half-timber style, and shaded by the magnificent wide-spreading oaks which are at once the charm and peculiarity of this beautiful park.

Riding, driving, polo, golf, and tennis are the sporting attractions, and the stables are filled with ponies and horses and traps of all sorts, which are hired out to members—rather a novel departure, but an exceedingly successful one in this case. The club was originally planned by Mr. Burlingame, who will be remembered as minister to China in the early sixties, and author of the treaty which bears his name. He returned to California very wealthy, and interested in the scheme W. C. Ralston, the Napoleon of finance on the Pacific coast in those days; both lost their money before they perfected the plans, and the property passed to the Sharon estate, to which it now belongs. In the past two years this estate has undertaken to carry out the programme devised by Burlingame and fostered by Ralston twenty years ago.

Who shall deny the country club to have been a veritable blessing, what with its sport and pleasure and health-giving properties that have brushed the cobwebs from weary brains, and given us blue sky, green grass, and restful shade in exchange for smoke-laden atmosphere, parboiled pavements, and the never-ceasing glare and racket of the city? And womankind too has partaken of country-club as she should of all blessings, in relaxation from the petty trials of house-keeping, and the parade and deceits of "society," while the hue of health has deepened in her cheeks. It has been a wholesome growth all round. Beginning life as somewhat of a novelty, the country club has become so familiar an institution that we wonder, as about the New York elevated railway, how we ever managed to get on without it.



CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING.





Stops of Various Qvills.

By V.V.D. Howells.



I.—SPHINX.

WE who are nothing but self, and have no manner of being
 Save in the sense of self, still have no other delight
 Like the relief that comes with the blessed oblivion freeing
 Self from self in the deep sleep of some dreamless night.

Losing alone is finding; the best of being is ceasing
 Now and again to be. Then, at the end of this strife,
 That which comes, if we will it or not, for our releasing,
 Is it eternal death, or is it infinite life?

II.—TWELVE P. M.

To get home from some scene of gayety,
 Say a long dinner, and the laugh and joke,
 And funny story, and tobacco smoke,
 And all the not unkindly fatuousness
 Of fellow-beings not better and not worse
 Than others are, but gorged with course on course,
 And drenched with wine; and with one's evening dress
 To take off one's perfunctory smile, and be
 Wholly and solely one's sheer self again,—
 Is like escaping from some dull, dumb pain;
 And in the luxury of that relief,
 It is, in certain sort and measure, as if
 One had put off the body, and the whole
 Illusion of life, and in one's naked soul
 Confronted the eternal Verity.





III.—TIME.



O you wish me, then, away?
 You should rather bid me stay:
 Though I seem so dull and slow,
 Think before you let me go!

Whether you entreat or spurn
 I can nevermore return:
 Times shall come, and times shall be,
 But no other time like me.

Though I move with leaden feet,
 Light itself is not so fleet;
 And before you know me gone
 Eternity and I are one.

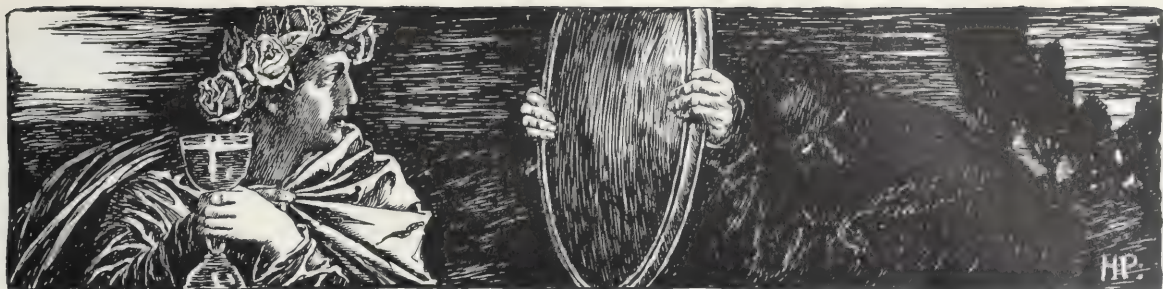


IV.—SOCIETY.



YES, I suppose it is well to make some sort of exclusion,
 Well to put up the bars, under whatever pretence;
 Only be careful, be very careful, lest in the confusion
 You should shut yourself on the wrong side of the fence.





V.—HEREDITY.

THAT swollen paunch you are doomed to bear,
 Your gluttonous grandsire used to wear;
 That tongue, at once so light and dull,
 Wagged in your grandam's empty skull;
 That leering of the sensual eye
 Your father, when he came to die,
 Left yours alone; and that cheap flirt,
 Your mother, gave you from the dirt
 The simper which she used upon
 So many men ere he was won.

Your vanity and greed and lust
 Are each your portion from the dust
 Of those that died, and from the tomb
 Made you what you must needs become.
 I do not hold you aught to blame
 For sin at second hand, and shame:
 Evil could but from evil spring;
 And yet, away, you charnel thing!

VI.—IN THE DARK.

How often, when I wake from sleep at night,
 I search my consciousness to find the ill
 That has lurked formlessly within it, still
 Haunting me with a shadowy affright;
 And try to seize it and to know aright
 Its vague proportions, and my frantic will
 Runs this way and runs that way, with a thrill
 Of horror, to all things that ban or blight!
 Then, when I find all well, it is as though
 The moment were some reef where I had crept
 From the wide waste of danger and of death,
 And for a little I might draw my breath
 Before the flood came up again, and swept
 Over it, and gulfed me in its deeps below.





VII.—SOLITUDE.



H, you cannot befriend me, with all your love's tender persistence!
 In your arms' pitying clasp sole and remote I remain,
 Rapt as far from help as the last star's measureless distance,
 Under the spell of our life's innermost mystery, Pain.



VIII.—CHANGE.



SOMETIMES, when after spirited debate
 Of letters or affairs, in thought I go
 Smiling unto myself, and all aglow
 With some immediate purpose, and elate
 As if my little, trivial scheme were great,
 And what I would so were already so:
 Suddenly I think of her that died, and know,
 Whatever friendly or unfriendly fate
 Befall me in my hope or in my pride,
 It is all nothing but a mockery,
 And nothing can be what it used to be,
 When I could bid my happy life abide,
 And build on earth for perpetuity,
 Then, in the deathless days before she died.





IX.—MIDWAY.

O blithe the birds sang in the trees,
The trees sang in the wind,
I winged me with the morning breeze,
And left Care far behind.

But now both birds and trees are mute
In the hot hush of noon;
And I must up and on afoot,
Or Care will catch me soon.

X.—CONSCIENCE.

JUDGE me not as I judge myself, O Lord!
Show me some mercy, or I may not live:
Let the good in me go without reward;
Forgive the evil I cannot forgive!



XI.—CALVARY.

He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me!



"PAOLA HERSELF SAT BY THE WINDOW."

See "Paola in Italy."

PAOLA IN ITALY.

BY GERTRUDE HALL.

ON his way down stairs Prospero came upon the *padrona di casa*.

She stood at the door of the first floor, which he had supposed untenanted, the windows on the street being always dark. She looked pleased, anxious, and full of business.

"Just step in for a moment, signorino," she said, "and tell me what it seems to you."

The young man followed her. The windows of the apartment were wide open—most likely to let in the heat, for as you leaned forth beyond the chill boundary of the stone walls it was like dipping into a warm bath. The long, old, neatly darned lace curtains waved gently in the April air. The stone floors had been sprinkled; a pleasant freshness arose from them. Everything had an air of having just been gone over with a damp dust-cloth; everything that could be furnished shone to the utmost of its capacity.

The little woman led Prospero into the large *sala*, from which, through several open doors, one got glimpses of other airy chambers. The great height of the ceiling—increased to illusion by the cunning of the *fresco*, which professed to open into the sky itself, and show a flight of rosy cupids tumbling among the clouds—had the effect of dwarfing the furniture, even the gigantic vases under their shining bells. The seats were placed about in social groups; in the embrasure of the balcony window stood a small table supporting a coral-colored coffee service, lately placed between two low chairs, with a view to spreading about suggestions of coziness, the joys of intimate life.

"I see that you are expecting a tenant," said Prospero.

"So it is indeed. A great lady—a foreigner," replied the *padrona*, under her breath. "Just see, signorino, what you make of this name." While she felt in her pocket she went on: "It is Dottor Segati sends her to me. Oh, he has sent me families before when there was a patient among them; and this apartment has always given satisfaction; that I can say with my hand upon my conscience. There—can you read it? I can tell the

letters, but I can't make the sound. One ought to have another tongue on purpose for these foreign names."

Prospero studied a second, then pronounced, clearly, "Gräfin Paola von Schattenort."

"*Gräfin* means Countess," said the landlady. "The doctor told me that she is a Countess; but whether Danish or Swedish or Hollandish I don't remember. For me all those countries are the same. Schattenort, you call it? What would that be in Italian?"

Prospero laughed. "It stays as it is, dear lady. Is this Countess young, do you know?" he went on, looking again at the name on the paper he still held. "Is she coming here for her health?"

"I don't know anything beyond the fact that the doctor engages the rooms for her, and I can rely upon him. Oh, he has sent me families before, you know, who have always been perfectly satisfied with me, and I with them. You can see yourself that the quarters are such that even a Countess might find herself well in them—"

"Yes; truly," replied Prospero, agreeably. "She would be hard to please if she were not content. Well, if you allow me now, I go. Have you perhaps a commission of any sort for me? I shall do myself a pleasure in serving you."

"Too good, much too good. If you would just say the name over—"

"Von Schattenort."

"What it is to have a memory! What a thing is education! Not but that also I can make myself understood in the French tongue. Schattenort. Schattenort. I shouldn't like to *scomparire*, you will understand, at the very first meeting. But if I forget, I will simply say *Signora Contessa*. Only one likes to be able to tell a friend whom one has got in the house."

Prospero, late already, was hurrying down the stairs, his music under his arm; at the foot he was forced to stop. He took off his hat, and leaned against the wall to let the ladies pass.

The gray-haired gentleman talking unpractised French he knew to be Dottor Segati. He fixed upon Paola von Schattenort without a second's hesitation; of

the two ladies, only the one in the hat and feather could in his conception of possibility be she. He was half conscious as she passed him on her upward way of a faint pang of disappointment. The name had suggested to his imagination something tall and frail, delicate yet imposing, exceedingly, luminously blond, with eyes of a corn-flower blue. The magic of the name was defeated.

He bethought him how late he would be, and without turning his head for a second look, or giving another thought to the arrivals, slipped past the two maids, who stood in the doorway talking in a language unknown to him, while the Countess's man handed them bundles from the carriages drawn up to the door.

Paola, on entering the apartment, let her little gloved hands drop at her sides, and looking around with wide, quick eyes, gave a long sigh of pleasure.

"Here I can breathe—here I can breathe indeed!" she said to her companion, in their Northern tongue; then turning to the doctor, she assured him in French that she found it charming, as she had found everything in Italy—that she thanked him for his goodness. The doctor and the landlady both watched her with half a smile and slightly raised eyebrows as she walked quickly through the rooms, exclaiming at every window with delight at sight of the fawn-colored, warm-looking river flowing below and flashing back the sunshine, and the low hills clothed in their early green.

Her companion followed her with an unusual solemn dignity of manner, intended to counterbalance Paola's unaccustomed vivacity, and give the people of the house, if possible, an adequate impression of the two as a whole.

"Oh, look—look, Cousin Veronika!" exclaimed the younger woman from the balcony, over the parapet of which she had been leaning venturously far; "look at that dear old bridge—it is the Jeweller's Bridge; I recognize it. *N'est-ce pas, cher docteur?* Oh, what a sky! But have you any patients at all in this city, doctor? Is it possible to be ill here? Do persons die? Of what? I will never believe it!"

"My dear lady," said the gray doctor, his kindly face lighting as if with the reflection of her childish excitement, "will you be advised by me? Will you sit down on this commodious divan and rest a lit-

tle, while you take what the signora has brought for you—this little glass of our white *vin santo*? It will do you good. You must be tired, very tired."

"Oh no! no, doctor. It is like magic. I do not understand it. I feel like another. I shall not be tired here, ever. You must come and see me every day indeed, but not as a doctor—as my good, good friend. Tell me, is it still standing, the house where Dante lived? Have you a book—I mean, could you advise me a book—in which there is everything of the story about him and Beatrice? It must be sweet to think of when one is in their city."

"I will do myself the pleasure of sending you the *Vita Nuova*," he said; then, solicitously, "but accommodate yourself, my dearest lady, and drink this—"

"*Vita Nuova*? Does that mean new life? New life!" she said, as if to herself, suddenly half stretching her arms up in the air and smiling in indeterminate happiness at the ceiling, whereon the shining river cast a restless, quivering brightness. "Yes, send it me; I want to read it. I will drink this to please you, signor, but not that I am tired. Here is to New Life!"

She touched her glass to the doctor's and Veronika's, and emptied it at an eager draught. Veronika watched her in surprised displeasure, sipping her own wine staidly and decorously. It warmed her very heart to see Paola merry, only she thought it unbecoming to behave in the presence of strangers as if one were a person of no importance.

Her good-humor returned as soon as the doctor and the *padrona* had excused themselves. When they were alone she seized Paola unceremoniously by the wrists and forced her back into an arm-chair; then lifted her feet, and with much decision placed them upon a footstool. "Now you don't stir," she said, shaking her finger in Paola's face.

"But, cousin, it is so different," pleaded Paola. "I feel no more as I do at home, than this mild, heavenly air is like our joyless atmosphere. Are your eyes open, Cousin Veronika? Do you perceive the things about you—or is it all a dream of my own? It seemed to me as we drove from the station that we had arrived in an enchanted place—"

"It's just a city," murmured Veronika.

"Those sombre palaces we passed, how

they make the spring-time in the sky above them more lightsome, more warm! And those flowers banked up for sale against that black stone wall, could you see what they were? They seemed to me all new sorts—marvellous. Have you noticed how happy every one looks in Italy, even the beggars sitting in the sun? And what beautiful faces one sees—”

She stopped and mused, gazing ahead in silence for a few moments; then went on aloud: “Yes—beautiful faces, like pictures. Did you see the young man whom we met on the stairs? Not? Veronika, for what have you eyes? The light just there was a little dim, but I saw him perfectly. I passed him slowly on purpose—he leaned against the wall to let us go by him. He had wavy hair, longer than is usual, falling over his forehead, and soft brown eyes like an animal’s. I am sure one sees such eyes only in Italy, half asleep, yet deeply intelligent, that when you look in them you think a thousand things—”

“You certainly took in a great deal at a glance,” said Veronika.

“Oh, I could tell you much else,” laughed Paola, “beside that he wore a pink in his button-hole and carried a roll of music.”

“Veronika,” she said, after a pause, jumping up from her chair and walking about excitedly as before, “we must be very happy here. We must begin at once. Think how much time we have lost—all our years up to this day. Now we must really enjoy ourselves, live—love!” she added, recklessly, with light in her eyes.

Veronika, kneeling over an open satchel, paused in her task to look over her spectacles with a vaguely shocked air, as if something immoral had been said.

“This seems like the opening chapter in a lovely story-book that becomes more interesting with every page,” said Paola, dropping on her knees and crushing her cheek to Veronika’s gray hair, with an expansiveness that took this lady aback. “I have the happiest presentiments! Ah, Veronika, there was once a woman who said that happiness is to be young, beloved, and in Italy!”

“Unless you keep quiet and rest,” said Veronika, “you will be ill, and that is as far as *you* will get—”

Paola stared a second in wonder at Veronika’s impatience; then she reflected

that her cousin was old and could not understand. “Poor Veronika!” she thought, with a sympathetic shake of the head, “*she* can never have but Italy!”

She went back to her chair like a good child, but before settling down in it she pushed it to the balcony window; then she sat with her eyes fixed upon San Miniato.

Dr. Segati came the next day, early. He found Paola pale and infinitely tired, but wearing a contented face. She sat in the balcony window, closed to-day, with a cushion behind her shoulders; flowers stood in the water near her—a delight to the eyes, wonderful wind-flowers, white and pink, purple, scarlet, pale violet. She rose to meet the doctor, and gave him the childish smile that had won his heart to her the day before.

She pointed to the book she held. “It came last night. I thank you. I am trying to read it, you see. But I do not know enough. I can make only just a little sense here and there, where it resembles French. Oh, I like it all the same—very much. The title is beautiful—*Vita Nuova*!”

“Tell her she must not read, doctor,” said Veronika. “It is bad for her. She has been tiring herself over the book.”

The doctor listened politely, fixed an intelligent eye on Veronika’s, and made no objection to what she said. She had always after that half an idea that he understood her.

“I had the cook sent in,” said Paola, with a brightening face. “The native cook whom the *padrona* was so good as to engage for me. I asked her about some passages. She could read them easily—how I envied her!—but she could not make them clear to me, though she seemed to do her best.”

The doctor laughed amusedly, and took a seat beside her. “What an eager little lady! Certainly that is the way to learn. But why this hurry? The great object first is to become robust. Oh, this air will do it. I have no fear. And how did you sleep?”

Paola blushed as if caught in fault. “I don’t know why it should be I lay awake so much. My old doctor at home (I bless him for his inspiration of sending me here!) has written you about me, I suppose. I dare say you know I cough sometimes in the night. Doctor,” she asked, abruptly, “who lives above us?”

He looked interrogatively at the ceiling, and shook his head.

"Oh, I am so sorry you do not happen to know. It is a great musician, and I feel such gratitude toward him! I was becoming nervous with lying awake—I was on the point of calling my poor ill-used cousin—when some one began playing on the piano in the room above me. Sweetly, very sweetly. I could hear it just distinctly enough. It was a joy. I lay awake, but it soothed me more than sleep."

"I seem to remember that there is a music-master living in the house," said the doctor. "I will beg the *padrona* to speak to him. He should not play in the night."

"Not at all," exclaimed Paola, with a warmth he could not expect. "Please, I want him to play. I shall be grieved if you say anything to prevent him. It does not keep me awake. If I were sleepy I could not hear it."

The doctor prolonged his visit far into the forenoon. At the first movement he made to go, Paola said, pleadingly: "Oh, not yet. I entertain myself so willingly with you!" And he staid.

He was interested, in the woman as well as in the case. She was different from his other aristocratic patients. She was of a type new to him; without appearing to, he studied her face as she spoke, and from it, and from frequent allusions she dropped, he built up a theory of her past.

He divined that she was older than she looked. It was, he resolved, the child-like glance and smile, the voice as of shyness overcome, her artlessness, her continually outcropping ignorance of the world, her immature mind perhaps, that gave the impression of youthfulness one at first received from her. If one looked well, she had even already a sad little beginning of faded appearance. Her face was a trifle broad, and the high cheek-bones were commencing slightly to accuse themselves, as they say in French. The charm of her countenance, to such as felt it, lay in her eyes: they were unsophisticated, hopeful, interested, idealizing eyes. Vanity, it must be pityingly related, had taught her nothing. Her blond hair, dull and fine and soft, a large treasure that would have made the boast of many another woman, was drawn away rigorously from her forehead, braided, and

wound compactly against the back of her head, like a school-girl's.

He noticed with amused wonder how unpretending—nay, provincial, homely, for persons of rank and fortune—was the *mise* of the two women. Fashion by them was misconstrued, or else despised. He did not incline to the latter interpretation of their plainness; he rather laid to a touching innocence of the mode's dictates Mamsell Veronika's pelerine and the black lace tabs on the sides of her head; the antiquated cut of Paola's deep violet gown, the little black silk mitts that covered her pale pretty hands to the point where her rings began. These were numerous rather than rich, and gave the impression of being heirlooms—things worn for a memory: brilliants mounted in darkening silver, enamels, carnelians; one showed a pale gleam of human hair.

Paola had never spoken so much about herself to any one as she did to the doctor. Her loquacity was an effect of her unreasoning instinct that in this new place everything was good to her, every influence favorable. She let herself go in a way that would have seemed out of her nature at home.

All she had ever read in the long, melancholy winter evenings at Schattenort, of poetry or romance, came back to her mind in essence, drawn to the surface by an inexplicable magic. Her conversation in this mental excitement teemed with allusions and modest flowers of speech that almost surprised herself, and gave her a strange delight. She felt as she were some one she had some time read of.

"Oh, we will make you well, quite well, soon," said the doctor, cheerily, on taking his leave. "But you must promise to be very good, very prudent."

He gave his directions with a light air, but as he turned from the door a shadow settled upon his kindly old face.

In his breast pocket lay folded the letter his colleague, Paola's former doctor, had written him. The consciousness of what was said in it somehow gave rise in his heart to a tender, grateful thought of his own children—grown-up daughters, fair and healthy, happily established in life.

Paola had thought to go out for a drive that day, but a light rain fell, and she could only watch the turbid stream outside through the glistening window-pane. She sat with her forehead leaning against

it, her book in her lap. Now and then she opened this and let her eyes wander over the lines, without trying to understand, just for a pleasure she found in its being Italian too.

She had prevailed upon Veronika to go out for a walk, so that she might amuse her with an account of what there was to see.

Toward evening the clouds broke. She saw the red reflection of the sunset on the river. Tempted, she opened the balcony door; a smell of damp stone came gratefully to her nostrils. She slipped out and leaned over the cool balusters, and looked up and down the empty gleaming street. The hills were rosy as wine; the air was sparkling. She heard a footstep; she hoped it might be Veronika's. She looked. But it was not a woman. She recognized the young man who had been on the stairs when she arrived. He did not look up. She leaned over to see him disappear in the *portone* below. Then, swiftly, she came in-doors and stopped in the middle of the floor. She listened intently. In a few moments she thought to hear, faintly, faintly, footsteps in the room above. She clasped her hands silently, saying to herself with unaccountable excitement: "I knew it already. I knew it well."

Late in the night again she heard music. She had been listening for it a long time. Night to her was often tediously long. Often she spent many hours staring at the square of paler darkness, starbestrewn, the window made. At a certain pitch of nervousness, soon reached when the city had become quiet and the stillness was full of mysterious sounds, she always thought of a dear sister she had lost, rehearsing old sad scenes vivid in her brain as if they had been lived through but yesterday. Her own physical discomfort increased as she thought of that other girl's long-drawn-out suffering. It seemed to her that already she could not breathe; her body was damp with sweat of fear. "It is all useless!" she groaned, tossing wretchedly. "I too—I too am going that way!" Then she prayed diligently, and looked out up at the stars with a return of tranquillity, hoping steadfastly in a beautiful world beyond them.

But on the night in question she lay patiently and happily watchful. And late in the night again she heard music.

No very definite melody was played; it was as if skilful hands were dreamily straying over the keys, unravelling a little tangled skein of musical impression, thinking aloud. The tune wandered and flitted like a butterfly over a summer garden. Paola's thought climbed upward and entered the musician's chamber. She saw him clearly, leaning back, looking upward, swaying lightly. She took joy in the symmetry of his dark Italian face. She pictured him intensely, and held her breath gazing. Then she tried to build up his surroundings; she adorned his room poetically.

Satisfied at last, her imagination folded its wings and dropped back into its nest. She merely listened, and let herself be comforted; accepted passively what dreams the music imposed. It was as if she and another were walking in a moonless starry night along a quiet village road; and the dewy flowers in the stilly little gardens skirting the way were giving forth perfume in the warm dark. Then it was as if another and she were in a boat with drooping sail, becalmed, drifting slowly. The moon was behind a great cloud wonderfully silvered on the ravelled edges; the sea at the horizon was a streak of pure light. The other had laid her on velvet cushions and covered her with a cloak, was playing and singing softly to her. They hoped the wind would not rise. Drifting—drifting. And she slept.

In the gayest mood next day she showed the doctor a little package of letters to different persons in the city, but averred that she was not ready yet to let these distinguished ones know of her arrival; she must first attend to various important things. He derived from her words that she wished to make her establishment more elegant; and he became gruff and severe when she asked him to procure for her the address of the most fashionable mantua-maker. She almost cried when he forbade the expense of any precious energy on worldly vanities, but was half consoled by his promise soon to make her well enough to employ a master in the art of playing the guitar.

He prescribed a daily drive in the sunniest hour. Paola came back from her first excursion with flushed cheeks. Veronika grumbled: "I will tell the doctor, and he will forbid your going out at all. It is not to kneel in damp churches will

help you. You might as well take up your abode in the cellar."

"Don't scold me," said Paola, gently. "I had to thank God."

Toward sunset she seated herself on the balcony wrapped in fleecy white, and looked down the street toward the Jeweller's Bridge. She saw Prospero come. But he did not look up. That night again she heard him play.

Many times she sat on the balcony and saw Prospero coming. Sometimes he looked up, but oftener he passed into the house unaware of a Countess gazing after him from above.

Some nights he did not play; those were restless, disappointed nights for her.

Once or twice she met him on the stairs as she was going to her carriage; he glanced at her with an unimpressed eye, then looked elsewhere, standing against the wall, hat in hand.

Occasionally she saw him in the street, but he seemed never to see her. A vague heartache grew out of those occasions.

The Italian spring deepened in warmth and color; the air had a fragrance some days as of lilacs; other days more penetrating, as of hyacinths. The little hills in the midst of which Florence nestles took on dewy morning hues of the opal, changing evening tints of the dark dove's neck. The pure noon light made the statues in the King's Garden, where Paola walked sometimes, look dazzlingly white against the sombre walls of clipped laurel. The open country now was full of blossoming fruit trees; Paola often begged Veronika to alight from the carriage and gather for her the flowers she saw shining in the grass—primroses and violets, tulips, narcissuses, fleurs-de-lis. She brought home immense nosegays, which she spent long minutes breathing; this perfume of Italy went to her brain.

At sunset once a red flower lay by chance on the ledge of the balcony, just where a movement of her arm would brush it off; it would drop in the street. A bold thought crossed her mind. But that evening Prospero did not come at the usual hour. She sat outside, trembling slightly as the dusk closed around her and the dew fell; then Veronika, with shrill cries of surprise and blame, came to fetch her in. She felt guilty and ashamed, and did not protest. She spent the evening on the divan, with her face to the wall, crying softly with a

vast invincible melancholy, a sense of forlornness and failure, giving no explanation of her humor.

She was kept in-doors for many days after that. Only she insisted upon being folded in a fur and seated on the balcony at a certain hour every afternoon. The beggar-woman stationed at the street corner with a basket on her knees got used to seeing the sick *forestiera* appear, who always threw her a bit of silver, and gave her a faint little smile.

Veronika suffered from Paola's silence and depression. She went about with two deep lines constantly between her updrawn brows. Her heart misgave her; her inability to communicate with the doctor and those around her became a gnawing despair. She formed a habit, which never left her after, of talking audibly to herself. She gave up the effort to hold cheerful conversation with Paola, and simply tried to preserve in her presence an unconcerned attitude. She secretly yearned to be at home. She felt an unappeasable animosity toward this Italy, that had seemed to do her Paola so much good, only to make her worse. She began to hate everything Italian.

Paola herself sat by the window watching the hills opposite with an absent face. Now and then she rose to take a few desultory steps about the large room, touching the things, passing her hand over the flowers, making the guitar-strings give forth a murmur as she brushed them; she went back to her chair and closed her eyes, tired out.

Once a friend was walking at Prospero's side. They were talking. As they approached, the friend looked up, and evidently asked a question of Prospero, who looked up too, and she thought his lips framed her name. Her heart leaped; she drew back, faint, and felt foolish at feeling such pleasure. She waited more eagerly than usual that night to hear him; it seemed the music must have a special message for her. Silence—utter, atrocious. The night seemed unending.

The doctor wondered next day what spring had broken within her. She showed so little interest in anything; she was fretful as he had never seen her before. He scarcely knew how to conduct himself to avoid irritating her. At a loss, he picked up the little tome of *Vita Nuova*, that always lay on the table at her side, and inquired of her progress in it.

"Oh, put it away!" she said, tears springing to her eyes. "Put it away! I can't suffer it. That title exasperates me; it works upon my nerves. Doctor, doctor, I shall never be well again!" and she poured forth a long complaint.

He feigned to make light of her fears; he comforted her. Casting about in his mind for things to say that should divert, interest her in her gray mood, he found this, which brought the sudden color to her face:

"Did you not once ask me who lived in the apartment above? I know now. I will not take the credit of having applied myself to discover just on that hint of curiosity; I confess hearing it by chance. Your neighbor is the young *maestro* Prospero C——, celebrated in his way. He has written an opera, to be produced for the first time precisely to-night. Those who know promise great things for it—"

She had leaned forward, listening thirstily. The doctor could congratulate himself.

When Veronika went to the door with him, he turned upon her suddenly, and asked, almost violently: "Why did you wait so long? Why did you not bring her to this climate before?"

She looked at him in a puzzled way, and in her turn said something he could not understand.

He appeared for a moment as if he meant to shake her, but shrugged his shoulders and brusquely left.

Some who were present at the first night of *Parisina* remember well how when the curtain dropped on the first act and they looked about to discover whom they should salute, their attention was arrested by the strange apparition in one of the second-tier boxes. There, in a crimson velvet chair, sat very upright an unknown lady in a gown such as no one nowadays wears—a gown of cloth of gold, that might have figured at a court ball perhaps a century earlier. An ermine-lined mantle half covered her arms and neck, dainty thin and white as wax, and half extinguished the gleam of her heavy jewels. A wreath of roses was twined in her pale hair, that might have made one laugh in its *démodé* pretentiousness but that one divined the lady to be a foreigner from some Northern country, where perhaps it is still customary to adorn the hair with flowers. She held her fan like a

sceptre, her fingers stiffly closed on the pearl sticks. A mass of roses lay in her lap. She turned a colorless face upon the stage; her eyes were wide and glassy, and fixed as a somnambulist's.

On the opposite side of the box, less clearly defined against the darkness, sat an elderly, soberly clad lady, whose face expressed a degree of uneasiness, misery, and fear almost pitiful—if not comical—to behold. She made no pretence of interest in the stage or the gleaming galleries, but watched her golden-haired companion with an unswerving, frightened eye.

No one knew who these were, though many took pains to discover.

Through the second act the lady in gold listened breathlessly, as if life itself were suspended. It seemed to her that the soul left her body, and went floating up, up, on the strains of the music. She was praying, praying with all her strength, for the success of this work, that the people might feel just as she felt how it was beautiful!

When a crash of applause came and a call for the composer, it seemed but an answer to her prayer. She rose to her feet, radiant.

Prospero C—— came to the foot-lights below, looking a slight thing, the acclaimed great man, in his close black evening dress, and bowed his thanks. Then, as the applause continued, he lingered a moment, and let his eye pass along the friendly faces in the boxes, a grateful emotion expressed in his smile.

The lady in gold leaned over the velvet parapet, breathing short, tremulously smiling, her flowers in her hands. His eye passed her unrecognizing. She wanted to shout: "It is I, Paola! Nothing could keep me away!" The clamor subsided. Panting, she leaned back in the shade.

The third act ended in triumph. Again the composer was called. Paola laughed and cried at the same time, clapping her little hands like mad, forgetting herself.

Then, when it was all over and she sat in the dark carriage rolling homewards, she felt a chill seizing upon her very heart; she began to shiver. A sense of the sad things of life weighed heavily upon her: the vanity of earthly hopes, the evanescence of happy things, the inequality in the measure of pain and pleasure to God's children, the fugitiveness of illu-

sions, the foolishness of dreams. She thought of the beggar sitting at the corner in sun and rain through years; she felt disgust for a world where such things could be. She said: "It is a good thing to have done with it. It is a deliverance. I will not give it one regret; no, not one." She felt suddenly that she did not love Italy; it had betrayed her. "It is you, you who are to blame," she said, full of helpless resentment, shaking a pale small hand vaguely from the window out at the balmy moonlit world; "you, soft air! you, flower smell! you, velvety firmament with the many-colored stars! I was a simple soul; my common life was enough for me; you sowed in my unguarded heart all the seeds of vain dreams, and fostered them. And they bear no fruit; they wither on their shallow roots—they are weeds! But I will not curse you, for God made you lovely."

She closed her eyes; her thoughts turned to remote Schattenort; she wished she were there again, in the dull, quiet, big, cold, familiar country house where she had been born and bred. A mist of bitter longing rose in her eyes. The moon was shining clamorously, obtrusively; it cast a green light, a light almost warm, on the pale pavement. She hated its fervent beauty. "Would God I were home!" she sighed.

Veronika, mistaking her meaning, said, "You are almost there."

Paola suffered Veronika and her maid to put her to bed. She seemed not to notice them. She was thinking—far away. Out of habit she listened a moment for the piano above. But all was silent. "He is happy," she said to herself; "he has gone with his friends. Or perhaps he is up there living it all over again." And her imagination, touched anew with the old obstinate insanity, took the road up to his never-seen chamber, bent over him, and rejoiced with him. "Oh, if I could—" she said; "if I could! But he will never know how a dying noble lady used to listen to his playing in the dead of night, and loved him, and left him her blessing—"

Veronika had no sleep that night. Before day the doctor was summoned. He remained several hours. At going he drew Veronika aside, and by signs succeeded at last in procuring from her the package of letters the Countess had once shown him. He looked at the super-

scriptions, and took from among them one "To the Abbé S——."

That evening he brought with him a white-haired old man in priestly garb, whom Veronika was relieved to hear address her in her native tongue.

Presently, with muffled footsteps and a frightened, solemn mien, she led him into the Countess's bedroom, dimly lighted by shaded candles, and left them long alone together.

Prospero, returning home that night, opened the window wide and stood a moment looking out at the stars, at peace with life, every desire for the moment hushed, satisfied. Then he lighted the candles on the piano, and the faint yellow illumination brought out a hint of color in the objects around. It showed an ordinary, rather bare room; he lived in it very little. The littering music and the piano formed its chief adornment.

He sat down, but for a moment did not touch the keys. He removed the flower from his coat and smelt it, thinking of Rosina, who had given it him at the theatre door—Rosina with the broad velvet-faced hat, the tight silk dress, the diamonds in her ears, and the small basket of flowers on her arm. She was pretty—oh, pretty! Having thought how pretty she was, he wisely tossed away her faded favor, determining to remain cold and prudent. He shook back his hair, as if thereby to free his mind of her, spread his hands over the ivory keys, and began, as he loved to do before sleeping, to let his fancies and emotions make themselves sound.

He played long, losing himself, finding a melodious vesture for his half-formed dream. The night was very quiet; it came to be very late without his perceiving it. Suddenly he felt a cool air on his forehead—he looked up, and paused in his playing, his hands motionless above the keys, his lips open. He felt that he ought to speak, but his voice failed to answer his will. He was asking himself in the dim background of his consciousness how the Countess Paola von Schattenort had entered his dwelling so noiselessly, and what she might be seeking there. More clearly he was wondering at her face, so strangely still and white, vaguely woe-begone, astonished, pathetic. He recognized her, yet she seemed to him altered from her he sometimes saw on the balcony and met on the



"SHE LOOKED AT HIM A LONG MOMENT WITH FIXED EYES."

stairs—that object without interest, a woman not pretty. Perhaps it was the wonderful hair that, shining along her cheeks like a pale gilded mist, transfigured her. The firm fine braids that heretofore he had seen always wound in austere simplicity about her head were undone; the narrowly waved hair floated to her knees; her face peered wistfully between two shimmering bands of it.

She was clothed in a white garment garnished with dark fur; a heavy rosary hung about her neck.

She looked at him a long moment with fixed eyes, an expression of plaintive disillusion, and said nothing.

He tried to ask in what manner he might serve her, but his tongue was numb.

She turned and looked all about the room, very slowly, as a person seeking

something. Then she looked again at him, silently, with that same face of disappointment; and her hands, that had been tightly shut on the golden crucifix appended to her rosary, opened and slipped softly to her sides. She turned to the door. He rose from his seat, and without taking his eyes from her, fumbled to lift the candle from its socket, to light her way; he was awkward in his amazement. He saw her pass the threshold. In a second he followed her. She was not in the next room. He passed through the two rooms that separated him from the door leading to the common stairway. He came to the door; it was as he had left it, secured for the night. Seized with dismay, in spite of the thought that she must have lingered behind in the shady embrasure of a window, he undid

the chain and bolt and came out on the landing and looked, thinking incongruously to see a white figure vanish down the steps. He saw nothing but a faint light cast upon the wall at the turn of the stairs. He stood hesitating.

In a moment he heard below a sound of weeping; he went down with a trembling of the knees. On the landing of the piano nobile was the landlady. She had set her little brass lamp on the last step, and was crying. The door to the Countess's apartment was wide open, and the draught from there made the tiny flame flicker and smoke.

"What is it?" said Prospero, in a husky whisper.

"She is dead, the poor lady!" sobbed the *padrona*.

He felt his hair softly rising.

THE CORONAL.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

"The only prize given to the conqueror was a garland of wild-olive."—*History of Greece*.

TWINE the wild-olive, twine!
And hasten fingers while the dayspring calls,
For when the sun is high
The leaflet droops and falls.

Now the dark hollow seek,
And hide the finished wreath in green recess;
And droop not, olive leaves,
Nor lose your comeliness.

Hear ye a people's feet
Come trampling up the steep of Athens' hill?
They bear a sacred gift;
At last the air is still.

Behold the white-robed band!
Holding the mightiest tribute Greece can give!
A little fading wreath!
The deed with Zeus shall live.

What needs he other gift,
The hero, with his living torch aflame,
Held high until the hour
The godhead gild his name?

No dusty sign for him!
No flaunting pile to quicken fortune's wheel!
Only Demeter's leaf,
And tears that downward steal.

Haste! haste! bring olive!
A people's tribute for the people's hour!
The gods themselves decree
To give the immortal dower.

THE TIME OF THE LOTUS.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.



THE damp heat of the Japanese summer, which is so trying to human beings, encourages all vegetation to grow with surprising luxuriance and rapidity; the buds of yesterday are flowers to-day, and to-morrow nothing is left but the ruin of a past beauty, making the painter's struggle most arduous just when he has least energy to con-

tend with nature. The young bamboo shoots come up like giant asparagus, growing so fast that one can almost see them move; some of them are cut and eaten while young and tender, and those which are allowed to grow to large poles are used for every imaginable purpose. They are made into water-pipes and flower-vases, barrel-hoops and umbrellas, baskets and hats, scaffolding-poles and pipe-stems, fans and delicate whisks for stirring the powdered tea—more things, in fact, than I could enumerate in a page. The bamboo is surely the cause of much of the clever constructive work of the Japanese; for though it will do most things with proper treatment, it will not stand being handled like ordinary timber; its peculiar qualities have to be considered, and every way in which they use it is artistic and good. This is the large species which grows to twenty or thirty feet high; there are many dwarf kinds, which clothe the hills with green, and are used only for making fences and such like.

The general aspect of Japan during the summer months is a harmony in greens, the dark pines and cryptomerias striking the lowest note of a scale which culminates in the brilliancy of the rice-

fields—the most vivid green I know. There is more variety of color in those districts which are not irrigated, such as that round Kamakura, where the light sandy soil grows a great many kinds of vegetables, sweet-potatoes, melons, tomatoes, beans, and big patches of auratum and longiflorum lilies, the bulbs of which are exported. The lily is not one of the flowers which the Japanese themselves particularly admire, nor do they often use it for decoration. In this, as in most other matters, there are recognized rules of taste, and the man is considered an ignoramus who does not know the right thing to like. I was walking one day at Yoshida with a Japanese artist, a remarkable man who was engaged in making a series of steel-engravings, half landscape and half map, of the country round Fuji, and called his attention to a splendid clump of pink belladonna lilies growing



AURATUM LILIES AND BOCCONIA ON THE HILLS
NEAR NIKKO.



CRYPTOMERIAS AT NIKKO.

near an old gray tomb; but he would not have them at all, said they were foolish flowers, and the only reason he gave me for not liking them was because they came up without any leaves. When we got back to our tea-house he took my pen and paper, and showed me what were the

differed from his; a large-flowered mallow is often substituted for the last he named. There are doubtless different schools which hold strong views on the subject, but on the morning-glory and some others they are evidently agreed. The auratum lily is a common wild flower in the hilly districts, and boiled lily bulbs are a favorite vegetable, but I could not find out which was considered the best variety for the table. O Shige San told me that it was a red lily; I looked in vain for any of that color in their gardens.

The cottages in the country round Kamakura are thickly thatched, and on the top of the thatch is laid a mass of earth, held together by iris plants, which form a roof-crest of spiky green; near them in July there often were large hydrangea bushes covered with balls of blossom, the young flowers a pale yellow-green, changing as they grew older through bright blue to purple.

On the 9th of July the heat drove me from Europeanized Yokohama to the hills. I left the train at Utso-no-miya, a little town which has been financially ruined by the railway—for every one formerly staid a night there instead of travelling straight through—and was delighted to find myself once more in thoroughly Japanese quarters. It was a



1. Susuki. 2. Kikio. 3. Asago. 4. Shion.
5. Omina-Meshi. 6. Kiku. 7. Hagi.

Drawing by Totosho Hario.

seven beautiful flowers of late summer—the convolvulus, the name of which in Japanese is “asago,” meaning the same as our “morning-glory”; wild chrysanthemum; yellow valerian; the lespedeza, a kind of bush clover; *Platycodon grandiflorum*, a purple-blue campanula; *Eulalia japonica*, the tall grass which covers so many of the hills; and shion, a rather insignificant-flowered aster. I noticed that some versions of the seven flowers

wonderful moonlight night, and I wandered round the town in kimono and clogs, watched the people, and was stared at by them, climbed the steps to the big Shinto temple, and gazed over the plains flooded with pale light, and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

There is a railway now to Nikko, and most people rush up there without seeing the glorious avenue of cryptomerias—described so well in Loti's *Japoneries d'Automne*—which line the old road for miles and miles. I sent only my boy and my baggage by rail, and went myself in a kuruma with two good runners. The road is sadly out of repair in some places, but the splendid old trees remain, and young ones have been planted where winds and age have thinned their ranks. It is not like an ordinary avenue with the trees planted some yards apart; these are so close together that the trunks have often joined at the base, and I noticed one lot of seven big trees all grown together at the bottom into a mass that must have been eight or ten yards long. The road is sunk between the high banks on which the trees grow, and it must be gloomy enough on such a night as Loti experienced. Here and there it opens out into a village street, with abundance of refreshment booths for the pilgrims who still make the journey on foot.

Nikko itself is a long steep street, leading up to a rushing mountain torrent in

a rocky ravine, which is crossed by two bridges side by side. One is an ordinary wooden structure, used by all the world; the other is of red lacquer, with black supports and brass ornaments, which is only opened for the Emperor and his family to pass over. Beyond them the hills rise, covered with cryptomerias, among which are concealed the great mortuary temples of Ieyasu and Iemitsu, founders of the great Tokugawa Shogunate that lasted for two centuries. Marvellous as these mausolea are, they make no effect in the distance; it is only when you get close to them, wander about in their successive court-yards, and examine the lovely details of wood-carving, lacquer, and gilding, that the wonder of them strikes you. The tombs themselves are plain bronze pillars, and are reached by long flights of granite steps, green and gray with mosses and lichens, which lead up under the dark masses of foliage behind the temples. After passing through all



PLATYCODON GRANDIFLORUM, "KIKYŌ."



A LITTLE TEMPLE AT NIKKO.

the glories of color and elaborate workmanship, their peacefulness and simplicity are very striking. Nikko in the summer is full of foreign ladies and children; the Emperor, too, has a country house there, where some of his large family spend



KIRIFURI, NEAR NIKKO.

the hot months. I saw the arrival of two little princesses, with a crowd of nurses, tutors, and officials. They were funny little things, about three or four years old, not as pretty as most Japanese children, but dressed in the most gorgeous colors. The red lacquer bridge was opened for them, decorated with "gohei"—the strips of white paper which are used so largely in the Shinto religion—and in the middle of the bridge there was a little table with offerings of food on it, where the children stopped and made their obeisances to the manes of their ancestors as they passed over. All the priests of Nikko turned out in gauze vestments of many colors, Buddhist and Shinto equally anxious to do honor to the descendants of the gods.

The hills are alive with little tinkling

streams of clear water, and the favorite walks mostly lead to waterfalls. I spent a soaking day making a sketch of one of them—Kirifuri; the path to it crossed a wide stony river, and went over grassy hills where there were abundant wild flowers, purple iris, white and mauve funkias, yellow orchids, clusters of white roses, pink spiræas, hydrangeas, St.-John's-wort, meadow-rue, and bocconia appearing here and there, half hidden among the rank herbage. The big buds of auratum lilies showed how fine they would be in a few days' time. Just in front of the waterfall a little tea-house gave me shelter enough to work in; but the path, up which I had walked dryshod, by the time I got back had been turned by the rain to a raging torrent, and I only just crossed the stony river in time, for the light bamboo bridge was washed down during the night.

Chuzenji is a little hamlet, some hours' walk from Nikko up a mountain road, consisting of a group of tea-houses which overlook a charming lake, a very sacred temple with a large bronze torii, and long rows of sheds to accommodate the pilgrims who come in early August to make the ascent of Nantai-zan, the mountain which rises close behind the village. During five long days there of incessant rain I painted everything that was visible from my room, the water of the lake rising each day so much higher that on the last two I was able to take a morning header from my balcony, and I hardly got a chance to explore the country round. At last a bright morning tempted me to walk on to Yumoto, and see the sulphur springs and the wide moorland, Senjō-ga-hara, which lies surrounded by mountain-peaks at a height of nearly five thousand feet above the sea. On the moor the grasses do not grow high enough to conceal the flowers, and I found it gay with purple iris and white meadow-rue. The baths in Yumoto are open to the public; they are large wooden tanks under sheds by the road-side, and as you walk along the street you see men, women, and children all sitting together, in a state of nature, up to their necks in the steaming malodorous soup. The clouds were gather-



THE FOOT OF NANTAI-ZAN.

ing round the mountain-tops as I started to walk back to Chuzenji, and before I had finished a rapid sketch on the moor the rain began again in torrents; the road was a series of small ponds, and my coolie insisted on carrying me, as well as my sketching materials, through them; but he unfortunately stumbled under my weight, and dropped me in the deepest of them, and what with the wet above and below I was well soaked by the time I reached my tea-house. The hibachi seems a very inadequate means of warmth on such occasions; a hot bath and whiskey and dry clothes are more effective, and after dinner a bottle of tamago sake, a hot compound of whipped egg and sake, soon produces a pleasing drowsiness. Since leaving Chuzenji I have recognized the place in many drawings on screens and fans; the artist always gives its main features—the lake, the cryptomerias, the huge bronze torii, and the steep wooded slope of Nantai-zan—but he combines them in one view as you nev-

er can see them in reality. The rain had played havoc with the road back to Nikko; several bridges were down, but temporary ones built of fagots made it possible to cross the streams. All the higher woods near the lake are hung with gray moss, and the flowering shrubs which grow among them are endless—azaleas, climbing and bushy hydrangeas, weigelia, seringa, and wild vine; on the ground I found orange Turk's-cap lilies, columbines, the big *Lilium cordifolium*, and ferns of many kinds.

Notwithstanding the advantage of cooler nights, I was glad to leave the green



THE MOOR NEAR YUMOTO.



THE HEART-LEAVED
LILY.

the pond which surrounds the little temple of Benten at Shiba, where I found them in full glory.

The lotus is one of the most difficult plants which it has ever been my lot to try and paint; the flowers are at their best only in the early morning, and each blossom after it has opened closes again before noon the first day, and on the second day its petals drop. The leaves are so large and so full of modelling that it is impossible to generalize them as a mass; each one has to be carefully studied, and every breath of wind disturbs their delicate balance, and completely alters their forms. Besides this their glaucous surface, like that of a cabbage leaf, reflects

mountains, with their constant rain and mists, and the shut-in valleys, where it was impossible to see more than a few hundred yards away, and get down again to the broader horizons and bigger skies of the plains. On the journey to Tokyo I saw my first lotus flowers in a lake near the railway, and I hurried off at once to

every passing phase of the sky, and is constantly changing in color as clouds pass over.

Japanese drawings of flowers—and they usually draw them beautifully—are often influenced in some way by a tradition. The man who invented the method was a true impressionist; he seized what appeared to him characteristic of the plant, and insisted on that to the exclusion of other truths, thus founding a mannerism which all following artists imitated. In time, what he saw as characteristic became exaggerated by his disciples, who looked at nature only through his eyes and not with their own, and I have observed that the flowers which are most frequently drawn are not so like the originals as those less popular ones depicted in books of botany and such like, for drawing which there is no recognized method, and where the draughtsman relied entirely on his own observation for his facts. Take, for example, the spots on the lotus stems; if you look very closely you can see that there are spots, but certainly they could not strike every artist as a marked feature of the plant, for they are not visible three yards away. But some master noticed them many years ago and spotted his stems, and now they all spot them, and the spots get bigger and bigger; and so it will be until some original genius arises who will not be content with other people's eyes, but will dare to look for him-



THE MOAT OF BENTEN-SHIBA.

self, and he may perhaps, without abandoning Japanese methods, get nearer to nature, and start a renaissance in Japanese art. The Japanese treatment of landscape is not more conventional than that of Claude or David Cox, or than the short-hand of our pencil sketches, but it records its facts in a different way.

The everlasting question in art is the imitation of nature; it has never been carried farther in certain directions than by Millais and his pre-Raphaelite brethren, or in others than by Manet, Monet, and the modern French, but no one can put in everything; look at a simple bunch of leaves in sunlight against a wall, and think how long it would take to really imitate all their complexities of form, color, and light and shade; some facts can only be given by ignoring others, and the question what is the important thing which must be insisted on is the personal affair of each individual artist in every country where art is unfettered and alive. But in Japanese, as in Byzantine and other Eastern arts, this question is still decided by the practice of past generations, and it will take all the vitality of a strong man to infuse new life into it without destroying its many exquisite qualities. Perhaps when Japanese artists absorb its spirit instead of merely trying to imitate its methods, Western art may help in the direction of freedom; at present I fear

that its influence has done more harm than good. The people are so quick to recognize the meaning of a few lines, and to understand the poetic idea which they suggest, that it is a wonder the artists ever learned to draw at all; they might have been content with symbols, for a few



A WET DAY AT CHUZENJI.



HYDRANGEA BUSH, TOTSUKA, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

lines like those below are enough to convey all the poetry that is associated in their minds with any of the well-known art motives.



The little island of Benten is a frequented spot, and my easel was surrounded from morning till night with a crowd of spectators; they dispersed at the command of the policeman on his hourly round, but after he had gazed his fill and left me, a new lot instantly assembled.

They were mostly children; and a crowd of Japanese children is twice as many as any other crowd of its size, for every child has another smaller one tied to its back. I suppose they are not born in pairs this way, but they contract the habit of carrying a little one at a very early age, and often tie on a doll when a sufficiently small human being cannot be found. The spectators are almost always polite, and take care not to put themselves between you and your subject; but they squeeze up very close to your elbow, and trample on your nerves, if not on your materials. They usually remarked that

my work was a photograph; some more educated ones said that it was an oil-painting, that being the medium which is associated with foreign art; and one man said that it was enamel, which I took as a compliment to the brilliancy of my color. The keeper of a little tea-shed hard by, where I took my lunch, noticed that I was worried by the people standing so close to me, and when I arrived next morning I found that he had put up a fence round the place where I worked; it was only a few slender bamboo sticks, with a thin string twisted from one to another, but not a soul attempted to come inside it. They are such an obedient and docile race that a little string stretched across a road is quite enough to close the thoroughfare. It is difficult to reconcile the character of this peaceable and pleasure-loving race which the modern traveller sees with that which is ascribed to their forefathers—those heroes of the desperate wars and bloody revolutions which fill



SPECTATORS.

the pages of the early history of Japan. It may be that two centuries of Tokugawa rule, fatherly but autocratic, developed qualities of unreasoning obedience, and perhaps all the struggles of the past were merely dynastic, or affairs between the warriors of different clans; perhaps the people themselves have always been as



A FIELD OF LILIES, OFUNA, NEAR KAMAKURA.

gentle as they are now, cultivating their land and pursuing their ingenious trades, little affected by these turmoils, except that, like the producers of all times and countries, they were called on to supply the sinews of war.

The lotus is intimately connected with Buddhism; most personifications of the Buddha are represented as seated or standing on its flower, or holding an unexpanded bud in their hands; it is largely used in temple decorations, and vases with imi-

others. It is lovely enough in itself without all this halo of virtue. Hardy says of Tess, "Beauty to her, as to all who have felt, lay not in the thing, but in what the thing symbolized"; this is unavoidable with most of us, and the suggestion of feelings and memories of our own does not necessarily obscure our visual sense; but a fixed and recognized suggestion is the result of mental laziness, and may lead to the ignoring of intrinsic beauty; as our lovely primrose is to some



THE LAST TEA LEAVES—COTTAGE NEAR YOKOHAMA.

tations in metal of the flowers, leaves, buds, and seed-pods, often very exquisite in workmanship, stand on all the altars. It is typical to the Buddhist mind of the qualities of the ideal man: as it grows in the mud, yet produces a lovely flower, it is a symbol of purity in a naughty world; as its odor sweetens the air around, so his good deeds influence those about him; it opens in the morning sunshine, and his mind is expanded by the light of knowledge; its branchless stalks, rising without a break to the leaf or flower, are a type of his single-mindedness and directness of purpose; and its edible root shows that the basis of his life must be usefulness to

eyes a political badge, admired only because of its association with a name and a faction, or rejected for the same cause. To quote Mr. Punch,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A party emblem was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But the lotus has not sunk so low as this; though it has been adopted by the Buddhists, it excites no animosity in Shinto breasts; and where temples under the present *régime* have been handed over from the one religion to the other, though the pagoda and other distinctively Buddhist structures are pulled down, the lotus-



LOTUS PONDS AT KAMAKURA.

ponds are left in their beauty. The largest I saw were those connected with the great Hachiman temple at Kamakura, which has been turned over to the state religion; they cover several acres, and the flowers in them are of three colors—either white, bright rose, or a delicate shell-like pink. All three varieties seem to grow equally freely, and one is as lovely as the other. The white one has been specially adopted by the followers of Nichiren, a noisy sect which beats a drum during the long hours of prayer, and it is this variety, too, which is usually grown in patches here and there among the rice-fields for the sake of its roots. They have not much flavor, except that of the sugar with which they are boiled, but they are crisp in texture and pleasant to munch. The children are very fond of the nutlike seeds which are embedded in the fleshy seed-pod; it looks very like the rose of a watering-pot. In the tea-booths round the temple of Benten they use a dried slice of this pod for a mat on which to stand the cup or bowl.

Kamakura was for a long time the capital of Japan; in the twelfth century it was selected for his headquarters by Yoritomo, the great warrior whose victories enabled him to take the reins into his own hands, and to establish that

system of military government which only ended with the deposition of the last Shogun in 1868. But when a rival family defeated his successors they removed the seat of government, and Kamakura rapidly declined from a great city of more than a million inhabitants to the insignificant fishing-village which it now is, with nothing to show of its former greatness but this temple of Hachiman, and the Daibutsu, an enormous bronze Buddha, not only remarkable for its size, but also for being the finest and most dignified production which the art of Japan can show. The temple buildings which once sheltered it were destroyed ages ago, and the image is now in the open air, in one of the little valleys which branch out from the plain and run back among the pine-clad hills. Centuries of exposure to rain and sun have given varied colors to the great bronze god. He is seated cross-legged on a lotus flower, his hands folded in his lap; the head is bent slightly forward, and his face gazes down with an expression of calm superiority which can only come from perfected wisdom and subjugated passions. A new shrine to Yoritomo's memory, all of black and gold, stands near one of the lotus-ponds; in front of it are some splendid old willow-trees,

which he is said to have planted, and under which he sat and composed poetry when he was not engaged more actively in fighting. It is hardly possible that these willows can have lived to such a great age; they are probably descend-

themselves, had collected to take part in it. They were divided into three classes. The masters of the art were all past their first youth; not enormously stout, as they are often represented in drawings and carvings, but fine athletic men, taller than



A TEA-HOUSE AT KAMAKURA.

ants of the original trees. Behind the shrine is a large modern barrack, and I saw bands of white-clad recruits, with side-arms and repeating-rifles, trousers, tunics, and forage-caps, quite European in everything but face and stature, constantly passing to and fro over the ground where the old warrior must have seen his quaint soldiers in lacquered armor and bronze helmets carrying their long-bows and queer-shaped halberds. One day when I was painting the willows my boy Matsuba, who had plenty of spare time for investigating the neighborhood while waiting to carry home my umbrella and things, came and told me that there was a wrestling-match at a small temple about a mile away. I packed up at once and we walked over there, for I was very anxious to see what kind of a sport it was. This was a tournament, and all the professional wrestlers of the neighborhood, and many youths anxious to distinguish

the average of Japanese. They wore their hair in the ancient style, shaved away from the centre of the head, and that from the back and side made into a queue, turned up and knotted with string on the top of the poll; they had no clothes except a loin-cloth and an embroidered apron. In the second class were men who had won but few prizes; they were not all in the professional get-up, and some of them were evidently laboring-men with a taste for sport. The third class was composed of youths, none of them more than nineteen or twenty years old. The contests took place in the temple court-yard on a circular bed of sand, under a roof supported by wooden pillars, but not enclosed at the sides; round the edge of this raised circle there was laid a straw rope, and the man won who could either fairly throw his opponent or force him across the rope without being dragged over himself. The proceedings were con-

ducted by a Shinto priest in full dress, wide trousers, and a coat sticking out from the shoulders like that of a modern young lady, who with a peculiar-shaped fan gave the signal to begin and to stop. For the highest class this umpire was a venerable old gentleman; for the others the place was taken by young priests who needed to learn this part of their business. The wrestlers came on in pairs as their names were called, and after a great deal of marching round, stamping, rubbing their limbs, making gestures of defiance, and so on, they squatted opposite each other. When the signal was given to begin they rested their fingers on the ground between their knees, and leaned towards each other till their foreheads touched, sometimes waiting several minutes before attempting to make any grip. If the grip seemed unfair or unsatisfactory to one of the opponents, he immediately put down his hands, the priest stopped the bout, and all the preliminary business had to be gone through again, but if it seemed all right the struggle began, and sometimes lasted for five minutes, each man straining every muscle in a splendid way, and using all the science and cunning he knew. If it lasted too long without either man gaining any advantage, the priest signalled to them to stop, and they had to wait till their turn



came round again. This rough sketch, made while jammed in the crowd of spectators, will give some idea of the attitude of the men waiting for the fan to be lowered. Everything was conducted in the most ceremonious and orderly manner, and there was no drunkenness or rowdiness, although the multitude who had assembled were entirely of the poorest class. The most fashionable wrestling-matches are held in Tokyo in spring and autumn, and the champion is as much a popular favorite as a famous torero in Spain, or a well-known prize-fighter in England and America.

Those who read these notes will have gathered that the heat and the rain make summer life in Japan not wholly enjoy-



LOTUS-PATCH AMONG THE RICE-FIELDS, KAWASAKI, TOKYO.



YORITOMO'S WILLOWS AND HIS SHRINE.

able; let me also say some words of warning to the thin-skinned against the mosquitoes, and even more against a horrible little insect which lives in the grass or sand and bites your legs and feet. It is so small that I never succeeded in finding it, but its bite brings up a blister which breaks and leaves troublesome sores. There were few nights from June till October when I was not obliged to get up once or twice and bathe them in cold water to allay the intolerable itching. The sea, too, has its terrors. I went down to the shore near Kamakura one hot night, hoping that a swim would soothe my trou-

bled skin, but no sooner had I plunged into the approaching wave than my neck and arms were embraced by jelly-fish, and I scrambled out feeling and looking as if I had taken my bath in a bed of nettles. The Japanese, although they grumble and fan themselves a good deal, do not really mind the heat; their draughty houses are admirably adapted for fine summer weather, and their clothing is sensible and scanty. But the foreigners suffer, and as September comes, and the lotus flowers fade, they hail with relief the approach of the cooler and dryer weather of autumn.



LESPEDeza "HAGI."

THE SIMPLETONS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry. The miller at Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart and horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination, about twenty miles off, such a vehicle proving of quite sufficient size for the departing teacher's effects. For the school-house had been partly furnished by the school-managers, and the only cumbersome article possessed by the master, in addition to the packing-case of books, was a cottage piano that he had bought at an auction during the year in which he thought of learning instrumental music. But the enthusiasm having waned, he had never acquired any skill in playing, and the purchased article had been a perpetual trouble to him in his changes ever since.

The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight of vicissitudes. He did not mean to return till the evening, when the new school-teacher would have arrived and settled in, and everything would be smooth again.

The blacksmith, the farm bailiff, and the schoolmaster himself were standing in perplexed attitudes in the parlor before the instrument. The master had remarked that even if he got it into the cart he should not know what to do with it on his arrival at Christminster, the city aforesaid, for he was only going into temporary lodgings just at first.

A little boy of eleven, who had been thoughtfully assisting in the packing, joined the group of men, and as they rubbed their chins he spoke up, blushing at the sound of his own voice: "Aunt hev got a gr't fuel-house, and it could be put there, perhaps, till you've found a place to settle in, sir."

"A proper good notion," said the blacksmith.

It was decided that a deputation should wait on the boy's aunt—an old maiden resident—and ask her if she would house the piano till Mr. Phillotson should send for it. The smith and the bailiff started to see the practicability of the suggested shelter, and the boy and the schoolmaster were left standing alone.

"Sorry I am going, Jude?" asked the latter, kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes, for he was not among the regular day scholars, who came unromantically close to the schoolmaster's life, but one who had attended the night school only during the present teacher's term of office. The regular scholars, if the truth must be told, stood at the present moment afar off, like certain historic disciples, indisposed to enthusiastic volunteering of aid.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr. Phillotson had bestowed on him as a parting gift, and admitted that he was sorry.

"So am I," said Mr. Phillotson.

"Why do you go, sir?" asked the boy.

"Ah—that would be a long story. You wouldn't understand my reasons, Jude. You will, perhaps, when you are older."

"I think I should now, sir."

"Well—don't speak of this everywhere—you know what a university is, and a university degree? It is the necessary hall-mark of a man who wants to do anything in theology. My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster, or near it, I shall be at headquarters, so to speak, and, if my scheme is practicable at all, I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out than I can obtain elsewhere."

The smith and his companion returned. Old Miss Fawley's fuel-house was dry, and eminently practicable; and she seemed willing to give the instrument standing-room there. It was accordingly left in the school-house till the evening, when more hands would be available for removing it, and the schoolmaster gave a final glance round.

The boy Jude assisted in loading some small articles, and at nine o'clock Mr. Phillotson mounted beside his box of books and general *impedimenta*, and bade his friends good-by.

"I sha'n't forget you, Jude," he said, smiling, as the cart moved off. "Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can. And if ever you come to Christminster

remember you hunt me out for old acquaintance' sake."

The cart creaked across the green, and disappeared round the corner by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the greensward, where he had left his buckets when he went to help his patron and teacher in the loading. There was a quiver in his lip now, and after opening the well cover to begin lowering the bucket, he paused and leant with his forehead and arms against the frame-work, his face wearing the fixity of a thoughtful child's who has felt the pricks of life somewhat before his time. The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and from his present position appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water at a distance of a hundred feet. There was a lining of green moss near the top, and nearer still the hart's-tongue fern.

He said to himself, in the melodramatic tones of a whimsical boy, that the schoolmaster had drawn at that well scores of times on a morning like this, and would never draw there any more. "I've seen him look down into it, when he was tired with his drawing, just as I do now, and when he rested a bit before carrying the buckets home. But he was too clever to bide here any longer—a small sleepy place like this!"

A tear rolled from his eye into the depths of the well. The morning was a little foggy, and the boy's breathing unfurled itself as a thicker fog upon the still and heavy air. His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden outcry:

"Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young harlican!"

It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards the garden gate of a green-thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for one of his stature, landed and emptied the big bucket into his own pair of smaller ones, and pausing a moment for breath, started with them across the patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood—nearly in the centre of the little village, or rather hamlet.

It was as old-fashioned as it was small, and it rested in the lap of an undulating upland adjoining the North Wessex downs. Old as it was, however, the well

shaft was probably the only relic of the local history that remained absolutely unchanged. Many of the thatched and dormered dwelling-houses had been pulled down of late years, and many trees felled on the green. Above all, the original church, humpbacked, wood-turreted, and hipped, had been taken down, and either cracked up into heaps of road-metal in the lane, or utilized as pigsty walls, garden seats, guard-stones to fences, and rockeries in the flower-beds of the neighborhood. In place of it a tall new building of German-Gothic design, unfamiliar to English eyes, had been erected on a new piece of ground by a certain obliterator of historic records who had run down from London and back in a day. The site whereon so long had stood the ancient temple to the Christian divinities was not even recorded on the green and level grass-plot that had immemorially been the church-yard, the obliterated graves of the hamlet being commemorated by ninepenny cast-iron crosses warranted to last five years.

CHAPTER II.

SLENDER as was Jude Fawley's frame, he bore the two brimming house-buckets of water to the cottage without resting. Over the door was a little rectangular piece of blue board, on which was painted, in yellow letters, "Drusilla Fawley, Baker." Within the little lead panes of the window—this being one of the few old houses left—were five bottles of sweets, and three bunn on a plate of the willow pattern.

While emptying the buckets at the back of the house he could hear an animated conversation in progress within doors between his great-aunt, the Drusilla of the sign-board, and some other villagers. Having seen the schoolmaster depart, they were summing up particulars of the event, and indulging in predictions of his future in its possible bearings on matrimony.

"Who's he?" asked one, a comparative stranger, when the boy entered.

"Ah—well ye med ask it, Mrs. Williams. He's my great-nephew—come since you was last this way." The old inhabitant who answered was a tall, gaunt woman, who spoke tragically on the most trivial subject, and gave a phrase of her conversation to each auditor by name in turn. "He come from Mell-

stock, down in South Wessex, about a year ago—worse luck for 'n, Belinda" (turning to the right)—"where his father was living, and was took wi' the shakings for death, and died in two days, as you know, Caroline" (turning to the left). "It would ha' been a blessing if Goddy-mighty had took thee too, wi' thy mother and father, poor useless boy! But I've got him here to stay with me till I can see what's to be done with un, though, es I shell soon have to pay the bill for the pigs in sty, I be obliged to let un earn any penny he can. Just now he's a-scar-ing of birds for Farmer Troutham for a week or two. It keeps un out of mischty. Why do ye turn away, Jude?" she continued, as the boy, feeling the impact of their glances like slaps upon his face, moved aside.

The local washer-woman replied that it was perhaps a very good plan of Miss or Mrs. Fawley's (as they called her indifferently) to have him with her—"to kip 'ee company in your loneliness, fetch water, shet the winder-shetters o' nights, and help in the bit o' baking."

"Med be. Though I doubt it. . . . Why didn't ye get the schoolmaster to take 'ee to Christminster wi' un, and make a scholar of 'ee," his aunt continued, in frowning pleasantry. "I'm sure he couldn't ha' took a better one. The boy is crazy for books, that he is. It runs in our family rather. His cousin Sue is just the same—so I've heard; but I have not seen the chile for years, though she was born in this place, within these four walls, as it happened. My niece and her husband, after they were married, didn' get a house of their own for some year or more; and then they only moved across the green there, till— Well, I won't go into that. Jude, my chile, don't you ever marry. 'Tisn't for the Fawleys to take that step any more. She, their only one, was like a chile o' my own, Belinda, till the split come! Ah, that a little maid should know such changes!"

Jude, finding the general attention again centring on himself, went out to the bake-house, where he ate the cake provided for his breakfast. The end of his spare time had now arrived, and emerging from the garden by getting over the hedge at the back, he pursued a path northward, till he came to a wide and lonely depression in the general level of the upland, which was sown as a corn-

field. This vast concave was the scene of his labors for Mr. Troutham, the farmer, and he descended into the midst of it.

The brown surface of the field he trod went right up towards the sky all round, where it was lost by degrees in the mist that shut out the actual verge and accentuated the solitude. The only marks on the uniformity of the scene were a rick of last year's produce standing in the midst of the arable, the rooks which rose at his approach, and the path athwart the fallow by which he had come, trodden now by he hardly knew whom, though once by many of his own dead family.

"How ugly it is here!" he murmured.

The fresh harrow-lines seemed to stretch like the channellings in a piece of new corduroy, lending a meanly utilitarian air to the expanse, taking away its gradations, and depriving it of all history beyond that of the few recent months. Yet, though he did not think of it, in every clod and stone there really lingered associations enough and to spare—echoes of songs from ancient harvest-days, of spoken words, and of deeds. Every inch of ground had been the site, first or last, of energy, gayety, horse-play, bickerings, brow-sweat, weariness. Groups of gleaners had squatted in the sun on every square yard. Love-matches that had populated the adjoining hamlet had been made up there between reaping and carrying. By the hedge which divided the field from a distant plantation girls had given themselves unreservedly to lovers who would not turn their heads to look at them by the next harvest; and many a man had made love-promises to a woman at whose voice he had trembled by the next seed-time after fulfilling them in the church adjoining. But this neither Jude nor the rooks around him considered. For them it was a lonely place, possessing in the one case only the quality of a work-ground, and in the other that of a granary good to feed in.

The boy stood under the rick before mentioned, and every few seconds used his clacker or rattle briskly. At each clacking the rooks left off pecking, and rose and went away on their leisurely wings, burnished like tassets of mail, afterwards wheeling back and regarding him warily, and descending to feed at a more respectful distance.

He sounded the clacker till his arm ached, and at length his heart grew sym-

pathetic with the birds' thwarted desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in a world which did not want them. Why should he frighten them away? They took upon them more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners—the only friends he could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for his aunt had often told him that she was not. He ceased his rattling, and they alighted anew.

"Poor little dears!" said Jude, aloud. "You *shall* have some dinner—you shall! There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have some. Eat, then, my dear little black birdies, and make a good meal!"

They staid and ate, inky spots on the nut-brown soil, and Jude enjoyed their appetite. A magic thread of fellow-feeling united his own with their lives. Puny and sorry as those lives were, they much resembled his own.

His clacker he had by this time thrown away from him, as being a mean and sordid instrument, offensive both to the birds and to himself as their friend. All at once he became conscious of a smart blow upon his buttocks, followed by a loud clack, which announced to his surprised senses that the clacker had been the instrument of offence used. The birds and Jude started up simultaneously, and the dazed eyes of the latter beheld the farmer in person, the great Troutham himself, his red face glaring down upon Jude's cowering frame, the clacker swinging in his hand.

"So it's 'Eat, my dear birdies,' is it, young man? 'Eat, dear birdies,' indeed! I'll tickle your breeches, and see if you say 'Eat, dear birdies,' again in a hurry! And you've been idling at the schoolmaster's too, instead of coming here, ha'n't ye, hey? That's how you earn your sixpence a day for keeping the rooks off my corn!"

Whilst saluting Jude's ears with this impassioned rhetoric, Troutham had seized his left hand with his own left, and swinging his slim frame round him at arm's-length, again struck Jude on the hind parts with the flat side of Jude's own rattle, till the field echoed with the blows, which were delivered once or twice at each revolution.

"Don't 'ee, sir—please don't 'ee!" cried the whirling child, as helpless under the centrifugal tendency of his person as a

hooked fish swinging to land, and beholding the hill, the rick, the plantation, the path, and the rooks going round and round him in an amazing circular race. "I—I—sir—only meant that—there was a good crop in the ground—I saw 'em sow it—and the rooks could have a little bit for dinner—and you wouldn't miss it, sir—and Mr. Phillotson said I was to be kind to 'em—oh, oh, oh!"

This truthful explanation seemed to exasperate the farmer even more than if Jude had stoutly denied saying anything at all; and he still smacked the whirling urchin, the clacks of the instrument continuing to resound all across the field, and as far as the ears of distant workers—who gathered thereupon that Jude was pursuing his business of clacking with great assiduity—and echoing from the brand-new church tower just behind the mist, towards the building of which structure the farmer had largely subscribed, to testify his love for God and man.

Presently Troutham grew tired of his punitive task, and depositing the quivering boy on his legs, took a sixpence from his pocket and gave it him in payment for his day's work, telling him to go home and never let him see him in one of those fields again.

Jude leaped out of arm's reach, and walked along the trackway weeping—not from the pain, though that was keen enough; not from the perception of the flaw in the terrestrial scheme, by which what was good for God's birds was bad for God's gardener; but with the awful sense that he had wholly disgraced himself before he had been a year in the parish, and hence might be a burden to his great-aunt for life.

With this shadow on his mind he did not care to show himself in the village, and went homeward by a roundabout track behind a high hedge and across a pasture. Here he beheld scores of coupled earthworms lying half their length on the surface of the damp ground, as they always did in such weather at that time of the year. It was impossible to advance in regular steps without crushing some of them at each tread.

Though Farmer Troutham had just hurt him, he was a boy who could not himself bear to hurt anything. He had never brought home a nest of young birds without lying awake in misery half the night after, and often reinstating

them and the nest in their original place the next morning. He could scarcely bear to see trees cut down or lopped, from a fancy that it hurt them; and late pruning, when the sap was up and the tree bled profusely, had been a positive grief to him in his infancy. This weakness of character, as it may perhaps be called, suggested that he was the coming sort of man who was born to ache a good deal before the fall of the curtain upon his unnecessary life and all was well with him again. He carefully picked his way on tiptoe among the earthworms, without killing a single one.

On entering the cottage he found his aunt selling a penny loaf to a little girl, and when the customer was gone she said, "Well, how do you come to be back here in the middle of the morning like this?"

"I'm turned away."

"What!"

"Mr. Troutham have turned me away because I let the rooks have a few peckings of corn. And there's my wages—the last I shall ever hae!"

He threw the sixpence tragically on the table.

"Ah!" said his aunt, suspending her breath. And she opened upon him a lecture on how she would now have him all the spring upon her hands doing nothing. "If you can't skeer birds, what can ye do? There! don't ye look so deedy! Farmer Troutham is not so much better than myself, come to that. But 'tis as Job said, 'Now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock.' His father was my father's journeyman, anyhow, and I must have been a fool to let 'ee go to work for 'n, which I shouldn't ha' done but to keep 'ee out of mischty."

More angry with Jude for demeaning her by coming there than for dereliction of duty, she rated him primarily from that point of view, and only secondarily from a moral one.

"Not that you should have let the birds eat what Farmer Troutham planted. Of course you was wrong in that. Jude, Jude, why didstn't go off with that schoolmaster of thine to Christminster or somewhere? But, oh no—poor or'nary child—there never was any sprawl on thy side of the family, and never will be!"

"Where is this beautiful city, aunt—

this place where Mr. Phillotson is gone to?" asked the boy, after meditating in silence.

"Lord! you ought to know where the city of Christminster is. Near a score of miles from here. It is a place much too good for you ever to have much to do with, poor boy, I'm a-thinking."

"And will Mr. Phillotson always be there?"

"How can I tell?"

"Couldn't I go to see him?"

"Lord, no! You didn't grow up here—about, or you wouldn't ask such as that. We've never had anything to do with folk in Christminster, nor folk in Christminster with we."

Jude went out, and feeling his existence to be an undemanded one by reason of his dismissal from the farm, he lay down upon his back on a heap of litter near the pigsty. The fog had by this time become more translucent, and the position of the sun could be seen through it. He pulled his straw hat over his face, and peered through the interstices of the plaiting at the white brightness, vaguely reflecting. Growing up brought responsibilities, he found. Events did not rhyme quite as he had thought. Nature's logic was too stupid for him to care for. That mercy towards one set of creatures was cruelty towards another sickened his sense of harmony. As you got older, and felt yourself to be at the centre of your time, and not at a point in its circumference, as you had felt when you were little, you were seized with a sort of shuddering, he perceived. All around you there seemed to be something glaring, garish, rattling, and the noises and glares hit upon the little cell called your life, and shook it, and scorched it.

If he could only prevent himself growing up! He did not want to be a man.

Then, like the natural boy, he forgot his despondency, and sprang up. During the remainder of the morning he helped his aunt, and in the afternoon, when there was nothing more to be done, he went into the village. Here he asked a man whereabouts Christminster lay.

"Christminster? Oh, well, out by there yonder; though I've never bin there—not I. I've never had any business at such a place."

The man pointed northeastward, in the very direction where lay that field in which Jude had so disgraced himself.

There was something unpleasant about the coincidence for the moment, but the fearsomeness of this fact rather increased his curiosity about the city. The farmer had said he was never to be seen in that field again; yet Christminster lay across it, and the path was a public one. So, stealing out of the hamlet, he descended into the same hollow which had witnessed his punishment in the morning, never swerving an inch from the path, and climbing up the long and tedious ascent on the other side, till the track joined the highway by a little clump of trees. Here the ploughed land ended, and all before him was bleak open down.

CHAPTER III.

NOT a soul was visible on the hedgeless highway, or on either side of it, and the white road seemed to ascend and ascend till it joined the sky. At the very top it was crossed at right angles by a green "ridgeway" — the Icknield Street and original Roman road through the district. This ancient track ran east and west for many miles, and down almost to within living memory had been used for driving flocks and herds to fairs and markets. But it was now neglected and overgrown.

The boy had never before strayed so far north as this from the nestling hamlet in which he had been deposited by the carrier from a railway station southward one dark evening some few months earlier, and till now he had had no suspicion that such a wide, flat, low-lying country lay so near at hand, screened off by the verge of his upland world. The whole northern semicircle between east and west, to a distance of forty or fifty miles, spread itself before him; a bluer, moister atmosphere, evidently, than that he breathed up here.

Not far from the road stood a weather-beaten old barn of reddish-gray brick and tile. It was known as the Brown House by the people of the locality. He was about to pass it, when he perceived a ladder against the eaves; and the reflection that the higher he got, the further he could see, led Jude to stand and regard it. On the slope of the roof above, two men were repairing the tiling. He turned into the ridgeway and drew towards the barn.

When he had wistfully watched the workmen for some time, he took courage, and ascended the ladder till he stood beside them.

"Well, my lad, and what may you want up here?"

"I wanted to know where the city of Christminster is, if you please."

"Christminster is out across there, by that clump. You can see it—at least you can on a clear day. Ah, no, you can't now."

The other tiler, glad of any kind of diversion from the monotony of his labor, had also turned to look towards the quarter designated. "You can't often see it in weather like this," he said. "The time I've noticed it is when the sun is going down in a blaze of flame, and it looks like—I don't know what."

"The heavenly Jerusalem," suggested the serious urchin.

"Ay — though I should never have thought of it myself. . . . But I can't see no Christminster to-day."

The boy strained his eyes also; yet neither could he see the far-off city. He descended from the barn, and abandoning Christminster with the versatility of his age, he walked along the ridge-track, looking for any natural objects of interest that might lie in the banks thereabout. When he repassed the barn to go back to Marygreen he observed that the ladder was still in its place, but that the men had finished their day's work and gone away.

It was waning towards evening; there was still a faint mist, but it had cleared a little except in the damper tracts of sub-jacent country and along the river-courses. He thought again of Christminster, and wished, since he had come two or three miles from his aunt's house on purpose, that he could have seen for once this attractive city of which he had been told. But even if he waited here it was hardly likely that the air would clear before night. Yet he was loath to leave the spot, for the northern expanse became lost to view on retreating towards the village only a few hundred yards.

He ascended the ladder to have one more look at the point the men had designated, and perched himself on the highest rung, overlying the tiles. He might not be able to come so far as this for many days. Perhaps if he prayed, the wish to see Christminster might be forwarded. People said that if you prayed, things sometimes came to you, even though they sometimes did not. He had read in a tract that a man who had begun to build a church, and had no money to

finish it, knelt down and prayed, and the money came in by the next post. Another man tried the same experiment, and the money did not come; but he found afterwards that the breeches he knelt in were made by a wicked Jew. This was not discouraging, and turning on the ladder, Jude knelt on the third rung, where, resting against those above it, he prayed that the mist might rise.

He then seated himself again, and waited. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the thinning mist dissolved altogether from the eastern horizon, as it had already done elsewhere, and about a quarter of an hour before the time of sunset he found, on turning to the westward, that the clouds had parted, the sun's position being partially uncovered, the beams streaming out in visible lines between two bars of slaty cloud. The boy immediately looked back in the old direction.

Some little way within the limits of the stretch of landscape certain points of light like the topaz gleamed. The air increased in transparency with the lapse of minutes, as it will at such times, till the topaz points showed themselves to be the vanes, windows, wet roof slates, and other shining spots upon the spires, domes, freestone-work, and varied outlines that were faintly revealed. It was Christminster, unquestionably.

The spectator gazed on and on till the windows and vanes lost their shine, going out almost suddenly, like extinguished candles, and the city became veiled in mist. Turning to the west, he saw that the sun had disappeared. The foreground of the scene he sat in had grown funereally dark, and near objects put on the hues and shapes of chimeras.

He anxiously descended the ladder, and started homeward at a run, trying not to think of giants, Herne the Hunter, or that tale from Hauff in the penny paper, of the captain with the bleeding hole in his forehead, and the corpses round him that remutined every night on board the bewitched ship. He knew that he had grown out of belief in these horrors, yet he was glad when he saw the church tower and the lights in the cottage windows, even though this was not the home of his birth, and his great-aunt did not care much about him.

Inside and roundabout that old woman's "shop" window, with its twenty-

four little panes set in lead-work, the glass of some of them oxidized with age, so that you could hardly see the poor penny articles exhibited within, and forming part of a stock which a strong man could have carried, Jude had his outer being for some long tideless time. But his dreams were as gigantic as his surroundings were small.

Through the solid barrier of cold cretaceous upland to the northward he was always beholding a gorgeous city—the fancy place he had likened to the new Jerusalem, though there was perhaps more of the painter's imagination and less of the diamond merchant's in his dreams thereof than in those of the Apocalyptic writer. And the city acquired a tangibility, a permanence, a hold on his life, mainly from the one nucleus of fact that the man for whose knowledge and purposes he had so much reverence was actually living there; not only so, but living among the more thoughtful and mentally shining ones therein.

In sad wet seasons, though he knew it must rain at Christminster too, he could hardly believe that it rained so drearily there. Whenever he could get away from the confines of the hamlet for an hour or two, which was not often, he would steal off to the Brown House on the hill and strain his eyes persistently; sometimes to be rewarded by the sight of a dome or spire, at other times by a little smoke, which in his estimate had some of the mysticism of incense.

Then the day came when it suddenly occurred to him that if he ascended to the point of view after dark, or possibly went a mile or two further, he would see the night lights of the city. It would be necessary to come back alone, but even that consideration did not deter him, for he could throw a little manliness into his mood, no doubt.

The project was duly executed. It was not late when he arrived at the place of outlook, only just after dusk; but a black northeast sky, accompanied by a wind from the same quarter, made the occasion dark enough. He was rewarded; but what he saw was not the lamps in rows, as he had half expected. No individual light was visible, only a halo or glow-fog overarching the place against the black heavens behind it, making the light and the city seem distant but a mile or so.

He set himself to wonder on the exact point in the glow where the schoolmaster might be—he who never communicated with anybody at Marygreen now; who was as if dead to them here. In the glow he seemed to see Phillotson promenading at ease, like one of the forms in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

He had heard that breezes travelled at the rate of ten miles an hour, and the fact now came into his mind. He parted his lips as he faced the northeast, and drew in the wind as if it were a sweet liquor.

"You," he said, addressing the breeze caressingly, "were in Christminster city between one and two hours ago, floating along the streets, pulling round the weather-cocks, touching Mr. Phillotson's face, being breathed by him, and now you be here, breathed by me—you, the very same."

Suddenly there came along this wind something towards him—a message from the place—from some soul residing there, it seemed. Surely it was the sound of bells, the voice of the city, faint and musical, calling to him, "We are happy here!"

He had become entirely lost to his bodily situation during this mental leap, and only got back to it by a rough recalling. A few yards below the brow of the hill on which he paused a team of horses made its appearance, having reached the place by dint of half an hour's serpentine progress from the bottom of the immense declivity. They had a load of coals behind them—a fuel that could only be got into the upland by this particular route. They were accompanied by a carter, a second man, and a boy, who now kicked a large stone behind one of the wheels, and allowed the panting animals to have a long rest, while those in charge took a flagon off the load and indulged in a drink round.

They were elderly men, and had genial voices. Jude addressed them, inquiring if they had come from Christminster.

"Heaven forbid, with this load!" said they.

"The place I mean is that one yonder." He was getting so romantically attached to Christminster that, like a young lover alluding to his mistress, he felt bashful at mentioning its name again. He pointed to the light in the sky—hardly perceptible to their older eyes.

"Yes. There do seem a spot a bit

brighter in the nor'east than elsewhere, though I shouldn't ha' noticed it myself, and no doubt it med be Christminster."

Here a little book of tales which Jude had tucked up under his arm, having brought them to read on his way hither before it grew dark, slipped and fell into the road. The carter eyed him while he picked it up and straightened the leaves.

"Ah, young man," he observed, "you'd have to get your head screwed on t'other way before you could read what they read there."

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Oh, they never look at anything that folks like we can understand," the carter continued, by way of passing the time. "On'y foreign tongues used before the Flood, when no two families spoke alike. They read that sort of thing as fast as a night-hawk will whir. 'Tis all learning there—nothing but learning, except religion. And that's learning too, for I never could understand it. Yes, 'tis a serious-minded place. Not but there's idle women in the streets o' nights. . . . You know, I suppose, that they raise pa'sons there like radishes in a bed? And though it do take—how many years, Bob?—five years to turn a lirruring hobbledehoy chap into a decent preaching man with no corrupt passions, they'll do it, if it can be done, and polish un off like the workmen they be, and turn un out wi' a long face, and a long black coat and waistcoat, and a religious collar and hat, same as they used to wear in the Scriptures, so that his own mother wouldn't know un sometimes. . . . There, 'tis their business, like anybody else's."

"But how should you know—"

"Now don't you interrupt, my boy. Never interrupt your senyers. Move the fore hoss aside, Bobby; here's som'at coming. . . . You must mind that I be a-talking of the college life. 'Em lives on a lofty level; there's no gainsaying it, though I myself med not think much of 'em. As we be here in our bodies on this high ground, so be they in their minds—noble-minded men enough, no doubt—some on 'em—able to earn hundreds by thinking out loud. And some on 'em be strong young fellows that can earn a'most as much in silver cups. As for music, there's beautiful music everywhere in Christminster. You med be religious, or you med not, but you can't help striking in your homely note with the rest. And there's a street in the place—the main

street—that ha'n't another like it in the world. I should think I did know a little about Christminster!"

By this time the horses had recovered breath and bent to their collars again. Jude, throwing a last adoring look at the distant halo, turned and walked beside his remarkably well informed friend, who had no objection to tell him as they moved on more yet of the city—its towers and halls and churches. Presently the wagon turned into a cross-road, whereupon Jude thanked the carter warmly for his information, and said he only wished he could talk half as well about Christminster as he.

"Well, 'tis oonly what has come in my way," said the carter, unboastfully. "I've never been there, no more than you; but I've picked up the knowledge here and there, and you be welcome to it. A-getting about the world as I do, and mixing with all classes of society, one can't help hearing of things. A friend o' mine, that used to clane the boots at the Crozier Hotel in Christminster when he was in his prime, why, I knowed un as well as my own brother in his later years."

Jude continued his walk homeward alone, pondering so deeply that he forgot to feel timid. He suddenly grew older. It had been the yearning of his heart to find something to anchor on, to cling to—for some place which he could call admirable. Should he find that place in this city if he could get there? Would it be a spot in which, without fear of farmers, or hinderance, or ridicule, he could watch and wait, and set himself to some mighty undertaking like the men of old of whom he had heard? As the halo had been to his eyes when gazing at it a quarter of an hour earlier, so was the spot mentally to him as he pursued his dark way.

"It is a city of light," he said to himself.

"The tree of knowledge grows there," he added a few steps further on.

"It is a place that teachers of men spring from and go to."

"It is what you may call a castle, manned by scholarship and religion."

After this sublime figure he was silent a long while, till he added,

"It would just suit me."

CHAPTER IV.

WALKING somewhat slowly, by reason of his concentration, the boy—an ancient

man in some phases of thought, much younger than his years in others—was overtaken by a light-footed pedestrian, whom, notwithstanding the gloom, he could perceive to be wearing an extraordinarily tall hat, a swallow-tailed coat, and a watch-chain that danced madly and threw around scintillations of skylight as its owner swung along upon a pair of thin legs and noiseless boots. Jude, beginning to feel lonely, endeavored to keep up with him.

"Well, my man! I'm in a hurry, so you'll have to walk pretty fast if you keep alongside of me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I think. Physician Vilbert."

"Ah—I'm known everywhere, I see! That comes of being a public benefactor."

Vilbert was an itinerant quack-doctor, well known to the rustic population, and absolutely unknown to anybody else, as he, indeed, took care to be, to avoid inconvenient investigations. Cottagers formed his only patients, and his Wessex-wide repute was among them alone. His position was humbler and his field more obscure than those of the quacks with capital and an organized system of advertising. He was, in fact, a survival. The distances he traversed on foot were enormous, and extended nearly the whole length and breadth of Wessex. Jude had one day seen him selling a pot of colored lard to an old woman as a certain cure for a bad leg, the woman arranging to pay a guinea, in instalments of a shilling a fortnight, for the precious salve, which, according to the physician, could only be obtained from a particular animal which grazed on Mount Sinai, and was to be captured only at great risk to life and limb. Jude, though he already had his doubts about this gentleman's medicines, felt him to be unquestionably a travelled personage, and one who might be a trustworthy source of information on matters not strictly professional.

"I s'pose you've been to Christminster, Physician?"

"I have—many times," replied the long thin man. "That's one of my centres."

"It's a wonderful city for scholarship and religion?"

"You'd say so, my boy, if you'd seen it. Why, the very sons of the old women who do the washing of the college can talk in Latin—not good Latin, that I

admit, as a critic: dog-Latin—cat-Latin, as we used to call it in my undergraduate days."

"And Greek?"

"Well—that's more for the men who are in training for bishops, that they may be able to read the New Testament in the original."

"I want to learn Latin and Greek myself."

"A lofty desire. You must get a grammar of each tongue."

"I mean to go to Christminster some day."

"Whenever you do, you say that Physician Vilbert is the only proprietor of those celebrated pills that infallibly cure all disorders of the alimentary system, as well as asthma and shortness of breath. Two and threepence a box—specially licensed by the government stamp."

"Can you get me the grammars if I promise to say it hereabout?"

"I'll sell you mine with pleasure—those I used as a student."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Jude, gratefully, but in gasps, for the amazing speed of the physician's walk kept him in a dog-trot which was giving him a stitch in the side.

"I think you'd better drop behind, my young man. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get you the grammars, and give you a first lesson, if you'll remember, at every house in the village, to recommend Physician Vilbert's golden ointment, life-drops, and female pills."

"Where will you be with the grammars?"

"I shall be passing here this day fortnight at precisely this hour of five-and-twenty minutes past seven. My movements are as truly timed as those of the planets in their courses."

"Here I'll be to meet you," said Jude.

"With orders for my medicines?"

"Yes, Physician."

Jude then dropped behind, waited a few minutes to recover breath, and went home with a consciousness of having struck a blow for Christminster.

Through the intervening fortnight he ran about and smiled outwardly at his inward thoughts, as if they were people meeting and nodding to him—smiled with that singularly beautiful irradiation which is seen to spread on young faces at the inception of some glorious idea, as if a supernatural lamp were held inside

their transparent natures, giving rise, naturally enough, to the flattering fancy that heaven lies about us then.

He honestly performed his promise to the man of many cures, in whom he now sincerely believed, walking miles hither and thither among the surrounding hamlets as the physician's agent in advance. On the evening appointed he stood motionless on the plateau, at the place where he had parted from Vilbert, and there awaited his approach. The road physician was fairly up to time; but, to the surprise of Jude, on striking into his pace, which the pedestrian did not diminish by a single unit of force, the latter seemed hardly to recognize his young companion, though with the lapse of the fortnight the evenings had grown light. Jude thought it might perhaps be owing to his wearing another hat, and he saluted the physician with dignity.

"Well, my boy?" said the latter, abstractedly.

"I've come," said Jude.

"You? who are you? Oh yes—to be sure! Got any orders, lad?"

"Yes." And Jude told him the names and addresses of the cottagers who were willing to test the virtues of the world-renowned pills and salve. The quack mentally registered these with great care.

"And the Latin and Greek grammars?" Jude's voice trembled with anxiety.

"What about them?"

"You were to bring me yours, that you used before you took your degree."

"Ah, yes, yes! Forgot all about it—all! So many lives depending on my attention, you see, my man, that I can't give so much thought as I would like to other things."

Jude controlled himself sufficiently long to make sure of the truth; and he repeated, in a voice of dry misery, "You haven't brought 'em!"

"No. But you must get me some more orders from sick people, and I'll bring the grammars next time."

Jude dropped behind. He was an unsophisticated boy, but the gift of sudden insight which is sometimes vouchsafed to children showed him all at once what shoddy humanity the quack was made of. There was to be no intellectual light from this source. The leaves dropped from his imaginary crown of laurel; he turned

to a gate, leant against it, and cried bitterly.

The disappointment was followed by an interval of blankness. He might, perhaps, have obtained grammars from Alfredston, but to do that required money, and a knowledge of what books to order; and though physically comfortable, he was in such absolute dependence as to be without a farthing of his own.

At this date Mr. Phillotson sent for his piano-forte, and it gave Jude a lead. Why should he not write to the schoolmaster, and ask him to be so kind as to get him the grammars in Christminster? He might slip a letter inside the case of the instrument, and it would be sure to reach the desired eyes. Why not ask him to send any old second-hand copies, which would have the charm of being mellowed by the university atmosphere?

To tell his aunt of his intention would be to defeat it. It was necessary to act alone.

After a further consideration of a few days he did act, and on the day of the piano's departure, which happened to be his eleventh birthday, clandestinely placed the letter inside the packing-case, directed to his much-admired friend, being afraid to reveal the operation to his aunt Drusilla, lest she should discover his motive, and compel him to abandon his scheme.

The piano was despatched, and Jude waited days and weeks, calling every morning at the cottage post-office before his great-aunt was stirring. At last a packet did indeed arrive at the village, and he saw from the ends of it that it contained two thin books. He took it away into a lonely place, and sat down on a felled elm to open it.

Ever since his first ecstasy or vision of Christminster and its possibilities, Jude had meditated much and curiously on the probable sort of process that was involved in turning the expressions of one language into those of another. He concluded that a grammar of the required tongue would contain, primarily, a rule, prescription, or clew of the nature of a secret cipher, which, once known, would enable him, by merely applying it, to change at will all words of his own speech into those of the foreign one. His childish idea was, in fact, a pushing to the extremity of mathematical precision what is everywhere known as Grimm's Law—an aggrandizement of rough rules to ideal

completeness. Thus he assumed that the words of the required language were always to be found somewhere latent in the words of the given language by those who had the art to uncover them, such art being furnished by the books aforesaid.

When, therefore, having noted that the packet bore the post-mark of Christminster, he cut the string, opened the volumes, and turned to the Latin grammar, which chanced to come uppermost, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

The book was an old one—thirty years old, soiled, scribbled wantonly over with a strange name in every variety of enmity to the letter-press, and marked at random with dates twenty years earlier than his own day. But this was not the cause of Jude's amazement. He learnt for the first time that there was no law of transmutation, as in his innocence he had supposed (there was, in some degree, but the grammarian did not recognize it), but that every word in both Latin and Greek was to be individually committed to memory at the cost of years of plodding.

Jude flung down the books, lay backward along the broad trunk of the elm, and was an utterly miserable boy for the space of a quarter of an hour. As he had often done before, he pulled his hat over his face and watched the sun peering insidiously at him through the interstices of the straw. This was Latin and Greek, then, was it, this grand delusion! The charm he had supposed in store for him was really a labor like that of Israel in Egypt.

What brains they must have in Christminster and the great schools, he presently thought, to learn words one by one up to tens of thousands! There were no brains in his head equal to this business; and as the little sun-rays continued to stream in through his hat at him, he wished he had never seen a book, that he might never see another, that he had never been born, that he might never grow up.

Somebody might have come along that way who would have asked him his trouble, and on his revealing it would have said, "Cheer up, little boy; your notions are further advanced than those of your grammarian; you have the making of a scholar in you!" But nobody did come, because nobody does; and under the crushing recognition of his gigantic error Jude continued to wish himself out of the world.

CHAPTER V.

THE present drawing of human life has been taken near the small end thus far, and it is desirable to shift the point of view a stage or two onwards.

During the three or four succeeding years we discover a quaint and singular vehicle to be moving along the lanes and by-roads near Marygreen, driven in a quaint and singular way.

In the course of a month or two after the receipt of the books, Jude had grown callous to the shabby trick played him by the dead languages. In fact, his disappointment at the nature of those tongues had, after a while, been the means of still further glorifying the scholarship of Christminster. To acquire languages, departed or living, in spite of such obstinacies as he now knew them inherently to possess, was a herculean performance which gradually led him on to a greater interest in it than in the presupposed patent process. The mountain-weight of material under which the ideas lay in those dusty volumes called the classics piqued him into a dogged, mouselike subtlety of attempt to move it piecemeal.

He had honestly endeavored to make his presence tolerable to his crusty maiden aunt by assisting her to the best of his ability, and the business of the little cottage bakery had grown in consequence. An aged horse with a hanging head had been purchased for eight pounds at a sale, a creaking cart with a whity-brown tilt obtained for a few pounds more, and in this turnout it became Jude's business thrice a week to carry loaves of bread to the villagers and solitary cotters immediately around Marygreen.

The singularity aforesaid lay, after all, less in the conveyance itself than in Jude's manner of conducting it along its route. Its interior was the scene of most of Jude's education by "private study." As soon as the horse had learnt the road and the houses at which he was to pause awhile, the boy, seated in front, would slip the reins over his arm, ingeniously fix open, by means of a strap attached to the tilt, the volume he was reading, spread the dictionary on his knees, and plunge into the simpler passages from Cæsar, Virgil, or Horace, as the case might be, in his poor purblind stumbling way, and with an expenditure of labor that would have made a tender-hearted pedagogue shed

tears, yet somehow getting at the meaning of what he read, and divining rather than beholding the spirit of the original, which often to his mind lay in some other feature than that in which he was taught to look for it.

The only copies he had been able to lay hands on were old Delphine editions; because they were superseded, and therefore cheap. But, bad for idle school-boys, it did so happen that they were passably good for him, or at least better than none. The hampered and lonely itinerant conscientiously covered up the marginal readings, and used them merely on points of construction, as he would have used a comrade or tutor who should have happened to be passing by. And though Jude may have had little chance of becoming a scholar by these rough and ready means, he was in the way of getting into the groove he wished to follow.

While he was busied with these ancient pages, which had already been thumbled by hands possibly in the grave, digging out the thoughts of these minds, so remote, yet so near, the bony old horse pursued his rounds, and Jude would be aroused from the woes of Dido by the stoppage of his cart and the voice of some old woman crying, "Two to-day, baker, and I return this stale one."

He was frequently met in the lanes by pedestrians and others without his seeing them, and by degrees the people of the neighborhood began to talk about his method of combining work and play (such they considered his reading to be), which, though probably convenient enough to himself, was not altogether a safe proceeding for other travellers along the same roads. There were murmurs. Then a private resident of an adjoining place informed the local policeman that the baker's boy should not be allowed to read while driving, and insisted that it was the constable's duty to catch him in the act, and take him to the police court at Alfredston, and get him fined for dangerous practices on the highway. The policeman thereupon lay in wait for Jude, and one day accosted him and cautioned him.

As Jude had to get up at three o'clock in the morning to heat the oven, and mix and set in the bread that he distributed later in the day, he was obliged to go to bed at night immediately after laying the sponge; so that if he could not read his classics on the highways, he could hardly

study at all. The only thing to be done was, therefore, to keep a sharp eye ahead and around him as well as he could in the circumstances, and slip away his books as soon as anybody loomed in the distance, the policeman in particular. To do that official justice, he did not put himself much in the way of Jude's bread-cart, considering that in such a lonely district the chief danger was to Jude himself, and often on seeing the white tilt over the hedges he would move in another direction.

On a day when he was getting quite advanced, being now about sixteen, and had been stumbling through the "*Carmen Sæculare*," on his way home he found himself to be passing over the high edge of the plateau by the Brown House. The light had changed, and it was the sense of this which had caused him to look up. The sun was going down, and the full moon was rising simultaneously behind the woods in the opposite quarter. His mind had become so impregnated with the poem that, in a moment of the same impulsive emotion which years before had caused him to kneel on the ladder, he stopped the horse, alighted, and glancing round to see that nobody was in sight, knelt down on the road-side bank with open book. He turned first to the shiny goddess, who seemed to look so softly and critically at his doings, then to the disappearing luminary on the other hand, as he began:

"Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana."

The horse stood still till he had finished the hymn, which Jude repeated under the sway of a polytheistic fancy that he would never have thought of humoring in broad daylight.

Reaching home, he mused over his curious superstition, innate or acquired, in doing this, and the strange forgetfulness which had led to such a lapse from common-sense and custom in one who wished, next to being a scholar, to be a Christian divine. It had all come of reading heathen works exclusively. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he was of his inconsistency. He began to wonder whether he could be reading quite the right books for his object in life. Certainly there seemed little harmony between this pagan literature and the mediæval colleges at Christminster, that ecclesiastical romance in stone.

Ultimately he decided that in his sheer love of reading he had taken up a wrong emotion for a Christian young man. He had dabbled in Homer, but had never yet worked much at the New Testament in the Greek, though he possessed a copy, obtained by post from a second-hand bookseller. He abandoned the now familiar Ionic for a new dialect, and for a long time onward limited his reading almost entirely to the Gospels and Epistles in Griesbach's text. Moreover, on going into Alfredston one day, he was introduced to patristic literature by finding at the bookseller's some volumes of the Fathers which had been left behind by a departed clergyman of the neighborhood.

As another outcome of this change of groove, he visited on Sundays all the churches within a walk, and deciphered the Latin inscriptions on fifteenth-century brasses and tombs. On one of these pilgrimages he met with a hunchbacked old woman of great intelligence, who read everything she could lay her hands on, and she told him more yet of the romantic charms of the city of light and lore. Thither he resolved as firmly as ever to go.

But how live in that city? At present he had no income at all. He had no trade or calling of any dignity or stability whatever on which he could subsist while carrying out an intellectual labor which might spread over many years.

What was most required by citizens? Food, clothing, and shelter. An income from any work in preparing the first would be too meagre; for making the second he felt a distaste; the preparation of the third requisite he inclined to. They built in a city; therefore he would learn to build. He thought of his unknown uncle, a carver, and somehow it was a trade for which he had rather a fancy. He could not go far wrong in following his uncle's footsteps, and engaging himself awhile with the carcasses that contained the scholar souls.

As a preliminary he obtained some small blocks of freestone, and suspending his studies awhile, occupied his spare half-hours in copying the heads and capitals in his parish church.

There was a stone-cutter of a humble kind in Alfredston, and as soon as he had found a substitute for himself in his aunt's little business, he offered his services to this man for a trifling wage. Here Jude

had the opportunity of learning at least the rudiments of freestone-working. Some time later he went to a church-builder in the same place, and under the architect's direction became handy at restoring the dilapidated masonries of several village churches roundabout.

Not forgetting that he was only following up this handicraft as a prop to lean on while he prepared those greater engines which he flattered himself would be better fitted for him, he yet was interested in his pursuit on its own account. He now had lodgings during the week in the little town, whence he returned to Marygreen village every Saturday evening. And thus he reached and passed his nineteenth year.

CHAPTER VI.

AT this memorable date of his life he was, one Saturday, returning from Alfredston to Marygreen about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was fine, warm, and soft summer weather, and he walked with his tools at his back, his little chisels clinking faintly against the larger ones in his basket. It being the end of the week, he had left work early, and had come out of the town by a roundabout route which he did not usually frequent, having promised to call at a flour-mill in that direction to execute a commission for his aunt.

He was in an enthusiastic mood. He seemed to see his way to living comfortably in Christminster in the course of a year or two, and knocking at the doors of one of those strongholds of learning of which he had dreamed so much. He might, of course, have gone there now, in some capacity or other, but he preferred to enter the city with a little more assurance as to means than he could be said to feel at present. A warm self-content suffused him when he considered what he had already done. Now and then as he went along he turned to face the peeps of country on either side of him. But he hardly saw them; the act was an automatic repetition of what he had been accustomed to do when less occupied; and the one matter which really engaged him was the mental estimate of his progress thus far.

"I have acquired quite an average student's power to read the common ancient classics, Latin in particular." This was true, Jude possessing a facility in that language which enabled him with great

ease to himself to beguile his lonely walks by imaginary conversations therein.

"I have read two books of Homer, besides being pretty familiar with passages such as the speech of Phoenix in the ninth book, the fight of Hector and Ajax in the fourteenth, the appearance of Achilles unarmed and his heavenly armor in the eighteenth, and the funeral games in the twenty-third. I have also done some Hesiod, a little scrap of Thucydides, and a lot of the Greek Testament. . . . I wish there was only one dialect, all the same.

"I have done some mathematics, including the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid; and algebra as far as simple equations.

"I know something of the Fathers, and something of Roman and English history.

"These things are only a beginning. But I shall not make much further advance here, from the difficulty of getting books. Hence I must next concentrate all my energies on settling in Christminster. Once there I shall so advance, with the assistance I shall there get, that my present knowledge will appear to me but as childish ignorance. I must save money, and I will; and one of those colleges shall open its doors to me—shall welcome whom now it would spurn, if I wait twenty years for the welcome.

"I'll be D.D. before I have done!"

And then he continued to dream, and thought he might become even a bishop by leading a pure, energetic, wise, Christian life. And what an example he would set! If his income were £5000 a year, he would give away £4500 in one form and another, and live sumptuously (for him) on the remainder. Well, on second thoughts, a bishop was absurd. He would draw the line at an archdeacon. Perhaps a man could be as good and as learned and as useful in the capacity of archdeacon as in that of bishop. Yet he thought of the bishop again.

"Meanwhile I will read, as soon as I am settled in Christminster, the books I have not been able to get hold of here: Livy, Tacitus, Herodotus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Hoity-toity!" The sounds were expressed in light voices on the other side of the hedge, but he did not notice them. His thoughts went on:

"—Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, Epictetus, Seneca, Antoninus. Then

I must master other things: the Fathers thoroughly; Bede and ecclesiastical history generally; a smattering of Hebrew—I only know the letters as yet—”

“Hoity-toity!”

“—but I can work hard. I have staying power in abundance, thank God! and it is that which tells.... Yes, Christminster shall be my Alma Mater; and I'll be her beloved son, in whom she shall be well pleased.”

In his deep concentration on these transactions of the future, Jude's walk had slackened, and he was now standing quite still, looking at the ground as though the future were thrown thereon by a magic lantern. On a sudden something smacked him sharply in the ear, and he became aware that a soft cold substance had been flung at him, and had fallen at his feet.

A glance told him what it was—a piece of flesh, portion of a recently killed pig, which the countrymen used for greasing their boots, as it was useless for any other purpose. Pigs were rather plentiful hereabouts, being bred and fattened in large numbers in certain parts of North Wessex.

On the other side of the hedge was a stream, whence, as he now for the first time realized, had come the slight sounds of voices and laughter that had mingled with his dreams. He mounted the bank and looked over the fence. On the further side of the stream stood a small homestead, having a garden and pigsties attached; in front of it, beside the brook, three young women were kneeling, with buckets and platters beside them containing heaps of pigs' chitterlings, which they were washing in the running water. One or two pairs of eyes slyly glanced up, and perceiving that his attention had at last been attracted, and that he was watching them, they braced themselves for inspection by putting their mouths demurely into shape and recommencing their rinsing operations with assiduity.

“Thank you!” said Jude, severely.

“I *didn't* throw it, I tell you!” asserted one girl to her neighbor, as if unconscious of the young man's presence.

“Nor I,” the second answered.

“Oh, Anny, how can you!” said the third.

“If I had thrown anything at all, it shouldn't have been such a vulgar thing as that!”

“Pooh! I don't care for him!” And they laughed and continued their work, without looking up, still ostentatiously accusing each other.

Jude grew sarcastic as he wiped the spot where the clammy flesh had struck him.

“You didn't do it? Oh no!” he said to the upstream one of the three.

She whom he addressed was a fine dark-eyed girl, not exactly handsome, but capable of passing as such at a little distance, despite some coarseness of skin and fibre. She had a round and prominent bosom, full lips, perfect teeth, and the rich complexion of a Cochin hen's egg. She was a complete and substantial female human—no more, no less; and Jude was almost certain that to her was attributable the enterprise of throwing the lump of offal at him.

“That you'll never be told,” said she, decidedly.

“Whoever did it was wasteful of other people's property.”

“Oh, that's nothing. The pig is my father's.”

“But you want it back, I suppose?”

“Oh yes; if you like to give it me.”

“Shall I throw it across, or will you come to the plank above here for me to hand it to you?”

Perhaps she foresaw an opportunity; for somehow or other the eyes of the brown girl rested in his own when he had said the words, and there was a momentary flash of intelligence, a dumb announcement of affinity *in posse*, between herself and him, which, so far as Jude Fawley was concerned, had no sort of premeditation in it. She saw that he had singled her out from the three, as a woman is singled out in such cases, for no reasoned purpose of further acquaintance, but in commonplace obedience to conjunctive orders from headquarters, unconsciously received by unfortunate men when the last intention of their lives is to be occupied with the feminine.

Springing to her feet, she said: “Don't throw it! Give it to me.”

Jude was now aware that the intrinsic value of the missile had nothing to do with her request. He set down his basket of tools, raked out with his stick the scrap of flesh from the ditch, and got over the hedge. They walked in parallel lines, one on each bank of the stream, towards the small plank bridge. As the

girl drew nearer to it, she gave, without Jude perceiving it, an adroit little suck to the interior of each of her cheeks in succession, by which curious and original manœuvre she brought as by magic upon its smooth and rotund surface a perfect dimple, which she was able to retain there as long as she continued to smile. This production of dimples at will was a not unknown operation, which many attempted, but only a few succeeded in accomplishing.

They met in the middle of the plank, and Jude held out his stick with the fragment of pig dangling therefrom, looking elsewhere the while.

She, too, looked in another direction, and took the piece as though ignorant of what her hand was doing. She hung it temporarily on the rail of the bridge, and then, by a species of mutual curiosity, they both turned.

"You don't think I threw it?"

"Oh no."

"It belongs to father, and he med have been in a taking if he had wanted it. He makes it into dubbin."

"What made either of the others throw it, I wonder?" Jude asked, politely accepting her assertion, though he had very large doubts as to its truth.

"Impudence. Don't tell folk it was I, mind!"

"How can I? I don't know your name."

"Ah, no: Shall I tell it to you?"

"Do!"

"Arabella Donn. I'm living here."

"I must have known it if I had often come this way. But I mostly go straight along the highroad."

"My father is a pig-breeder, and these girls are helping me wash the innerds for black-puddings and chitterlings."

They talked a little more and a little more, as they stood regarding the slip of flesh dangling from the hand-rail of the bridge. The unvoiced call of woman to man, which was uttered very distinctly by Arabella's personality, held Jude to the spot against his intention — almost against his will, and in a way new to his experience. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that till this moment Jude had never looked at a woman to consider her as such, but had vaguely regarded the sex as beings outside his life and purposes. He gazed from her eyes to her mouth, thence to her shoulders, and to her full round naked arms, wet, mot-

tled with the chill of the water, and firm as marble.

"What a nice-looking girl you are!" he murmured, though the words had not been necessary to express his sense of her magnetism.

"Ah, you should see me Sundays!" she said, piquantly.

"I don't suppose I could?" he answered.

"That's for you to think on. There's nobody after me just now, though there med be in a week or two." She had spoken this without a smile, and the dimples disappeared.

Jude felt himself drifting strangely, but could not help it. "Will you let me?"

"I don't mind."

By this time she had managed to get back one dimple by turning her face aside for a moment and repeating the odd little sucking operation before mentioned, Jude being still unconscious of more than a general impression of her appearance. "Next Sunday?" he hazarded. "To-morrow, that is?"

"Yes."

"Shall I call?"

"Yes."

She brightened with a little glow of triumph, swept him almost tenderly with her eyes in turning, and throwing the offal out of the way upon the grass, rejoined her companions.

Jude Fawley shouldered his tool-basket and resumed his lonely way, filled with an ardor at which he mentally stood at gaze. He had just inhaled a single breath from a new atmosphere, which had evidently been hanging round him everywhere he went, for he knew not how long, but had somehow been divided from his actual breathing as by a sheet of glass. The intentions as to reading, working, and learning, which he had so precisely formulated only a few minutes earlier, were suffering a curious collapse into a corner, he knew not how.

"Well, it's only a bit of fun," he said to himself, faintly conscious that to common-sense there was something lacking, and still more obviously something redundant, in the nature of this girl who had drawn him to her, which made it necessary that he should assert mere sportiveness on his part as his reason in seeking her—something in her quite antipathetic to that side of him which had been occupied with literary study and the magnificent Christminster dream. He

saw this with his intellectual eye, just for a short fleeting while, as by the light of a falling lamp one might momentarily see an inscription on a wall before being enshrouded in darkness. And then this passing discriminative power was withdrawn, and Jude was lost to all conditions of things in the advent of a fresh and wild pleasure, that of having found a new channel for emotional interest hitherto unsuspected, though it had lain close beside him. He was to meet this enkindling one of the other sex on the following Sunday.

Meanwhile the girl had joined her companions, and she silently resumed her flicking and sousing of the chitterlings in the pellucid stream.

"Caught un, my dear?" laconically asked the girl called Anny. "Lord! he's nobody, though you med think so. He

used to drive old Drusilla Fawley's bread-cart out at Marygreen, till he 'prenticed himself at Alfredston. Since then he's been very stuck up, and always reading. He wants to be a scholar, they say."

"Oh, I don't care what he is, or anything about 'n. Don't you think it, my chile!"

"Oh, don't ye! You needn't try to deceive us! What did you stay talking to him for, if you didn't want un? Whether you do or whether you don't, he's as simple as a child. I could see that as you courted on the bridge, wi' the piece o' pig hanging between ye—hau-haugh! What a proper thing to court over in these parts! Well, he's to be had by any woman who can get him to care for her a bit, if she likes to set herself to catch him the right way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIVIDING-FENCE.

A SIMPKINSVILLE EPISODE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

THE widow Carroll and widower Bradfield were next neighbors. Indeed, they were the nearest next neighbors in Simpkinsville, their houses, contrary to the village fashion, standing scarce thirty feet apart.

The cordial friendly relations long existing between the two families were still indicated by the well-worn "stoop" set in the dividing-fence between the two gardens, its three steps on either side a perpetual invitation to social intercourse. Here, in the old days, the two wives were wont to meet for neighborly converse, each generally sitting on her own side, while the "landing" at the stoop's summit answered for table set conveniently between them. Here it had been a common thing to see two thimbles standing off duty beside spools of thread and bits of sewing—little sleeves or patch-work squares—while their mistresses bent over flower beds or pots; for many an industrious intention was thwarted by the witchery of growing things on both sides the fence. Indeed, every one of the fine flowering geraniums that bloomed on either porch had at one time or another passed over this stoop as a cutting, or been taxed in some of its members for the friendly transit.

Here, too, had passed cake receipts and pantalet patterns, bits of yeast-cake and preserving-kettles. Here were exchanged comments upon last Sunday's sermons, and lengthy opinions upon such questions as frequently disturb the maternal mind; as, for instance, whether it were wiser for parents to put their children through the contagious diseases of childhood as opportunity offered, or to shun them, hoping for life-long immunity. In such arguments as this Mrs. Carroll had usually the advantage of a positive opinion. On this identical question, for example, she had frankly declared her sentiments in this wise:

"Well, they's some ketchin' diseases thet I'd send my child'en after in a minute, ef they was handy; an' then, agin, they's others thet I wouldn't dare to, though, ef they *was* to come, I'd be glad when they was over. Any disease thet's got any principle to it, I ain't afeerd to tackle, sech ez measles, which they've been measles, behavin' 'cordin' to rule, comin' an' goin' ef they was kep' het an' sweated correct, ever sence the first measle. But scarlet fever, now, f'instance, that's another thing. My b'lief is thet God sends some diseases, an' the devil, he sends others."

Mrs. Bradfield had agreed that perhaps it *was* a mother's duty to carry her children through as many ailments as possible while she was here to see to it, and yet—for her part—well, she “didn't know.” She had known *even measles* to— “But, of co'se, they was black measles, or else they wasn't properly drawed out o' the circulation,” she had finally allowed. “And, of co'se, ez you say, Mis' Carroll, maybe they *wasn't* measles. You can't, to say, rightly prove a measle thet ain't broke out. Tell the truth, I'd be fearful to sen' for *any* disease less'n it had 'ready come an' gone 'thout killin' nobody, which would seem to prove thet it wasn't of a fatle nature. An' then, of co'se, it'd be too late *to* get it. But ez to ascribin' diseases either *up* or *down*, Mis' Carroll,” she had concluded, “I wouldn't *dare* do it, less'n I might be unconsciously honorin' the Evil One or dishonorin' God.”

“An', of co'se,” Mrs. Carroll had smilingly replied—“of co'se *I* don't want to give Satan no mo'n his due, neither. But they do say, 'God sends the babies their teeth, an' lets the devil set 'em in,' an' that's why the pore little things have sech trouble cuttin' 'em. Seem like the wrastle with Satan begins pretty early. 'Cordin' to that, he was, ez you might say, the first dentist, an' all the endurin' dentists sence 'ain't been able to cast him out o' the profession.”

“No, an' never will, I reckon, till he is required to hand in his pattern for jaw-teeth roots, *an' to go by it*. But, *bein'* Satan, an' of co'se unprincipled, I reckon he wouldn't keep to it, even then.”

Of course in this, as in all next-neighbor friendships, there had been points of contact that could easily have induced friction, but they were never openly confessed, and are certainly now unworthy of more than such casual notice as an unfolding retrospect may reveal.

It was nearly two years now since the two thimbles had rested on the stoop landing. In the interval sorrow had entered both gates. The crêpe band upon Bradfield's Sunday hat was gradually loosening of its own accord, until now every passing breeze seemed to threaten his good wife's memory. But the figure was playing him false, so far as any open manifestation of forgetfulness went.

His neighbor had never worn crêpe, but her mourning was still in evidence in

all its pristine moderation on every important occasion. Simpkinsville conventions were lax as regards this tribute paid her dead, and gauged the loyalty of their surviving relations by other than color standards. A good black alpaca dress in hand needed not even to surrender its bands of velvet, not to mention its lustre, to serve as widow's weeds, a first evidence of her “beginning to take notice” being perhaps not so much the “Valenceens” ruche which was expected to appear at her neck in due season as that which it ushered in. The new order meant reappearance at church sociables after lamplight, taking part at fairs and the like, and a final emergence in full feather of forgetfulness at the spring barbecue or camp-meeting.

The widow Carroll, always a woman of her own mind, had *begun* with the Valenceiennes ruche, nor had she ever forsaken her post as server of meats at church functions. But during the two years of her mourning she had not changed. There had been no second stage. She had not meant, from the beginning, that there should be. If she should ever marry again, the “good ez new” blue ribbon bow, ripped off her black dress for the funeral, would naïvely reappear in its old place, pinned in the centre with the now discarded coral pin. But this is unprofitable surmise.

Of course Dame Gossip had married her off-hand to her neighbor before his wife was decently buried. And of course a woman of Mary Carroll's strength of mind had ignored all such predictions, and had done all the things a less self-reliant woman would not have dared. She had “done for Susan's children jest exactly ez ef they'd been her own sister's, from the start.” This tribute even the busy tongues of the village had finally been constrained to accord her.

The situation, like the ruche, though startling at first, had remained as unaltered. The stoop was still, in a different way, as conducive to friendly intercourse as of yore. Though the maternal neighbor had never crossed it, excepting twice, in cases of sickness, she had not hesitated to utilize it as a dispensing-station for sundry neighborly ministrations, as when on raw mornings “in-the-spring-o'-the-year,” after similarly fortifying her own brood, she had armed herself with quinine capsules and a gourd dipper of wa-

ter, and administered the bitter refreshment to the entire Bradfield lot, even on one occasion including the *pater*. Nor had she stopped at this; for, after the passage of the friendly swallow, she was heard to observe, in all seriousness, "Mr. Bradfield, I see they's a fillin' done come out o' one o' yore back teeth, an' I'd advise you to look after it." And then, her errand fully accomplished, she had turned back to her own house. It was not her habit to linger about the stoop for idle parley. Needless to say, Bradfield rode out to consult the dentist that day.

The situation thus briefly sketched seemed, indeed, to have reached a state of entire safety, as far as any possible romance was concerned. But how often are apparent safety-lines found to be charged with strong and dangerous currents! Strange to say, it was just when gossip had declared against its early predictions, and was beginning to cast about among its maturer marriageable maidens for the needed "mother for Susan Bradfield's child'en," that Bradfield himself had first reflected, with perfect certitude: "The hole in my heart is there yet—jest ez big an' ez holler ez the day pore Susan was buried—an' the only livin' woman thet can ever fill it *to overflowin'* is Mis' Carroll. She knowed Susan an' Susan's ways—an' Susan's child'en. An' she knows me." So the reflection proceeded. "Yas, an' she knows me,"—*maybe she knows me too well*. Ef they's any trouble, it'll be that."

The years of intimate friendship had not passed, indeed, without Bradfield's realizing that certain qualities in himself had fallen under the ban of Mrs. Carroll's disapproval. True, he and she had been as different persons then, and yet, after all, they were the same. The widow Carroll, albeit she was thirty-seven years old, and "the mother o' five," was a pretty woman. She was one of those pretty women who, though never threatened with great beauty, being made on too chubby a pattern, seem to possess in healthy fullness all the womanly charms incident to every passing stage in life. She was a flower always in process of bloom: A woman of dimples, but whose dimples went to grace a smile or dissipate a frown rather than to count as dimples, mere physical incidents. Her crisp hair, a copery auburn in hue, commonly called red, was full of fine lights and color—

such hair as is at once the glory and the despair of the village poet, who recklessly uses up *shimmer* and *glimmer* in a first couplet, only to be confronted with *gleam* and *sheen*, that, with fair promise of affiliation, stubbornly refuse to lend themselves to his poetic scheme. There is the red hair that smiles, and the red hair that scolds and is capable of profanity. One kind reflects light and heat, the other burns. Mary Carroll's was of the smiling sort.

Although Bradfield had felt the radiant glory of the widow's head as he often viewed it in the morning sun from his side the fence, and had more than once compared it to her shining copper kettle inverted on the shed, to the disadvantage of the gleaming metal, he had summarily denounced such thoughts not only as unbecoming his crêpe, but as being of a nature "to nachelly disgust sech a sensible mother o' child'en ez Mis' Carroll, ef she'd even s'picioned sech a thing."

Just how or when Bradfield had finally declared his mind not even the writer of these annals professes to know. But there is evidence that the arguments which elicited the following somewhat lengthy response from the widow were not his first words on the subject. Bradfield was standing on his side the fence down in the rear garden; Mrs. Carroll on her side.

"Yas," she spoke with hesitation—"yas, I know it's jest ez you say, Mr. Bradfield. The best pickets in this dividin'-fence 'd be aplenty to patch up the outside fences of both our yards with; an' one o' the two front gates *could* be took out an' put in where the back gate on my side is rotted out; an', ez you say, one kitchen an' one cook 'd do where it takes two now, an'—an' of co'se our houses do set so close-t together thet we could easy, *ez you say*, jest roof over the space between 'em an' make it into a good wide hall, an'—an' of co'se our child'en do, ez you say, ez good ez live together ez it is, an'—but—" She knit her brow and hesitated.

"*And* is a heap purtier word 'n what *but* is, Mis' Carroll."

Bradfield chuckled nervously as he leaned forward toward her, his elbows resting upon the ledge of the dividing-fence between them as he spoke.

The widow laughed. "Yas, I know it is, but—" She colored. "I declare, I didn't lay out to say *but* so soon again, but— Well, I *do* declare!"

And now both laughed.

"Did it ever strike you, Mis' Carroll," Bradfield resumed, presently—"did it ever strike you ez funny thet whoever planted them trees down yo' front walk an' down mine should o' been so opposite *an'* sim'lar minded ez to set a row o' silver-poplars down the lef' side o' my walk an' down the right side o' yoze, so's ef we *was* ever minded to cut out the middle rows o' arbor-vitæ and cedars (which are too much alike an' too different to agree side by side anyway), we could have a broad av'nue o' silver-poplars clean down f'om the house to the front gate? See?" He pointed first to the space between the two houses, and then to the fence.

"Of co'se, the new po'ch, now, it'd projec' out in the middle-centre o' the av'nue, too. An' I was thinkin' it'd be purty, maybe, to have a high cornish round it, like that 'n on the new school-house, on'y higher an' mo' notched, ef you say so. An' the drive up the av'nue, it could be laid either in shell or brick, jest ez you say—or maybe gravel. Why, it looks to me ez ef, ef we *was* to th'ow the two houses into one that-a-way, we'd have what I'd call a *re-si-dence*—that's what we would. An' the money we'd save in a year j'inin' the two households 'd pay for the improvements, too."

"Yas, I reckon 'twould, Mr. Bradfield, ef 'twas handled economical. I reckon 'twould—but—Ain't that a yaller to-mater down there in yo' to-mater-patch? I didn't know you planted yallers."

"No, I haven't. That there's a squash flower, I vow, with two bees in it this minute. Them simlins 're nachel gad-ders. The root o' that 'n is clair 'crost the walk. They don't no mo' hesitate to go where they ain't invited an' to lay their young ones in the laps of anything thet 'll hold 'em than—"

"Than some folks do, I reckon."

Bradfield's eyes searched her face suspiciously. "Ma-am?" The word was long drawn out.

"No insinuation intended, Mr. Bradfield, of co'se. I was only thinkin' o' the way Sally Ann Brooks sends her young ones roun' town to spen' the day to get shet of 'em, 'stid of—"

"Oh, I see! Reckon I'll plant bush-squash myself after this. I don't want nothin' meanderin' roun' my garden thet makes sech a pore figger o' speech ez a simlin do. Th' ain't nothin' too low

down an' common for 'em to mix with ef they git a half a chance, f'om a punkin even down to a dipper-gourd. An' I wouldn't trust 'em too near a wash-rag vine an' leave off watchin' 'em, they're that p'omiscuyus-minded."

"I s'pose, Mr. Bradfield, the bush-squash does live, ez Elder Billins says, a mo' virtuous life, stayin' home an' jest havin' a lapful o' reg'lar young bush-squashes, every one saucer-shaped an' scalloped 'roun' the edges, same ez all respectable Christian families should do. I'm not insinuatn' in anything I say this mornin', Mr. Bradfield, an' of cose in sech ez this I couldn't be. But talkin' o' squashes, I'd say thet maybe Elder Billins was right when he remarked thet bush-squashes was mo' *feminine*-minded 'n what runners was."

"Well," Bradfield chuckled, "I'll promise you, ef you'll say the word to take down this useless fence, they sha'n't be a runnin'-squash allowed inside *our garden*."

"Th' ain't no hurry about that, I reckon, Mr. Bradfield," she answered, playfully. "An' I mus' be goin' up to the house now. I jest stepped down to see ef my yallers was colorin'. I'm goin' to start preservin' to-morrer. Better send yore Tom over an' let me look at his throat again to-day. You see, he can't gargle, an' it's jest ez well to ward off so'e throat for sech child'en. Good-mornin', Mr. Bradfield."

Instead of answering, Bradfield followed beside her on his side the fence.

"An' I come down here, Mis' Carroll," he resumed, presently—"I come down *see-in' you here*, and hopin' maybe to *discuss* things a little. This dividin'-fence, now; it's made out o' good-heart lumber, every picket an' post, an' our outside pickets 're worm-et tur'ble—both yoze an' mine. Ef we could jest to say th'ow these two garden patches into one—I've got a good sparrer-grass bed on my side, ez you see, an' you're jest a-projeckin' to start another one, which you needn't do; an' yore butter-bean arbor is ez stiddy ez the day it was put up, an' mine is about ez ram-shackled ez they get; an' both the sparrer-grass bed *an'* the arbor 're big enough for the two families—or for one, I mean—twice-t ez big ez either, which ours would pre-cize-ly be. Since it's took possession of my mind, Mis' Carroll, it's astonishin' how the surpluses on one side o' the fence do seem to match the lacks on the other.

An' the fence *itself*, for *it* to be so well wuth takin' down, why it looks to me like flyin' in the face o' Prov-i-dence to hold out against so many hints to do a special thing."

"Well, maybe it is, Mr. Bradfield, but I haven't been given the clair sight to see it that-a-way—yet. The way *I* look at it, that fence is strong enough to do good service *where it is* for some time to come. You see, it 'd take a mighty wide oil-cloth to cover that middle hall you're a-projeckin' to let in 'twixt the two houses—an' a front hall 'thout oil-cloth I *wouldn't* have—noway. But maybe I'm worldly-minded."

"Cert'n'y not. Oil-cloth pays for itself over an' over agin ef it's kep' rubbed up an' varnished occasional. We might get some o' the drummers to fetch us some samples, jest to look over."

The widow laughed. "Yas, I can see either you or me lookin' over any house-furnishin' samples, now! Why, Simpkinsville wouldn't hold the talk. I do declare ef there ain't Elder Billins a-comin' this way 'cross my yard now, ez I live! How did he manage to tie up 'thout me seein' 'im, I wonder? Did you see 'im stop?"

"Yas, I did—an' befo' I saw 'im, I felt 'im. I knowed *somebody* was comin' to pester my sight, an' I wondered who it was befo' he come into the road. I don't know how it is, but they's somethin' in the way a ol' bachelor carries 'isselt thet tantalizes me, 'special when I see 'im try to wait on a woman thet can't see 'im ez *redic'lous* ez I see 'im. A ol', dried-up, singular number, masculine gender, don't know no mo' what 'll tickle a woman's fancy 'n one o' them sca'crows in my peapatch out yonder. An' yet they 'ain't got the settled mind thet a sca'crow has—to stay peaceable in that station of life unto which it has pleased God to call 'em."

The widow laughed merrily. "You better hursh, Mr. Bradfield. Elder Billins may be slow, some ways, but his ears don't set out the way they do for nothin'. What's that he's a-fetchin'?"

"Don't know ez I know exac'ly. I see he *is* loaded up."

"I wonder, for goodness' sakes, what he's a-fetchin'? Howdy, Elder!" she called out cheerily now. "Come right along! I won't go to meet you, 'cause I know you an' Mr. Bradfield 'll want to shake hands over the fence." She cast

a mischievous glance at Bradfield as she advanced a single step toward Billins.

"Excuse my hands, please, Elder. Tyin' up them soggy tomater bushes has greened 'em so th' ain't fit to offer you—but *howdy*! Ef he ain't gone an' done it, *spite* of me! Made me another perfec'-ly lovely hangin'-basket!" Her eyes beamed as a child's over a new toy, as Billins set a tall rustic structure down before her.

"Jest look, Mr. Bradfield," she continued, raising it for inspection. "I do declare, Elder, how you manage to twis' these roots in an' out I don't know. 'Tain't made on the same plan ez the chair, either. That chair you set in, Mr. Bradfield, the other day when you come up on my po'ch to fetch the onion sets, Elder Billins made me that; an' for a chair to ease a tired back, or jest to set in an' study braidin' patterns, it's the most accommodatin' chair a person ever did set in. Mr. Bradfield said '*isselt*, Elder, thet he never *had* set in a chair thet yielded to his needs like it did."

"But I was figgerin' on a man's idee of a easy-settin' chair," Bradfield retorted. "I'd o' thought you'd 'a' made a lady a cushioned chair, Billins, with side rockers to it, an' maybe a movable foot-rest, or even a tune-playin' seat in it."

"So I would ef she'd a-said the word, but when a lady says rustics, it's rustics to me, ef I have to dig up all the crooked roots in the county."

The discussion of the rustic basket had so engaged their attention that the men seemed to have forgotten a formal greeting, but now, when the widow presented her own hand a second time to Billins, thanking him for his gift, by the faintest movement of the wrist and an inclination of the head toward the fence, she virtually passed him over to Bradfield.

"Howdy, Eben! Hope I see you well." Billins heartily extended his hand quite over the fence.

Bradfield had never heard of the fashionable lofty salutation in mid-air, but it was with precisely this inane shoulder-high denial of cordiality that he changed the friendly impulse of the proffered hand from a hearty downward shake to a quick lateral movement quite even with the top of the pickets.

"I'm toler'ble peart, thanky, Elder," he drawled. "How's yoreself? You seem to be renewin' yo' youth like the eagle."

"Well, Eben, ef you count yo'self a eagle, I ain't perpared to dispute that," was the elder's humorous reply. And then he added, more seriously, "How's the lambs, Eben?"

"The kids? Oh, they're purty toler'ble frisky, thank. Reckon to sech ez you they'd seem mo' like roa'in' lions 'n lambs. They do say thet folks thet roam single all their lives forgits they ever was kids theirselves."

"Well, Eben, sence you mention it, I reckon sech of us ez are strivin' to stand with the *sheep* at the jedgment 'd rather take their chances *startin'* ez a *lamb*. Ef a person starts out ez a *kid*, seem to *me* the best he can *hope* to do 'd be to grow into a *goat*, which is classed ez purty pore cattle both here *an'* hereafter. Yore dear child'en 're *lambs*, Eben—lambs o' the Lord's fold, an' I hate to hear you mis-designate 'em that-a-way."

Elder Billins spoke with the religious voice—the same that was wont to say on frequent occasion, "Brother Bradfield, won't you lead in prayer?" Bradfield had often led in prayer by its mild invitation, and he recognized it as a force commanding respect. For a moment, under its benign influence, he was somewhat mollified, and was opening his lips for such conciliatory speech as he could command, when Billins remarked, with an insinuating smile:

"I s'pose you an' Mis' Carroll 've been swappin' confidences about garden-truck this heavenly mornin'. You seem to have the first flower on yo' side, Eben. I see some sort o' blossom down behind you there."

"Yas; th' ain't much interestin' in the gardens yet. That one flower with a couple o' bees a-buzzin' round it is about the only, to say, interestin' thing in sight—that is to say, for beauty."

Billins chuckled. "Well, I declare, Eben Bradfield, seem to me you described more'n you set out to describe that time. Ef my eyes don't deceive me, I see a-*noth-er* flower with two more bees a-buzzin' round it." He glanced at the widow, and then at Bradfield.

"Don't know ez I see that, Elder—eggsac'ly—that is, ez to the bees."

"You don't, don't you? Spell Bradfield, an' then spell Billins. Oho! You see it now, don't you? Ef we ain't two B's, what 'd you say we was?"

Bradfield cleared his throat. "Seem

to me, Elder, I'd be purty hard pushed for com-pli-ments 'fore I'd compare a lady to a squash flower."

"Well, Eben, that ain't exac'ly my fault, the way I look at it. I supplied the com-pli-ment, an' you supplied the flower. I jest took the best you had, which, it seems to me, is the brightest thing on the face o' the lan'scape—exceptin', of co'se—" He lifted his hat and bowed to the widow.

Bradfield colored up to the roots of his hair as he said, smiling defiantly: "Them wasn't stigin'-bees around that simlin flower, Elder. They was jest these in-nercent white-faced buzzers. Look out thet you don't spile yo' figger o' speech by strikin' too hard. That's the second stroke o' el-o-quence thet's been struck off from that one flower to-day, an' I've had to dodge both times, seem like. Reckon I'll dodge now, shore enough, an' bid you both good-mornin'. Elder didn't come to pay me a visit, noways, an' I think I know when three's a crowd." And Bradfield, as fretful as a spoiled boy, turned across his own garden and left them.

"Well, I must say, I'm dis-gust-ed!" he said, audibly, as soon as he dared. "*More* 'n dis-gust-ed! It's enough to make a person sick to his stummick! The idee of a ol' white-haired exhorter like Elder Billins whisperin' that he'd wove her name into a rustic basket with a motter throwed in! Seem like she'd o' laughed right out in his face. Lordy, but it's *that* sickenin'! I do thank the Lord I'm a perfessin' Christian or *I'd swear—dog-gone* ef I wouldn't!"

When he had reached his own porch, Bradfield drew a chair to its remote end and sat down. "The idee!" he exclaimed as he balanced his body back against the wall, extending his feet over the banisters. "The idee o' him havin' mo' cheek 'n what I've got! Here I 'ain't dared to more 'n broach things in a business way, an', shore's I'm alive, that ol' bone 's a-courtin' 'er outspoken."

And now, in a fashion entirely at variance with his late expressions, Bradfield's secret thoughts took shape. "Wonder ef any other woman ever did have sech a head, anyhow? The way them curls snug up to her neck—Lordy, but it all but takes my breath away. An' as for *tac*—*an'* cleverness—well, they never

was sech another woman, I know. Ef she s'picioned what a blame ejiot I am about her, she wouldn't have no mo' respec' for me 'n nothin'. But I know how to tackle 'er, that I do! She's a reg'lar business thorough-goer, she is, an' the man thet gets her, he's got to prove the common-sense o' the thing—that's what he's got to do. The idee o' hangin'-baskets an' motters to a person o' her sense—an' she the mother o' five! Don't b'lieve I ever seen 'er yet—at home—'thout a bunch o' keys hangin' to 'er belt, or a thimble on; an' ez to aprons— To me a apron is a thing thet sets off a purty woman, an' jest nachelly dis-figgers a ugly one—not to mention her dis-figgerin' it."

He chuckled, drew down his feet, and began walking up and down his porch.

"The idee o' me ca'culatin' to a cent what we could save by j'inin' interests, an', come down to the truth, I'd spen' the last cent I've got to get 'er. But she mustn't know it. Oh no, she mustn't know it."

Pausing here at the end of the porch, he cast his eyes down toward the rear lot, taking in in his survey a view of both gardens. "Wonder where those child'en o' mine have went to?" he continued, mentally. "Over in her barn, I'll venture, the last one of 'em, playin' with hers, 'ceptin' her Joe, an' I'll lay he's with my Tom, sailin' shingle boats down in my goose-pond.

"'Tis funny, come to think of it, for me to have a goose-pond an' for her to have the geese. We ain't to say duplicated on nothin', 'less 'n 'tis child'en, an' we're so pre-cize-ly matched in them thet—well, it's comical, that's what it is. Reckon, after we was married awhile, they'd come so nachel thet, takin' 'em hit an' miss, we wouldn't know no diff'rence hardly. *One thing shore*, the day she gives her solemn consent to mother mine, I'll start a-fatherin' hers jest ez conscientious ez I know how."

He resumed his promenade, his irregular step keeping pace with his musings. "I never have gone over to set of a evening yet. I would 'a' went sev'al nights, but I'm 'feerd she might th'ow out hints about motherless child'en lef' to their devious ways, or some other Scriptu'al insinuation. S'pose I'd *haf* to say at home where I was goin'. Ef I didn't, *hers* would tell *mine* first thing nex' mornin'. I would 'a' went in to set awhile Sunday night when we walked home f'om church,

ef she'd 'a'—well, maybe it would o' seemed too pointed to ask me. It's true I did have my little Mamie asleep 'crost my shoulder, but I could 'a' laid her on the parlor sofy till I'd got ready to go home. Strange how that baby o' mine has took sech a notion to go to church—an' drops off to sleep du'in' the first prayer every time. Ef it was anywhere else I mightn't humor her. Somehow, a baby sleepin' on a person's shoulder is a hind'rance to a person—in some things. But of co'se any signs of early piety should be encouraged, though I doubt how much o' the gospel she gets—at three—'special when she's sno'in'. There goes ol' Billins now—at last—pore ol' ejiot thet he is! Ef he didn't disgust me so I'd laugh right out."

If the widow bore about with her any consciousness of the strictly businesslike romance that was throwing its tendrils over the dividing-fence between her home and her neighbor's—a romance as devoid of visible leaf or blossom as the vermicelli-like love-vine that spread its yellow tangle over certain vine-clad sections of it—she gave no sign of such consciousness by the slightest deviation from her ordinary routine.

Nothing was forgotten in her well-ordered household, though a close observer might have suspected a sort of fierce thoroughness in all she did. It was only after the children were all snugly put to bed that night that she took one from the row of daguerreotypes which stood open upon her high parlor mantel, and, bringing it to her bedroom lamp, scanned it closely.

"Funny to think how a man can change so," she said, audibly, as if addressing the picture, which she turned from side to side, viewing it at one angle and another. "When Eben Bradfield an' Susan had this picture took they wasn't a more generous-handed husband in the State 'n what he was. Susan paid five dollars to have her hair braided that-a-way while she was down in New 'Leans, a hundred and fifty plat. An' Eben was tickled to have her pay it, too. She had this limpy flat hair thet all runs to length an' ain't fittin' for nothin' else but to braid. An' that black polonay she's got on, it was fo' dollars a yard; 'n' he bought her that gold tasselled watch-chain that trip too, an' them fingered mits.

An' they sat in whole plush curtained-off sections at the theatre, too, an' bo'arded at the St. Charles Hotel at fo' dollars a day apiece. So they bragged when they come home. I never *did* see sech a waste o' money, an' I didn't hesitate to say so, neither. It used to do me good them days to give her an' Eben a 'casional rap over the knuckles for their extravagance. Pore Susan was beginnin' to look mighty peaked an' consumed, even in this picture. Death was on 'er then, I reckon."

Hesitating here, she wiped the face of the picture and studied it in silence, but her thoughts fairly flew, as she thus mentally reviewed the situation:

"But to think of Eben Bradfield spendin' money like water the way he done for Susan, an' I knowin' it—*an' he knowin' I knowin' it*—an' then layin' off to stint me the way he does!

"I don't doubt he *spoke* the word to save paper an' ink. Eben is a handsome man, even here, with his hen-pecked face an' chin whiskers on, an' I *used* to think he was a good one, an' I won't say he ain't; but he is shorely changed—sadly changed. Du'in' the month thet he's showed signs o' keepin' comp'ny with me—which he has *acchilly* asked me to marry him—he 'ain't said the first word sech ez you'd expect of a co'tin' widower, *exceptin' one*. The day he remarked thet he felt ez young ez he ever did, thinks I to myself, 'Now you're comin' to!' An' I fully expected the nex' word to be accordin' to that beginnin'. But 'stid o' that, what does he say but 'Yore Rosie's out-grown dresses 'd come in handy for my Emma, don't you reckon? She's jest about a hem or a couple o' tucks taller 'n what Emma is.' I do declare, Eben Bradfield, lookin' at you here in this picture standin' behind Susan's chair, an' rememberin' how you squandered money on her, I feel *that disgusted!* Ef it was anybody thet I had less respect' for, I wouldn't care.

"Well, th' ain't no use losin' sleep over a man's meanness, an' it's ten o'clock now," she continued, audibly, as she closed the picture with a snap and began taking down her hair, and as she deftly manipulated the shimmering braids, her thoughts turned inward upon herself. "Looks like ez ef a woman *oughtn't* to be lonesome with a houseful o' child'en sech ez I've got," so the introspection began, "an' I *wasn't* lonesome tell Eben Bradfield set me to thinkin'. Ef lonely

people could only keep clair o' thinkin', they'd do very well. But I *do* think a man with a whole lot o' growin' child'en on his hands is a pitiful sight. 'Twasn't never intended. I reckon it's a funny thing for me to say, even to myself, but ef I had all the child'en under one roof they'd be less care to me 'n what they are now—not *thet I'd marry that close-fisted Eben Bradfield—to save his life!* But th' ain't a night thet I put mine to bed but I wonder how his are gettin' on. Maybe po' little Mamie an' Sudie gettin' their nigh'-gownds hind part befo' or mixed—Mamie treadin' on hers, an' Sudie's up to her knees—an' like ez not hangin' open at the neck. Susan always did work her button-holes too big for her buttons. Some women 're constitutionally that-a-way by nature. Of co'se I couldn't never fall in love again. It'd be childish. But ef Eben Bradfield was *half* like he used to be, an' ef he cared *a quarter* ez much for me ez Elder Billins does, I'd let him *take* down that dividin'-fence in a minute, an' do my best for Susan's child'en.

"The *first* thing I'd do 'd be to shorten their dress waists. Pore little Sudie! I've seen her set down sudden an' set *clair over the belt*, an' not be able to rise. An' she left 'em *so many*, an' 'lowed for *so much* growth! They never will wear out. Sometimes I think that's one reason her child'en don't grow faster 'n they do. Jest one sight o' them big clo'es is enough to discourage a child out of its growth.

"It's funny—the spite Eben seems to have against Elder Billins. Maybe he reelizes thet Elder is mo' gifted in speech 'n what he is. Ef I ever *should* make up my mind to marry Elder Billins it 'd be a education to my child'en, jest a-livin' with 'im an' hearin' 'im strike off figgers o' speech off-hand. Ef he jest wouldn't slit his boots over his bunions! It's a little thing, but—

"An' then, somehow, I don't know ez I care for a prayer-meetin' voice for all purposes. But, of co'se, hearin' it all the time might encourage my child'en to lead religious lives. I reckon the truth is it 'd be mo' to my child'en's interests to think about marryin' Elder Billins, an' mo' for pore Susan's child'en's good ef I was to take Eben; an' yet—"

And then she added aloud, with a yawn, as she turned out the lamp,

"Well, it's good I don't haf to decide to-night."



PETRUCHIO.—*Act I., Scene II.*

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

XIII.—TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SOME years ago a piece by two authors, Mr. A. and Mr. B., was given in London. Mr. A. was a very popular writer; Mr. B. was, at that time, by no means well known. At the fall of the curtain a lady was heard to say, "Oh, I do hope Mr. B. wrote *most* of it!"

If the *Taming of the Shrew* be only partially by Shakespeare, "I do hope" that the other author "wrote most of it." The plot is confusing; the central idea, the "taming," is an incredible old popu-

lar joke; and in wit, poetry, and desirable characters the comedy is sadly to seek. It may be made lively on the stage, but any one who prefers Shakespeare in the study begins the *Taming of the Shrew* with reluctance, and rejoices when he has finished its perusal.

The authorship of the play has been disputed. Farmer "supposed it not *originally* the work of Shakespeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the Induction of the Tinker, and some other



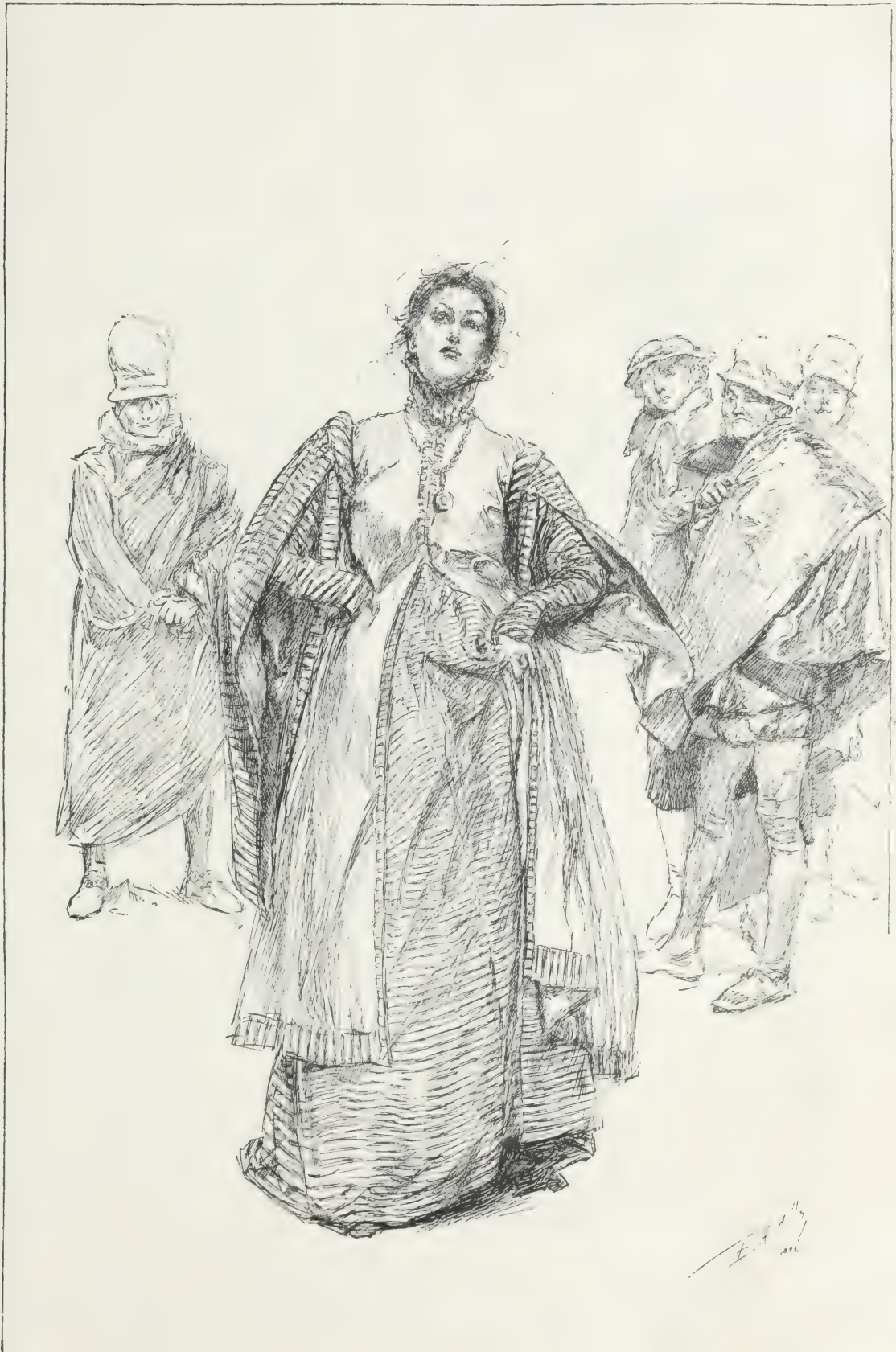
CHRISTOPHER SLY.—Induction.

occasional improvements, especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very observable that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the latter in his *worst*, or even below it."

So far I am entirely, as far as my taste is concerned, with Dr. Farmer. Christopher Sly is a delightful personage, worthy of the hand that drew the fat knight. Much of the play itself is extremely bad and dull. But taste is almost worthless as a criterion of authorship. Not only do tastes differ, but poets differ in their good and bad moments. Much of Wordsworth is bad, much of Byron, plenty of Scott, a good deal of Milton. Quantities of Burns's work might have been written "by any one who abandoned his mind to it." Almost every poet has hours in which, as far as our taste can direct our judgment, he seems not himself, but a bad imitation of himself. Yet critics, especially critics of the classics, keep asserting that this or that poem, or portion of a poem, is not by Homer, Horace, Theocritus, "because it is unworthy of him." Exact and unim-

peachable evidence proves that all poets, almost, have verily written what is unworthy of them, so why not Shakespeare? The criterion is utterly valueless. Infamously bad, out of all whooping, as are the scenes with La Pucelle in *Henry VI.*, their execrable taste and nefarious falsehood do not prove that Shakespeare did not write them. Misled by a spurious and ignorant patriotism, he might have been guilty of these deplorable libels on the noblest of God's creatures, Jeanne d'Arc. If he is to be absolved, it must be on other evidence than that of their literary, moral, and historical atrociousness. And so it is with the *Shrew*. Of course it has not the unexampled demerits of the scenes where the Maid is travestied and maligned. But, on the whole, the play is unworthy of a much worse writer than the great and unexampled master of the stage. Shakespeare is "mixed up in it," at all events.

Farmer quotes a piece of Sir John Harrington's (1596) in which mention is made of "The Booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath her." Farmer points out that Sir Aston Cockayne



KATHARINA.—Act I., Scene I.

(in *Poems*, 1659) only attributes to Shakespeare the undeniable Christopher Sly.

There certainly exists an earlier piece, *A Taming of a Shrew* which was published in 1594 as it was acted by Lord Pembroke's servants. On this canvas did Shakespeare work—Shakespeare, and perhaps a collaborator. Steevens thought that Shakespeare's hand "is visible in almost every scene," especially in those between Katharina and Petruchio. Here, too, one's taste leads one, as far as these characters are concerned, to side with Steevens. Kate and Petruchio are a more violent Beatrix and Benedick. Shakespeare may have written, and probably did write, or recast, these passages. That is "the pity of it." The topic is beneath him. "'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so," says Lucentio, and this might be Shakespeare's own criticism on the piece. His share in it is based, if not on an old play, certainly on an old and rather silly popular tale. Not much was to be made of it, for, in effect, who can tame a shrew, and by what means? The topic much exercised our ancestors; we have become resigned; we give up this problem. Our fathers ducked shrews and scolds; our fathers beat them. In vulgar cases force may have proved a remedy; but we cannot possibly use force. Probably many ladies are angered by the philosophy of the taming. It is an insult to their sex, which, as an American lady has learnedly shown, is the mother of all the finer virtues. Let ladies be consoled. Shakespeare in his heart no more approved of or believed in the method of Petruchio than they do. "It is a wonder she will be tamed so." A man has no chance with a shrewish wife, and the more a man is in the moral sense a gentleman, the less chance with a shrew has he. He must endure her or leave her; he must console himself with the memory of Socrates, whose bay mare (Xanthippe) was the better horse. "Some of you take her home," he said, before he drank the hemlock, and he was not sorry at not going home with her.

The great historical treatment of a shrew was that adopted by Erskine of Grange. Lady Grange was a shrew beyond bearing, almost beyond belief. Moreover, she possessed, and threatened to use, Jacobitical correspondence of her lord's. So he, a Scottish judge, had her seized and gagged by Highlanders, and

carried off to the remote and lonely isle of St. Kilda. There she could outchide the storm-winds when they chid, and nobody marked her. Lord Grange was not a very wise man. He spoke and voted against the abolition of the witchcraft laws (1734). He did not tame his shrew, but he got rid of her; and never regretted his action. A historian of Lady Grange has suggested that now we might immure her in a mad-house. But she was perfectly sane; she was only a shrew. Lord Grange's short way was the only way, and his way is no longer possible. Nor is the way of Petruchio possible. A newly married man once complained to a friend that he and his bride led "a cat and dog life." His friend advised concessions. The bridegroom became a happier man. "It is all cat now," he remarked. That is the only way. Let it be all cat. Some of these animals are endurable, but a terrible cat was Kate. My private opinion is that Petruchio really tamed her not by his *outré* conduct, but by his love-making. Kate, born with a bad temper, was clearly turned into a complete shrew by jealousy of her gentle sister Bianca. She was not used to being called "the prettiest Kate in Christendom." She is clearly softened; this shows in her Beatrix-like flirtation. It may be argued that this was the real taming, and that Kate yielded to Love, who is a great master. All Petruchio's ugly madcap ferocities were superfluous. Kate was already subdued. She "trembled and shook" at the wild wedding. "If you love me, stay," she says, after the wedding ceremony; though afterwards she tries to pluck up a spirit:

"I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist."

Was this mastership of a temper maddened by jealousy, was this conquest through love, Shakespeare's philosophy of the old canvas, the rude farce, on which he was working? Perhaps this was really his philosophy of the question; the farcical elements were kept to please the groundlings. No shrew, tamed by mere fantastic ferocity, could imagine the divinely Shakespearian words:

"A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;....
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body



BAPTISTA PROTESTS.—Act I., Scene I.

To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience."

This is the old wisdom of happy marriage; this is what is, and has been, and shall be. For a while it may be out of the mode. We have the doctrine of the equality or the superiority of Woman abundant among us. "True obedience" is despised as servile. Women "seek for rule, supremacy, and sway." Alas, "their lances are but straw"; their bodies

"Soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world."

"Love and fair looks" are what they owe to men, and pay, and have paid, and will pay with "true obedience." But the "true obedience" is not servile, not slavish, and with the "fair looks" is the free gift of love; not the tribute to tyranny. From love only can it spring, and love only can solve this weary "women's problem," so much written and prated about by ladies to whose fair breasts love is probably a stranger. Now, *ex hypothesi*, Katharina's beautiful speech can only spring from love; it is not hypocritical, not a lesson learned by rote, not extracted from her by, but in spite of, taunts and cruelties and thwarting and starvation. The old tale and the old original play needed these cruelties of farce; nor could Shakespeare dispense with them when he handled the given topic. But he as good as explicitly announces that he has no belief in them. Katharina's speech proves that she is tamed only by the old, the ever-young, the irresistible master, Love, "who makes his couch in the soft cheeks of maidens," says Sophocles. He can only have come to Katharina in the moments of the fantastic wooing, when she first hears words of praise, even if it be praise mixed with irony. Always hitherto Kate has been a terror. Every one was adoring Bianca. She learned to hate Bianca, even to beat her. Jealousy made Kate a fiend; pride made her vain of and resolute in her ferocity. Then some one actually addressed her, more or less, in "the way of a man with a maid." On this theory the "way" prevailed. The shrew became but little more shrewish than the lively Beatrix or Nora, who, despite her vows, married "the Earlie's son." The vixen was con-

quered, in spite of some semblances of resistance, and not even the mad absurdities of Petruchio could drive her to the Italian stiletto.

"The ancients did not write nonsense," said a schoolmaster to a boy who had rendered into nonsense a passage from one of the ancients. Shakespeare, like these poets, "did not write nonsense," however rude his given matter may have been. Now it is nonsense to maintain that Kate's speech on the wife and her place is due to an exhibition of physical force. Therefore she must have fallen in love with Petruchio, and therefore love tamed the shrew. Certainly she can be tamed by no other means, and not always, nor perhaps often, by love.

The Induction, as it stands, is as unimpeachably Shakespeare's as the speech of Katharina. Wincot, where Marian Hacket sold ale, is a hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon. There were Slys in that town, notably one Stephen Sly. Tradition says that the poet frequented the ale-house where Christopher snored in the sun, nay, that he fell asleep, like Christopher, under a crab-tree. The tale of the nobleman's trick on Christopher is of unknown age, and is attributed by Pontanus Heuterus to the "good" Duke of Burgundy, who gave up Jeanne d'Arc to the English. The fable has a very Oriental air, as some caprice of Haroun al Raschid's, and Mr. Jacobs may probably trace it to India. In essence it is the same as the Swahili form of "Puss in Boots" without the moral, for we do not hear of Sly's fall from a momentary grandeur. It would be very easy nowadays to moralize on the theme—on the degradation of the working classes, the social neglect which left Christopher innocent of soap and greatly guilty of ale, the oppressive and tyrannical mirth of the lord, and so on. We can guess how Dr. Ibsen or Mr. Thomas Hardy would manage matters. "The Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror." Such are, indeed, the pretensions of the elder Mr. D'Urberville. Apparently Christopher has himself been in the wars and served abroad, or whence (unless from the players) did he pick up *paucas pallabris*? Yet Christopher tells us no such matter in his autobiographical fragment. "By education he is a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and by present profession a tinker," like John



BIANCA AND
LUCENTIO.
Act III., Scene I.

Bunyan. How did he pick up such words as "transmutation"? Apparently people were more educated before the ravages of modern education. Christopher at least has seen the world. Perhaps he wandered with the bear he warded and old John Naps of Greece.

One turns with some regret from jolly Wincot and the ale-house to "Padua, a public place." There is no "local color" about Padua, and "a public place" is conveniently vague. There is no vagueness about Lucentio, who prologizes like a goddess in Euripides, telling his servant all that he knows already in a manner most artless, and, to the audience, most instructive. Lucentio has not come, like the father of the Lady of Branxholme,

"To learn the art that none may name
In Padua, far beyond the sea,"

nor to lose his shadow at that magical university, but to study the ethics of happiness "by virtue specially to be achieved." The place being "public," Baptista naturally chooses it as fitting for his declaration that somebody must marry Katharina before Bianca, his younger daughter, can be allowed to leave him. Katharina, no less, displays her temper frankly in a public place, and lets slip hints about three-legged stools much in the humor of Jenny Geddes. Meanwhile Lucentio, looking on, falls straight in love with

"Maid's mild behavior and sobriety"

in Bianca, who speaks like Minerva of her studies. Baptista happens, very opportunely, to need teachers cunning in music and poetry, as resident tutors; and Bianca's adorers, Gremio and Hortensio, determine to find the preliminary husband for the fiery Katharina. On their withdrawal, Lucentio at once confides his desperate love to the useful Tranio, the old confidential servant of the Roman stage, and Tranio suggests that Lucentio shall play the resident tutor. Lucentio, jumping at this, makes Tranio affect to be himself—Lucentio. They exchange habits, and the farce is provided at a stroke with farcical complications.

Alas, may we not say, with that admirable critic, Christopher Sly, "'Tis a very excellent piece, madam lady. Would 'twere done!" It is, perhaps, "a good

matter," but "comes there any more of it?" Nearly five acts more of it are to come. If Shakespeare, using Sly as chorus, made that hero express his own criticism of the Shrew, then we have the pleasure of agreeing with Shakespeare. Petruchio appears with his comic valet, Grumio, and we have comic "business." Grumio is "wrung by the ears," a spectacle in itself delightful, and an index to the fiery and truculent character of Petruchio. Hortensio, greeting Petruchio, finds him ready to improve his fortunes by marriage.

"The wind will blow a man until her," says the Scotch song of a lass with "siller." Katharina has siller, and "such wind as scatters young men through the world" has brought Petruchio to her. Hortensio and Gremio leap at such a chance, and Hortensio repeats Lucentio's ideas—he will disguise himself as a music-master for Bianca. To confound confusion, Gremio bribes the disguised Lucentio to be his go-between with Bianca, and when Tranio, disguised, comes up as Lucentio, the reason of the student reels. A spectator of a new French play, according to M. Jules Lemaître, once leaped to his feet, clasping his fevered brow, and exclaiming, "I do not understand one word of it." It is a positive relief to find Bianca and Katharina alone after these complexities, even if Katharina does box poor Bianca's ears.

"*She* is your treasure, *she* must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell."

So Katharina's secret is out, and now we know why she is a shrew. Jealousy has soured her. The farcical confusions recur when the travestied persons reappear, and we heartily forgive Katharina for breaking his lute over the head of Hortensio:

"And through the instrument my pate made way."

"I love her ten times more than e'er I did,"

cries Petruchio, and we sympathize. The scene that follows, of Katharina's wooing, may certainly be Shakespeare's. A coarser Benedick makes love to a fiercer Beatrice. She strikes him, but probably not severely. His compliments to Kate, "straight and slender, and as brown in hue as hazel-nuts," win the unwooed wild girl, as we have already argued, and all the horse-play that follows is mere farcical superfluity. Tranio and Gremio



PETRUCCIO
BANTERS
KATHARINA.
Act II., Scene I.



PETRUCHIO BEARS OFF HIS BRIDE.—*Act III., Scene II.*



PARDON FOR LUCENTIO AND BIANCA.—Act V., Scene I.

compete in offers for Bianca's hand, and Lucentio and Hortensio, both disguised as pedagogues, quarrel before the lady herself. Shakespearian or Molièresque is the pretty scene of the construing, Love's Latin is the tongue, and Ovid the master. The frantic behavior of Petruchio at the wedding is not very exhilarating comedy. We are now in the full tide of the taming, and Katharina has to endure more than patient Grizel. She goes out weeping. "Would Katharina had never seen him, though!" she says, when he insults her by delay, as later by tomfooleries at the ceremony, and by a hasty leave-taking. He asserts the fine old theory of marriage:

"I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything."

The following scenes merely continue and amplify this. They have little of Shakespeare's touch of the humor we love. Starvation, sleeplessness, violence, are to tame the kestrel that is tamed already. The scenes in the secondary piece are as dull as those in the primary. A

pedant is introduced as Lucentio's father; the real Vincentio, of course, makes his appearance; the tangled skein gets into inextricable knots and coils, and we really do not care one farthing about the minor characters in their inconceivable medley of cross-purposes. Bianca is never made worthy of figuring among Shakespeare's ladies; Hortensio, Lucentio, and the rest are to us as Trojan and Tyrian to Dido. The comedy of errors is disentangled somehow, anyhow; Katharina has her reconciliatory speech, itself a gem; and—"for God's sake, a pot of small ale." Christopher Sly, we thank thee for that word.

What was Mr. Sly doing while the *Taming of the Shrew* entwined and dis-entwined the contorted convolutions of Elizabethan farce before his wearied eyes? One's own theory is that Christopher fell sound asleep, and was spirited back, "before an ale-house on a heath," to the domain of Marian Hacket. Here he wakened, and to a sympathetic audience of old John Naps of Greece, Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell he narrated the circumstances of his awful vision, how he had been a lord, and how he had been



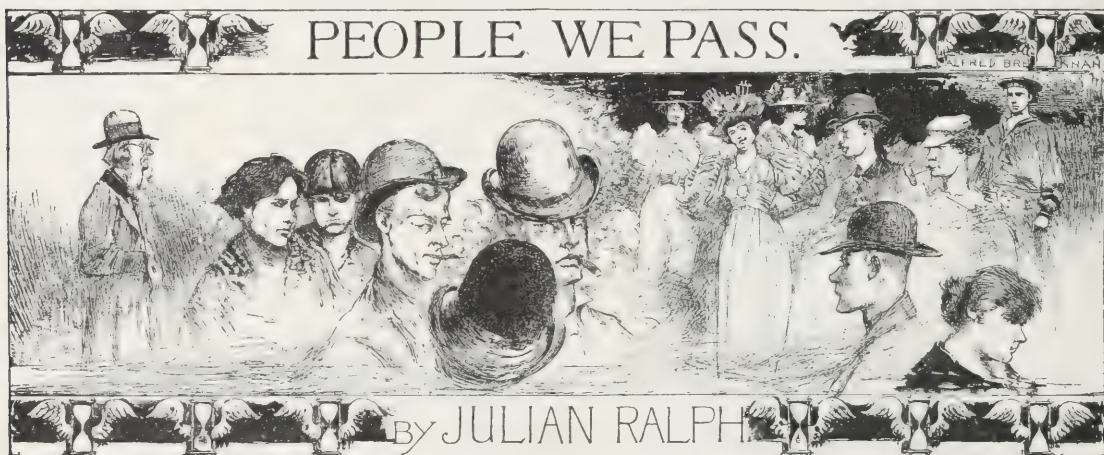
extravagantly bored by the scenic pleasures of the aristocracy. No doubt they rewarded his tale with more beer—more than the original score of fourteen pence could defray. Excellent English Christopher! The fancy clings fondly to him, and benevolently reposes, as it were, on his ale-house bench in the sun, after this preposterous exhibition of Italian humors.

In these essays the writer has contemplated Shakespeare's comedies with the eyes of a reader, not of a play-goer, and has frequently insisted, with Charles Lamb to back him, that Shakespeare is too good to act *now*, whatever he may

have been in a greater, simpler, kindlier, braver England. But the *Taming of the Shrew* is not one whit too good to act. No doubt it is an excellent rattling farce for the stage. And so much the less is this piece worthy of Shakespeare. An old canvas, a rather dull and roaring ancient farce, was the poet's material, and only here and there could he rouse it into immortality.

It is one of his failures; it is to him what *The Monastery* is to Scott. And, if any one said so to Shakespeare, he might answer, like the other master, and with his smiling unconcern,

"If it be na weel bobbet, we'll bob it again."



THE MOTHER SONG.

NO one in Forsyth Street knew much less about the people we pass than young Mrs. Ericson. Though she lived in the Big Barracks tenement, she had little in common with the others there except poverty. The people are not all alike in the districts where they swarm. Some are titled folk down at the heel, and some are intellectual and refined, out of gear as well as out of pocket. Young Mrs. Ericson's father, Dr. Whitfield, inherited a fine medical practice, which he detested, and scattered as a dog shakes off water after a bath. Born English, and eldest son of a physician, he had no more chance to choose his calling than his nationality. He spent his adult years painting the flowers, whose names and family connections and habits he knew in several languages. He gladly prescribed for ailing flowers, and practised progressive surgery upon pet dogs and cats with loving skilfulness; but the human patients

who came he drove from his door. They spread it abroad that he was a "crank." To make up for their loss, his wife had taken boarders in a nice part of town, until she became convinced that this would not make both ends meet, when she died. At last the doctor rented one room for an office in a brownstone dwelling, and lived with his daughter in the Big Barracks. A few old friends invented illnesses in order to give him the money he would not get for himself. And he painted flowers and filled his windows with them, and rounded out a Micawberish existence. Now that he is laid under the roots of his pets, the world has discovered that few men who ever lived could paint flowers as he did. To find a man who should have been a Japanese artist forced to prescribe pills in New York is to discover one of the proofs that this stage of life is experimental, and that only in the hereafter will all of us get justice.

Dr. Whitfield was a gentleman in every

fibre, and yet his daughter, Alice Ericson, was his superior at all points. She had married unhappily, and come back to her father with a crippled child, for whom she slaved. The contrast between her and the mass of people around her was startling and cruel. Splendid in beauty, proud in bearing, gentle, refined, and just a trifle stylish in her plain attire, she moved among her neighbors like a goddess. Appropriately, they worshipped her; and not always at a distance, for many knew her as a ministering angel.

At the door of the Big Barracks sat "Aunty," the apple-woman, always knitting gray stockings. She knitted so continually that one would think she supplied the army. In reality she only finished stockings for her own needs; but she wore two pair at a time six months in each year. Besides a brimming store of fruit, her basket held some dusty sticks of candy, and a few "bolivars"—mammoth ginger snaps—for which the children went freshly bankrupt every day. Her face was a caricature of an orange—round, red, mottled, and bumpy. She was a power in the neighborhood—a gossip, a philosopher, and reputedly rich. She had such a royal brogue that if she had boasted descent from Brian Boru no one would have doubted her. She loved to gossip admiringly about the Whitfields, but her favorite topic was Eugene Kelly, brother of Barney Kelly of the *Daily Camera*. Eugene lived in the neighborhood, and often stopped to take an apple, drop a coin, and chat for a moment with the sunny old woman—enthroned like an Irish Pomona on a stool, with the low stoop of the Barracks for a dais. Kelly was a prosperous, buoyant youth, half



"HE SPENT HIS ADULT YEARS PAINTING FLOWERS."

scene-painter and half stage-manager in a Bowery theatre. And whichever theatre it was, his noisy clothes and his pert way of carrying them were quite as Bowery as it could have been. He cut short what he was saying to the old apple-woman when others approached, and she as surely launched into praises of him when he had gone.

"Such a jintleman," she would say; "so jinerous wid his pinnies. Sure he never pashed me by av a mornin' or avenin' widout dhropping a pinny an' a koind wurrud since he wint to work—tin years ago it is, come New-Year's, God be praised! Sure I have knowed Mishter Killy since he was a baby—an' a moighty foine-lookin' wan he was—th' image av his fadther. 'Twas over in the Firsht Ward I was that toime, but God is good to me that he came near by here to live and found me out.

He'll be a foine man, wid a power av money; mark that, mishter. 'Tis a power av money that Killy 'll have soom day, good luck to all the loikes av him!"

On one evening Kelly appeared to the Whitfield household in an unconventional manner and upon a queer errand. The doctor was in a reverie, and his daughter was sewing, with her work things on the table beside which both were sitting. There came a rap at the door. Mrs. Ericson opened it, and Kelly walked in. He was in his Sunday best. His lilac-colored trousers, his coat rolled and pressed back half a foot on either side of his low-cut waistcoat, and his singular little wrinkled face, years and years older than it ought to have looked (as is the way with tenement faces), would have seemed fantastic in a comic paper. His manners matched his looks. He was acquainted with the doctor, but he ignored him. He did not know Mrs. Ericson, yet to her he addressed himself.

What he said was couched in language which is, in greater or less degree, that of nearly half the English-speaking people of the American metropolis. We call it slang, but they speak of it as "United States." When one among them expresses himself in good English, particularly if it takes the form of uncommon words, he is rebuked with the phrase, "Oh, talk United States!" This slang of America is expressive, descriptive, and invariably springs from humorous conceptions and ideals. It is not coarse, like the British slang, or a mere juggling with funny sounds, like the German. As we report Mr. Kelly, who endeavored to use less of the freemasonry of the streets than if he had been among his fellows, we shall see that "United States" in nearly every case translates itself. His earnestness, honesty, and good-humor carried him further than his speech.

"Miss Ericson, I b'leeve," said he, with a scrape and a bow.

"Yes, sir; my father is here, if you called to see him."

He did not heed the suggestion.

"Miss Ericson," said he, "you are a mother. I know you are a mother, because it's a matter of common—what I mean is, everybody knows it—and the baby is—I mean to say—ranks high in the Barracks on account of its being sick, and you being so anxious—"

"Papa," said the puzzled young wo-

man, "I think this gentleman *does* wish to see you."

The doctor, highly amused, turned his chair so as to face the visitor, but said not a word.

"No, m'm," said Kelly; "I can see your—er—papa any time. It's you I'd like to talk to. I've got a chance to make a big boodle, m'm, but in order to do so I've got to get a mother; what I mean is, a real way-up-in-G one—I mean to say, a mother that's out of sight, m'm. I know a stack of mothers around, but not the kind I'm a-lookin' fer."

"Papa," the young woman exclaimed, "I wish you would see what this gentleman wants. Won't you explain to my father, sir? I do not understand you at all."

"Sit down, Kelly," said the doctor, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Alice, dear, this is one of our neighbors—Mr. Kelly. Now, my dear sir, what on earth do you mean by what you have been saying to my daughter?"

"Christmas, doctor! I hope-I haven't made no break," said this singular drop of the essence of the Bowery. "I laid my pipe all right, but I missed a connection—see? I tell you how I done. I figgered out that you would open the door, an' I'd ask to be introduced to your daughter, an' then I'd kinder edge 'round on the weather an' things—what I mean is, s'ciety talk—an' then I'd plump the hull business out about what I come for. But then, you see, she opened the door 'stead of you, an' that knocked the day-lights—'scuse, please—what I mean is, it done me up—that is, it upset, you know, the whole shooting match—see? That's how I come to give up to her."

"Well, now, explain your errand, Kelly," said the doctor; "and do so as nearly in English as you can. I confess I no more understand you to-day than I have on any other day that I ever met you."

"That's all right, doctor. I'll tell you the whole kit and boodle of it." Kelly felt the contest between his awkwardness and his assurance, but of sensitiveness, or a true appreciation of the figure he cut, there was no more trace in his manner than if he had been a marionette. "The biggest money a feller like me can make," said he, "is in writing a ballad. But when you write one it's got to be a daisy, or your name is mud. It's got to be a hum-



"SHE LAUNCHED INTO PRAISES OF HIM WHEN HE WAS GONE."

mer from Humtown, doctor, that 'll be sung and banged and fided and scraped and whistled by every one from the Battery to Westchester."

"God save us!" the doctor exclaimed. "Must you do it?"

"Well, that 'sall right. If I could get up one that *you'd* whistle, Jay Gould 'd gimme a railroad out of his private colleckshin. You see, I'm no farmer, trying to write a song for *you*. No; but on the level, doctor, what I want's a mother, an' I've got one to get. I 'ain't got no mother, an' 'fI had she would not size up to this racket. She's got to be a corker, way up—what I mean is, tony, you know—a fine-as-silk, genu-wine, thoroughbred—see?"

"For the sake of reason, man, what has procuring a mother to do with writing a song? And what will you do with a mother, as you say, when you get one?"

"She'll understand, your daughter will," said Kelly, assuming an air of fatigue over the doctor's obtuseness. "I've given it to you 's straight's I can. Now, if *you'll* listen to me, Miss Ericson, I'll be all hunk. You see, a half a dozen young fellers has made big fortunes a'ready with ballads an' ditties, an' they 'ain't got any more education than me. Look at Peltz, m'm. Peltz used to shake the clogs—what I mean is, he done the clogs in a song-and-dance team—an' before that he was a supe, an' he wrote 'A Rose from her dear Grave,' an' made money enough to buy a whole block of bar-rooms. An' there's Arkwright. We used to call him 'Nosey'—what I mean is, he didn't amount to as much as a policeman with the buttons cut off of his coat. He ups an' he writes 'The Secret in the Letter Molly mailed away,' and, hully gee! (scuse, please) there ain't nobody a-calling him 'Nosey' now'days. He just rides around all day in cabs. He's got a diamond like an incontestant light, an' you have to shade your eyes when you talk to him. He snubs the theatre managers cold, an' goes up to Delmonico's an' finds fault with the food. Well, there's my fortune, m'm. I've got the tune. I whistled it an' our leader wrote it out, an' now all I want is a mother—'cause it's got to be about a mother. Nothing else comes up to a mother, m'm, for working the tender and soft snap—what I mean is, the sentimental racket—see? Now, doctor, your daughter's a mother—the on'y

thoroughbred in the ward. An' I come as genteel as I know how (an' I know my name would be Dennis if I should slip a cog in my behavior), an' I ask if she'll give a poor feller a lift. If she'd let me come 'round once in a while an' let me see her a-rocking the kid, you know, an' if she'd talk to me about her cares 'an hopes an' things—what I'm getting at is, if she'd give up how she feels deep down in her lonesome, y'understand—why, then, hully gee! (scuse, please) I'd ask no odds of nobody alive. I'd be able to write a Jim Dandy song, an' I could buy a horse-car every time I wanted to go 'round town. An' say, doctor, she wouldn't lose anything by it, nor you, neither—an' that's on the level."

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "you don't know what nonsense you are ask—"

"No, papa," said Mrs. Ericson, extending to Kelly a hand that was accompanied by a kindly smile. "I'll do what Mr. Kelly asks, so far as I understand it, and so far as I can. It won't be possible for me to tell you a mother's thoughts, sir, and you will be disappointed in me, I am sure; but if you care to call now and then when my father is here, I will be glad to do what I can to assist you. Now be seated, and let me hear more of your plan. I must tell you very frankly that you speak a language which is almost foreign to me, but I'll try to understand you. Have you no mother, did you say, Mr. Kelly?"

"Well, I might 'swell say I never had no mother," said he. "If I had one, though, she wouldn't be up-and-up, like you, you know."

After that first interview, Kelly called at the doctor's once a fortnight at first, and then once a week. The simplicity of his nature, as well as its geniality, smoothed the way for him there as elsewhere in his narrow world. The ballad, it was evident, was to be a work of time, like the Cologne Cathedral and many another *chef-d'œuvre*. He bought poetical works at Mrs. Ericson's suggestion, and, at first, she read to him out of them. But she was obliged to acknowledge that this plan of stimulating his genius was a failure. "That stuff," said he, referring to the works of the master-poets, "wouldn't go with the people for a cent; but, say, I like the swing of it; it's great." He did not tire of his visits. To talk with such

a woman, and to hear her converse, was a constant delight—a joy greater than any he had ever known.

“Mothers are the dandiest things in songs,” he explained one day. “You know how fellers always sings about mothers when they’re with the women, an’ when they’re in hard luck, an’ when they’re half shot; sure, every time.”

“Half shot, Mr. Kelly?” Mrs. Ericson inquired.

“I mean when they are a little slewed. You take any lot of men, and let them get their skates on, an’ they’ll start in on a mother song every time; if they don’t, I’m a lamp-post.”

“But why when they are skating, in particular?”

“Scuse, please,” said Kelly, stifling a smile. “I’m a sure loser every time I try to give up to a lady like you. I get ’way off my base. I’m a farmer at anything ’cept plain U. S. What I mean by men getting on their skates is—I mean to say when they’re—not tight—see?—but just happy.

“Now,” he continued, “it’s just the same in a *theayter*. Nothing’s in it with mother songs. If the crowd knows that a performer can sing mother songs, nothing else goes. They’ll win in a romp every time, when your love songs and your flower songs and your comics won’t get a hand—what I mean by a hand is an *ongcore*—see? Peltz and them other fellers that’s made fortunes out of mother songs has all had homes, you know, m’m. They’ve had mothers, and been brought up dead-to-rights. There’s where they call the turn on me.”

Below-stairs one kindly heart rejoiced at Kelly’s acquaintanceship with the Whitfields.

“’Tis his name that’ll carry him into anny society,” said the old apple-woman. “Doan’t you think Yoojane is a jintale name? And Killy, too—praise be to God, ’tis the same name as the boss himself—the boss of Tammany Hall. But if he had a name like Gilligan—Gilligan is the name I got meself from me fadther and mudther—God kape the both av ’em!—av he had a name like that ’twould be an-odther matther. Wid Pat Gilligan for a name, he’d be working wid a broom along wid the Dagoes claning the streets. Sorra bit betther cud ye expect av a man wid the name av Gilligan. But ye cudn’t make a mishtake av a man bein’ a foine

man an’ his name was Yoojane Killy—cud ye, now? God knows you cudn’t, darlint.”

On one afternoon Kelly rushed up the Barracks stairs to the doctor’s flat. He almost flew, so great was his haste. In an excess of impatience he banged at the door. Luckily (for the door, at any rate) he was instantly admitted. He did not notice the doctor. He shouted to Mrs. Ericson to open the window.

“Quick, please,” he called. “There! Do you hear that—the tune that lad in the street is whistling? It’s my song, ‘Maggie Croly.’ Sure, sure! I wrote it, an’ it’s goin’ to go. Do you hear it now? Tiddy-tum, tiddy-tum-te-tum. Do you hear it?”

Amid the uproar of cart wheels and horses’ hoofs and venders’ cries the boy’s whistling sounded very faint and indistinct.

“I just did it for a flyer,” said Kelly. “Foley and Fogarty, the double clogs, have been singing it up to Tony’s for a week, and already the kids are on to it. I’m as proud as old Vanderbilt, I am. Here’s how the chorus goes:

“ ‘Twas the swing of her dress
That made me bless
The day I met Maggie Croly.
To and fro, like music’s flow,
Light as a fairy’s wing ’twould go;
Nobody else can do it so,
Like sweet little Maggie Croly.’ ”

He sang not unmusically, accompanying the performance with some of the stereotyped mannerisms of a concert-hall singer. He spread his hands, palms down, and swayed to and fro in time with the simple air. His little audience caught his enthusiasm, and bade him sing a verse and then the chorus again. Carried away by excitement, he roared his song as if he were on a theatrical stage endeavoring to interest the gallery.

“It ain’t great,” said he, “but it’s got the ginger in it; and it shows I’m on to the curves. Wait till I write the mother song. That’ll be out of sight—thanks to you friends for the loan of a mother.”

As he spoke an uproar rose from the street below. There were quick, short cries, followed by the frantic clatter of the hoofs of a horse upon the sidewalk, a crash, and then a piercing, interrupted scream, as of a woman alarmed and instantly silenced. Dr. Whitfield was the first to reach the window. He leaned



"DR. WHITFIELD WAS THE FIRST TO REACH THE WINDOW."

out. Twice he drew back to announce what he saw, returning each time to the outer view.

"A runaway," he said. Looking again, he added, "The old apple-woman at the door—"

"My God! What about her?" Kelly shouted, dashing at the other window.

"Trampled down—badly hurt, apparently," said the doctor.

"Then don't stand there—looking at her," Kelly screamed. "Come with me. She's my mother."

He darted out of the room, with the doctor close behind him. A crowd had formed a circle around the prostrate body of the old woman, face down upon the broad stoop, with her fruit scattered all about, and trampled, as she had been. She was not dead, the doctor said, while the crowd watched and listened hungrily; but she was stunned. Whether any bones were broken, or her skull was fractured,

he needed time to find out. Would some of the men pick her up and carry her to his flat? Two truckmen in hickory shirts lifted the body lightly, and it was quickly stretched upon the sofa in the doctor's front room. While the doctor passed his sensitive fingers all over the woman's skull, Kelly, who had flung himself beside the sofa, seized one of the limp hands and kissed it between spoken sentences that voiced his alarm.

"Oh, doctor, don't let her die! Can't you save her? She has money; you shall be well paid. She's my mother, I tell you—my poor old mother!"

The doctor pushed him aside as he would have shoved a chair that stood in his way. Mrs. Ericson took the young man's hand and led him to the farther side of the room.

"She won't have it that she's my mother, if she ever comes back to me," said Kelly. "She thought 'twould queer me

if any one knew I was her son. It wasn't my doing. I ain't built that way; as God is my judge I ain't. I 'ain't never been ashamed of her, no more than now; but she was dead gone on having me be a gentleman. When I got rich or famous, she would say, was time enough—"

The doctor had loosened the old woman's clothing at the neck and waist, and had put a damp cloth on her forehead. Kelly again flung himself beside the sofa.

"She's breathing, doctor," said he; "I take my oath she is. I see her breathe. Her pulse! I feel her pulse. She ain't a-goin' to die, doc, is she? Oh, Miss Ericson, if you on'y knew—if you on'y knew. Every day or two, on the dead quiet, when no one was on to us, up in her room, is where she'd sit an' listen to me an' kiss me, an' give me as straight talk as any feller's old woman ever gave up in the world. It was the Long Branch boats that give her a twist in the head, m'm. She used to sell fruit on the *Plymouth Rock* and the *Jesse Hoyt* to them dude folks like General Grant an' Jim Fisk, that rode on them boats. Some of the richest of 'em told her they started in life with nothing to spare but their hair and finger-nails. They jollied her up with the notion that her boys could be as rich as themselves. Then she begun to think she wasn't good enough—and even her name wouldn't do—for me an' Barney. Her name's Gilligan, and she thinks it's a hoodoo. So she boarded us 'round

the ward under the name of Kelly. She wouldn't even live with us, but she'd see us every day, and tell us to be up-and-up—I mean dead honest—see? She'd save and save—all for me and Barney—and she's got thousands laid by. She didn't think the earth with a silver rim around it was good enough for me an' Barney; an' now she's laying there—"

"Only stunned," said the doctor, his examination ended. "Not a bone broken. Ah, I thought so; she is coming around nicely."

Kelly put an arm tenderly about the old woman's waist, and kissed her and fondled her hair. She opened her eyes slowly, by many efforts.

Oh, mother! mother!" Kelly cried; "are you coming back to me, mother? It's Geney, your boy. Mother, do you hear me?"

The old woman looked all about her and took in her surroundings fully before she spoke. Then she gripped her son's arm.

"Whist, there; whist," said she, huskily. "They'll hear ye, Janey. Not another sound of 'mothering'—d'ye hear? D'ye want to dishgrace yerself. Whist, boy; have your sinses lift ye that ye'd shpoil everything? Now, spake loud, like me. Oh, is that you, Mishter Killy? 'Tis alive I am, an' not kilt at all, at all. 'Twas good of all of you frinds to look afther an ould hurted woman. God's praise be to ye, doctor darlint—and Mishter Killy."

THE COLONEL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

MORE or less primitive the large old village was, with its purple cloak of encircling hills. It was no wonder that to most of the people the great Judge Alexander's place seemed to compass all that they had ever dreamed of kings' palaces.

It did so to Charles Monck, at any rate, as now and then his errand brought him into the charmed precincts of Greylock and its gardens, where the spicy box hedges grew tall as in only one or two other spots in that part of the country, where there were roses of every tint that roses blow, where the lilies kept their ranks of gold and snow, and the great hollyhocks stood up on their stems like

Fra Angelico's angels in their red gowns, their purple and their yellow robes—pictures he came to know later within the house, the house whose wings and bays were veiled with woodbine that made it seem in summer almost a part of the forest behind and above it, and in the fall reddened it with deeper and richer tints than belonged to its dull old bricks, although some of those bricks had been brought across seas by the Judge's people more than two hundred years ago. The Judge had no people now; his race had dwindled to a solitary representative, and his little daughter had not a relative in the world except himself. And within the house, the boy sometimes saw it was a place

of soft-piled carpet and marble stair, of long portraits lining the wall, of bronzes and books and rare china and old silver, none of which at the time he knew by name, but all of which spoke to the love of beauty in his inmost soul, and made him long to have, at some day, such a house of his own, and such a fairy creature in it as Annis, the Judge's daughter, whom he sometimes saw dancing down the long hall, with her burnished hair streaming about her, who lingered looking at him as he went away. Now and then, too, he saw her at church, so demure and still that he could only think her like one of the young girls in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, with which volume he had beguiled many a dreadful hour. At such times she never glanced at him—or if she did it was when the sermon had sent him sound asleep. For what eyes should Annis Alexander have for the boy who drove the farmer's cows? Once he met her in a lane where she was trying to pull the last rose from the top of a tall wild brier, and he paused and reached and broke it off for her, his cheeks tingling, his dark eyes flaming, and going then his way without waiting to see that the little lady's face was the color of her rose.

And then an opening had come for the lad into the outer world; and he had left the village and its great house and its gardens and lilies and hollyhocks and a thousand dreams behind him, and had entered into the business of life. Once in a while he had news of the old hamlet—his own kindred were all dead and gone; he heard of the coming of the railway a mile or two away, still leaving the place delightfully remote from noise and bustle; he heard of the marriage and departure of Annis, of the death of the Judge's farmer, and that little Ellie, his child, was managing a farm of her own, and he sent her once the money to pay off its mortgage, although she never knew from whence it came. He used to dream of the old place when he had leisure to think of anything but cent. per cent.; the red hollyhocks stood out in his memory at such times like living personages. He heard incidentally of the death of the Judge. When, finally, he heard that Greylock had been sold to strangers, all his interest in the town seemed to have vanished. But when, by-and-by, he also heard that the strangers wished to sell, he went up to the place

and drove a bargain for Greylock on the spot.

The old Alexander place was his at last. The traces of the strangers he had removed as far as possible, and made the place as much like what it used to be as modern wealth allowed; he laid rich rugs on the stone and oaken floors, he hung silken hangings at the deep casements, but he kept the colors and ideas that the house used to have. He hunted up a number of the old portraits that had drifted off here and there from sale to sale, and if he added to them some marvellous French landscapes and Spanish figure-pieces, he did it with the taste and knowledge he had made his own in his city life and in his foreign travel. And there were books, and portfolios of prints, and fine trifles on which art had expended beauty and money too; and the house was still wreathed with its woodbine and honeysuckles in summer, and in fall great logs blazed in the chimneys. And the new owner closed his various branches of business—a rich man now, well past forty, and came up to Greylock, and made his home there, and found that no home was good for anything without a wife, and bemoaned himself that he had been so busy making money and informing himself how to spend it that he had had time to make the acquaintance of no one who could supply the element without which his house was so lonely and his life so barren. He wished he had made friends with the minister's daughter while there was yet time, and before she had gone elsewhere. He even thought whether or not Ellie, the farm-manager, would fill the deep arm-chair within the Flemish screen on the other side of the library fire; but one glimpse of a face like old ivory answered him. As for Annis Alexander, she was only a remembrance; something of the nimbus of the Judge's superior glory surrounded her still in his thought; he would never have regretted her, for it would never have crossed his mind that she could have been within his reach. He did wonder more than once what had become of the minister's daughter—he remembered how she sang on summer nights; but he doubted if the girl had even known his name. He was a humble-minded man, for all his success and his money; these called him Squire, and those called him Colonel—he had had command of a fancy regiment once

for a short time; but to himself, in his inmost consciousness, he was always the plain farmer's boy going after the cows, and possessed of an intimate diffidence.

Not that he did not know all the advantage and strength of wealth; what it was to be a power on Wall Street, what it was even in the village, that had grown into a region of costly summer places, to be the master of Greylock—indeed, there were many fair members of the summer throng that were not slow to teach it to him. But he knew that something much more quiet and simple than followed in their train was what he needed; their life was foreign to his pleasure. His heart warmed to none of them; they were too fine, too splendid and pictorial, with their plumes and ribbons, the sweep of their gowns, their airs of fashion, far too fine for the taste of the farm hand. For even after his long years of business, after his travels about the world, his days passed in galleries and his nights at operas, he called himself a farm hand still, happier looking over his cattle, and planning his crops, and setting out hedges, and developing new seedlings, than in doing anything else. Yet when he sat down at his lonely dinner table, finer than the Judge's ever was, with a butler standing behind him as pompous as the Judge himself, "I am as solitary," he said, "as the pelican in the wilderness." He felt it in the summer twilights, as the mountain stood out black before the paling sunset, as the dew fell, the perfumes



wandered faintly from rose and carnation, and the whippoorwills in the wood below began calling to one another, far off and sweet; he felt it beside the fire that wallowed up the chimney in the late autumn or the early winter nights. "What would I give," he said to himself, "if there were a wife and children here, and there were to be anything like the Christmas cheer that belongs to a place in which a man without wife and children has no right to live!" And he had his bag packed, and made off now to this city, and now to that, as regularly as the snows whitened Greylock and gave him new longing for the Christmas joys that should belong to home. He envied then the men he saw buying gifts, the crowds bearing parcels; he felt defrauded that he had no one whom he could make glad with anything but charity. He made to himself some feint of business to hinder the *ennui* that sometimes fell upon him to such an extent that it seemed better to risk and lose all he had than to go on in this humdrum fashion of success, without a stir in his life.

Some interest in departmental affairs took him in one of these late falls to Washington. It was wearisome. He might have found pleasure in the debates, but Congress had not yet assembled. He spent a little time in the departments, a little time in the clubs, and won and lost a little money, a little time in the library, a good deal of time in the hotel lobbies; it was all rather a bore; the only thing he enjoyed at all was driving about the streets, that gave him some half a hundred miles of velvet to drive over with a high-stepping horse he had. And thus it happened that, a sudden tempest of rain coming up, and making the concrete slippery as glass, the horse fell and threw Colonel Monck out, his head striking against an edge of sharp granite, and when he was picked up and carried into Mrs. McQueen's boarding-house, near at hand, and the doctor summoned, it was discovered that his ankle was badly injured, and it was thought best, on account of the wound on his head, to leave him where he was rather than take him to his hotel, the letters in his pocket showing that he was Colonel Monck, and that he was staying at the Arlington.

"The poor soul! the poor soul!" he heard a voice murmuring—far away out-

side, it seemed. "To think it was our carriage step! Oh, I am so glad he is here to be taken care of! No, no, no, doctor, don't speak of it—a hospital! Do you think any one of those nurses will take the care of him that I shall?"

"I doubt if you have not enough to do without this, Mrs. McQueen," said the doctor.

"I can manage," sang the cheery voice. "I shall think all the time, what if it were my Archie?"

"Your Archie is a boy of fifteen, and this is a man of fifty—or thereabouts."

"Archie will be fifty some day if he lives," said the little mother. "And he may need a good turn. I'll pass it on. And Milly can wait on me, and Florry can do the marketing—she has gone with me once in a while, and it's time she took some responsibility. Oh, we can manage it!" and she tied her worn black bonnet-strings with determination.

"Very well," said the doctor. "I will be in again this afternoon, and then possibly we can decide more intelligently what is best."

And when he came in the evening Colonel Monck was quite himself, and able to express a preference for staying where he was. Not that it made much matter; he was tolerably disgusted with fate and things in general; but the hands were tender here, the voice was kind, the way was gentle, and for all he could see he was as well off in this third-rate boarding-house as he would be anywhere else, and could have as much of a Christmas here as at the Arlington.

In fact, in a very few days the Colonel was as well as ever, except for the injured ankle, which, however, was doing nicely; and he had begun to find the situation a trifle more interesting than life in the lobbies. There was the little woman herself, whom nearly every one in the house, with condescending patronage or kindly familiarity, called Queenie, a new character in his experience—shabby, a black veil always wrapped about her head, when she was not wearing the old black bonnet; forever at the call of all the various household, and unchangeably gentle and smiling and silver-tongued; no sort of a manager, and making up for her lack in that direction, and the poverty which obliged her to do with poor service, by the unceasing effort and industry of her tireless hands and feet. There were



"WHEN HE SAT DOWN AT HIS LONELY DINNER TABLE."

the boarders, too, going up and down by the open door—some clerks, men and women; the private secretary of a cabinet officer; a yellow-haired lady with a claim upon the government, and a Congressman who came to see her about pressing it; a politician staying temporarily while urging his right to an office, but bidding fair to make a winter of it; and a widow of narrow means and wide ambitions, and her companion, who spent the cold weather there. And there were Milly, the dark-haired step-daughter of the landlady, who sat at the head of the table, and wore a good deal of tarnished splendor; and Florry, the fair-haired one, quite as splendid as her sister; and Archie, the boy, who was studying might and main, and was the only real help his mother had, besides the slatternly colored girls, with their hair braided all the week in little pigtails, which gave their heads a strange resemblance to the porcupine jars in which hyacinth bulbs are just sprouting. Archie came in and read him the evening papers; one and another of the boarders called, and some he asked to call again—not the yellow-haired lady, nor the gentleman who tumbled up stairs after midnight. He saw Miss Milly now and then whisking by the door in a dressing-gown and crimps, and later in the day she dropped in, with her war-paint and feathers on, to tell him stories of the fine people whom she did not know by sight, and give him accounts of the dinners and receptions for which her soul longed, and for which he did not care a farthing, and to talk of the theatrical heroes and heroines, and express her delight in the theatre, where on fortunate nights she could see and become a part of the world she admired. And Miss Florry set the doors open, and played to him from the drawing-room such music as was hers—and she had not a little talent at the piano—and came up afterward for her reward in the admiration that a man of the world should not but feel for a young woman who managed marvellously the train of her gown, and had no other particular recommendation. In fact, the whole family understood that they had among them a man to be made the most of, a millionaire sort of man, whose like they had not fallen in with before, and might not meet again; and the widow of narrow means confided to him her woes; her companion had woes of

quite as much weight; one of the clerks told him the virtues and uses of a small capital in lending money at usurious interest in the departments; and the other clerk told him of the family at home dependent on his salary, and of his daily suffering through fear of the sight of the heart-breaking yellow envelope. And one of the office-seekers came in and fought over the battles of the Wilderness, in which he had borne part, and explained to him the mistakes of Grant and Lee; and even the airy private secretary, who was by no means on the pinnacle he had enjoyed before the Colonel came, condescended occasionally to hint to him the real facts about the situation of various public affairs. The Colonel thought he might be able to put the clerk who lived with that yellow sword of Damocles over his head in a more permanent situation. He even promised to exert what influence he had for the man who had had no chance to direct the great battles as they should have been directed. He pitied the widow; and he surreptitiously offered the companion a railroad ticket home if she felt her bonds unendurable. And he sent Archie to buy a frequent box at the theatre, which such of the family as pleased should occupy, of which Miss Milly and Miss Florry forthwith made themselves proprietors, sailing forth in great style, and holding the fort of the two front seats, chaperoned by the widow, and asking whom they pleased to join them.

"Haven't you gone to the theatre?" inquired the Colonel, when this had happened a second time, and the house was still, and little Mrs. McQueen came in with a bowl of something appetizing.

"Oh no," she answered him; "of course not."

"Why of course not?" he asked, surprised.

"Oh, it is so long since I have been to—to such a place."

"That is no reason. What else?"

"And I don't care about it."

"Why not?"

"Why," she said, laughing out of a pair of eyes that he noted, not for the first time, were of the softest wine tints, "how can I say? I am so accustomed to staying at home."

"And letting those two girls go instead!"

"You know," she said, "one can be young but once."

"Young! And how old are you, may I ask?"

"Oh, I don't think it is proper for you to ask at all," she said. "You see, I can't be very young, with Archie and those two great girls calling me mother, and my own little Louie over in the convent. I had just as lief you'd know, though. It doesn't really make any odds when one is as old as I am. I am—I shall be—forty—my next birthday." And a pretty color streamed up the soft oval of her cheek as she made the mortifying statement.

"I shall be forty-five," said the Colonel. "And I don't regard it as such a vast age. In fact, I feel as if life were all ahead of me."

"That is different. I suppose—perhaps I have lived more in forty years. At any rate, I have had more trouble. And I don't know anything that ages one like trouble."

"Have you had trouble?" asked the Colonel, wincing a little just then with pain.

"Have I had anything else?" she answered, with a smile that was like the watery gleam of sunshine on a dull day. "No, I shouldn't say so, when I have Archie and Louie! Oh—let me loosen that bandage. There—that feels better? Now Archie will come and read to you. I have to boil over the crab-apple jam; and it is a good time to do it when I sha'n't be interrupted."

Poor little woman, as the Colonel saw, her interruptions were ceaseless. There was a perpetual jangle of some one's bell, which half the time she answered—the boy who came in the middle of the day and officiated as butler and man-of-all-work for his dinner either not being there, or taking too long to find his clean apron; and she always hurried for the postman; and she had to follow Mirandy



"HE SAW MISS MILLY NOW AND THEN."

round with a second duster, or go over the glasses with another towel; or she was coming up heated from supplying the slips in the kitchen; or she was patching Archie's clothes, while Archie sat beside her, with his book, his arm over her shoulder, she once in a while turning her head to kiss his hand. And then Miss Milly was asking her to bind a skirt for her; or Miss Florry wanted something downtown, unable to go for it herself, and she trudged out to get it, and walked because she must spare the car fare; and this boarder sent for her to see about nothing; and that boarder hunted her up to complain about another nothing; and there was the look of a hunted hare in

her eyes, for it was Mrs. McQueen here, and Ma there, and Queenie in the other place, as if she belonged to any one but herself; and almost the only real pleasure she had in life was when she could get over to the convent with Archie and see her little Louie, who was not so very little, after all. And Colonel Monck, thinking it a good accident that brought him here, where he might see a side of life he had not known before, learned that all the saints are not on the calendar, but that one of them, at least, was to be found in the drudge of a Washington boarding-house.

"You know," said Miss Florry once, when the Colonel intimated something of the sort, "it isn't quite as if mamma were really our mother—"

"Really your mother!" cried the Colonel. "Do you mean to say she isn't your mother?"

"My gracious! Queenie! No, indeed! I guess not," says Miss Florry. "Why, papa married her when she was a widow with two children! It was very good of papa. Our own mother—why, she was one of the Virginia Fitzroys! Then he was ill and died, and she took care of him; and of course we are sensible of it; we are very fond of Queenie. Papa, you know, lost everything in the war, and that is the reason mamma takes boarders now. It seems hard to have papa's name used so; but she had the furniture, you know," said Miss Florry, taking the head of her hat-pin out of her mouth. "And she either had to do that or we had to—to starve, I reckon. And there it is, you see."

"I see," said the Colonel.

It was on returning from the theatre one night, where they had enjoyed Colonel Monck's box as box was never enjoyed before, that Miss Milly and Miss Florry, in the privacy of their hall chamber, were combing out their pretty locks.

"I don't know, Florry," said her sister, pausing, comb in air. "It looks like it. I never saw more pointed attentions—so many flowers and bonbons and novels, and this box at the National, and his horses down to drive when we please. The only thing—the only thing—"

"The only thing is that we don't know which one of us it is!" said Milly, as she stood with her head bent, and the hair drooping over her face in a veil, while she flourished her brush vigorously.

"It's absurd, isn't it?"

"I hope it's you, Florry. I'm sure I had as lief it were you," said Milly, after a few moments of silence, as she gave a screw to the slip of lead in which she folded her crimp.

"You're very good, Milly. I don't know. You are prettier than I; but then there's my music. But we've always had each other's things, so that it really wouldn't matter. Still, there'll be diamonds in this case; but perhaps mine would be enough for two. And they say that country-seat of his is an earthly paradise. I don't care; whichever one of us it is, we shall be together; and, oh my! to have a home of our own, with no rent hanging over us, no bills to pay, no hateful, hateful, insolent boarders—oh, that would be a heavenly paradise! It's true there's the Colonel; but then he is really a nice old gentleman. I could love him very much if he were my father. My gracious! why can't he just adopt us?"

"Well, he can come back a member whenever he pleases; perhaps—just think—a Senator! And to be a Senator's wife! To be here after the holidays, anyway, Senator or not, and give a cold stare to those people who have given us their airs! Oh, one could marry a much worse-looking man than Colonel Monck. He's not so very old, after all. And really he's not bad-looking at all."

"You would never think he was just sprung from the people. And papa's family—"

"Oh, I'm sick of papa's family," dabbling in the cold cream. "What has it ever done for us? Not half so much as little Queenie here. And I've made up my mind! If he asks me I shall take the goods the gods provide. Oh, the exquisite relief of daring to look the grocer in the face!"

"The delight of silk stockings!"

"How extravagant you are! I only ask for enough lisle-thread ones never to have to darn any. And to be able to wear all the white skirts I want—"

"What day-dreams! I'm afraid none of them can come to pass. But if they did, Queenie should never do another day's work. She does too much already. I'm ashamed of it—I'm always meaning to reform. She has all the wrong side, and we have all the right—if there is any right. If we were going to stay here I think I should make a fresh deal, and

take a little more on my shoulders, at any rate. Oh, it's too good to be true. There! You ready?" And out went the gas, and left them to their slumbers, and the dreams of Worth and Pingat and Félix, with stray flashes of diamonds and prancing of horses, and cold eyes of hostile women, and Queenie in a towering hat and feathers, and girls who were themselves and not themselves, and Colonel Monck in sackcloth and ashes.

The poor Colonel, unconscious of all this way in which the Fates carried themselves concerning him, was meanwhile turning over quite different thoughts in his mind, now burning with indignation as he saw the way in which the little woman was at the beck and call of any one in the house—"People not fit to lace her shoes!" said the Colonel; and now his heart, warm with pity as he saw her willingness, her patience, her untiring way of taking things for granted that amounted to sweetness, her perpetual answer to the perpetual demands early in the morning or late at night, having her bite and sup when she could get it and at any hour, humble as if from long habit she never thought of being anything but glad and grateful that she was just allowed to live, ready to do more and have less were it necessary for Archie's and Louie's sake. His eyes followed her, and his ears listened for her, and he found himself wondering and fuming, and then asking angrily what business it was of his, and wondering and watching again.

"What did you marry Mr. McQueen for?" he asked the little woman, abruptly, as she bandaged his ankle one night, the girls and various others having gone to make the most of the theatre box, and he and Mrs. McQueen being quite alone.

She started so that the black bonnet fell on one side and caught in a pin, and out tumbled a cataract of rich dark red hair, full of golden lights and waves; and the more she tried to restrain it, the more it would come, till she had to fling the bonnet off altogether and attend to gathering the great masses into their coil again.

"Why in the world do you always cover up such hair as that?" he exclaimed.

"Oh," she answered, "with Milly and Florry round—young ladies, you know—and I their papa's widow—it—it wouldn't do, you know."

"It wouldn't do?" said he. "And so you efface yourself that they may be seen!

If you gave any one a chance to look at you—if you dressed like some of the women I have seen, you'd be younger than the whole kit of them!"

"I? Oh, you forget! I told you I was almost forty—and—and twice a widow," she added, with a pathetic sort of sigh.

"You didn't tell me why you married Mr. McQueen," he insisted then.

"I don't know why," she said, after a moment, looking down and intent upon her work. "He was so poor, and he had these young girls, and no one to see to them or to do for them—or for him either. And I had, at any rate, a kind of a home. And the girls were running wild. He was quite the gentleman—a gentleman of the old school, they call it, you know. But he was a man. And a man is so helpless," said the forlorn little woman.

"And is that the reason you married him?"

"I don't know. I can't exactly tell—he said I had better—he said I must—and I did. I thought it would be good for Archie to have a father. And he was very fond of me, I think. He only lived a little while."

"And were you fond of him?" asked the remorseless Colonel.

"I—I—pitied him. Do I hurt you?"

"You? With those fingers? They are like the touch of rose leaves. Could they hurt any one? However—yes, that's easier—has a man only to say you must marry him for you to obey? Tell me another thing now: did you love your first husband?"

"I thought I did," she said. "Now I wouldn't ask any more questions."

"Yes; I want to know all about you. When did you find out you didn't?"

"Oh, too soon! too soon!" she cried, in a sudden gust of tears, letting the bandage fall, standing up, and dashing the drops off with both hands.

"Tell me all about it," said the Colonel, reaching up and taking one of the hands, and pulling her to a seat on the lounge beside himself.

"I was very young—I was not what you see me—I was as well born as—as any one," she said, between her sobs. "He brought me here—we were on the top of the wave—oh, it is hard, hard, hard to recall it—"

"Don't, then—don't, my dear," said the Colonel.

"It was all right while my dear father

lived. And then he ran through with the money; he had horses, yachts, wine parties—oh, it was fine till it was dreadful! He gambled. He drank. I don't know what he didn't do. I know he beat me! Oh, what am I saying to you? Archie's father! But it is true. When I—I—hesitated about giving him the last of the money, he would threaten me with killing himself. I gave it to him. He did kill himself one day—poor soul! oh, poor soul! And I had nothing left but the house; they took the house for his debts, but they gave me the furniture. We lived on the sale of the pictures and books and marbles awhile. And there were Archie and Louie, and the disgrace—the disgrace of it!" she cried, burying her face in the bonnet that she groped for and found. "I hid myself"—as the Colonel took away the bonnet—"I hid myself! I tied up my hair; I kept under my veil. People forgot me. I pass them now—they used to dine at my table—they never know me. I know they don't! But at last we had to do something—and the boarders were different persons from those we had known—and we had been so poor, so half famished, I felt as if they were guardian angels when they came. And then Mr. McQueen asked to come, with his girls—and nothing was any consequence—and that is all."

"I suppose you never thought of marrying a third time?"

"A third time!" she cried, so indignant that her tears were like sparks of fire as she faced him. "What do you take me for?"

"Very good men, and women too, have married a third time, even when the other times were not a mistake."

"Oh, I dare say!" cried Mrs. McQueen, tossing her head. "Very good. But I should not like to tell them my opinion of them!"

"Let us see," said the Colonel, calmly. "Your first husband abused you and ruined you. Your next one was merely a matter of charity with you. Why should you not have a husband now who will be what the word signifies, who could give you a home, a rich and beautiful home, indeed, and peace and security and comfort in it, who could give Archie the education he ought to have, Louie the place in society she ought to have, provide properly for these young women—and they might really be very decent girls under different circumstances—who would pro-

tect you, confide in you, honor you, love you! Queenie," said the Colonel, "I have more money than I know what to do with. I have a home," he said, untroubled by any remembrance of Claude, "with lawns and gardens about it, valley and river below it, hills, great hills, behind it. But what sort of a home is it? It is so lonesome it is like a tomb, and I have to come away from it. If I had a wife there, if there were young people moving about the place, with their interests, their companions, their pets, their work, their pleasures, caring for me a little, growing to care for me more, keeping me young—oh, it is very selfish—but now that Christmas is coming, and Christmas fires might be rolling up the big chimneys—ah, who could ask for more? I am not young—I have none of the graces wooers ought to have. But I could promise a wife care, gentleness, faithfulness, admiration—oh yes, even love, if it were—if it were you, Queenie!"

"I?"

"Yes, you!"

"I never thought of such a thing!"

"Think of it now, then."

She had turned, looking in his face in her amazement, her dark eyes glowing, the color flushing up and down the soft oval of her thin cheeks, her lips trembling—they were delicate, finely curved lips. In a moment the Colonel had bent over and kissed them. And then he gathered her in his arms and kissed her again. "Just try to love me, Queenie," he murmured.

"Oh, I shouldn't have to try!" sobbed the little woman on his breast.

And that night the Colonel could not sleep for seeing a fairy form flitting in pale muslins between the snowy lilies and the red hollyhocks of Greylock, lovelier in his sight than any flower, in spite of her forty years.

"Doctor," said Colonel Monck, the next morning, "I think this bandage can come off now. I am quite sure I can stand alone without it."

"Nothing rash, nothing precipitate, sir," said the doctor. "We don't want to have you lamed for life, you know."

"It is not much matter if I am. I have a shoulder to lean on now. I am going to be married. It is late, but better late than never. If you have nothing to hinder, will you leave this note at Wormley's as you go by? It will bring me



"I TOLD YOU I WAS ALMOST FORTY, AND—"

a friend who will attend to some little formalities about licenses and clergyman and all that. And will you send your bill? Here, this is my address, sir; it will be attended to as soon as I reach home. I shall leave for New York this afternoon, thanks to your skill. It is rare skill, my dear sir; money, I am aware, does not pay for such things. Some time when you need a season's rest, you come to Greylock, and my wife will do for you a part of what she has done for me. And

let me tell you, there will be some pretty girls there—my step-daughters. You're a young man, and it's a strange thing, but young people find young people pleasant company. Yes, nice girls, and with good marriage portions, each of them," said the unblushing Colonel, his happiness developing in him new and singular powers for match-making. "But I'm in no hurry to think of their leaving the place."

And the Colonel carried things with

this high hand over every one. When Queenie protested that she must wait to get a dress, he also protested that dresses, velvets, cashmeres, laces, diamonds, furs, were to be had in New York, and there they should be found, and they would leave Milly and Florry to dismiss the enemy, sell the furniture, and give the landlord the key of the house, and follow with Archie and Louie in season for a Christmasing that should make the old house thrill in all its timbers.

And leave that afternoon he did, his friend attending to everything, and he himself not looking at license or certificate, nor seeing the amazement, the consternation, the self-conscious glance, the look of shame, that passed between the two young ladies when he announced that he had been married to their mother a half-hour before—seeing only the soft rose-color on his wife's cheek, the sweet droop to the pensive mouth, the white eyelids with their long dark fringes. And later, as he looked at the great lance of light with which the Monument pierced the winter blue of the vast sky, and the mighty dome floating like a snowy cloud above the sunset and just faintly blushing in it while receding from him, he breathed a benediction on the town for giving what was to him its chiefest treasure.

And when he brought his wife to Greylock, after a sufficient stay at the Waldorf for all purposes of apparel and finery, she sitting now very still in the covered sleigh, and trembling so that he feared it was with the cold, despite her royal sables, and pulled the robes about her, and bade John hurry the horses, and lifted her into the great house, and seated her by the fire in a chair that received her as if its deep close arms gave her welcome, "This," he said, "is home at last. My little darling, what makes you tremble still? Is it so strange to have love and a home of your own once more?"

"Oh!" she cried, looking up at the portrait of the old Judge that hung upon the wall before her. "It always was my home. You never asked me—you do not seem to know that I was Annis Alexander."

The Colonel was on one knee beside her. If she had been a king's daughter it would

have been something less in his eyes. "And you are my wife!" he said. "To think of it! And I—I drove your father's cows. But a prince could not love you more."

"You are more than a prince to me," she cried. "You are the greatest, the best, the most beautiful of men. We have lost twenty years of life we should have had. I knew it was you. I—I always loved you—at least I think I did. I know I love you now with all my soul."

And when, late in the next week, as the twilight of Christmas eve was falling over Greylock, and the fires were flashing rudely through the deep windows, Colonel Monek came in, his arms and pockets full of parcels, and had a glimpse of Louie and Archie with their arms over each other's shoulders, half buried in a lounge beside the hall chimney, and reading from the same book, while the glow and flicker of the burning logs played over them, and heard, tinkling under Florry's fingers in the room beyond, the tune to which in a mirror he saw Milly dancing and holding up her pretty dinner dress, while at the sound of his feet stamping off the snow they all sprang with joyous greeting, and the gladdest greeting of all was in the two tender brown eyes of a little creature who looked in her silks and laces, with her shining uncovered hair, almost as much like a flower as a woman—a happy little woman who had bloomed into beauty under the sunshine of his love—it seemed to him then as if for the first time in his life he knew what home was. He looked about him at the rich and lovely scene, at the yellow Persian cat rising from the rug and arching its back and sweeping its feather of a tail in suspicion of the great Dane who stalked at his heels, and he noted the spicy perfume of the burning logs, the fragrance of the flowers, and felt that it was all his own, with a sort of fierce joy at its being shut in by the wall of storm without.

"This is happiness," he said to Queenie. "This is something worth coming to. Now we shall have Christmases, and birthdays, and anniversaries, and by-and-by wedding-days, and children going and children coming. And life has just begun to be worth living!"

THE PEDDLER'S PERIL.

BY L. B. MILLER.

"IF I don't run on to a house purty soon, I'll have to sleep out in the woods, or else tramp all night, an' I cain't say as I kyer about doin' neither."

The speaker was a tall, rawboned young man of twenty-three or twenty-four. He wore a slouched wool hat, a long gray overcoat that had evidently seen much service, and brown jeans trousers, the legs of which were stuffed into the tops of his mud-covered boots.

Across his right shoulder rested a stick, from each end of which was suspended a black oil-cloth travelling-bag of unusual size. He was a peddler, and the two bags contained his stock in trade.

As he trudged along the sandy, stumpy road he looked ahead at every turn in the hope of seeing a house. But none was in sight. He shifted his stick from one shoulder to the other several times, for he had been walking since early morning, and was feeling very tired.

The barking of a dog in the distance reached his ear. His face brightened instantly.

Leaving the road, he struck out through the woods, and a few minutes' walk brought him to an opening. Not far from the edge he saw a light shining through the door of a log cabin.

Having had some experience with savage dogs since he had been peddling, he stopped when about fifty yards from the house and called out, "Hello!"

Instantly a chorus of growls and barks began, and a pack of dogs, of all sizes, came swarming over the low rail fence and rushed toward him. He put down his burden, and grasping the stick by one end, stood ready to defend himself. A man came out of the door, climbed over the fence, and picking up some pieces of wood from the wood-pile, began to scold the dogs and throw the wood at them.

"You, Tige! Biggawn there, you good-fur-nothin' rascal! You'd better git back to that house, an' that mighty quick! Watch, I'll beat the life out uv ye if ye don't shet up yer big mouth an' clear out! Biggawn there, Ring! Biggawn, ever' last one uv ye!"

The scolding and blows soon had their effect, the dogs being driven away, though

not silenced, for they still continued to growl and bark at a distance.

The peddler advanced, and explained that he wanted to stay all night.

"Ye can stay if ye're willin' to put up with sech as we've got, which is mighty little," was the reply. "We hain't fixed to keep nobody, but maybe it 'll be a leetle bit better'n sleepin' out."

"I ain't used to nothin' s'very fine myse'f," said the peddler. "I'm willin' enough to put up with jest whatever ye've got, an' 'll be mighty glad o' the chance besides."

"All right; come in."

The two climbed over the fence and entered the cabin, both of them stooping as they passed through the door.

There was but a single room, and that was by no means large. At one end was a wide fireplace, in which burned a cheerful wood fire. In one of the back corners was a bed, in the other a table. Near the fireplace, on the side that was farther from the door, stood a small rusty-looking stove, on which a woman was cooking supper.

"Take a cheer an' make yerse'f at home," said the man of the house. "What d'ye call yo'r name?"

"Alford."

"Alford? Air ye any akin to them Alfords that used to live down on 'Possum Branch, right clost to the Arkansaw line? The ol' man's name wuz Bill, an' he had a boy named Joe. Le's see; wuz it Joe? Yes—no, I guess it wuzn't, neither. I'm a-gittin' pow'rful furgitful as I git older. Ma, what wuz the name o' that oldest Alford boy? You know who I mean. The one that married Mag Robinson an' moved to Kansas."

"It was Joe, pap—Joe Alford," said the woman.

"Air ye shore it wuz Joe? Don't seem like that 'uz his name."

"Yes, it wuz, pap. I cain't be mistaken about that. He come up hyer oncet or twicet to see our Sally b'fore she got married."

"I reckon it wuz Joe," said the man, reflectively. "Yes, I remember now. Joe wuz his name. I didn't know but what ye might be some akin to them Alfords."

"No, not as I know uv," answered the peddler. "My folks all moved to Missouri frum Indiany about ten years ago. If I've got any kinfolks out hyer uv that name, 'xcept them I'm a-livin' clost to, I hain't never heerd uv 'em."

The man of the house was named Barnett. He sat near his guest, with his chair tilted back, and talked first on one topic and then on another, his wife stopping occasionally to put in a word as she busied herself about the supper.

She was of small stature, contrasting in this respect with her husband, who was over six feet high, broad-shouldered, and muscular. They appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age.

Supper was soon ready.

"Come," said the woman, speaking to Alford, "set up an' have a bite o' suthin' to eat, sech as it is."

The three sat down at the table—Mrs. Barnett at one end, and her husband and the peddler at the sides.

The table was covered with a clean white cloth, and the fare consisted of corn bread, fried bacon, and coffee.

"I'm powerful sorry we hain't got nothin' fittin' fur ye to eat," apologized the woman as she poured out the coffee.

"What ye've got is plenty good, mum—plenty good fur anybody," the peddler hastened to answer her. "It's jest what I want. If it wuzn't, I could eat it. After walkin' all day 'ithout a bite, a feller gits hungry enough to swaller anything."

Then he began, and proved his words. At last he put down his knife and fork, and pushed back his chair.

"Won't ye have suthin' more to make out yer supper?" asked the old man, politely.

"Yes; do try to eat if ye can," urged the woman. "Ye hain't et nothin' at all to speak uv."

"I've et hearty, mum—hearty. I don't know when I've had sech a appetite as I did to-night."

The two men arose from the table, taking their chairs, and seated themselves by the fire. The woman gathered up the fragments of the meal and threw them out at the door. The dogs instantly began to fight over them, and did not stop till Barnett went out with the poker and put an end to the disturbance.

Then he and Alford got out their pipes and smoked, while the woman washed the dishes.

When the dishes had been put away in the cupboard—a dry-goods box supported against the wall by two pegs—she too joined them with her pipe, and the three sat talking and smoking for an hour or so.

"Ma," said Barnett at length, "hadn't ye better go an' fix the upstairs bed so's this young feller can lay down? He's been a-walking all day, an' I guess he feels a right smart more like sleepin' than talkin'. I al'ays do."

"Yes, pap, I'll git it ready right off."

A ladder stood by the wall at the rear end of the room. Up this she climbed, disappearing through a small square opening, and the peddler heard her walking about in the loft.

She soon came down, and said to him: "Yer bed's ready whenever ye feel like layin' down. Jest go right up. I left the candle a-burnin' so's ye can see how to git around up there."

The young man was very glad of the invitation. Leaving his packs and overcoat lying against the wall, he made his way up the ladder.

The floor of the loft, like that of the room below, was of oak planks. They had been put down without being nailed, and were badly warped, making not a little noise as he walked over them. The middle of the roof was nearly high enough for him to stand erect.

From nails in the sides of the rafters were hung strings of pop-corn, onions, red pepper, vegetable seeds tied up in rags, and various similar articles.

The bedstead was only about a foot high, having been intended for a trundle-bed, to go under a higher one.

Alford removed his clothes, blew out the candle, and was soon buried in a mass of feathers. There he lay, looking up at the rafters, across which ran strips of fire-light shining up through the cracks in the loft floor.

Barnett and his wife had not yet gone to bed, and Alford could hear them talking in low tones directly under him. He was not listening to their conversation, having no interest in it; but one expression caught his ear: "I guess he makes lots o' money," said the man, just loud enough to be overheard.

"Yes, I'll be bound he does," answered the woman.

"I wouldn't be the least bit su'prised if them two bundles there is wuth all uv a thousan' dollars," remarked Barnett.

"D'ye think so, pap?" inquired his wife in awe-struck tones. "My, he's rich, ain't he? Don't ye wish we had 'em?"

Soon his attention was arrested again.

"I don't like to kill 'im," said the old man. Then followed some words that Alford could not catch.

"Me neither," answered the woman; "but I guess it's the best thing to do. We're so bad off fur suthin' to live on." Then the conversation again became an unintelligible murmur.

The cold sweat broke out on the peddler's face.

"Nobody but a nacherl - born fool would 'a' had little enough gumption to go traipsin' around 'ithout some sort uv a weepson to perfect 'imse'f with," he thought.

He had not so much as a pocket-knife, except those he kept for sale, and they were below in one of his packs. He put his head over the edge of the bed and listened intently.

"You'd better use the rifle." It was the woman who made this suggestion.

"I'm a leetle afeard I cain't hit 'im in the dark," said her husband.

"Oh yes, I reckon ye can," she urged. "If ye don't fetch 'im the first pop, load up an' try agin. He cain't git away. If he gits down an' goes to run, sick the dawgs on 'im. They'll soon ketch 'im fur ye."

"Yes, an' like as not they'd tear 'im all to pieces an' eat 'im," said the man, with a low laugh.

The peddler lay stupefied with horror. That mild, innocent-looking old couple were discussing their plans as coolly as if murder was an every-day matter with them.

"Is yer gun loaded?" the peddler heard the woman ask.

"Yes," was the reply; "but I expect I'd better put on a fresh cap. That 'n that's on might miss fire."

Alford heard him take the gun down from the deer horns on which it rested against one of the upper logs. Peeping through the floor, he saw him holding it in the firelight as he removed the old cap and put on a new one. The clicking of the lock had an ominous sound to the terrified listener in the loft. He caught a glimpse of the old man's face as the flickering light played over it, and fancied it resembled a demon's gloating over

the deed of horror that was about to be committed.

What was best to do the peddler did not know, but he felt that something must be done at once. He realized that, as the woman had declared, he was fully in their power. But he had no intention of surrendering without making an effort to save himself.

Slipping noiselessly out of bed, he felt along the floor till he found a loose piece of plank which he remembered having seen there when the candle was burning. It was heavy oak, about a yard long, and in the hands of a desperate man would make a very effective weapon.

Stealing along with the utmost caution till he came to the top of the ladder, he grasped the plank firmly and awaited the old man's coming. The instant his head appeared above the floor, Alford proposed to strike it such a blow as would knock the murderous designs out of it, at least for a time.

Soon he heard Barnett shovelling ashes on the fire, and the house grew dark. There was some moving about on the floor below, and then everything became still.

The peddler grasped the plank more firmly, and listened and waited, for he believed the expected attack was about to be made.

The silence continued. Alford stood shivering with fear and cold.

"I jest wish I'd never a-seen nor heerd tell uv this ol' shanty an' them robbers an' cutthroats," he said to himself. "I'd 'a' been a sight better off if I'd a-camped out in the woods an' slep' on the ground. That's what I would."

Still he waited and listened, but no sound of a suspicious nature reached his ear. At last he heard the regular breathing of two persons asleep, an occasional snore coming from one of them.

This was a surprise. It must mean that his hosts had either abandoned their purpose of murdering him, or had put it off till later in the night.

It occurred to the peddler that he might steal down the ladder, open the door, and escape into the darkness, returning for his packs when he was better prepared to deal with the people he had fallen among.

But for the risk he would have attempted this. He knew there was danger that the old man would wake up and send a bullet through him before he could get

out of the house. And even if he succeeded in getting outside, it would be almost impossible to escape without being discovered by the dogs. He felt that he would rather take his chances with Barnett, big as the man was, than to try to fight those savage, hungry brutes.

After waiting awhile to make sure that no immediate attack was to be made upon him, he crept back to his bed and lay down again. The piece of board was placed in easy reach, so that he could put his hand on it the instant it was needed.

It was his intention to remain awake, and he did so for an hour or two. But at last, overcome by weariness, he fell asleep.

He awoke without knowing why, but on listening heard some one walking about on the floor of the room below. The movements were almost noiseless. The person had no shoes on.

The steps went back and forth across the room several times, then approached the foot of the ladder. The loft, as well as the room below, was in inky darkness.

The peddler sprang out of bed, shivering with fright, and seizing the board, again stood ready to defend himself.

He heard Barnett feeling around the ladder, and expected to hear him coming up; but the steps moved away toward the fireplace.

Then followed some scraping and shovelling, and a faint light, as from glowing coals, shone up through the cracks of the floor. Then wood was put on, and the fire soon began to burn.

Barnett again moved about the room, now having his shoes on. Finally he opened the door and went out.

Alford stood perplexed, not knowing what to make of the situation. While he was waiting and wondering what would take place next, he was startled by hearing the sharp report of a rifle outside near the house, followed by a furious barking from the dogs.

Soon the door opened, and Barnett came in.

"Did ye kill 'im, pap?" Alford heard the woman inquire.

"Yes; brung 'im down easy the first crack," was the reply. "Didn't like to do it, though. We won't know when to git up now, an' jest like as not we'll be a-layin' in bed till daylight ev'ry mornin'."

"Never mind, pap. Mis' Higgins prom-

ised me a rooster any time I'd come over, an' I reckon I'll go about the last o' this week or the first o' next. We'll soon have suthin' to crow fur us agin. Make a fire in the stove, an' put on a kittle o' water right off. Then I'll git up an' scald 'im an' pick 'im. I'm anxious to git 'im on to cook as soon as ever I can, 'cause I jest know he's pow'ful tough."

After breakfast, when the peddler was ready to start on his way, he asked the couple what they charged for his night's lodging.

"Nothin' at all, nothin' at all," replied the old man. "Ye're plumb welcome to sech as ye got. I'm sorry we didn't have nothin' better to give ye."

"Yes, so'm I," spoke up the woman. "Maybe when ye come along agin we will have. If I knowed when ye's a-comin' I'd stir the ol' man out to kill a deer. Venison's mighty good 'long 'bout this time o' the year."

"Well, I'm a thousan' times obleeged to both uv ye," said Alford. - "If I jest knowed I'd never have to put up with worse 'n you set before me, I'd be awful well satisfied never to git better." Then he opened his packs, and laid out tablecloths, towels, pillow-cases, knives, forks, spoons, and several other small articles. "Take 'em," he said to Mrs. Barnett; "they're yo'r'n."

"We caint think o' takin' none o' them things fur pay," declared the old man. "It wouldn't be right. They're mighty nice an' purty an' all that, an' we need 'em. If we wuzn't so hard run we'd be jest too glad to take 'em all an' pay ye fur 'em. But we hain't got the money. Maybe some time when ye happen along agin—"

"Never mind about payin' fur 'em," interrupted Alford. "That's already attended to. Take 'em along. They're yo'r'n an' welcome. I've got more'n I want to tote, anyhow." And he proceeded to buckle the straps around his packs again.

Walking back through the woods toward the road with the packs on his shoulder, the peddler grinned broadly as he said to himself:

"It wuzn't a goose they wuz a-goin' to kill; it wuz a chicken." And then he added: "The whole trouble come uv listenin' to what I didn't have no business o' hearin'. The next house I stay at I'll stuff rags or suthin' or other in my years."

THE SHOW-PLACES OF PARIS.

NIGHT.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

PARIS is the only city in the world which the visitor from the outside positively refuses to take seriously. He may have come to Paris with an earnest purpose to study art or to investigate the intricacies of French law, or the historical changes of the city; or, if it be a woman, she may have come to choose a trousseau; but no matter how serious his purpose may be, there is always some one part of each day when the visitor rests from his labors and smiles indulgently and does as the Parisians do. Whether the city or the visitor is responsible for this, whether Paris adopts the visitor, or the visitor adapts himself to his surroundings, it is impossible to say. But there is certainly no other capital of the world in which the stranger so soon takes on the local color, in which he becomes so soon acclimated, and which brings to light in him so many new and unsuspected capacities for enjoyment and adventure.

Americans go to London for social triumph or to float railroad shares, to Rome for art's sake, and to Berlin to study music and economize; but they go to Paris to enjoy themselves. And there are no young men of any nation who enter into the accomplishment of this so heartily and so completely as does the young American. It is hardly possible for the English youth to appreciate Paris perfectly, because he has been brought up to believe that "one Englishman can thrash three Frenchmen," and because he holds a nation that talks such an absurd language in some contempt; hence he is frequently while there irritable and rude, and jostles men at the public dances, and in other ways asserts his dignity.

But the American goes to Paris as though returning to his inheritance and to his own people. He approaches it with the friendly confidence of a child. Its language holds no terrors for him; and he feels himself fully equipped if he can ask for his "edition," and say, "Cocher, allez Henry's tout sweet." There is nothing so joyous and confiding as the American during his first visit to the French metropolis. He has been told by older men of the gay, glad days of the Second Empire, and by his college chum

of the summer of the last exposition, and he enters Paris determined to see all that any one else has ever seen, and to outdo all that any one else has ever done, and to stir that city to its suburbs. He saves his time, his money, and his superfluous energy for this visit, and the most amusing part of it is that he always leaves Paris fully assured that he has enjoyed himself while there more thoroughly than any one else has ever done, and that the city will require two or three months' rest before it can readjust itself after the shock and wonder due to his meteoric flight through its limits. London he dismisses in a week as a place in which you can get good clothes at moderate prices, and which supports some very entertaining music-halls; but Paris, he tells you, ecstatically, when he meets you on the boulevards or at the banker's, where he is drawing grandly on his letter of credit, is "the greatest place on earth," and he adds, as evidence of the truth of this, that he has not slept in three weeks. He is unsurpassed in his omnivorous capacity for sight-seeing, and in his ability to make himself immediately and contentedly at home. There is a story which illustrates this that is told by a young American banker who has been living in Paris for the last six years. He met one day on the boulevards an old college friend of his, and welcomed him with pleasure.

"You must let me be your guide," the banker said. "I have been here so long now that I know just what you ought to see, and I shall enjoy seeing it with you as much as though it were for the first time. When did you come?" The new arrival had reached Paris only three days before, and said that he was ready to see all that it had to show. "You have nothing to do to-night, then?" asked the banker. "Well, we will drop in at the gardens and the cafés chantants. There is nothing like them anywhere." His friend said he had made the tour of the gardens on the night of his arrival, but that he would be glad to revisit them. But that being the case, the banker would rather take him to the cafés—"The Black Cat," and Bruant's, and "The Dead Rat." These

his friend had visited on his second evening.

"Oh, well, we can cross the river, then, and I will show you some slumming," said the banker. "You should see the places where the thieves go—the Château Rouge and Père Lunette."

"I went there last night," said the newcomer.

The man who had lived six years in Paris took the stranger by the arm and asked him if he was sure he was not engaged for that evening. "For if you are not," he said, "you might take me with you and show me some of the sights!"

The American visitor is not only undaunted by the strange language, but unimpressed by the signs of years of vivid history about him. He sandwiches a glimpse at the tomb of Napoleon, and a trip on a penny steamer up the Seine, and back again to the Morgue, with a rush through the Cathedral of Notre Dame, between the hours of his breakfast and the race-meeting at Longchamps the same afternoon. Nothing of present interest escapes him, and nothing bores him. He assimilates and grasps the method of Parisian existence with a rapidity that leaves you wondering in the rear, and at the end of a week can tell you that you should go to one side of the Grand Hôtel for cigars, and to the other to have your hat blocked. He knows at what hour Yvette Guilbert comes on at the Ambassadeur's, and on which mornings of the week the flower-market is held around the Madeleine. While you are still hunting for apartments he has visited the sewers under the earth, and the Eiffel Tower over the earth, and eaten his dinner in a tree at Robinson's, and driven a coach to Versailles over the same road upon which the mob tramped to bring Marie Antoinette back to Paris, without being the least impressed by the contrast which this offers to his own progress. He develops also a daring and reckless spirit of adventure, which would never have found vent in his native city or town, or in any other foreign city or town. It is in the air, and he enters into the childish good-nature of the place and of the people after the same manner that the head of a family grows young again at his class reunion.

One Harvard graduate arrived in Paris summer before last during those riots, which originated with the students, and were carried on by the working-people,

and which were cynically spoken of on the boulevards as the Revolution of Sara Brown. In any other city he would have watched these ebullitions from the outskirts of the mob, or remained a passive spectator of what did not concern him, but being in Paris, and for the first time, he mounted a barricade, and made a stirring address to the students behind it in his best Harvard French, and was promptly cut over the head by a gendarme and conveyed to a hospital, where he remained during his stay in the gay metropolis. But he still holds that Paris is the finest place that he has ever seen. There was another American youth who stood up suddenly in the first row of seats at the Nouveau Cirque and wagered the men with him that he would jump into the water with which the circus ring is flooded nightly, and swim, "accoutred as he was," to the other side. They promptly took him at his word, and the audience of French bourgeois were charmed by the spectacle of a young gentleman in evening dress swimming calmly across the tank, and clambering leisurely out on the other side. He was loudly applauded for this, and the management sent the "American original" home in a fiacre. In any other city he would have been hustled by the ushers and handed over to the police.

Those show-places of Paris which are seen only at night, and of which one hears the most frequently, are curiously few in number. It is their quality and not their quantity which has made them talked about. It is quite as possible to tell off on the fingers of two hands the names and the places to which the visitor to Paris will be taken as it is quite impossible to count the number of times he will revisit them.

In London there are so many licensed places of amusement that a man might visit one every night for a year and never enter the same place twice, and the places of unofficial entertainment are so numerous that men spend years in London and never hear of nooks and corners in it as odd and strange as Stevenson's Suicide Club or Fagan's School for Thieves—public-houses where blind beggars regain their sight and the halt and lame walk and dance, music-halls where the line is strictly drawn between the gentleman who smokes a clay pipe and the one who smokes a brier, and arenas like the Lambeth School of Arms,

from which boy pugilists and coal-heavers graduate to the prize-ring, and such thoroughfares as Ship's Alley, where in the space of fifty yards twenty murders have occurred in three years.

In Paris there are virtually no slums at all. The dangerous classes are there, and there is an army of beggars and wretches as poor and brutal as are to be found at large in any part of the world, but the Parisian criminal has no environment, no setting. He plays the part quite as effectively as does the London or New York criminal, but he has no appropriate scenery or mechanical effects.

If he wishes to commit murder, he is forced to make the best of the well paved, well-lighted, and cleanly swept avenue. He cannot choose a labyrinth of alleyways and covered passages, as he could were he in Whitechapel, or a net-work of tenements and narrow side streets, as he could were he in the city of New York.

Young men who have spent a couple of weeks in Paris, and who have been taken slumming by paid guides, may possibly question the accuracy of this. They saw some very awful places indeed—one place they remember in particular, called the Château Rouge, and another called Père Lunette. The reason they so particularly remember these two places is that these are the only two places any one ever sees, and they do not recall the fact that the neighboring houses were of hopeless respectability, and that they were able to pick up a cab within a hundred yards of these houses. Young Frenchmen who know all the worlds of Paris tell you mysteriously of these places, and of how they visited them disguised in blue smocks, and guarded by detectives; detectives themselves speak to you of them as a fisherman speaks to you of a favorite rock or a deep hole where you can always count on finding fish, and every newspaper correspondent who visits Paris for the first time writes home of them as typical of Parisian low life. They are as typical of Parisian low life as the animals in the Zoo in Central Park are typical of the other animals we see drawing stages and horse-cars and broughams on the city streets, and we require the guardianship of a detective when we visit them as much as we would need a policeman in Mulberry Bend or at an organ recital in Carnegie Hall. They

are show-places, or at least they have become so, and though they would no doubt exist without the aid of the tourist or the man about town of intrepid spirit, they count upon him, and are prepared for him with set speeches, and are as ready to show him all that there is to see as are the guides around the Capitol at Washington.

I should not wish to be misunderstood as saying that these are the only abodes of poverty and the only meeting-places for criminals in Paris, which would of course be absurd, but they are the only places of such interest that the visitor sees. There are other places, chiefly wine-shops in cellars in the districts of Glacière, Montrouge, or Villette, but unless an inspector of police leads you to them, and points out such and such men as thieves, you would not be able to distinguish any difference between them and the wine-shops and their *habitués* north of the bridges and within sound of the boulevards. The paternal municipality of Paris, and the thought it has spent in laying out the streets, and the generous manner in which it has lighted them, are responsible for the lack of slums. Houses of white stucco, and broad, cleanly swept boulevards with double lines of gas lamps and shade trees, extend, without consideration for the criminal, to the fortifications and beyond, and the thief and bully whose interests are so little regarded is forced in consequence to hide himself underground in cellars or in the dark shadows of the Bois de Boulogne at night. This used to appeal to me as one of the most peculiar characteristics of Paris—that the most desperate poverty and the most heartless of crimes continued in neighborhoods notorious chiefly for their wickedness, and yet which were in appearance as well ordered and commonplace-looking as the new model tenements in Harlem or the trim working-men's homes in the factory districts of Philadelphia.

The Château Rouge was originally the house of some stately family in the time of Louis XIV. They will tell you there that it was one of the mistresses of this monarch who occupied it, and will point to the frescoes of one room to show how magnificent her abode then was. This tradition may or may not be true, but it adds an interest to the house, and furnishes the dramatic contrast to its present wretchedness. It is a tall building paint-

ed red, and set back from the street in a court. There are four rooms filled with deal tables on the first floor, and a long counter with the usual leaden top. Whoever buys a glass of wine here may sleep with his or her head on the table, or lie at length upstairs on the floor of that room where one still sees the stucco cupids of the fine lady's boudoir. It is now a lodging-house for beggars and for those who collect the ends of castaway cigars and cigarettes on the boulevards, and possibly for those who thief in a small way. By ten o'clock each night the place is filled with men and women sleeping heavily at the tables, with their heads on their arms, or gathered together for miserable company, whispering and gossiping, each sipping jealously of his glass of red wine.

There is a little room at the rear, the walls of which are painted with scenes of celebrated murders, and the portraits of the murderers, of anarchists, and of their foes the police. A sharp-faced boy points to these with his cap, and recites his lesson in a high singsong, and in an *argot* which makes all he says quite unintelligible. He is interesting chiefly because the men of whom he speaks are heroes to him, and he roars forth the name of "Antoine, who murdered the policeman Jervois," as though he were saying Gambetta, the founder of the republic, and with the innocent confidence that you will share with him in his enthusiasm. The pictures are ghastly things, in which the artist has chiefly done himself honor in the generous use of scarlet paint for blood, and in the way he has shown how by rapid gradations the criminal descends from well-dressed innocence to ragged viciousness, until he reaches the steps of the guillotine at Roquette. It is a miserable chamber of horrors, in which the heavy-eyed absinthe-drinkers raise their heads to stare mistily at the visitor, and to listen for the hundredth time to the boy's glib explanation of each daub in the gallery around them, from the picture of the vermilion-cheeked young woman who caused the trouble, to an imaginative picture of Montfaucon covered with skulls, where, many years in the past, criminals swung in chains.

The café of Père Lunette is just around several sharp corners from the Château Rouge. It was originally presided over by an old gentleman who wore spectacles, which gave his shop its name. It is a

resort of the lowest class of women and men, and its walls are painted throughout with faces and scenes a little better in execution than those in the Château Rouge, and a little worse in subject. It is a very small place to enjoy so widespread a reputation, and its front room is uninteresting, save for a row of casks resting on their sides, on the head of each of which is painted the portrait of some noted Parisian, like Zola, Eiffel, or Boulanger. The young proprietor fell upon us as his natural prey the night we visited the place, and drove us before him into a room in the rear of the wine-shop. He was followed as a matter of course by a dozen men in blouses, and as many bareheaded women, who placed themselves expectantly at the deal tables, and signified what it was they wished to drink before going through the form of asking us if we meant to pay for it. They were as ready to do their part of the entertainment as the actors of the theatre are ready to go on when the curtain rises, and there was nothing about any of them to suggest that he or she was there for any other reason than the hope of a windfall in the person of a stranger who would supply him or her with money or liquor. A long-haired boy with a three days' growth of hair upon his chin, of whom the proprietor spoke proudly as a poet, recited in verse a long descriptive story of what the pictures on the wall were intended to represent, and another youth, with a Vandyck beard and slouched hat, and curls hanging to his shoulder, sang Aristide Bruant's song of "Saint Lazare." All of the women of the place belonged to the class which spends many months of each year in that prison. The music of the song is in a minor key, and is strangely sad and eerie. It is the plaint of a young girl writing to her lover from within the walls of the prison, begging him to be faithful to her while she is gone, and Bruant cynically makes her designate three or four of her feminine friends as those whose society she particularly desires him to avoid. The women, all of whom sang with sodden seriousness, may not have appreciated how well the words of the song applied to themselves, but you could imagine that they did, and this gave to the moment and the scene a certain touch of interest. Apart from this the place was dreary and the pictures indecent and stupid.



THE CHÂTEAU ROUGE.

There is much more of interest in the Café of Aristide Bruant, on the Boulevard Rochechouart. Bruant is the modern François Villon. He is the poet of the people, and more especially of the criminal classes. He sings the virtues or the lack of virtue of the several districts of Paris, with the life of which he claims an intimate familiarity. He is the bard of the bully, and of the thief, and of the men who live on the earnings of women. He is unquestionably one of the most picturesque figures in Paris, but his picturesqueness is spoiled in some degree by the evident fact that he is conscious of it. He is a poet, but he is very much more of a *poseur*.

Bruant began by singing his own songs in the café chantant in the Champs Élysées, and celebrating in them the life of Montmartre, and the Place de la République, and of the Bastille. He has done for the Parisian bully what Albert Chevallier has done for the coster of Whitechapel, and Edward Harrigan for the East Side of New York, but with the important difference that the Frenchman claims to be one of the class of whom he

writes, and the audacity with which he robs stray visitors to his café would seem to justify his claims. There is no question as to the strength in his poems, nor that he gives you the spirit of the places which he describes, and that he sees whatever is dramatic and characteristic in them. But the utter heartlessness with which he writes of the wickedness of his friends the Maquereaux rings false, and sounds like an affectation. One of the best specimens of his verse is the one in which he tells of the Bois de Boulogne at night, when the woods, he says, cloak all manner of evil things, and when, instead of the rustling of the leaves, you hear the groans of the homeless tossing in their sleep under the sky, and calls for help suddenly hushed, and the angry cries of thieves who have fallen out over their spoils and fight among themselves; or the hurried footsteps of a belated old gentleman hastening home, and followed silently in the shadow of the trees by men who fall upon and rob him after the fashion invented and perfected by Père François. Others of his poems are like

the most realistic paragraphs of *L'Assommoir* and *Nana* put into verse.

Bruant himself is a young man, and an extremely handsome one. He wears his yellow hair separated in the middle and combed smoothly back over his ears, and dresses at all times in brown velvet, with trousers tucked in high boots, and a red shirt and broad sombrero. He has had the compliment paid him of the most sincere imitation, for a young man made up to look exactly like him now sings his songs in the cafés, even the characteristically modest one in which Bruant slaps his chest and exclaims at the end of each verse: "And I? I am Bruant." The real Bruant sings every night in his own café, but as his under-study at the Ambassadeur's is frequently mistaken for him, he may be said to have accomplished the rather difficult task of being in two places at once.

Bruant's café is a little shop barred and black without, and guarded by a commissionnaire dressed to represent a policeman. If you desire to enter, this man raps on the door, and Bruant, when he is quite ready, pushes back a little panel, and scrutinizes the visitor through the grated opening. If he approves of you he unbars the door, with much jangling of chains and rasping of locks, and you enter a tiny shop, filled with three long tables, and hung with all that is absurd and fantastic in decoration, from Cheret's bill-posters to unframed oil-paintings, and from beer-mugs to plaster death-masks. There is a different salutation for every one who enters this café, in which all those already in the place join in chorus. A woman is greeted by a certain burst of melody, and a man by another, and a soldier with easy satire, as representing the government, by an imitation of the fanfare which is blown by the trumpeters whenever the President appears in public. There did not seem to be any greeting which exactly fitted our case, so Bruant waved us to a bench, and explained to his guests, with a shrug: "These are two gentlemen from the boulevards who have come to see the thieves of Montmartre. If they are quiet and well-behaved we will not rob them." After this somewhat discouraging reception we, in our innocence, sat perfectly still, and tried to think we were enjoying ourselves, while we allowed ourselves to be robbed by waiters and venders of songs and books without daring to murmur or protest.

Bruant is assisted in the entertainment of his guests by two or three young men who sing his songs, the others in the room joining with them. Every third number is sung by the great man himself, swaggering up and down the narrow limits of the place, with his hands sunk deep in the pockets of his coat, and his head rolling on his shoulders. At the end of each verse he withdraws his hands, and brushes his hair back over his ears, and shakes it out like a mane. One of his perquisites as host is the privilege of saluting all of the women as they leave, of which privilege he avails himself when they are pretty, or resigns it and bows gravely when they are not. It is amusing to notice how the different women approach the door when it is time to go, and how the escort of each smiles proudly when the young man deigns to bend his head over the lips of the girl and kiss her good-night.

The café of the Black Cat is much finer and much more pretentious than Bruant's shop, and is of wider fame. It is, indeed, of an entirely different class, but it comes in here under the head of the show-places of Paris at night. It was originally a sort of club where journalists and artists and poets met round the tables of a restaurant-keeper who happened to be a patron of art as well, and who fitted out his café with the canvases of his customers, and adopted their suggestions in the arrangement of its decoration. The outside world of Paris heard of these gatherings at the Black Cat, as the café and club were called, and of the wit and spirit of its *habitués*, and sought admittance to its meetings, which was at first granted as a great privilege. But at the present day the café has been turned over into other hands, and is a show-place pure and simple, and a most interesting one. The café proper is fitted throughout with heavy black oak, or something in imitation of it. There are heavy broad tables and high wainscoting and an immense fireplace and massive rafters. To set off the sombreness of this, the walls are covered with panels in the richest of colors, by Steinlen, the most imaginative and original of the Parisian illustrators, in all of which the black cat appears as a subject, but in a different rôle and with separate treatment. Upon one panel hundreds of black cats race over the ocean, in another they are waltzing with



AT BRUANT'S.



AT THE BLACK CAT.

naiads in the woods, and in another are whirling through space over red-tiled roofs, followed by beautiful young women, gendarmes, and boulevardiers in hot pursuit. And in every other part of the café the black cat appears as frequently as did the head of Charles I. in the writings of Mr. Dick. It stalks stuffed in its natural skin, or carved in wood, with round glass eyes and long red tongue, or it perches upon the chimney-piece with back arched and tail erect, peering down from among the pewter pots and salvers. The gas-jet shoots from the mouths of wrought-iron cats, and the dismembered heads of others grin out into the night from the stained-glass windows. The room shows the struggle for what is odd and bizarre, but the drawings in black and white and the water-colors and oil-paintings on the walls are signed by some of the cleverest artists in Paris. The inscriptions and rules and regulations are as odd as the decorations. As, for example, the one placed half-way up the narrow flight of stairs, which leads to

the tiny theatre, and which commemorates the fact that the café was on such a night visited by President Carnot, who—so the inscription adds, lest the visitor should suppose the Black Cat was at all impressed by the honor—"is the successor of Charlemagne and Napoleon I." Another fancy of the Black Cat was at one time to dress all the waiters in the green coat and gold olive leaves of the members of the Institute, to show how little the poets and artists of the café thought of the other artists and poets who belonged to that ancient institution across the bridges. But this has now been given up, either because the uniforms proved too expensive, or because some one of the Black Cat's *habitués* had left his friends "for a ribbon to wear in his coat," and so spoiled the satire.

Three times a week there is a performance in the theatre upstairs, at which poets of the neighborhood recite their own verses, and some clever individual tells a story, with a stereopticon and a caste of pasteboard actors for accessories. These

latter little plays are very clever and well arranged, and as nearly proper as a Frenchman with such a temptation to be otherwise could be expected to make them. It is a most informal gathering, more like a performance in a private house than a theatre, and the most curious thing about it is the character of the audience, which, instead of being bohemian and ar-

It would be impossible to write of the entertainment Paris affords at night without cataloguing the open-air concerts and the public gardens and dance-halls. The best of the *cafés chantants* in Paris is the *Ambassadeur's*. There are many others, but the *Ambassadeur's* is the best known, is nearest to the boulevards, and has the best restaurant. It is like all the rest in



A CAFÉ CHANTANT.

tistic, is composed chiefly of worthy bourgeoisie, and young men and young women properly chaperoned by the parents of each. They sit on very stiff wooden chairs, while a young man stands on the floor in front of them with his arms comfortably folded and recites a poem or a monologue, or plays a composition of his own. And then the lights are all put out, and a tiny curtain is rung up, showing a square hole in the proscenium, covered with a curtain of white linen. On this are thrown the shadows of the pasteboard figures, who do the most remarkable things with a naturalness which might well shame some living actors.

its general arrangement, or all the others copy it, so that what is true of the *Ambassadeur's* may be considered as descriptive of them all.

The *Ambassadeur's* is a roof-garden on the ground, except that there are comfortable benches instead of tables with chairs about them, and that there is gravel underfoot in place of wooden flooring. Lining the block of benches on either side are rows of boxes, and at the extreme rear is the restaurant, with a wide balcony, where people sit and dine, and listen to the music of the songs without running any risk of hearing the words. The stage is shut in with mirrors and set with artificial

flowers, which make a bad background for the artists, and which at matinées, in the broad sunlight, look very ghastly indeed. But at night, when all the gas-jets are lit and the place is crowded, it is very gay, joyous, and pretty.

The Parisian may economize in household matters, in the question of another egg for his breakfast, and in the turning of an uneaten entrée into a soup, but in public he is most generous: and he is in nothing so generous as in his reckless use of gas. He raises ten lamp-posts to every one that is put up in London or New York, and he does not plant them only to light some thing or some person, but because they are pleasing to look at in themselves. It is difficult to feel gloomy in a city which is so genuinely illuminated that one can sit in the third-story window of a hotel and read a newspaper by the glare of the gas-lamps in the street below. This is a very wise generosity, for it helps to attract people to Paris, who spend money there, so that in the end the lighting of the city may be said to pay for itself. If we had as good government in

New York as there is in Paris, Madison Square would not depend for its brilliancy at night on the illuminated advertising of two business firms.

Individuals follow the municipality of Paris in this extravagance, and the Ambassadeur's is in consequence as brilliant as many rows of gas-jets can make it, and these globes of white light among the green branches of the trees are one of the prettiest effects on the Champs Élysées at night. They do not turn night into day, but they make the darkness itself more attractive by contrast. The performers at the Ambassadeur's are the best in their line of work, and the audiences are composed of what in London would be called the middle class, mixed with cocottes and boulevardiers. You will also often see American men and women who are well known at home dining there on the balcony, but they do not bring young girls with them.

It is interesting to note what pleases French people of the class who gather at these open-air concerts. What is artistic they seem to appreciate much more fully



AT THE MOULIN ROUGE.

than would an American or an English audience; at least they are more demonstrative in their applause; but the contradictory feature of their appreciation lies in their delight and boisterous enthusiasm, not only over what is very good, but also over what is most childish horse-play. They enjoy with equal zest the quiet inimitable character studies of Nicolle and the efforts of two trained dogs to play upon a fiddle, while a hideous gaunt creature, six foot tall, in a woman's ballet costume, throws them off their chairs in convulsions of delight. They are like children with a mature sense of the artistic, and still with an infantile delight in what is merely noisy and absurd.

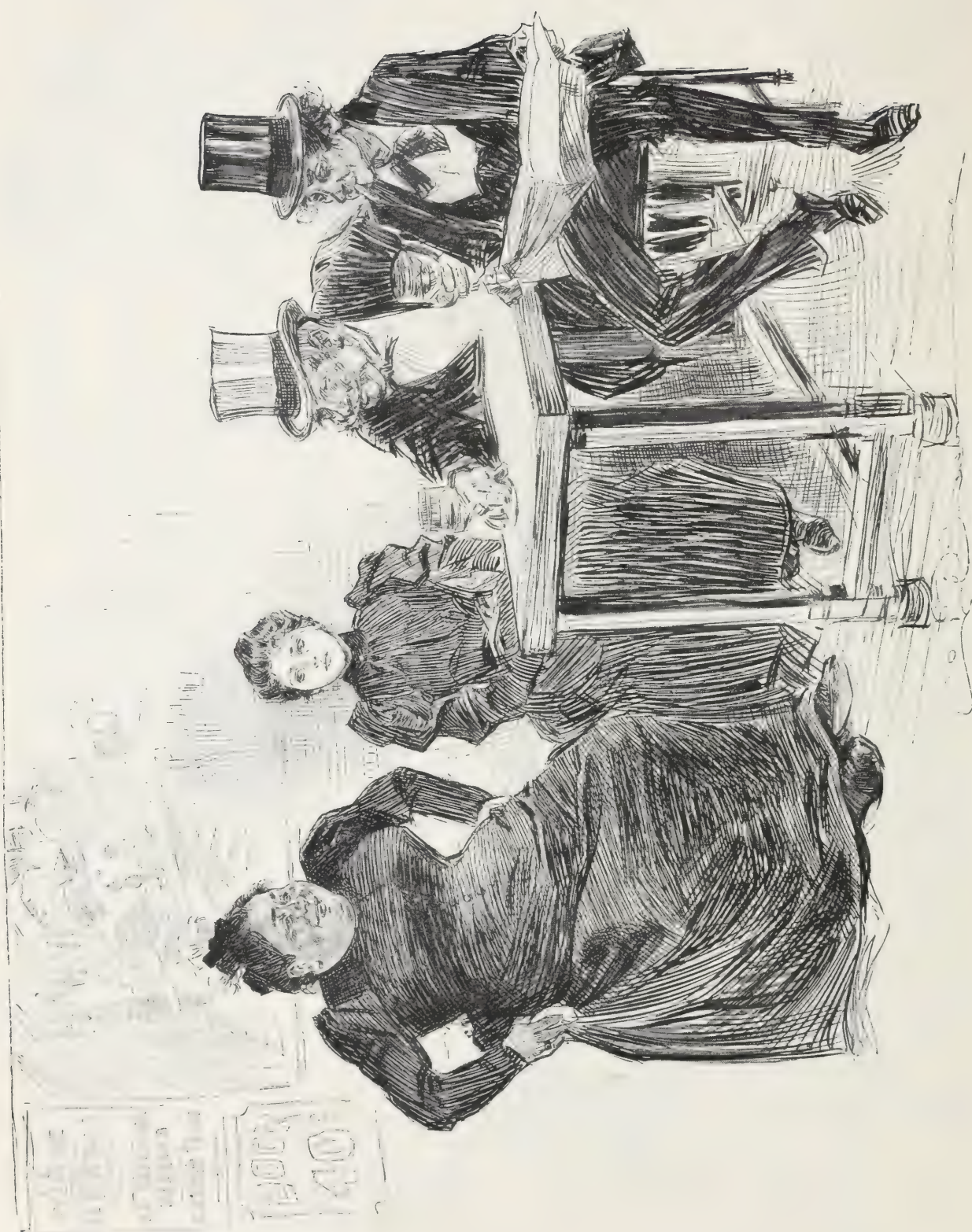
It is also interesting to note how much these audiences will permit from the stage in the direction of suggestiveness, and what would be called elsewhere "outraged propriety." This is furnished them to the highest degree by Yvette Guilbert. It seems that as this artist became less of a novelty, she recognized that it would be necessary for her to increase the audacity of her songs if she meant to hold her original place in the interest of her audiences, and she has now reached a point in daring which seems hardly possible for her or any one else to pass. No one can help delighting in her and in her line of work, in her subtlety, her grace, and the absolute knowledge she possesses of what she wants to do and how to do it. But her songs are beyond anything that one finds in the most impossible of French novels or among the legends of the Viennese illustrated papers. These latter may treat of certain subjects in a too realistic or in a scoffing but amusing manner, but Guilbert talks of things which are limited generally to the clinique of a hospital and the *blague* of medical students; things which are neither funny, witty, nor quaint, but simply nasty and offensive. The French audiences of the open-air concerts, however, enjoy these, and encore her six times nightly. At Pastor's Theatre last year a French girl sang a song which probably not one out of three hundred in the audience understood, but which she delivered with such appropriateness of gesture as to make her meaning plain. When she left the stage there was absolute silence in the house, and in the wings the horrified manager seized her by the arms, and in spite of her protests refused to allow her to reappear. So her



SOME YOUNG PEOPLE OF MONTMARTRE.

performance in this country was limited to that one song. It was a very long trip to take for such a disappointment, and the management were, of course, to blame for not knowing what they wanted and what their audiences did not want, but the incident is interesting as showing how widely an American and a French audience differ in matters of this sort.

There was another French woman who appeared in New York last winter, named Duclerc. She is a very beautiful woman, and very popular in Paris, and I used to think her very amusing at the Ambassador's, where she appealed to a sympathetic audience; but in a New York theatre she gave you a sense of personal responsibility that sent cold shivers down your back, and you lacked the courage to applaud,



ON MONTMARTRE.

when even the gallery looked on with sullen disapproval. And when the Irish comedian who followed her said that he did not understand her song, but that she was quite right to sing it under an umbrella, there was a roar of relief from the audience which showed it wanted some one to express its sentiments, which it had been too polite to do except in silence. This tolerance impressed me very much, especially because I had seen the same woman suffer at the hands of her own people, whom she had chanced to offend. The incident is interesting, perhaps, as showing that the French have at times not only the child's quick delight, but also the cruelty of a child, than which there is nothing more unreasoning and nothing more savage.

One night at the Ambassadeur's, when Duclerc had finished the first verse of her song, a man rose suddenly in the front row of seats and insulted her. Had he used the same words in any American or English theatre, he would have been hit over the head by the member of the orchestra nearest him, and then thrown out of the theatre into the street. It appeared from this man's remarks that the actress had formerly cared for him, but that she had ceased to do so, and that he had come there that night to show her how well he could stand such treatment. He did this by bringing another woman with him, and by placing a dozen bullies from Montmartre among the audience to hiss the actress when she appeared. This they did with a rare good-will, while the rejected suitor in the front row continued to insult her, assisted at the same time by his feminine companion. No one in the audience seemed to heed this, or to look upon it as unfair to himself or to the actress, who was becoming visibly hysterical. There was a piece of wood lying on the stage that had been used in a previous act, and Duclerc, in a frenzy at a word which the man finally called to her, suddenly stooped, and picking this up, hurled it at him. In an instant the entire audience was on its feet. This last was an insult to itself. As long as it was Duclerc who was being attacked, it did not feel nor show any responsibility, but when she dared to hurl sticks of wood at the face of a Parisian audience, it rose in its might and shouted its indignation. Under the cover of this confusion the hired bullies stooped, and scooping up handfuls of the gravel

with which the place is strewn, hurled them at Duclerc, until the stones rattled around her on the stage like a fall of hail. She showed herself a very plucky woman, and continued her song, even though you could see her face growing white beneath the rouge, and her legs twisting and sinking under her when she tried to dance. It was an awful scene, breaking so suddenly into the easy programme of the evening, and one of the most cowardly and unmanly exhibitions that I have ever witnessed. There did not seem to be a man in the place who was not standing up and yelling "*À bas Duclerc!*" and the groans and hisses and abuse were like the worst efforts of a mob. Of course the stones did not hurt the woman, but the insult of being stoned did. They put an end to her misery at last by ringing down the curtain, and they said at the stage door afterwards that she had been taken home in a fit.

When I saw her a few months later at Pastor's, I was thankful that, as a people, our self-respect is not so easily hurt as to make us revenge a slight upon it by throwing stones at a woman. Of course a Frenchman might say that it is not fair to judge the Parisians by the audience of a music-hall, but there were several ladies of title and gentlemen of both worlds in the audience, who a few months later assailed Jane Hading when she appeared as Phryne in the *Opéra Comique* with exactly the same violence and for as little cause. These outbursts are only temporary aberrations, however; as one of the attendants of the Ambassadeur's said, "*To-morrow they will applaud her the more to make up for it,*" which they probably did. It is in the same spirit that they change the names of streets, and pull down columns only to rebuild them again, until it would seem a wise plan for them, as one Englishman suggested, to put the Column of Vendôme on a hinge, so that it could be raised and lowered with less trouble.

Of the public gardens and dance-halls there are a great number, and the men who have visited Paris do not have to be told much concerning them, and the women obtain a sufficiently correct idea of what they are like from the photographs along the Rue de Rivoli to prevent their wishing to learn more. What these gardens were in the days of the Second Em-

pire, when the Jardin Mabille and the Bal Bouille were celebrated through books and illustrations, and by word of mouth by every English and American traveller who had visited them, it is now difficult to say. It may be that they were the scenes of mad abandon and fascinating frenzy, of which the last generation wrote with mock horror and with suggestive smiles, and of which its members now speak with a sigh of regret. But we are always ready to doubt whether that which has passed away, and which in consequence we cannot see, was as remarkable as it is made to appear. We depreciate it in order to console ourselves. And if the Mabille and the Bouille were no more wickedly attractive in those days than is the Moulin Rouge which has taken their place under the Republic, we cannot but feel that the men of the last generation visited Paris when they were very young. Perhaps it is true that Paris was more careless and happy then. It can easily be argued so, for there was more money spent under the Empire, and more money given away in fêtes and in spectacles and in public pleasures, and the Parisian in those days had no responsibility. Now that he has a voice and a vote, and is the equal of his President, he devotes himself to those things which did not concern him at all in the earlier times. Then the Emperor and his ministers felt the responsibility, and asked of him only that he should enjoy himself.

But whatever may have been true of the spirit of Paris then, the man who visits it to-day expecting to see Leech's illustrations and Mark Twain's description of the Mabille reproduced in the Jardin de Paris and the Moulin Rouge will be disappointed. He will, on the contrary, find a great deal of light and some very good music, and a mixed crowd composed chiefly of young women and Frenchmen well advanced in years and English and American tourists. The young women have all the charm that only a French woman possesses, and parade quietly below the boxes, and before the rows of seats that stretch around the hall or the garden, as it happens to be, and are much better behaved and infinitely more self-respecting and attractive in appearance than the women of their class in London or New York. But there are no students nor grisettes to kick off high hats and to dance in an ecstasy of abandon.

There are in their places from four to a dozen ugly women and shamefaced-looking men, who are hired to dance, and who go sadly through the figures of the quadrille, while one of the women after another shows how high she can kick, and from what a height she can fall on the asphalt, and do what in the language of acrobats is called a "split"; there is no other name for it. It is not an edifying nor thrilling spectacle.

The most notorious of these dance-halls is the Moulin Rouge. You must have noticed when journeying through France the great windmills that stand against the sky-line on so many hill-tops. They are a picturesque and typical feature of the landscape, and seem to signify the honest industry and primitiveness of the French people of the provinces. And as the great arms turn in the wind you can imagine you can hear the sound of the mill-wheel clacking while the wheels inside grind out the flour that is to give life and health. And so when you see the great Red Mill turn high up where four streets meet on the side of Montmartre, and know its purpose, you are impressed with the grim contrast of its past uses and its present notoriety. An imaginative person could not fail to be impressed by the sight of the Moulin Rouge at night. It glows like a furnace, and the glare from its lamps reddens the sky and lights up the surrounding streets and cafés and the faces of the people passing like a conflagration. The mill is red, the thatched roof is red, the arms are picked out in electric lights in red globes, and arches of red lamp shades rise on every side against the blackness of the night. Young men and women are fed into the blazing doors of the mill nightly, and the great arms, as they turn unceasingly and noisily in a fiery circle through the air, seem to tell of the wheels within that are grinding out the life and the health and souls of these young people of Montmartre.

If you have visited many of the places touched upon in this article in the same night, you will find yourself caught in the act by the early sunlight, and as it will then be too late to go to bed, you can do nothing better than turn your steps towards the Madeleine. There you may find the market people taking the flowers out of the black canvas wagons and putting up the temporary booths,

while the sidewalk is hidden with a mass of roses in their white paper cornucopiæ and the dark damp green of palms and ferns.

It will be well worth your while to go on through the silent streets from this market of flowers to the market of food in the Central Halls, where there are strawberry patches stretching for a block, and bounded by acres of radishes or acres of mushrooms, and by queer fruits from as far south as Algiers and Tunis, just arrived from Marseilles on the train, and green pease and carrots from just beyond the fortifications. It is the only spot in the city where many people are awake. Everybody is awake here, bustling and laughing and scolding—porters with brass badges on their sleeves carrying great piles of vegetables, and plump market-women in white sleeves and caps, and drivers in blue blouses smacking their lips over their hot coffee after their long ride through the night. It is like a great exposition building of food exhibits, with the difference that all of these exhibits are to be scattered and are to disappear on the breakfast tables of

Paris that same morning. Loud-voiced gentlemen are auctioneering off whole crops of potatoes, a sidewalk at a time, or a small riverful of fish with a single clap of the hands; live lobsters and great turtles crawl and squirm on marble slabs, and vistas of red meat stretch on iron hooks from one street corner to the next.

You are, and feel that you are, a drone in this busy place, and salute with a sense of guilty companionship the groups of men and girls in dinner dress who have been up all the night and who come singing and chaffing in their open carriages in search of coffee and a box of strawberries, or a bunch of cold crisp radishes with the dew still on them, which they buy from a virtuous matron of grim and disapproving countenance at a price which throws a lurid light on the profits of Bignon's and Laurent's.

And then you become conscious of your evening dress and generally dissolute and out-of-place air, and hurry home through the bright sunlight to put out your sputtering candle and to creep shamefacedly to bed.

RICHARD AND ROBIN.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

MY name is Doddridge—George Harper Doddridge—though it is scarcely important for you to know it, seeing that I am to be merely a chronicler. I am addressed familiarly among my friends and acquaintances as Dodd; but some of the married ones, whose children are encouraged to ride horseback on my either leg as a sort of indemnity for the dinners I consume, call me Uncle George—a pseudonyme which has been adopted also by the younger set at the club. I am the oldest bachelor in the house, and yet I am not so very old. Excepting a grizzly patch on either side, my hair is still dark and abundant as a lad's, save for a bald spot on the crown; and I can see straight as the crow flies, which all married men of fifty are not able to do. I mention these details merely to demonstrate that I am neither lame, halt, nor blind. And yet they call me Uncle George. I suppose the reason is because I have been catalogued as a confirmed old bachelor, and consequently am regarded as a safe

repository for all sorts of confidences and a convenient object of social charity. It is generally understood that I shall never marry. My story? Pardon me, I intend to keep that one to myself. Yet I will tell you that I am pointed out to young girls in their first season as a constant man, and I have detected in the eyes of more than one of them a look of sympathetic pity, suggestive of a desire to ask me all about it, if they only dared.

I am the oldest bachelor in the house, both in point of years and occupancy. My rooms are the pleasantest of their kind. From one of my parlor windows I command a glimpse of the harbor over the chimney-tops, and from the other see hills green with foliage or white with snow, according to the season. I came here twenty years ago to a small low house where there was accommodation for only four other lodgers. Eight years back this was pulled down, and on the ground formerly covered by it and two adjoining buildings the present towering

apartment-house was erected. I went around the world while the work was being done, and on my return installed myself in my present quarters, where I intend to die. The homelike feeling which I knew beneath the roof with a landlady has departed, but I have all the modern conveniences under the sway of a janitor; notably plumbing and electricity. There is a fire-escape at my bed-chamber window; but if the house burns, I shall burn with it rather than risk the descent. It is well enough for the family man to go down a stepladder in his night-gown at dead of night; but I have only a nephew, who will not be inconsolable, to mourn me.

This vicinity is a favorite one for bachelors, and deservedly so, for it is central, and many things which single men who have to shift for themselves require are close at hand; though, come to think of it, the bachelors were here before the creature comforts, and the neighborhood has grown up to cater to our necessities. The three houses which stood where our apartment-house, the Rexford, now stands were all occupied by single men, and there were other warrens across the way and on the same street, out of which or into which at almost any hour of the day or night single men were liable to pop. Now the Rexford shelters all; and shelters not merely bachelors, for in the flat immediately under mine a girl artist lives a blameless life, and across the entry from hers is the home of a woman who writes for the society newspapers, and has literary aspirations. Our little world has become more complex now that the sphere of woman has widened, and there is a milliner as well as a florist and an apothecary in close proximity to the Rexford. Two doctors have their signs directly opposite, and there is another—a bachelor—in the house. There is a cabman at the corner, and altogether I am very well off for a single man.

Twenty years! They tell me I am growing set, as all old bachelors do; and I will admit that I am more particular than I used to be about my food, and like to have it at certain times and piping hot. Still, I can assume as cheerful a countenance as any man of my age, or younger, if the dinner hour of my host be eight o'clock, or some heedless girl fresh from the nursery makes a mistake of thirty minutes and is a quarter tardy into the

bargain. A man who, like myself, is constantly climbing up and down another's stairs cannot afford to run amuck too fiercely with the world if he does not wish to comprehend how much more bitter in the long-run the club salt is than any other. Twenty years! In that time what an army of bachelors I have seen stepping into life with the down on their upper lips, and stepping from day to day, briskly or sadly as the case might be, until they walked up the aisle with a lover's pride, or gave up the fight and subsided into middle-aged single men with bald heads! How many stories I could tell of their doings—stories sometimes of wedding-cake and forget-me-nots, and now of broken hearts and ruined lives! Here is one:

I used to think blood a delusion, and quite at odds with democratic doctrine, but the older I grow the more am I led to believe that an honorable lineage is the best of heritages. To one who is not a pessimist or a cynic, traditions as to his father's father's wisdom and his great-grandmother's engaging charms act as spurs or incentives to noble effort, even though the lustre of his house has been dimmed by adversity and its usefulness foreshortened by death. I have seen more than one man in a tight place squeal like a calf, and have remembered that his father was a miser, or a coward, or a boor.

Robert Temple came to live in the old house in the autumn of '71. The somewhat fantastic nickname Robin, which his mother gave him when a little boy, had clung to him. It seemed to suit him. He was a slim, rather delicate-looking youth, with what was almost an old-fashioned cast of countenance, and a figure of the dainty type one associates with the era of miniatures, flowered waistcoats, and tight-fitting coats with brass buttons. His hair was wavy, his expression thoughtful, and his eyes—dark, eloquent pleaders—were now wistful, now scintillant with enthusiasm.

I had met him casually before, but with the indifference a young man is apt to accord to another several years his junior, and my real acquaintance dates from the evening when I, the senior of the house, went up to pay my respects to the new lodger. His rooms were over mine, at the top of the house, and he had been in possession only forty-eight hours. I can

see him now as he looked when I entered. He was engaged in hanging up the sword of his father, who fell at Gettysburg. As we shook hands the tear which he had brushed off, doubtless, when he heard my knock, moistened my wrist. We talked at first of commonplace things—the merits and demerits of our landlady, and precautions against the too rapid disappearance of coal; but presently the conversation drifted back to that with which his soul was full.

“You were in the war?” he asked.

“No; I enlisted, but typhoid fever laid me low before I was able even to learn the tactics or wear a knapsack.”

“I beg your pardon. What a pity!” he said, softly, as though I had told him of some vital grief which he had molested. “How I envy my father!” he said, presently. “All puzzling problems were absorbed for him in the opportunity to stand at his post and be shot down for the sake of a great right.”

I understood him well. Often had I upbraided Providence for leaving me in the lurch when it gave my contemporaries the chance to satisfy conscience at one fell swoop. And here was another, who had been born too late to claim his part, looking back longingly.

I answered Robin sufficiently in this vein to show him that I sympathized with him, yet I said, too:

“They are not the only heroes. The world is full of opportunities to-day.”

He looked up at me brightly. “I know it,” he said. “I ought to be ashamed of myself for repining. I have come here to work hard, Mr. Doddridge.”

Glancing around the room, I saw evidences of taste and of an artistic temperament on every side. A variety of prints and etchings, each one of which caught the eye by its merit, were on the walls or ready to hang. Books, knickknacks, a few pieces of choice pottery, which he had picked up in his two years abroad, were in process of arrangement. Close beside me was a large portfolio.

“Will you let me look at some of your work,” I asked, “while you continue your house-furnishing?”

He seemed pleased, and cleared a space on the table for the portfolio. While I examined his sketches he stood at my elbow, putting in a word of explanation now and again, with a fantastic red and white feather duster over his shoulder. When

I had come to the end he began nervously to dust a Japanese tea-tray.

“Temple,” I said, presently, delaying a little perhaps to choose my words, loath to praise too much, and yet wishing to express my conviction that he had exceptional talent, “I don’t think you need envy any one. Some of these are delightful. You have a delicacy of fancy of your own which is captivating, and quite unusual. I plume myself on knowing a little something about painting, and so I make bold to give you my opinion.”

“It is a limited range, however,” he answered, though he flushed with gratification.

“Yes, it is limited, and a little too delicate, perhaps, for popular appreciation; but it is true. And truth is really what we are all striving after, isn’t it?”

“Indeed it is. Thank you very much, Mr. Doddridge. You have no idea how encouraging your praise is to me. I was becoming a little downcast. My family does not approve of my art. They let me go abroad, hoping to cure me, and they are disappointed that I have come back with no more taste for business than before.”

I remembered that he had two older brothers—John Temple, a coffee merchant, and Samuel Temple, a gentleman farmer, who had married a rich wife.

“Have your brothers seen these sketches?” I inquired.

“Yes. They say they are very pretty. But my brother John seems to think they won’t sell. He says I can be a partner in his firm in five years if I only buckle down.”

“And are you tempted?”

“If it were not for Dick Benton I should have yielded before this. Don’t you know Richard Benton?” he added.

While the question was still on his lips there was a sharp knock at the door, and by an odd coincidence the young man to whom he referred entered. I knew his people, and had seen him as a lad on the streets, as in the case of Robin, but he was practically a new acquaintance. Two men were never more unlike in personal appearance than these two. Richard—or Dick Benton, as the world called him—was a typical square-shouldered, compact, sturdy specimen of humanity, with the bearing already at twenty-five of an alert, shrewd man of affairs. As I learned the next day, he had just started in business for himself downtown. He looked the

kind of man who would never tire, has no nerves, and not much imagination, yet of whom one predicates, after the first five minutes, that he has a large fund of horse-sense. There was something refreshingly cheery and wholesome in his demeanor which suggested a steady west wind.

"We scarcely knew each other in college," explained Robin, presently. "We became intimate at one fell swoop, curiously enough, on the Gerner Grat. We went up independently to see the sun rise, and became friends."

"What a morning that was!" said Benton.

"Wasn't it? Not a cloud in the sky, and the mountains gorgeously white with the first snow of the season, which had fallen the afternoon before. Peaks and peaks on every side, and in front of us the Matterhorn towering like a grand, cold goddess. It was sublime."

"You have never done anything better than the sketch you made then while I looked over your shoulder. I expect to be offered ten thousand dollars for that some day, and to refuse it."

"Perhaps," said Robin, with a laugh. "Mr. Doddridge has been looking at my things, Dick, and he has been kind enough to say that they are pretty good."

"Of course they are good," Benton said, as he cut some tobacco for a pipe.

"But Mr. Doddridge is a connoisseur in art."

"And I know nothing about it? Granted. But I know what I like, Robin," he added, defiantly, as he rammed the cavendish in, "and I like your pictures. And I believe if you stick to your paint-brush you will make your reputation."

"And how about starving in the mean while?"

"You will not starve," said Benton, quietly.

"I have one thousand dollars a year," he said, addressing me. "On one thousand a year can a man dress like a gentleman, go into society, and keep a yacht or a saddle-horse?"

"Pshaw!" said Benton. "Why should a man who can paint like you think of those things? Leave them to the common clay."

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

I quoted.

Robin looked up at me with a gleam of pleasure. "When you hear me abused, then, as an unpractical visionary fellow who can't earn his salt, you must stand up for me."

I think I understood very well what was working in Robin's mind. He was a sensitive soul, and he wished to have public opinion on his side—that is, the opinion of his general acquaintance, his contemporaries, then chiefly bachelors. He would have winced, for instance, at the patronizing effrontery of David Finn which was addressed to me two or three days later as we walked up the street together. Finn was another of the four lodgers in our house, and a successful stock-broker, though only just thirty, and an exquisite in his appearance and surroundings. He was reputed to have made two hundred thousand dollars by selling stocks which he did not own, or buying stocks which he had not the money to pay for—I forget which; and he carried himself haughtily, as though his father had been a Montague, whereas the story is that he was a sea-captain who retired on the insurance-money which he recovered from a company whose defence was that he had set fire to his own vessel. That was the story, but it may never have been true. Besides, the jury gave him a verdict.

"Holloa, Uncle George, old chappie! What sort is the new inmate? One of those literary fellows, isn't he?"

"He's an artist."

"Oh yes! More money nowadays in painting signs than pictures, isn't there?"

David Finn had a prosperous air, which was rather contagious. Society newspaper scavengers habitually described him as "well groomed," and he certainly looked as though he had enough to eat and more than enough to drink, and took fully three hundred and sixty-five baths in the course of the year. He was a clever whip too, and could be seen almost any afternoon on the box of a stylish cart behind a neat-looking cob, as sleek and well groomed as his master. In social matters also he was prominent. He had a way of twisting his mustache which took the place of conversation, and there was no denying his physical comeliness. The mothers of the marriageable girls were wondering whom he would marry.

Robin's die was cast—that is to say, he

had definitely decided not to go into the coffee business—and he was hard at work in his studio at the top of our house, which had been adapted to the purpose by cutting a hole in the roof and providing a skylight. I was downtown during the day, but I made a habit of dropping in on him in the evening from time to time to keep track of what he was doing, and every now and then he would turn his canvases which stood against the wall, or draw the covering from his easel to let me see his work. He could not hope, he said, to do enough for an exhibition by the spring, but he expected by the autumn to be ready for the public. Sometimes I met there Richard Benton, who had taken the remaining suite in our house, which had unexpectedly become vacant; frequently, too, David Finn, who was directly opposite Robin, and who when he was at home liked an audience. When Finn was present, as may be surmised, the conversation did not concern art, but dealt with the operations of syndicates, the condition of the stock market, speculations as to how rich A was, and whether B had made or lost money, the relative speed of yachts, and the ailments and fine points of horses. Robin chiefly listened to these recitals in a sort of fascinated silence. There was one topic, however, which they discussed in common—woman.

I have reference to Robin's state of mind about Easter-time. It was not until then that he began to take notice, so to speak, and to delight to lead the conversation to their social doings and let it linger there. David Finn had in his every-day speech a cynical style where the other sex was concerned. He knew of at least ten women in society—not to mention names. "One of the men in question told me himself, and boasted about it," he would add, to clinch the credibility of the matter. But though his attitude in the abstract was one of suspicion, he was not without his enthusiasms regarding the young women of his acquaintance, and though critical, he could be eloquent concerning individual cases of eyes and hair and shoulders. He and Robin—and, for the matter of that, Richard—were in the same general social set, and went to much the same entertainments, and many a night David would stroll into Robin's room at one o'clock in the morning after a ball, with a cigar, to

talk it over. Occasionally I would make number three. David was prone to desecant upon the fine points of the girls he admired in much the same way as he described with enthusiasm the fine points of a horse. Robin would listen to him and aid and abet him, never hinting at the lateness of the hour, in the hope that sooner or later the name of Gertrude Delamire would be mentioned. It rarely was, unless Robin introduced it himself, which he sometimes did at the fag-end of the evening, in a shy yet off-hand fashion, as though she were to him merely one of fifty, instead of the bright particular angel of his thoughts and dreams. He was sympathetic, too, in the way in which he acquiesced in David's encomiums, in the hope of wringing a favorable opinion from him in regard to her. But David was obdurate, if he understood, or more probably simply indifferent. When once he was brought to bay by a direct question from Robin, he answered: "Oh yes, she is well enough. A pretty little thing, but too thin for my style. Compare her with Edith Harris, for instance. There's a neck and pair of shoulders for you! I like women with go, who speak up."

"Yes," said Robin. The very fact of having breathed her name aloud had brought the color to his cheeks. He was grateful for being able to talk about her, even though the outcome was so meagre. "Miss Delamire looks better at some times than others," he added, almost apologetically, and he blushed again.

"I dare say. Oh, she's well enough," responded Finn, carelessly.

Gertrude Delamire was just the sort of girl whom a sensitive, discerning man would fall in love with. She was as delicate as a Sèvres china cup, alike in physique and thought; but she possessed the delicacy of strength, not of decay. It was natural enough that David Finn should accuse her of not speaking up, for she was dainty in her speech and bearing, and never did the wooing. I remember well how sweet she looked on the afternoon when our bachelor house was opened for a tea that spring—one of Robin's happy suggestions, of which even old Dodd approved. The refreshments were served in Finn's room, but she lingered below to examine a second time the sketch from the Gerner Grät which hung on Richard Benton's wall. Robin was on

the way up stairs, and I heard Miss Edith Harris exclaim to him, "Your rooms are too lovely for anything, Mr. Temple, and this is such fun," which was the same remark she had made a moment before to me.

"Isn't that delightful?" I said, addressing Miss Delamire from the doorway. She seemed to start at my question, for she had apparently supposed herself alone. "So full of poetry and feeling," I added.

"Oh yes," she said, fervently; only that, and our eyes met; but hers fell, and I had guessed her secret. Robin Temple had won her gentle heart.

During that spring David Finn and Robin were much together, and were often to be seen side by side on the former's cart. I said to Finn once, by way of expressing mildly my surprise, though I had to conceal my disapprobation, "What, if you'll excuse an impudent question, is it that you and Robin Temple find in common?"

"Do you know, Uncle George," was the jaunty answer, as though he were announcing a discovery, "Robin's not half a bad lot. I thought at first there was a good deal of the sissy about him, but that's only because he's a little different from the rest of us. They call it the artistic temperament, don't they? Well, all I can say is, I'd give ducats if I could tie a necktie as he does. On my word, clothes which he has worn a year, and bought ready-made to begin with, fit him better than my things from Poole fit me. If he'd only get rid of the idea that he can make his living by painting pictures, and settle down to something practical, I believe he'd go ahead fast. I've told him so half a dozen times. He was a fool to let that partnership slip. Why don't you say a word to him, Dodd, on the same lay? Somehow I think he'd take it better from you. Well, ta-ta."

We had reached the corner where our ways separated, but I reached out my hand and detained him.

"See here, Finn," said I, "if you're really a friend of Robin Temple's, you'll stop saying anything of the kind to him."

"What do you mean?"

"His art is his salvation."

"Art with a capital A?" he asked, with an amused grin.

"I don't understand you," I answered, coldly. "He has very unusual talent. It may be some time before it is appreciated so that he is able to sell his pictures

to advantage, but if he perseveres he is not unlikely, in my judgment, to become one of the foremost artists of the world." I spoke gravely.

Finn looked at me for a moment with a half-quizzical, half-scornful air. I could see that he was not convinced.

"The best thing for him to do, then, is to marry a rich wife, isn't it?" he asked, with an effort to treat the matter lightly.

"I am sure," I said, "that Robin Temple will never marry any woman for her money, even if it were suggested to him."

Finn was not an easy man to offend, and my rudeness seemed merely to imply to him a lack of humor on my part. He put out his hand, and patting me patronizingly on the shoulder, said, with a knowing laugh: "It isn't out of the bounds of possibility, is it, Uncle George, that a man might be in love with two women at the same time, and be influenced in his final choice by the fact that one had money and the other was poor as a church mouse? If he were to marry the rich one, could any one say that he was marrying her for her money? Now think that over, Uncle George, when you've nothing to do, and let me know," he added, with a buoyant chuckle, and strode away.

Robin's first exhibition was in the following October. He displayed twelve pictures in the gallery of a prominent dealer. It was on the second day that Richard burst into my room bubbling over with the announcement that two had already been sold, in addition to the one which he himself had picked out to own. "The critics are with us, too," he added. "There was a first-rate notice in this morning's *Despatch*; and Brummel, who usually tries to crush the life out of beginners, happened in while I was there, and volunteered to tell me that he should give them a send-off in the *Mercury*."

I was not able to pay my respects to the exhibition until the following day. I had seen most of the pictures in process of composition, so that I had a general idea of their excellence, but as I viewed them completed and as a whole, I was even more pleased than I had expected to be. I chose a bright landscape—a bit of woodland and river—which seemed to me thoroughly spirited. On leaving the exhibition gallery one had to pass into the main store, and as I dallied for a moment to examine the dealer's treasures, Miss Gertrude Delamire came in from the



"SHE LINGERED BELOW TO EXAMINE THE SKETCH."

street, without noticing me, I think. She hesitated an instant, then made some inquiries about a frame in what seemed to me a timid, abashed manner. I pretended to be very busy admiring the lines of one of Barye's lions, and slipped out presently into the street without obtruding my personality on her maiden fancy.

The exhibition lasted ten days, and of the twelve pictures six were sold; three of them to people unknown to Robin. Eight hundred dollars, less the dealer's commission, was the net return, which seemed to our young artist a prosperous beginning. He informed Finn of his good fortune on the evening after the exhibition closed, as they sat smoking in my room. I think Robin was a little nettled that David had not taken the trouble to look in during the ten days, for though he said nothing definite, there was a slight tremor of reproach in the tone in which he remarked,

"I took in eight hundred dollars clean money, and sold half my pictures."

The idea that he had been remiss was evidently in Finn's mind too, for he said, presently: "The market has been feverish this week, and I've been busy. I meant to have a squint at them, Robin, but somehow the time passed, and I didn't get round to it."

"That's all right," replied Robin. "You've seen most of them first or last lying about my room."

David said nothing for a moment. An idea had occurred to him, and presently he gave us the benefit of it. "I suppose, Robin, you'd be ready to sell the other six for the same amount of money? Well, now, I tell you what: I'll match you heads or tails to see whether they belong to me, or I pay you another eight hundred dollars. Pictures are not much in my line, barring the great masters, but Uncle George here says you may be a big bug one of these days, and if so, I shall be getting in on the ground-floor. Is it a gamble?"

I could have shaken Finn, though I

dare say he imagined that he was making a generous proposal.

Robin flushed at first at the careless words and bantering tone, but I could see that on second thought he was fascinated. He glanced at me as though for my approval.

"This isn't the Stock Exchange, Finn," I exclaimed.

"No; but I've made a square offer, which I'm ready to stand by."

"I'll do it," said Robin, suddenly.

"Very well. Uncle George, will you manipulate the coin? You may name it, Robin."

I drew reluctantly from my pocket the necessary half-dollar, and spun it into the air. Robin won.

Finn instantly took out his pocket-book. "I'll draw you a check now," he said, and he was proceeding to do so, when he suddenly laid down the pen. "What do you say, Robin, to my buying you a hundred shares of Atchison with this? It's going up. I'd almost be willing to guarantee you against loss."

Robin's eyes gleamed furtively. "I don't know anything about such things. How much would I make?"

"If I put it up as a margin you ought to make another thousand beside the eight hundred."

"Or lose the eight hundred," I interjected.

This must have piqued Finn, for he retorted, boldly: "Come, now, I'd like to see you make some money. I *will* guarantee you against loss. And you too, Uncle George, if you'd like to take a flier."

"Thanks—no; I never speculate," I answered.

Robin looked at us both. "I'd be glad to make some money, if you can make it for me," he replied, eagerly.

"Enough said," said Finn.

When another autumn came round Robin had a new lot of pictures to exhibit. Again the critics were highly complimentary, though not so unreservedly so as on the first occasion. They asserted the critic's prerogative to point out what they thought the strong and weak points in his art. They evidently regarded him no longer as a beginner, but an artist of recognized standing. Seven pictures out of sixteen were sold, at a slight advance in price. Both to Richard Benton and to me this result seemed very satisfactory;

and we felt that Robin had made progress—that his fancy was bolder and his technique more perfect. During this time his attentions to Miss Delamire had become conspicuous, and I knew from various enigmatic speeches which he let fall from month to month that he was anxious to marry her. He was, comparatively speaking, in funds at this time, for Finn had sent him a check for eighteen hundred dollars in less than six weeks from the time of their conversation. I fancy that Robin made use of much of this for flowers for Miss Delamire, and in trying to keep pace with her other admirers in the gay world. I could see that he was restless, and he became more so after David Finn's engagement to Miss Edith Harris was announced, and that prosperous couple were to be seen daily on a brand-new black and yellow cart behind the well-groomed cob.

"Confound it all, Dodd," said he to me one evening, "how is an artist to marry?"

"On nothing," I answered, promptly.

I felt sure that though he had heard me rail at times against improvident marriages, and the cruelty of bringing children into the world to struggle with well-bred poverty, he would not misunderstand me. I knew that the vision of Miss Edith Harris in perpetually superb attire, with a mass of roses at her waist, and mistress of a magnificent establishment, haunted his mind's eye, and would not down at the bidding. He turned the conversation, and studied the fire almost in silence for an hour after; but when he rose at last to leave me he pressed my hand and said:

"I'm going to make a new departure. I'm going to paint a face—an ideal, not a portrait. It will be the best thing I have done. The old masters did Madonnas of the skies, but the world of to-day is inspired by noble earthly women."

Finn was married in the spring, and our house knew him no more. He had built himself an elaborate house in town, another at the sea-side, and was apparently on the top of the wave. I was secretly delighted at his exodus, for I felt convinced that Robin would be able to work less interruptedly. My astonishment and consternation, therefore, were great when, the following autumn, about the time another exhibition by Robin was due, Richard Benton came into my room one evening and said:

"Temple is going into business. The

coffee business," he added, in response to my ejaculations of dismay. "His brother has given him another chance, as he calls it, and he has accepted it. I have been talking with him for two hours, but he is adamant. He says he wishes to be married, and that he must make money. I reasoned with him, but it was of no use. He says he will be able to paint in his leisure moments and vacations. You know what that means. He has fallen down and worshipped the golden calf. The devil take that fellow Finn and all his tribe!"

"Amen!" I muttered.

"He is throwing himself away. There is not one man in a million with his talent, and he is going into the coffee business. Pshaw! Robin, Robin, you have played us false!"

High as my opinion was of Richard Benton, the fervor of his disappointment was a surprise to me. I did not insult his manly intelligence by pretending to palliate the matter. We turned it over in every light, and I promised to see Robin on the morrow and add my remonstrances to those of his best friend, though I felt convinced that they would be made in vain.

Robin evidently expected me. He was standing on the hearth-rug, and when he saw who his visitor was, his expression indicated a harassed soul at bay. He did not suggest my sitting down, and when I had established myself nonchalantly in an arm-chair and lighted a pipe, he said, with nervous decisiveness:

"I know why you have come, Uncle George. But it's of no use. I've made up my mind, and nothing any one can say will change it."

Accordingly I talked of other things, and presently, with the familiarity of one accustomed to take liberties there, I strolled over to his easel and lifted the covering. A face looked back at me—a face only half completed, and yet already so excellent, so original in conception and treatment, that I stepped back eagerly to scan it. A woman's face. Where had I seen it? Yet the costume and surroundings indicated that it was a study in fancy rather than a portrait. Then I recalled our conversation of six months before, and understood. But the likeness? There was no likeness, after all; but I understood, too, whose face had served as an inspiration to the artist.

"Robin," I exclaimed, earnestly, "this

is superb. It far surpasses anything you have done before."

He smiled coldly. "Thanks. I am glad you like it. I shall try to finish it some day." Then he walked up to the easel and replaced the covering.

I appreciated the definiteness of the hint, but I could not restrain myself.

"Robin," I said, "how will the woman whose soul looks from those eyes like what you are doing?"

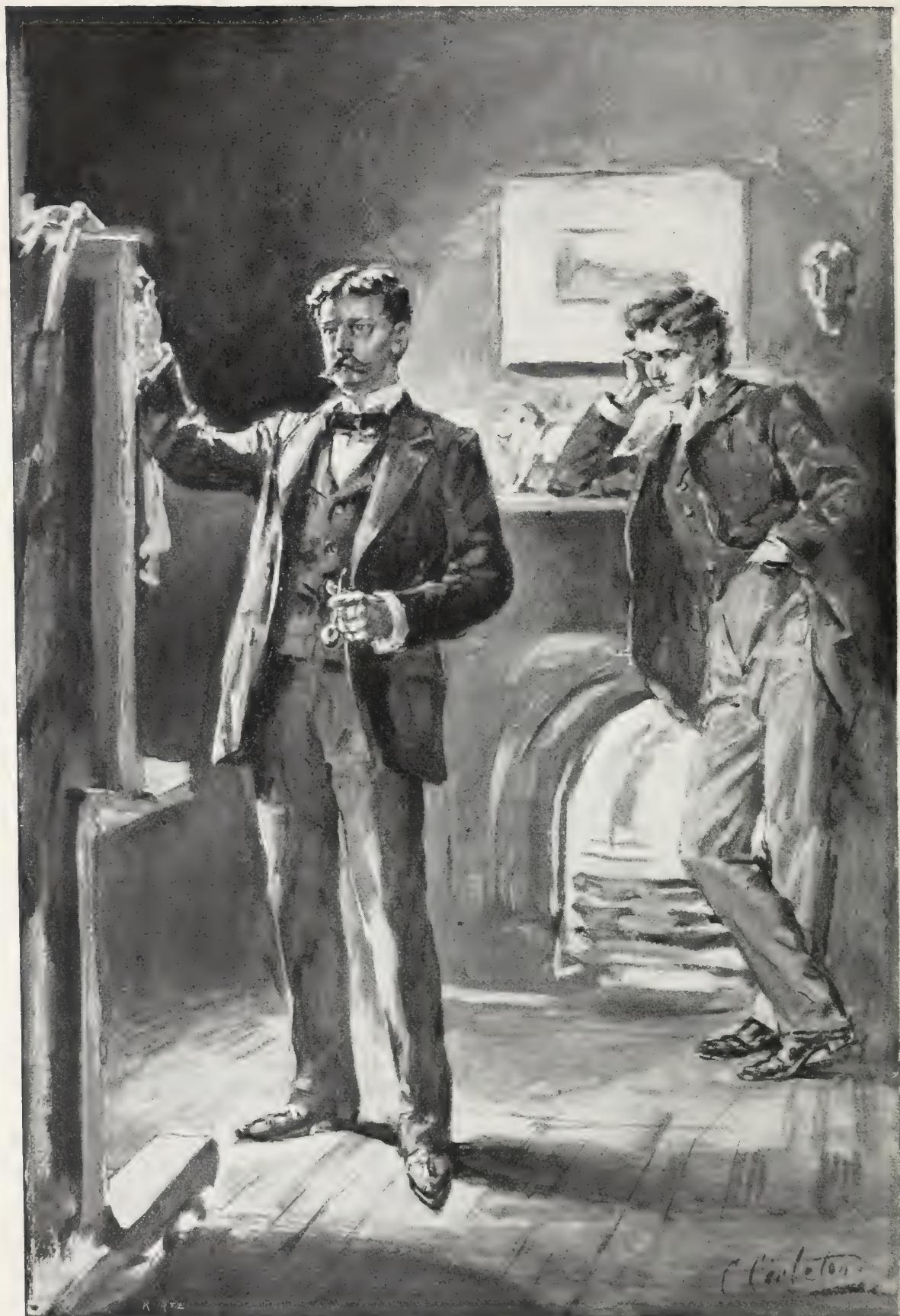
He started as though I had struck him—and, indeed, it was an impertinence; but are not the wounds of friendship faithful?—and the blood surged to his face. He stared at me haughtily.

"I do not understand what you mean," he said. "What right have you to pry into my affairs?"

"Only because I love you, Robin," I said, gently, and left him.

There was from this time a coolness, almost a breach, between us, though we still paid occasional visits to each other's rooms, and preserved the outward show of amity. Robin went into business, and a year and a half slipped away without any apparent change in his or my circumstances. He came and went like any young man who is occupied downtown, and as our intimacy had been interrupted, he was mute in my presence as to his private affairs. I understood, however, that he was early and late at the office.

It was at the end of the second spring after Robin abandoned art that I went abroad, in consequence of the demolition of our lodging-house, preparatory to the erection of the imposing Rexford. Like the very rats, forced after a long and fond occupation to seek shelter elsewhere, we fled right and left, according to our moods and necessities. Richard and Robin sought a haven in one of the other bachelor warrens in the same neighborhood, and I stored my penates, packed my portmanteau, and took the first steamer to Europe. There I remained two years—a little longer, in fact, for I did not return until the snow was on the ground, and the plaster of the Rexford was thoroughly dry, and its modern improvements in complete working order. I had arranged to have my penates re-established in my new quarters, so that I might walk in on a furnished apartment almost as though I had not been away. I arrived late in the evening, to find a fire on the hearth, a bit of supper on the



"A FACE LOOKED BACK AT ME."

table, and the evening *Mercury* at my elbow. Being fresh from the steamer, I was in arrears regarding events, and after my appetite was satisfied I was soon deep in

local news. I turned first to the financial page to ascertain the standing of my few securities. Somehow it comforts or depresses a man, as the case may be, to

know that the stock he owns is five points higher or lower, though he has not the least idea of selling it in either event. Speculation was running riot, it seemed to me, and the rumors of the day prophesied that the advance had only just begun. Having ascertained that I was considerably richer on paper, I turned to the marriages and deaths, and as I read, I stopped to read again, struck with horror:

"In this city, on December the 6th, Robert Temple, in the thirtieth year of his age. Funeral at St. Mark's Church, on Tuesday, December 10th, at one o'clock."

Robin Temple dead, and his funeral to-morrow! I pressed the electric button, and the new janitor, who had served my supper, appeared. "I see the announcement of Mr. Robert Temple's death?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir. He died day before yesterday, of pneumonia, and he's to be buried to-morrow. He had rooms here, sir."

I had not known, though I had supposed it might be so. "Here? In this apartment-house?"

"Yes, sir. I thought of speaking about it, but I wasn't sure you knew him, and I wouldn't mention it until you'd had your supper."

"Thank you, Perkins," I said, to acknowledge consideration so unusual.

"Yes, I knew him well. Of pneumonia?"

"He was taken ill a week ago Sunday, sir; and there were three doctors at the last, and Mr. Benton, besides the nurse, was with him night and day," added Perkins, with the fluency of one who feels that he is free at last to tell all he knows.

"Mr. Richard Benton?"

"Yes, sir. He came in just before you rang. He's grieving sadly, sir."

"Please go and tell Mr. Benton that I am coming down to see him."

Five minutes later I stood with Richard beside the open coffin and looked at our friend as he lay in the sleep of death. The fell disease had left few traces, and even the unconquerable enemy had laid only the seal of marblelike pallor upon the likeness of our Robin. The poetlike eyes were closed, but the dainty features, the delicate contour of brow and lip and chin, were still the same. He was there, yet he was gone—gone to the land of mystery, from which none return to tell of the mercies of God's judgment-seat.

As I looked around me presently, when I had turned away from the coffin, I no-

ticed that the new rooms, into which he had moved only two months before, were exquisitely furnished; but there was only a single suggestion of the artist's craft—an easel in one corner, over which an Eastern cloth had been thrown. Somehow I divined what was beneath, and, impelled by the desire to ascertain, I crossed the room and raised the covering. The same face, fixed by a master's hand, yet unfinished and unaltered, looked out at me from the canvas. Apparently he had never touched it with his brush since our interview two years before.

I heard from Richard's lips that night all that he knew. "He worked like a slave, Dodd; down early and up late. About a year ago his brother died, and the other partner was called to California by the illness of his wife, and Robin's opportunity, as he thought, had come. The coffee market was depressed, unduly so, and he bought, and bought again, borrowing heavily. He was right. In ninety days the tide had turned, and he had made over two hundred thousand dollars. He told me this four months ago, and he has died rich, for so young a man. He seemed exultantly happy, and his manner of living changed at once. He bought a stylish turnout, and he fitted up these rooms; though he said to me, poor fellow, with a knowing smile, the day he moved into them, 'I may not need them very long.' Ten days ago I was sitting in my room late. It was a brutal night—cold, with a piercing wind, and the streets a glare of frozen sleet. I had been beguiled into sitting up late—it was nearly two—by a new book, which I had just finished, when there came a knock at the door, and Robin staggered in; it was just that—staggered. He was pale and distracted-looking. His overcoat—not a heavy one—was unbuttoned and his evening dress awry, as though blown by the wind. He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. 'My God, Robin, what is the matter?' I asked. He looked up at me with an expression of agony I shall never forget, and answered, in a piteous voice, 'She has refused me, Richard, and my heart is broken.' It seems he had been walking the streets in that guise for hours. I watched over him that night. He was ill already, and the next morning he was in a high fever. We did all we could, but he died day before yesterday."

The following afternoon we laid Robin's body in the grave. It was a brilliant winter's day. The landscape revealed, even to the common eye, the subtle hues which artists love. Richard and I drove back from the cemetery together. He had been silent for a time, but as we were nearing home he suddenly said: "How little money can avail, after all! I am worth to-day half a million dollars, Dodd. How gladly would I give Robin the half of it—which is what he will leave behind him—if one could wipe out the last five years, and put him back at his easel just as he once was! But that is all over and past forever."

It was not quite so. As I have stated, those were days of rampant speculation. But, as is apt to be the case, the crash came suddenly and without apparent warning. Many went to the wall, and rumor, which had whispered a month ago that the advance had only just begun, now prophesied that there would be worse failures after the first of the year. It was on Christmas eve, I remember, that I went down to Richard Benton's room and found David Finn there. My visit was purely a casual one. Perhaps the cockles of my heart were oppressed with the sense of loneliness which an old bachelor is apt to experience at this season. As I entered I perceived from their faces that I had interrupted the discussion of some serious matter, and was closing the door, when I was restrained by Richard's voice saying, "Come back, Dodd; you shall be the judge."

I turned back in response to this summons, wondering, and Richard waved me to a seat. Finn was standing, with his back to the fireplace. I noticed, in the few moments of silence which followed, that he looked worried, though his old air of confidence had not forsaken him.

"Dodd," said Richard again, "you shall be the judge between us." Then he addressed Finn: "You have come to me to-night and told me that you are in trouble. You have asked me, as a director of the bank where your largest loans are placed, to consent to their renewal, and I have told you that I cannot. My duty as an officer forbids that; we cannot take the risk. I told you this, and you have just asked me to help you as an individual. I might do so if I chose. I have some means, and I could tide you over; and coming as you do at this Christmas-

time, I would tide you over but for one thing, and Uncle George here shall decide if I am not right. If he says that I am unjust, my credit shall be at your disposal."

For an instant he paused, and I could see that Finn was groping for the reason. He had no inkling of it, though I felt sure that I knew.

"But for you, and men like you, my friend Robin Temple would not be in his grave. You and your example fascinated him until he prostituted the noble gift which God had given him. Day in, day out, he heard you sneer at everything which did not stand for money and the coarse or showy gratifications which mere money can purchase. He learned from you to sacrifice everything for that, and awoke at last to know the agony and bitterness of his delusion. It killed him. He was my dearest friend. You have asked me to help you. My answer is, I refuse you in the name of Robin Temple. Let Dodd, who knows the truth, judge between us."

In spite of the death-blow which these words gave to Finn's hopes, and though he winced a little, a smile curved his lip, recalling vividly his look on the day when he had queried, in answer to my declaration that Robin's art was his salvation, "Art with a capital A?" The same flippant, cruel smile, as though the speech had amused him by its somewhat dramatic intensity. Then, as I looked at him, there came into my mind the words of the Psalmist—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"Finn," I said, "my judgment is that Richard is right."

"Oh, very well. This is absurd," said Finn. "I am no more responsible for the death of Robin Temple than either one of you." There was a brief silence, during which he made his preparations for departure. "It strikes me," he added, bitterly, as he buttoned his overcoat, "that you have scarcely looked at this matter in a businesslike manner."

"No," said Richard, quietly. "It is purely a matter of sentiment."

Ten days later—just after the 1st of January—the suspension of David Finn and Company, bankers and brokers, was announced in the newspapers in startling head-lines, and before another eighteen months had passed I acted as best man to Richard Benton on the occasion of his marriage to Gertrude Delamire.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

The Man. Awake!

The Maid. Who knocks? Mother, is't thou?

The Man.

'Tis I.

The Maid. Who knocks?

The Man.

'Tis I. Open!

The Maid.

His voice? I dream!

Dream-time; 'tis night, nor star nor moon, all dark.

Why tremble cold in my warm bed? 'Tis joy

That in my dreams I still may hear that voice.

The Man. Open! 'Tis I!

The Maid.

Again? No dream. Wait, wait.

I come, who should not; what thou wilt, I will.

How the latch creaks! 'Tis dark; I have no light

To guide thee. Stumble not; there's one step down.

What wouldst thou of me, thou that lov'st me not?

Still, my heart told me in thine hour of need

Thou 'dst turn to me.

The Man.

I love thee.

The Maid.

Oh my God!

The Man. I might have held thee folded in mine arms

Last night, last week, last year. How warm thou art

That tremblest here upon my bosom! Speak!

Art silent as my heart?

The Maid.

Tongue-words are vain

When heart on heart may beat.

The Man.

Dost love me, then?

The Maid. I told it thee when it was sin to speak;

For sin it is when maiden's eye betrays

Such love as mine—a love enkindled here

Not by the man's prayer, but by God above.

We maids must hear "I love thee" ere we say

"I love."

The Man. And I disdained thee! I who heard

Thy heart's voice speaking through the silence—I

Who never looked into thine eyes but met

Thy soul at the window! Now too late—too late.

The Maid. I understand thee not.

The Man.

Thou God unseen,

To whom in darkness I must grope my way,

Give me again the wasted years—one year

To bask upon Thy sunny earth and hold

This woman to my breast!

The Maid.

Thy words, O love,

Fall strangely on mine ear. I know not, I,

What words to offer thee, nor knows my tongue

How it should say "I love." And yet, meseems,

'Tis not so strange to lie within thine arms;

For I could never see thee but my hands

Must ache to hold thee—never watch thee speak,

But my poor heart must cling in kisses there.

Core of my soul, my king of joy! Thy tears

Fall on me fast in burning drops. Bend low,

Bend lower; let me dry them with my hair.

The Man. Vain, vain, my girl. These tears are tears of blood.

The Maid. Oh, horrible! Whose deed is this?

The Man.

No matter

Whence Death comes.

The Maid.

Death?

The Man.

Ay, warm one; I am dead.

Fear'st thou me not?

The Maid.

I cannot fear thee.

The Man.

Nay,

Nor shouldst thou.

The Maid.

Am I dead—I too?

The Man.

Not thou.

But when my soul was driven from its house,
And I upon the shores of infinite space
Stood wonderingly, there came a voice that cried,
“This night is thine—faint spirit, back to earth,
Back to thy home!” “Where may that be?” said I.
“Thy home,” the voice made answer, “is that heart
Which lies most empty for the lack of thee.”
There was a woman on whose faith I leaned;
To her I hastened, but her breast—my pillow—
Heaved in its dreams beneath another’s brow.
In grief I hied me to my mother’s house,
And through the fastness of her bosom gazed.
Five cells were in her heart, where, side by side,
Cradled in equal love, her children lay.
Then swifter than the cold night wind I sped
To where my youngest brother slept at sea—
He that had loved me best. A woman’s face
Betwixt mine image and his inmost eye
Had risen as a veil. To those who most
Had tongued my praise I fled; but, lo! their hearts
Were empty of my name. “I have no home,”
Cried I. “O lead me. Whither shall I go?”
And all at once I saw in memory
Thy soft dark eye, and felt thy fingers warm
That ever lingered as they touched my own.
“Can’t be,” thought I, “that here’s my home of homes?”
And, lo! through wall and shutter, as I peered,
I saw into thy heart, and knew that thou,
Of all the world, wert empty for my love.
O woman, who wert meant to be mine own,
Mine, whom I spurned, I give thee all the past
In grief and rue.

The Maid.

Dead—dead—and I live on?

The Man.

Farewell. Unwreath thy tendrils, O sweet flower
That binds me still to earth!

The Maid.

With thee! With thee!

The Man.

Upon the billows of Infinity
My ship sets sail. I hear the waters beat
On earth’s dark shore. Farewell.

The Maid.

Goest thou to God?

The Man.

I know not—but to seek Him.

The Maid.

I with thee!

Heart of my soul, with thee to the Unknown!
Oh, hold me fast!

The Man.

Farewell.

The Maid.

One moment—wait—

Wait for me there upon the purple shore,
Thou that art fading from mine arms, whose voice
Floats from me on the wings of dawn!

I too

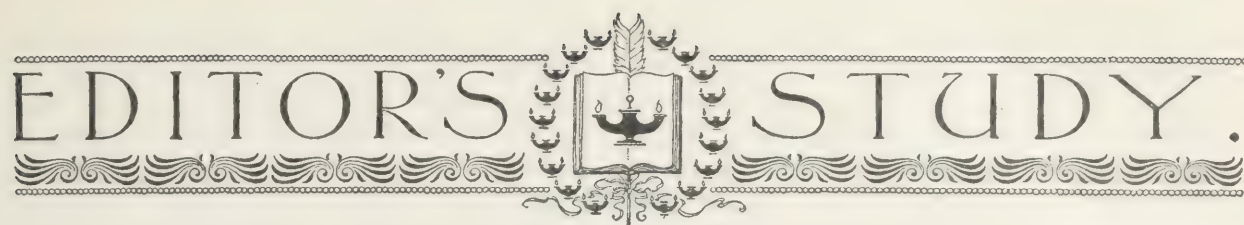
Will spread my sails upon the seas that lead
To Paradise. Ere the last star has shed
Its last soft beam upon the morn I come!
—The grass beneath my feet is wet with dew,
The promise of a day I shall not see.
The young lambs bleat around me, and the birds
Give twitter.

Little stream, that purls so fast
Here in the wood, so dark and cold and clear,
In thee I’ll make my bed. Ah me! good-night,
Good day, good world, that wert so sweet and bitter!
The little ship is ready—the white sails
Have spread their wings and soar to God—

He waits—

I come....

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

THE capacity of this country for producing very old people has never received sufficient attention. In holiday seasons like Christmas our solicitude for many years has been bestowed upon children. The old folks have merely been used as a picturesque background in the picture. The ancient grandfather and the antique grandmother, in their rocking-chairs in the chimney-corner or by the register or the steam-heater, have been scarcely accessories in the games and revels of childhood; the ceremonies have had hardly a tinge of ancestor-worship. The idea has seemed to be that the children were the only important element. They were the only ones to be encouraged. The country needed population, and this end seemed to be attained by the production of children, with little thought of their long continuance in this life. The encouragement has been given to infancy rather than to old age, and we seem to have forgotten that the census—the great source of our national pride—could be swelled by lengthening lives to a great age as well as by increasing the number of those who start in it. Most of the rewards have been for juvenility, and few for the pluck of long continuance. Most of the presents have been given to children, who deserve no credit for coming into the world, and who have been puffed into conceit of their own merit by the extraordinary attention lavished on them, while we think little of giving prizes to those whose temperance and rational conduct have advanced the average age of the community from thirty-three to thirty-five years, and whose example is as encouraging as it is patriotic. One would think that those who are engaged in raising the average of human life would receive more grateful recognition.

It is true that we write beautifully, or as beautifully as we can, about the beauty of old age, the charm of the mellow years of a well-spent life, the wisdom and sweetness and grace of lovely old ladies, and the flavor and ripeness of all good

qualities of very old men, who have carried the spirit of youth, as we say, into their prolonged age, and we are apt to treat sensationally anybody, even an old reprobate or ignoramus, who has contrived, so we put it, to elude deserved death for more than a century; but with all this sentimentality, and in some cases affectionate regard, for very old specimens of the human race, it is undeniably the children who “take the cake.” Everything must give way to the children; they upset all plans and all households. It is marvellous, the universal consideration they receive from a practical, commercial, and statistical modern world, when we think that the only people to whom they are really profitable are the publishers and the toy-makers. All this must not be taken as criticism of the most necessary and charming portion of our population, but only as saying that in regarding them—especially on holidays—we are apt to lose our sense of proportion of the relative merit of those who are at the other end of the line.

II.

This is perhaps an awkward and round-about way of saying that we are not doing enough for the cultivation of old age. But this is in the nature of a digression from the idea with which this Study began, which is that this New World of ours is not only adapted to lead the world in the matter of longevity, but to restoring to a considerable degree the Biblical scheme of existence. This Western hemisphere has many sorts of climates, but they all have in common this encouragement, in exceptional cases it is true, to great age. It has been supposed that the exceedingly variable and violent climate of some regions of our country is hostile to long life. But if we study the matter in view of multitudes of instances, we see that it is not climate, or even hardship, that shortens life in the United States, for instance, but that it is worry and care, or, in other words, the furious pace at which we try to live. No attempt is made to

defend the climate of New England, and yet the number of people who have attained a great age in it is positive proof that the climate is not altogether in fault for mortality. It is probable that the record would be very different if we had paid as much unworried attention to growing old as we have to fighting Indians, subduing forests, making money, and getting ahead of our neighbors. We are still as a nation very young, some physical conditions have been against us, and there has not yet been time enough to spare to show what the country can do for us in the way of longevity. In New England they are less than three lives from the landing of the Pilgrims. Among the Pilgrim records at Plymouth is a letter from Peregrine White, who was born on the *Mayflower* when it lay in Provincetown—the first white child born in New England. Following that is a letter from an estimable Pilgrim deacon, who lived to be 106 years old, and who testifies that he knew Peregrine White. Following that is a letter from a lady still living, at the age of ninety-two, who says that she remembers the aged deacon of 106 years. Thus less than three lives takes us back to the Landing and to the Rock, which is almost as mysterious as the aerolite, or black stone, in the Kaaba at Mecca, since it is like no other piece of granite on the Massachusetts coast. It may be mortifying to see that we have no greater antiquity than this, but the effort of three persons to cover it is encouraging.

But it is in other regions of the continent that we must at present look for the extraordinary capacity of the New World for producing old people. Well-authenticated are cases of mission Indians in southern California who reached the ages of 120, 130, and 140. In that equable region all the great functions of nature go on with regularity, so as to induce a long running of the machine. But besides this, these old men were probably free from care, from religious doubts and scepticism and political worry and ambition, and it is testified that they were simple in their habits, temperate, and even abstemious, drinking only water, and eating little but corn, which they fitted for digestion by the vigorous action of their own grinders. Lieutenant Gibbons found in a village in Peru one hundred persons over the age of 100, and either he

or another credible explorer there reports another man aged 140. He was a very temperate man, ate his food cold, and never ate meat except in the middle of the day. In the highlands of South America the habit of old age is a long-established one. In Ecuador centenarians are common. The census of 1864 found in the town of Pilaguin, 11,000 feet above sea-level, about 2000 inhabitants, among whom were one hundred over 70 years of age, thirty about 80, eleven over 90, five over 100, and one who was 115. Not many years ago died in Ambato a woman named N. Cucalou, who was 114, and one Don José Soto, aged 120. In the year 1840, in the town of Baños, died old Morales, a vigorous carpenter to the end of his life, who was well on in years and the steward of the Jesuits when they were expelled from their property in 1767. In 1838 a witness in a judicial trial was proved to be 140 years old, having been born on the night of the great earthquake which destroyed the old town of Ambato in 1698. How much longer this man lived, who was cradled by an earthquake, is not yet reported. Mexico, notwithstanding its revolutions, is equally favorable to longevity. In the state of Vera Cruz there died a man in 1893 who was 137 years old. That he was carried off prematurely we have reason to suppose, for at Teluca, where the register is officially and carefully kept, there died only a few years ago a man aged 192.

III.

If 192 seems a great age, it is only so because we are not accustomed to it, and because we have not yet appreciated the longevity possibilities of our New World. We have got into such a habit of comparatively short terms that we are surprised when a man sets an example of a full and well-rounded life. And, besides, the Western world has been so sensitive to the charge of bragging about its vast extent and the rapidity of its life that it has not made enough of its resources in the way of longevity, or of its examples of it. Indeed, it has been supposed that the oldest man in the world is a prominent English literary man and writer, and this belief was based upon his omniscience in regard to America. His years have been estimated by his knowledge of our language. But this is no test, for

we have reason to believe that the very old persons whose cases have been cited were not remarkable for knowledge of anything, and we know also that a great many young men and women of this generation, some of whom are writers, know a great deal more now than they will know when they have more experience.

But this is a digression. If we grant that long life is desirable, we naturally look to see where it is most easily attainable, and we may inquire later whether extreme age can be made profitable to its possessor. Old man Morales of Baños was an extraordinarily vigorous carpenter to the end of his life, somewhere about 120 or 130 years. We can speculate as to what he might have accomplished if his pursuits had been more intellectual—as a writer, for instance, on political economy, who could rectify his theories from time to time by a century or two of experience, and become an immense authority alternately on free trade, fair trade, and protection; and perhaps he could find out what money is, as the world shifted its balance from age to age. Or suppose he had been a novelist—suppose the old stand-by of Teluca had been a novelist for one hundred and ninety-two years? How many stories might he not have produced? But the number is of less consequence (since we have plenty of prolific writers who did not live to the age of seventy) than the possible variety. He could have run round the whole circle, been romantic, classic, realist, naturalist, and romantic again, and kept his readers all the time in the change of the popular taste. And further than this, in the good time contemplated the readers will live as long as the writers, and the novelist will carry a vast audience with him to the end, and not have to feel the sting of neglect of new generations.

But the practical purpose of this paper is to direct scientific inquiry to the conditions conducive to great age. As many men have attained it in the New World, of course many more could reach it under like conditions. The examples we have cited were not freaks of nature. They have occurred in many parts of the continent, and in high elevations, and near the sea-level. Since we find them more numerous, however, in Ecuador than in southern California, we need to

inquire whether the high altitude is not more favorable. It is generally believed that an equable climate and an equable mind tend to produce longevity. But the diet may be of equal importance. We do not see that the best cooking, supposed to be the French, induces people to tarry so long in this world as the pure water and corn ground by the teeth in the case of the southern California Indians. Many people have the idea that life would not be worth living on a diet of bread and water, but the test of this is the physical enjoyment and mental elasticity daily got out of this simple regimen. We must inquire how the sage of Teluca lived. Did he take only two meals daily, and never meat except in the middle of the day, or did he eat any time when he was hungry or could get food? And did he sleep half the time, ninety-six years of his life, or only a third, sixty-four?

IV.

The prospect opened up for the inhabitants of this hemisphere is a very encouraging one, calculated to increase the general happiness, if it does not lower the rates of life-insurance or reduce the price of annuities. Testimony abundantly proves that the primary conditions of this country are favorable to long life. There were unsanitary habits which carried off the aborigines, but some of the unnomadic people and the early settlers attained great age. These favoring conditions are to an extent defeated by the worry and speed of modern life. The sudden breaking down of multitudes by heart-failures and paralysis is due to the attempt to live seventy years in thirty-five. The prevalence of nervous prostration among women and young girls is evidence of the high pressure of society, and not of the dread of becoming *old maids*. When we get time, as a race, to fall in with the natural advantages in this land for very long life, we shall do justice to our fortunate position, and then the very old inhabitant will not be considered an eccentric survivor. Nature does not like to be pushed. Her object is to take it easy and endure. A life infested by cares, and at the same time endeavoring to produce two crops a year, is in the condition of the elm-tree attacked by insects, which loses vitality in its attempt to preserve its appearance by put-

ting forth a second vesture of leaves in the summer.

Scientific study of our Western conditions of climate and nutrition would probably show that it is not intended that we should come to maturity so soon as we do now, and that our fruiting-time should not be so short. As it is now, a man accumulates experience and knowledge, and when both ought to be most effective for the good of the world he is worn out, and departs with all his riches, and a younger man takes up the same hopeless task. He ought to be at his best from, say, the age of seventy to one hundred, and then go on wresting from Nature her secrets and blessing the world for a century more. Suppose the old man of Teluca had not written a word for publication until he was a hundred, what a novel he could then have produced, and what a magnificent series of the *Comédie Humaine* he could have given the world in ninety-two years! It is certainly a false theory of our existence to suppose that the man of Teluca would have died young if he had been an intellectual being. The cultivation of the mind ought to invigorate the body, just as the judicious training of the body strengthens the mind, and if this is not the case there is a radical fault in our conduct of life. There is no doubt a natural limit to the life of every organism—a time of growth and decay and dissolution. But we have by our sinful and wasteful habits made the standard of living too brief. The old man of Teluca teaches us that for men, as the discovery of the big trees of Mariposa taught us that for trees.

V.

There is apt to be in the holidays a great deal of moralizing, not only on the pleasure and duty of charity, but on the undesirability and vanity of excessive possessions—the latter especially by those who have few. But there has been little attempt to consider this philosophically. In one view it is merely a comparison of the delight in collecting and the pleasure in distributing. It is a matter of observation that “collectors”—by which we do not mean misers, for avarice is a disease in itself—are apt to pall of their occupation and to tire of their accumulation, that is, if the collection is not bound together by some purpose of historical

study, or industrial illustration, or commercial object. For a few years a man will be an enthusiastic collector of rare books, pictures, engravings, coins, pottery, silver, carvings in ivory and wood, or bric-à-brac of any kind. Then he will sell out, and perhaps begin on another line. Often he sells because he has lost his interest and enjoyment in the pursuit. The fact is that he has violated the law of personal accumulation. No one can thoroughly enjoy more “things” in this world than he can personally assimilate into his daily life. When he passes this line of collecting and storing in his house he is as weary of it as a man is of a general bric-à-brac shop. The ordinary mind can only be kept at the point of fresh enjoyment of things by limiting their number—that is, the number acquired—unless the habit of giving away keeps pace with the habit of acquiring. The mind is like the body in this respect. It tires of superfluities. Those who have the opportunity to eat in great abundance and of great variety soon find their bodies setting a limit to their enjoyment of the table. And those discover a like limit who “collect” beyond the power of entire assimilation. A few things, the best of their kind, or the best that the owner can appreciate, give him continual pleasure. But nothing is so tiring as a mass of objects which overwhelm the owner's power of appreciation. To the philosopher nothing is so pitiful as a man buried under a superfluity of riches.

The collector of money is under the same law. As soon as he has more than he personally needs it becomes a burden. He does not admit this. He is the prey of a diseased hunger, which grows as his power of assimilation and enjoyment diminishes. The person who is satisfied with a moderate competence, like the collector who has about him only so many things as he can daily take pleasure in, is the one who gets the most out of life. This is not a sermon on the vanity of riches. The vanity and the sermon are as old as the human race. The sermon has often been preached by those who had the largest accumulations. It never has any effect. Nor will it do any more good to point out why, owing to human limitations, collecting is unsatisfying. The young generation will continue, to use its own expressive language, to bite off more than it can chew.



DAYLIGHT WISDOM.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

FIDEL SISTERS: "Oh! he proposed after supper, did he—after dancing with you all night—and you refused him! quite right! My dear child, never believe in *any* proposal, until the young man calls at eleven in the morning and asks you to be his wife!"

EDITOR'S DRAWER



"GLAD TO SEE ME?"

A DRAMATIC EVENING.

A Farce.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHARACTERS:

MR. THADDEUS PERKINS, *a victim*.
MR. EDWARD BRADLEY, *a friend in disguise*.
MR. ROBERT YARDSLEY, *an amiable villain*.
MR. JOHN BARLOW, *the amiable villain's assistant*.
MRS. THADDEUS PERKINS, *a martyr*.
MRS. EDWARD BRADLEY, *a woman of executive ability*.
JENNIE, *a housemaid*.

The scene is placed in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, of New York. The time is a Saturday evening in the early spring, and the hour is approaching eight. The curtain rising discovers Perkins, in evening dress, reading a newspaper by the light of a lamp on the table. Mrs. Perkins is seated on the other side of the table, buttoning her gloves. Her wrap is on a chair near at hand. The room is gracefully over-furnished.

Mrs. Perkins. Where are the seats, Thaddeus?

Perkins. Third row; and, by Jove, Bessie (looking at his watch), we must hurry. It is getting on towards eight now. The curtain rises at 8.15.

Mrs. Perkins. The carriage hasn't come yet. It isn't more than a ten minutes' drive to the theatre.

Perkins. That's true, but there are so many carriage-folk going to see Irving that if we don't start early we'll find ourselves on the end of the line, and the first act will be half over before we can reach our seats.

Mrs. Perkins. I'm so glad we've got good seats—down near the front. I despise opera-glasses, and seats under the galleries are so oppressive.

Perkins. Well, I don't know. For the *Lyons Mail*, I think a seat in the front row of the top gallery, where you can cheer virtue and hiss villainy without making yourself conspicuous, is the best.

Mrs. Perkins. You don't mean to say that you'd like to sit up with those odious gallery gods?

Perkins. For a melodrama, I do. What's the use of clapping your gloved hands together at a melodrama? That doesn't express your feelings. I always want to put two fingers in my mouth and pierce the atmosphere with a regular gallery-god whistle when I see the villain laid low by the tow-headed idiot in the last act—but it wouldn't do in the orchestra. You might as well expect the people in the boxes to eat peanuts as expect an orchestra-chair patron to whistle on his fingers.

Mrs. Perkins. I should die of mortification if you ever should do such a vulgar thing, Thaddeus.

Perkins. Then you needn't be afraid, my dear. I'm too fond of you to sacrifice you to my love for whistling. (The front-door bell rings.) Ah, there is the carriage at last. I'll go and get my coat.

[Mrs. Perkins rises, and is about to don her wrap as Mr. Perkins goes toward the door.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. Perkins staggers backward in surprise. Mrs. Perkins lets her wrap fall to the floor, an expression of dismay on her face.

Mrs. Perkins (aside). Dear me! I'd forgotten all about it. This is the night the club is to meet here!

Bradley. Ah, Perkins, how d' y' do? Glad to see me? Gad! you don't look it.

Perkins. Glad is a word which scarcely expresses my feelings, Bradley. I—I'm simply de-lighted. (Aside to Mrs. Perkins, who has been greeting Mrs. Bradley.) Here's a kettle of fish. We must get rid of them, or we'll miss the *Lyons Mail*.

Mrs. Bradley. You two are always so formal. The idea of your putting on your dress suit Thaddeus! It'll be ruined before we are half through this evening.

Bradley. Certainly, Perkins. Why, man, when

you've been moving furniture and taking up carpets and ripping out fireplaces for an hour or two, that coat of yours will be a rag—a veritable rag that the ragman himself would be dubious about buying.

Perkins (aside). Are these folk crazy? Or am I? (*Aloud.*) Pulling up fireplaces? Moving out furniture? Am I to be dispossessed?

Mrs. Bradley. Not by your landlord, but *you* know what amateur dramatics are.

Bradley. I doubt it. He wouldn't have let us have 'em here if he had known.

Perkins. Amateur—amateur dramatics?

Mrs. Perkins. Certainly, Thaddeus. You know we offered our parlor for the performance. The audience are to sit out in the hall.

Perkins. Oh—ah! Why, of course! Certainly! It had slipped my mind; and—ah—what else?

Bradley. Why, we're here to-night to arrange the scene. Don't tell us you didn't know it. Bob Yardsley's coming, and Barlow. Yardsley's a great man for amateur dramatics; he bosses things so pleasantly that you don't know you're being ordered about like a slave. I believe he could persuade a man to hammer nails into his piano-case if he wanted it done, he's so insinuatingly lovely about it all.

Perkins (absently). I'll get a hammer. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins (aside). I must explain to Thaddeus. He'll never forgive me. (*Aloud.*) Thaddeus is so forgetful that I don't believe he can find that hammer, so if you'll excuse me I'll go help him. [*Exit.*]

Bradley. Wonder what's up? They don't quarrel, do they?

Mrs. Bradley. I don't believe any one could quarrel with Bessie Perkins—not even a man.

Bradley. Well, they're queer. Acted as if they weren't glad to see us.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, that's all your imagination. (*Looks about the room.*) That table will have to be taken out, and all these chairs and cabinets; and the rug will never do.

Bradley. Why not? I think the rug will look first-rate.

Mrs. Bradley. A rug like that in a conservatory?

[*A ring at the front-door bell is heard.*]

Bradley. Ah! maybe that's Yardsley. I hope so. If Perkins and his wife are out of sorts we want to hurry up and get through.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, we'll be through by twelve o'clock.

Enter Yardsley and Barlow.

Yardsley. Ah! here we are at last. The wreckers have arrove. Where's Perkins?

Barlow. Taken to the woods, I fancy. I say, Bob, don't you think before we begin we'd better give Perkins ether? He'll suffer dreadful agony.

Enter Mrs. Perkins, wiping her eyes.

Mrs. Perkins. How do you do, Mr. Barlow? and you, Mr. Yardsley? So glad to see you. Thaddeus will be down in a minute. He—ah—he forgot about the—the meeting here to-night, and he—he put on his dress-coat.

Yardsley. Bad thing to lift a piano in. Better be without any coat. But—I say we begin—eh? If you don't mind, Mrs. Perkins. We've got a great deal to do, and unfortunately hours are limited in length as well as in number. Ah! that fireplace must be covered up. Wouldn't do to have a fireplace in a conservatory. Wilt all the flowers in ten minutes.

Mrs. Perkins (meekly). You needn't have the fire lit, need you?

Barlow. No—but—a fireplace without fire in it seems sort of—of bald, don't you think?

Yardsley. Bald? Splendid word applied to a fireplace. So few fireplaces have hair.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, it could be covered up without any trouble, Bessie. Can't we have those dining-room portières to hang in front of it?

Yardsley. Just the thing. Dining-room portières always look well, whether they're in a conservatory or a street scene. (*Enter Perkins.*) Hello, Thaddeus! How d' y' Got your overalls on?

Perkins (trying to appear serene). Yes. I'm ready for anything. Anything I can do?

Bradley. Yes—look pleasant. Haven't you a smile you don't need that you can give us? This isn't a funeral.

Perkins (assuming a grin). How'll that do?

Barlow. First-rate. We'll have to make you act next. That's the most villainous grin I ever saw.

Yardsley. I'll write a tragedy to go with it. But I say, Thad, we want those dining-room portières of yours. Get 'em down for us, will you?

Perkins. Dining-room portières! What for?

Mrs. Perkins. They all think the fireplace would better be hid, Thaddeus dear. It wouldn't look well in a conservatory.

Perkins. I suppose not. And the dining-room portières are wanted to cover up the fireplace?

Yardsley. Precisely. You have a managerial brain, Thaddeus. You can see at once what a dining-room portière is good for. If ever I am cast away on a desert island, with nothing but a dining-room portière for solace, I hope you'll be along to take charge of it. In your hands its possibilities are absolutely unlimited. Get them for us, old man; and while you are about it, bring a stepladder. (*Exit Thaddeus, dejectedly.*) Now, Barlow, you and Bradley help me with this piano. Pianos may do well enough in gardens or pirates' caves, but for conservatories they're not worth a rap.

Mrs. Bradley. Wait a moment. We must take the bric-à-brac from the top of it before you touch



"I'LL BE GLAD IF YOU'LL CARRY THE SOFT PEDAL."

it. If there are two incompatible things in this world, they are men and bric-à-brac.

Mrs. Perkins. You are so thoughtful, though I am sure that Mr. Yardsley would not break anything willingly.

Barlow. Nothing but the ten commandments.

Yardsley. They aren't bric-à-brac; and I thank you, Mrs. Perkins, for your expression of confidence. I wouldn't intentionally go into the house of another man and toss his Sèvres up in the air, or throw his Royal Worcester down stairs, except under very great provocation. (*Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Bradley have by this time removed the bric-à-brac from the piano—an upright.*) Now, boys, are you ready?

Bradley. Where is it to be moved to?

Yardsley. Where would you prefer to have it, Mrs. Perkins?

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, I have no preference in the matter. Put it where you please.

Yardsley. Suppose you carry it up into the attic, Barlow.

Barlow. Certainly. I'll be glad to if you'll carry the soft pedal. I'm always afraid when I'm carrying pianos up stairs of breaking the soft pedal or dropping a few octaves.

Yardsley. I guess we'd better put it over in this corner, where the audience won't see it. If you are so careless that you can't move a piano without losing its tone, we'd better not have it moved too far. Now, then.

[*Barlow, Yardsley, and Bradley endeavor to push the piano over the floor, but it doesn't move.*

Enter Perkins with two portières wrapped about him, and hugging a small stepladder in his arms.

Bradley. Hurry up, Perkins. Don't shirk so. Can't you see that we're trying to get this piano across the floor? Where are you at?

Perkins (meekly). I'm trying to make myself at home. Do you expect me to hang on to these things and move pianos at the same time?

Barlow. Let him alone, Bradley. He's doing the best he knows. I always say give a man credit for doing what he can, whether he is intelligent or not. Of course we don't expect you to hang on to the portières and the stepladder while you are pushing the piano, Thad. That's too much to expect of any man of your size; some men might do it, but not all. Drop the portières.

Perkins. Where'll I put 'em?

Yardsley. Put them on the stepladder.

Perkins (impatiently). And where shall I put the stepladder—on the piano?

Mrs. Perkins (coming to the rescue). I'll take care of these things, Thaddeus dear.

Bradley. That's right; put everything off on your wife. What shirks some men are!

Yardsley. Now, then, Perkins, lend us your shoulder, and—one, two, three—push! Ah! She starts; she moves; she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel. We must have gained an inch. Once more, now. My, but this is a heavy piano!

Bradley. Must be full of Wagnerian music. Why don't you get a piano of lighter quality, Perkins? This isn't any kind of an instrument for amateur stage-hands to manage.

Perkins. I'll know better next time. But is it where you want it now?

Yardsley. Not a bit of it. We need one more push. Get her rolling, and keep her rolling until she stands over there in that corner; and be careful to stop her in time. I should hate to push a piano through one of my host's parlor walls just for the want of a little care. (*They push until the piano*

stands against the wall on the other side of the room, keyboard in.) There! That's first-rate. You can put a camp-chair on top of it for the prompter to sit on; there's nothing like having the prompter up high, because amateur actors, when they forget their lines, always look up in the air. Perkins, go sit out in the hall and imagine yourself an enthusiastic audience—will you?—and tell us if you can see the piano. If you can see it, we'll have to put it somewhere else.

Perkins. Do you mean it?

Mrs. Bradley. Of course he doesn't, Mr. Perkins. It's impossible to see it from the hall. Now, I think the rug ought to come up.

Mrs. Perkins. Dear me! what for?

Yardsley. Oh, it wouldn't do at all to have that rug in the conservatory, Mrs. Perkins. Besides, I should be afraid it would be spoiled.

Perkins. Spoiled? What would spoil it? Are you going to wear spiked shoes?

Barlow. Spiked shoes? Thaddeus, really you ought to have your mind examined. This scene is supposed to be just off the ballroom, and it is here that Gwendoline comes during the lancers and encounters Hartley, the villain. Do you suppose that even a villain in an amateur show would go to a ball with spiked shoes on?

Perkins (wearily). But I still fail to see what is to spoil the rug. Does the villain set fire to the conservatory in this play, or does he assassinate the virtuous hero here and spill his gore on the floor?

Bradley. What a blood-and-thunder idea of the drama you have! Of course he doesn't. There isn't a death in the whole play, and it's two hours long. One or two people in the audience may die while the play is going on, but people who haven't strong constitutions shouldn't attend amateur shows.

Mrs. Perkins. That's true, I fancy.

Mrs. Bradley. Very. It would be very rude for one of your invited guests to cast a gloom over your evening by dying.

Yardsley. It is seldom done among people who know what is what. But to explain the point you want explained, Thaddeus: the rug might be spoiled by a leak in the fountain.

Mrs. Perkins. The fountain?

Perkins. You don't mean to say you're going to have a fountain playing here?

Bradley. Certainly. A conservatory without a fountain would be like *Hamlet* with Yorick's skull left out. There's to be a fountain playing here, and a band playing in the next room—all in a green light, too. It'll be highly effective.

Perkins. But how—how are you going to make the fountain go? Is it to spurt real water?

Yardsley. Of course. Did you ever see a fountain spurt sawdust or lemonade? Now don't get excited and raise obstacles. The thing is simple enough if you know how to do it. Got one of those English bath-tubs in the house?

Perkins. No. But, of course, if you want a bath-tub, I'll have a regular porcelain one with running water, hot and cold, put in—two of 'em, if you wish.

Yardsley. No; stationary bath-tubs are useful, but not exactly adapted to a conservatory.

Barlow. I brought my tub with me. I knew Perkins hadn't one, and so I thought I'd better come provided. It's out in the hall.

Mrs. Bradley (to Mrs. Perkins). He's just splendid! never forgets anything.

Mrs. Perkins. I should say not. But, Mr. Yardsley, a bath-tub, even an English one, will not look very well, will it?



"WE PUT THE TUB HERE."

Yardsley. Oh, very. You see, we'll put it in the centre of the room. Just move that table out in the hall, Thaddeus. (*Enter Barlow with tub.*) Ah! now I'll show you. (*Perkins removes table.*) You see, we put the tub here in the middle of the floor, then we surround it with potted plants. That conceals the tub, and there's your fountain.

Perkins. But the water—how do you get that?

Bradley. We buy it in bottles, of course, and hire a boy to come in and pour it out every two minutes. How dull you are, Perkins! I'm surprised at you.

Perkins. I'm not over-bright, I must confess, when it comes to building fountains in parlors, with no basis but an English bath-tub to work on.

Yardsley. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a length of hose with a nozzle on one end and a Croton-water pipe at the other, Thaddeus Perkins?

Mrs. Perkins. But where is the Croton-water pipe?

Mrs. Bradley. In the butler's pantry. The hose can be carried through the dining-room, across the hall into this room, and it will be dreadfully effective; and so safe, too, in case the curtain catches fire.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, Emma! You don't think—

Perkins. Cheerful prospect. But say, Yardsley, you have arranged for the water supply; how about its exit? How does the water get out of the tub?

Yardsley. It doesn't, unless you want to bore a hole in the floor, and let it flow into the billiard-room below. We've just got to hustle that scene along, so that the climax will be reached before the tub overflows.

Barlow. Perhaps we'd better test the thing now. Maybe my tub isn't large enough for the scene. It would be awkward if the heroine had to seize a dipper and bale the fountain out right in the middle of an impassioned rebuke to Hartley.

Perkins. All right—go ahead. Test it. Test anything. I'll supply the Croton pipes.

Yardsley. None of you fellows happen to have a length of hose with you, do you?

Bradley. I left mine in my other clothes.

Mrs. Bradley. That's just like you men. You grow flippant over very serious matters. For my part, if I am to play Gwendoline, I shall not bale out the fountain even to save poor dear Bessie's floor.

Yardsley. Oh, it'll be all right. Only, if you see the fountain getting too full, speak faster.

Barlow. We might announce a race between the heroine and the fountain. It would add to the interest of the play.

Perkins. I suppose it wouldn't do to turn the water off in case of danger.

Barlow. It could be done, but it wouldn't look well. Where is the entrance from the ballroom to be?

Yardsley. It ought to be where the fireplace is. That's one reason why I think the portières will look well there.

Mrs. Perkins. But I don't see how that can be. Nobody could come in there. There wouldn't be room behind for any one to stand, would there?

Bradley. I don't know. That fireplace is large, and only two people have to come in that way. The rising curtain discloses Gwendoline just having come in. If Hartley, the villain, and Jack Pendleton, the manly young navy officer, who represents virtue, and dashes in at the right moment to save Gwendoline, could sit close and stand the discomfort of it, they might squeeze in there and await their cues.

Mrs. Perkins. Sit in the fireplace?

Yardsley. Yes. Why not?

Perkins. Don't you interfere, Bess. Yardsley is managing this show, and if he wants to keep the soubrette waiting on the mantel-piece it's his lookout, and not ours.

Yardsley. By-the-way, Thaddeus, Wilkins has backed out, and you are to play the villain.



"IT WOULD BE AWKWARD."

Perkins. I? Never!

Barlow. Oh, but you must. All you have to do is frown and rant and look real bad.

Perkins. But I can't act.

Bradley. That doesn't make any difference. We don't want a villain that the audience will fall in love with. That would be immoral. The more you make them despise you, the better.

Perkins. Well—I positively decline to sit in the fireplace. I tell you that right now.

Mrs. Bradley. Don't waste time talking about petty details. Let the entrance be there. We can hang the curtain on a frame two feet out from the wall, so that there will be plenty of room behind for Hartley and Pendleton to stand. The frame can be fastened to the wood-work of the mantel-piece. It may take a screw or two to hold it, but they'll be high up, so nobody will notice the holes in the wood after it comes down. The point that bothers me is this wall-paper. People don't put wall-papers on their conservatories.

Perkins (sarcastically). I'll have the room repapered in sheet-glass. Or we might borrow a few hot-bed covers and hang them from the picture-moulding, so that the place would look like a real greenhouse.

Yardsley. Napoleonic idea. Barlow, jot down among the properties ten hot-bed covers, twenty picture-hooks, and a coil of wire. You're developing, Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins (ruefully, aside). I wish Thaddeus's jokes weren't always taken seriously. The idea of my drawing-room walls being hung with hot-bed covers! Why, it's awful.

Yardsley. Well, now that that's settled, we'll have to dispose of the pictures. Thaddeus, I wish you'd take down the pictures on the east wall, so that we can put our mind's eye on just how we shall treat the background. The mere hanging of hot-bed covers there will not do. The audience could see directly through the glass, and the wall-paper would still destroy the illusion.

Perkins. Anything. Perhaps if you got a jack-plane and planed the walls off it would suffice.

Bradley. Don't be sarcastic, my boy. Remember we didn't let you into this. You volunteered.

Perkins. I know it, Bradley. The house is yours.

Barlow. I said you had paresis when you made the offer, Perkins. If you want to go to law about it, I think you could get an injunction against us—or rather Mrs. Perkins could—on the ground that you were *non compos* at the time.

Mrs. Perkins. Why, we're most happy to have you, I'm sure.

Perkins. So 'm I. (*Aside.*) Heaven forgive me that!

Yardsley. By-the-way, Thad, there's one thing I meant to have spoken about as soon as I got here. Er—is this *your* house, or do you rent it?

Perkins. I rent it. What has that to do with it?

Bradley. A great deal. You don't think we'd treat *your* house as we would a common landlord's, do you? You wouldn't yourself.

Yardsley. That's the point. If you own the house we want to be careful and consider your feelings. If you *don't*, we don't care what happens.

Perkins. I don't own the house. (*Aside.*) And under the circumstances I'm rather glad I don't.

Yardsley. Well, I'm glad you don't. My weak point is my conscience, and when it comes to destroying a friend's property, I don't exactly like to do it. But if this house belongs to a sordid person, who built it just to put money in his own pocket, I don't care. Barlow, you can nail those portières up. It won't be necessary to build a frame for them. Bradley, you carry the chairs and cabinets out.

[Bradley, assisted by Perkins, removes the remaining furniture, placing the bric-à-brac on the floor.

Barlow. All right. Where's that stepladder? Thaddeus, got any nails?

Mrs. Perkins. I—I think we'd rather have a frame, Mr. Yardsley. We can have one made, can't we, Thaddeus?

Perkins. Certainly. We can have anything made. (*Aside.*) I suppose I'd build a theatre for 'em if they asked me to, I'm such a confounded—

Yardsley. Oh no. Of course, if you'd prefer it, we'll send a frame. I don't think nails would look well in this ceiling, after all. Temporarily, though, Barlow, you might hang those portières from the picture-moulding.

Barlow. There isn't any.

Yardsley. Well, then, we'll have to imagine how it will look.

Mrs. Bradley. All the bric-à-brac will have to be taken from the room.

Yardsley. True. Perkins, you know the house better than we do. Suppose you take the bric-à-brac out and put it where it will be safe.

Perkins. Certainly. [*Begins to remove bric-à-brac.*

Yardsley. Now let's count up. Here's the fountain.

Barlow. Yes; only we haven't the hose.

Bradley. Well, make a note of it.

Mrs. Perkins. Emma, can't we help Thaddeus?

Mrs. Bradley. Of course. I'll carry out the fender, and you take the andirons. [*They do so.*

Yardsley. The entrance will be here, and here will be the curtain. How about foot-lights?

Bradley. This bracket will do for a connection. Any plumber can take this bracket off and fasten a rubber pipe to it.

Yardsley. First-rate. Barlow, make a note of one plumber, one length of rubber pipe, and foot-lights.

Bradley. And don't forget to have potted plants and palms, and so forth, galore.

Barlow. No. I'll make a note of that. Will this sofa do for a conservatory?

Yardsley. Jove! Glad you mentioned that. Won't do at all. Thaddeus! (*No answer.*) I hope we haven't driven him to drink.

Bradley. So do I. I'd rather he'd lead us to it.

Yardsley. Thaddeus!

Perkins (from without). Well?

Yardsley. Do you happen to have any conservatory benches in the house?

Mrs. Perkins (appearing in doorway). We have a patent laundry table.

Barlow. Just the thing.

Yardsley (calling). Bring up the patent laundry table, Thaddeus. (*To Bradley.*) What is a patent laundry table?

Bradley. It's what my wife calls the cook's delight. It's an ironing-board on wash-days, a supper table at supper-time, and on the cook's reception days it can be turned into a settee.

Yardsley. It describes well.

Perkins (from a distance). Hi! come down and help me with this thing. I can't carry it up alone.

Yardsley. All right, Perk. Bradley, you and Barlow help Thaddeus. I'll move these other chairs and tables out. It's getting late, and we'll have to hustle.

[*Exit Barlow. Bradley meanwhile has been removing pictures from the walls, and, as Yardsley speaks, is standing on the stepladder reaching up for a painting.*

Bradley. What do you take me for—twins?

Yardsley. Don't get mad, now, Bradley. If there's anything that can add to the terror of amateur theatricals it's temper.

Mrs. Bradley (from without). Edward, come here right away. I want you to move the hat-stand, and see how many people can be seated in this hall.

Bradley. Oh yes, certainly, my dear—of course. Right away. My name is Legion—or Dennis.

Yardsley. That's the spirit. (*A crash is heard without.*) Great Scott! What's that?

Mrs. Perkins (without). Oh, Thaddeus!

Bradley. They've dropped the cook's delight.

[*He comes down from the stepladder. He and Yardsley go out. The pictures are piled up on the floor, the furniture is topsy-turvy, and the portières lie in a heap on the hearth.*

Enter Mrs. Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins. Dear, dear, dear! What a mess! And poor Thaddeus! I'm glad he wasn't hurt; but I—I'm afraid I heard him say words I never heard him say before when Mr. Barlow let the table slip. Wish I hadn't said anything about the table.

Enter Mrs. Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley. These men will drive me crazy. They are making more fuss carrying that laundry table up stairs than if it was a house; and the worst of it is our husbands are losing their tempers.

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I don't wonder. It must be awfully trying to have a laundry table fall on you.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, Thaddeus is angelic, but Edward is absolutely inexcusable. He swore a minute ago, and it sounded particularly profane because he had a screw and a picture-hook in his mouth.

Yardsley (outside). It's almost as heavy as the piano. I don't see why, either.

[*The four men appear at the door, staggering under the weight of the laundry table.*

Perkins (as they set it down). Whew! That's what I call work. What makes this thing so heavy?

Mrs. Bradley (as she opens a drawer and takes out a half-dozen patent flat-irons and a handle). This has something to do with it. Why didn't you take out the drawer first?

Yardsley. It wasn't my fault. They'd started with it before I took hold. I didn't know it had a drawer, though I did wonder what it was that rattled around inside of it.

Bradley. It wasn't for me to suggest taking the drawer out. Thaddeus ought to have thought of that.

Perkins (angrily). Well, of all—

Mrs. Perkins. Never mind. It's here, and it's all right.

Yardsley. That's so. We mustn't quarrel. If we get started, we'll never stop. Now, Perkins, roll up that rug, and we'll get things placed, and then we'll be through.

Barlow. Come on; I'll help. Bradley, get those



"THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT."

pictures off the rug. Don't be so careless of Mrs. Perkins's property.

Bradley. Careless? See here now, Barlow—

Mrs. Bradley. Now, Edward—no temper. Take the pictures out.

Bradley. And where shall I take the pictures out to?

Yardsley. Put 'em on the dining-room table.

Perkins (aside). Throw 'em out the window, for all I care.

Bradley. Eh?

Perkins. Nothing. I—er—I only said to put 'em—er—to put 'em wherever you pleased.

Bradley. But I can't say where they're to go, Thaddeus. This isn't my house.

Perkins (aside). No—worse luck—it's mine.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh—put them in the dining-room; they'll be safe there.

Bradley. I will.

[*He begins carrying the pictures out. Perkins, Barlow, and Yardsley roll up the rug.*

Yardsley. There! You fellows might as well carry that out too; and then we'll be ready for the scene.

Barlow. Come along, Thaddeus. You're earning your pay to-night.

Perkins (desperately). May I take my coat off? I'm boiled now.

Mrs. Bradley. Certainly. I wonder you didn't think of it before.

Perkins. Think? I never think.

Yardsley. Well, go ahead in your thoughtless way and get the rug out. You are delaying us.

Perkins. All right. Come on. Barlow, are you ready?

Barlow. I am. [*They drag the rug out.*]

Yardsley. At last. [*Replaces the tub.*] There's the fountain. Now where shall we put the cook's delight?

Mrs. Perkins. Over here, I should say.

Mrs. Bradley. I think it would be better here.

Bradley (who has returned). Put it half-way between 'em, Yardsley. I say give in always to the ladies; and when they don't agree, compromise. It's a mighty poor woman that isn't half-right occasionally.

Mrs. Bradley. Edward!

Yardsley (adopting the suggestion). There! How's that?

Perkins (returning). Perfect. I never saw such an original conservatory in my life.

Mrs. Perkins. I suppose it's all right. What do you think, Emma?

Mrs. Bradley. Why, it's simply fine. Of course it requires a little imagination to see it as it will be on the night of the performance; but in general I don't see how it could be better.

Barlow. No—nor I. It's great as it is, but when we get the hot-bed covers hung, and the fountain playing, and plants arranged gracefully all around, it will be ideal. I say, we ought to give Yardsley a vote of thanks.

Perkins. That's so. We're very much indebted to Yardsley.

Yardsley. Never mind that. I enjoy the work very much.

Perkins. So glad. [*Aside.*] I wonder when we get a vote of thanks?

Bradley (looking at his watch). By Jove, Emma, it's after eleven!

Mrs. Bradley. After eleven? Dear me! I had no idea it was as late as that. How time flies when you are enjoying yourself! Really, Edward, you ought not to have overlooked the time. You know—

Bradley. I supposed you knew we couldn't pull a house down in five minutes.

Perkins. What's become of the clock?

Mrs. Perkins. I don't know. Who took the clock out?

Barlow. I did. It's under the dining-room table.

Mrs. Bradley. Well, we mustn't keep Bessie up another moment. Good-night, my dear. We have had a delightful time.

Mrs. Perkins. Good-night. I am sure we have enjoyed it.

Perkins (aside). Oh yes, indeed; we haven't had so much fun since the children had the mumps.

Yardsley. Well, so long, Perkins. Thanks for your help.

Perkins. By-by.

Barlow. Good-night.

Yardsley. Don't bother about fixing up to-night, Perkins. I'll be around to-morrow evening and help put things in their usual order.

[*They all go out. The good-nights are repeated, and finally the front door is closed.*]

Re-enter Perkins, who falls dejectedly on the settee, followed by Mrs. Perkins, who gives a rueful glance at the room.

Perkins. I'm glad Yardsley's coming to fix us up again. I never could do it.

Mrs. Perkins. Then I must. I never can ask the girls to do it, and I can't have my drawing-room left this way over Sunday.

Perkins (wearily). Oh, well, shall we do it now?

Mrs. Perkins. No, you poor dear man; we'll stay home from church to-morrow morning and do it. It won't be any harder work than reading the Sunday newspapers. What have you there?

Perkins (looking at two tickets he has abstracted from his vest pocket). Tickets for Irving—this evening—*Lyons Mail*—third row from the stage. I was just thinking—

Mrs. Perkins. Don't tell me what you were thinking, my dear. It can't be expressible in polite language.

Perkins. You are wrong there, my dear. I wasn't thinking cuss-words at all. I was only reflecting that we didn't miss much anyhow, under the circumstances.

Mrs. Perkins. Miss much? Why, Thaddeus, what do you mean?

Perkins. Nothing—only that for action continuous and situations overpowering the *Lyons Mail* isn't a marker to an evening of preparation for Amateur Dramatics.

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Excuse me, mim, but the coachman says shall he wait any longer? He's been there three hours now. [CURTAIN.]



"HE'S BEEN THERE THREE HOURS."

Crumb.



UP to my frozen window-shelf
Each day a begging birdie comes,
And when I have a crust myself
The birdie always gets the crumbs.

They say who on the water throws
His bread, will get it back again;
If that is true, perhaps—who knows?—
I have not cast my crumbs in vain.

Indeed, I know it is not quite
The thing to boast of one's good deed;
To what the left hand does, the right,
I am aware, should pay no heed.

Yet if in modest verse I tell
My tale, some editor, maybe,
May like it very much, and—well,
My bread will then return to me.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE PREMATURE PRODIGAL.

It was two days before Christmas, and the old couple were sitting in front of the cheerful open fire in the great square kitchen of their home. The snow was falling, but the cattle were warm and comfortable in the barn.

"Day after to-morrow will be Christmas," said the old man, slowly. "You have not forgotten it, have you, mother?"

"No, father," she said. "How could I? Have I not said all along that he would come Christmas eve?"

"Ay, so you have. Let us hope—let us hope. It is four long years now since our only boy left us. Yes, he will come Christmas eve."

"I know it, father," said the woman. "I have read so often of it happening so. We will wait for him here in front of the fire."

"Ay, ay, here. With his empty chair drawn up between us, so," and the old man pulled a chair a little nearer to the fire, and patted its arm as if it were the arm of his absent son.

"Yes, father, that is right. And the door must not be locked. And before you come in you must give the cows and the horses and the sheep and the pigs and the chickens extra portions of feed, and see that all is snug and warm."

"That I will, mother, you may be sure—that I will." His hands hung by his side, and he gazed again into the fire. Then he raised his eyes suddenly. "And we must place the lamp in the window. You forget about that."

"Yes, yes; so I do. The lamp must be in

the window. I'll get it ready. Our boy must see the lamp burning in the window for him when he returns." She rose and brought the can of oil. Her hands trembled, but at last the lamp was filled and trimmed ready for its place in the window on the coming eve. She sank again into her chair, and rested the tips of her fingers on the arm of the empty chair beside her, while her husband's hand lay heavily on the other arm. For a long time neither spoke, but gazed into the fire and listened to the storm without. At last the old man said, as a tear glistened in either eye:

"Four weary years since Willie ran away to sea. But to-morrow he must—"

There was a rap at the door.

"Come in," cried the man. The couple rose and stood with their backs to the fire.

The door opened slowly, and standing before them with his hand on the latch was their wayward son.

"I—I—" the boy faltered.

"Bill," said the old gentleman, coldly, "you're twenty-four hours ahead of time. We don't want you to-night. 'Tain't reg'lar."

"No, 'tain't," echoed the woman. "That there lamp will be in the winder for you to-morrow night, and not before."

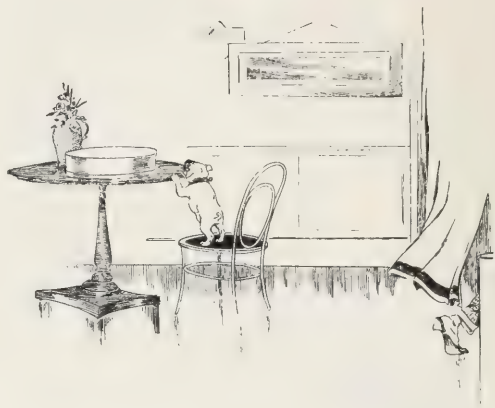
The boy turned and went out into the storm.

"Gosh all Caesar! you can't put no dependence on what you read no more," said the old man. He took a long drink from a pitcher of cider and disappeared in the bedroom.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



I.



II.



III



IV.



V.



VI.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR SUBSTITUTE—BEING A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

WHAT HE DID.

PROFESSOR BLANK, although a very dignified and courtly gentleman, has fits of absent-mindedness amounting almost to mental aberration. This failing has placed him in many embarrassing positions. It seemed to the Professor and his family that the climax had been reached one evening when the Professor, after filling his bath-tub for a bath, plunged in *with all of his clothes on!* But a deeper, because public, mortification soon followed this alarming mental lapse. The Professor sometimes speaks in public, and a few days after the bathroom episode he was asked to be one of three or four speakers at a public meeting. His brief address was received with great applause, which, to the Professor's surprise and chagrin, was followed by broad grins, and even unrepressed tittering on the part of many in the audience. No sooner was the Professor out of the house after the meeting than he turned to his wife and asked, "My dear, what was the occasion of all that smiling and actual giggling after the generous applause that followed my address?"

"Don't you know?" asked his wife, a little sharply. "I never felt so mortified in my life. Why don't you keep your wits about you when you are in public? It was dreadful!"

"Why, Helen, what did I do?"

"Do? You sat up there on that platform before all that great audience and *applauded your own speech!* That's what you did."

J. L. H.

HIS PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

IN a picturesque village not many miles from the city of Gotham there lived a picturesque individual with the picturesque name of Crome Green. His clothes, which were of a peculiar cut and texture, and ornamented here and there with fringed abrasions, had assumed that mellow tone which artists so love to paint. On one foot there was a boot without a leg, and on the other a shoe without a string, and his time was principally occupied in getting gloriously drunk, or else going through a period of repentance while recovering from a spree. One day some boys, coming along a shady lane, found Crome lying under a stone wall, undergoing the pangs of repentance.

"O Lord! O Lord!" he cried, "let up on me this time and I'll never get drunk again. O Lord! if I'm not telling the truth, may the stones of this wall fall down and crush me!"

The boys slipped up to the wall and pushed a few loose stones on the prostrate form of Crome Green, who, suddenly raising himself to a sitting posture, shouted, with great energy,

"O Lord! O Lord! why will you take in earnest what was only meant in jest?"

C. S. KINGSLAND.

GOOD ADVICE BEARS FRUIT.

"I AM very glad that I inculcated in my children habits of economy," mused Mr. Dover-spice, one Saturday night, after a fruitless search through his pockets. "It is an excellent habit to form, that of placing the odd cent and the fugitive nickel in the mantel-shelf savings-bank, instead of spending them as soon as they are acquired for hurtful candy or unwholesome chewing-gum. It is eminently proper that children should form habits of economy in their youthful days—in the morning of their existence, as it were—and when they are old they will not depart from them. I have always told my little boys to take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves, and I have the best of authority for believing that I gave them excellent advice, besides the approving verdict of my own conscience, and that of itself is a very good thing to have."

As he mused he deftly placed a knife blade in the slot of the savings-bank and extracted all the money it contained; then he added,

"If I had failed in my fatherly duty on this important point, I'm blest if I'd know where to raise the price of a cigar just now."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

RECOGNIZED THEM AT ONCE.

WE were all telling mosquito stories at a New Jersey summer resort, when one particularly audacious man said: "Oh, that's nothing. I was off the coast at Barnegat last summer on a fishing trip, and while we were out on deck early in the evening, smoking and chatting, a great cloud of mosquitoes, all of them monstrous birds, came out from shore and settled on the boat; and do you know, in fifteen minutes they had stripped it of every inch of canvas, and left the masts bare as bean-poles!"

We held up our hands in deprecation at this tale, when another of the party exclaimed: "Well, don't be astonished. I can vouch for that. It was only a week after that I was on a trip along the coast, and the same swarm of mosquitoes came out after us."

The first speaker didn't seem to appreciate this unexpected support, for he muttered: "Humph! They did, eh? Well, how did you know they were the same mosquitoes, eh?"

"How did I know?" repeated the other, with a chuckle. "How did I know? Why, they all had on canvas overalls."

THE POOR LOVER'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

I HAVEN'T much to send this day,
No jewel rare, no volume fine;
But if you will, why then you may
Share with me this right hand of mine.

And who knows but that it may hap
This hand, to-day so void of thrift,
May yet pour fortunes in the lap
Of her who takes it as a gift?

A THOUGHTFUL YOUTH.

It was the day before Christmas, and all the boys in Lonelyville were seated around the stove in the railway station telling what they wanted for Christmas.

"I asked for a double runner," said Jack Hill.

"I asked for a set of Marryat's novels," said Willy Reed.

"I bid for a tool-chest," said Ned Sawyer.

"I asked for a cabinet for my butterflies," said Harry Ketchum. "What did you ask for, Jim?"

"Oh, I said I wanted a knife," answered Jim Cutting.

"Is that all?" said Harry.

The next day the boys met in the same place to compare notes. The predominant note was one of disappointment. Jack Hill had received a writing-desk, Willy Reed a pair of gloves, Ned Sawyer a bottle of cologne, Harry Ketchum a book of fairy stories.

"What did you get, Jim?" asked Harry.

Jim brought out a knife with six blades, a pair of scissors, a screw-driver, a corkscrew, a pair of tweezers, a file, a toothpick, and an im-

plement for removing stones from horses' feet.

"Whew!" said Jack. "Why, you're the only boy who got what he wanted."

"Well, you see, I never ask Santa Claus for anything too big for father to bring out from the city."

A CHRISTMAS DISCOVERY.

PAT, a coachman living not far from New York, was a man with a rich brogue, if ever brogue had richness.

"Oi hod shome to shtart wid," he said, "an' thin oi odded to ut talkin' wid a rid-hot petay-tie in me mout', tull ut bekem as much a parrt ov me as me nose."

It was Pat who discovered that "dthot Shanty Claus do be a gra-at fakir." The discovery and its announcement were brought about through a Christmas present of a pair of ear tabs, which he regarded with disgust. "Yis, sorr," said Pat, holding the ear tabs aloft, "Shanty's a fakir! Oi ashked him fer a pair ov gloves fer me hands, an' phwat do oi git? A pair ov blindhers fer me ears!"



KILLING THE FATTED SHOAT.

"Dat liddle shoat ober dar am de one I's a-hopin' ter hab foh yo' Crissmus dinnah."

"Hopin', Uncle Rathtuth! Ain' de shoat yourn?"

"Yes, de shoat's mine."

"Den why yo' jess hopin' 'bout dat shoat? 'Peahs to me you'd oughter feel certain."

"Sho, Jim! Doan' yo' know dese niggahs well nuff to know dat dey ain' nuthin' certain 'bout shoats round Crissmus-time? De shoat am mine sho' nuff, but I's got neighbors, boy, an' some ob dem walks in deir sleep."

"Den I say, uncle, s'pose we makes shore ob dat shoat by habbin' de Crissmus dinnah now?"



See "The Fortunes of the Bourbons."

THE LATE COUNT OF PARIS.

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THE FORTUNES OF THE BOURBONS.

BY KATE MASON ROWLAND.

THE family of Bourbon, which traces its descent through "Saint Louis" to Hugh Capet, which has given sovereigns to France and Spain as well as to two of the states of Italy, to whom France owes her best King, perhaps, in Henri IV., and certainly her greatest in Louis XIV., which in Spain produced the most enlightened of her monarchs after Isabella I., in the person of Charles III., must always interest the historical student. Robert of Clermont, a younger son of Louis IX., by his marriage with Beatrix, Duchesse de Bourbon, became the progenitor of the royal line, though as yet for some six or eight generations they were to be known as Dukes of Bourbon and Vendôme. They were a high-spirited race, apparently, and not always ready to bend before the power of their crowned kinsmen, the Valois kings. In the middle of the fifteenth century, one of them, Alexander de Bourbon, joined the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., in his revolt against his father, Charles VII., and made the Bourbonnais the stronghold of the insurrection, the Praguerie, as it was called. And though Alexander was pardoned at first, he afterwards suffered death by the orders of the King. The elder branch of the ducal house became extinct at the death of the Connétable de Bourbon in 1527, when his cousin Charles, Duc de Vendôme, took the title. The Constable de Bourbon is conspicuous in the history of his time for his rebellion against Francis I. Indignant at what he conceived the unjust treatment of the King, he joined the forces of Spain, then ruled by the first of her Hapsburg kings, Charles V. of Germany, and the proud Bourbon's haughty yet generous character, embittered by the sense of personal wrongs, contrasts with the modesty and

disinterestedness of his celebrated contemporary and whilom friend, Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. At Pavia the brave and brilliant Francis refused to give up his sword to the traitor Bourbon, who died at length at the head of German troops in an attack on Rome, killed, it was said, by a shot from the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. The sister of Francis I. and of Henri II., the beautiful Margaret of Angoulême, had married Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, who inherited his small sovereignty from the Foix family through the marriage of its heiress, Catharine, to Alain, Lord of Albret. Margaret, the gifted Queen of Navarre, displayed in her little kingdom the same patronage of art and letters for which Francis was distinguished. In religion she was strongly inclined to the reformed faith, encouraging by wit and song the cause which a generation later was to need sterner weapons. The daughter of Margaret, by her alliance with Anthony, Duke of Bourbon, brought the crown of Navarre a step nearer to the royalty of France; and finally the deaths of the three sons of Henri II., leaving no heirs, opened the way to the French crown for the Prince of Navarre, the son of Anthony and Jeanne. Both Anthony and his Queen had embraced the Huguenot creed, and when these opinions had spread into France and persecution led to revolt, the King of Navarre and his brother, the Duke of Condé, were regarded as the leaders of the Protestant party. Anthony, however, proved susceptible to the bribes and blandishments of Catherine de Médicis, the moving spirit on the opposite side, and would have deserted his colors, but that his death from wounds received at the siege of Rouen removed him prematurely from the arena. The religious

wars lasted with intervals of truce for eight years, Condé and Coligny leading the Huguenots against Guise and Montmorency, and when the peace of 1570 seemed to promise the land repose, the young Prince of Béarn, then seventeen, was ready to take his place as the Huguenot chief. Brought up by his grandfather, the resolute old Henri d'Albret, in a lonely castle among the rocks and mountains of Béarn, where, at his birthplace, Pau, his tortoise-shell cradle is still preserved, Henri knew little of the softness and luxury that usually attend princes. Fed on brown bread, cheese, and garlic, accustomed to walk bareheaded and barefoot over the hills, he was early disciplined

for the toils and privations of his militant manhood. While yet a child his mother, the brave-hearted Queen of Navarre, had placed him in front of the Huguenot troops as they went into battle. But now the wily Catherine had a scheme for disposing of the heretics which was likely to prove more efficacious than the uncertain issue of arms. And Henri, at her urgent request, left Rochelle, where he had been living with his mother, and with many of the gallant spirits of his party about him went to Paris to receive a bride in his cousin, the sister of the French King, Charles IX. This marriage proved the signal for the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, and the death of the brave Coligny with so many others seemed to bring irretrievable ruin upon the betrayed religion. Henri, though compelled for the time to bend before the storm, took the earliest opportunity to throw off the mask and cast in his fortunes with the scattered remnant who were now arming again for battle.

Under Henri III., the successor of the wretched Charles, the famous League for the suppression of heresy was formed, with the stern Guise, the Balafré, as its leader, and for its aiders and abettors the countrymen of Philip II. of Spain, the relentless persecutor of the Netherland Protestants, while the subjects of English Elizabeth fought with Henri of Navarre for the great principle of religious liberty. When the King of France, now his ally against the usurping League, fell by the hand of an assassin, and Henri was left to combat for the new crown which had fallen to him, his courage and confidence never faltered. To some one who had expressed surprise at his small numbers, he replied, nobly, "You see not all, for you reckon not God and my claim; who fight for me." And yet Henri left nothing undone that could compensate for numerical weakness. He was indefatigable in the conduct of his military affairs, personally supervising any important work, and sleeping all night in the trenches, where his breakfast would be brought to him. He had very keen sight, Sully tells us, and no one could surpass him in the disposition of his artillery. But, after all, he was fighting his own countrymen, his own subjects, and he showed by frequent acts of consideration his regret at this unhappy necessity. "Spare the French," he would say in bat-



Antonia Velazquez pinx.
V.R.

CHARLES III. OF SPAIN.



THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.



HENRI IV.

tle, "and fall upon the foreigner." At length, what success in the field could not accomplish, the abjuration of the Protestant hero effected, and Henri's title was admitted by all. Sully, himself a Huguenot, naïvely advises this step, and persuades the King to allow himself to be converted. But Henri was not forgetful of his old comrades, setting aside from his own purse, unknown to the jealous Leaguers, a certain amount to be given in presents to those who had served under

houses was arranged by the two kings, which, consummated later, linked the daughter of Henri to the unfortunate Charles I.

Having quelled domestic conspiracies and brought a war with Savoy to a successful issue, the French King turned his attention to peaceful activities, in which he was as eager and tireless as he had been in martial matters. And France prospered so much with the blessings of peace and good government, Henri bade fair to

him. And one of his famous *ten wishes* was that he might "see the religion he formerly professed in a fixed and peaceable situation." This object he struggled for against the prevailing bigotry of the times, and seemed to have accomplished in the beneficent Edict of Nantes, with which his name is so gloriously associated. Henri having obtained a divorce from Margaret, the beautiful but unloved bride that had been forced upon him in his youth, had married Marie de Médicis, of the same family as Catherine, and the birth of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., secured the succession to his line. The death of Elizabeth of England, the French King's stanch ally, was felt by him as a personal loss. For James, Elizabeth's successor, the pedantic Stuart whom he had dubbed "captain of arts and clerk of arms," Henri had less esteem. Yet they were ostensibly in alliance, and a marriage uniting their



C.S. P. 1749

LOUIS XIV.

see his homely wish fulfilled that every peasant should eat meat each day in the week, and have a fowl in his pot on Sunday. But he had never lost sight of his designs against the house of Hapsburg. The question of the disputed Duchy of Cleves, which proved the prelude to the Thirty Years' War, gave Henri the pretext which he had long desired for a contest with Austria, and forming an alliance with the Protestant powers he made extensive preparations for the campaign. It was at this juncture that the dagger of Ravallac cut short the hero's life.

The first of the Bourbon kings deserved most truly the titles of Great and Well-Beloved which have been given him. His death, leaving the kingdom to a long minority, under which it was to unlearn much that Henri's wisdom and tolerance had instilled, was an unmitigated evil to France. The child, whose cruel disposition the father had early marked with forebodings, was to grow up without the guidance he so much needed, becoming the persecutor of his mother, the cold and suspicious husband of a beautiful Hapsburg bride; while his government, given into Richelieu's despotic hands, was, in its measures of repression, to prepare the way for the autocratic reign of Louis XIV. Happily in Richelieu's foreign policy there was a character of wisdom and moderation that in some measure met the unfulfilled designs of Henri.

In the third of the Bourbon line in France we find the typical *grand monarque* of European history. Haughty and selfish, yet with a princely show of courtesy in his manners, Louis XIV. seems to have dazzled his subjects to an extraordinary extent. Racine is said to have died of chagrin at the great sovereign's frown. Madame de Sévigné in her charming letters constantly testifies to the worship he was receiving on all sides, and recites his praises herself as enthusiastically as any courtier of them all. There were cynics, however, in the background, like St. Simon, from whom we learn of the thousand and one little meannesses that marred the heroic figure which Louis would fain have had handed down to posterity. Like his father, Louis XIII., he was left, a child of tender years, heir to a great kingdom, for the government of which he was to receive little of sound education or wise training. His mother, Anne of Austria, the Regent, was wholly

under the influence of Richelieu's successor, the ambitious Mazarin, who became eventually her unavowed husband. And Mazarin preserved a jealous watch over the governors of the young King, lest his mental horizon should be injudiciously widened. Yet it was convenient, when a refractory *Parlement* refused to register an edict for the minister, that the proud youth of seventeen should assert the might of royalty; and Louis entering the hall, whip in hand, ready booted for the hunt, dismissing the contumacious assemblage, is a noteworthy figure certainly, in the annals of his time. The troubles of the Fronde disturbed the King's minority; in which singular rebellion, among other princes arrayed against the court, were to be found at one time Gaston d'Orléans, Louis's uncle, and his indomitable daughter, *la grande Demoiselle*. Though the prospect of marrying her royal cousin had been held out to this princess, her martial ardor overcame her discretion, and by ordering the guns of Paris to fire upon the troops of the King, she forfeited her last chance of becoming Queen of France. The marriage of Louis with Maria Theresa in 1660, putting the seal to the long-desired peace between Spain and France, was the last important act of Mazarin's ministry. The young King, then twenty-three, felt himself for the first time, upon Mazarin's death, complete master of his dominions. And he was determined now that no Prime Minister should share his sovereignty. "*L'état, c'est moi*," was his characteristic apothegm, and he began immediately that praiseworthy application to the details of administration which charged him with the labor as well as the responsibility of absolute government. Though his abilities were not above the average, they did not fall measurably below it; as Mazarin had observed, somewhat sarcastically, "he had capacity for four kings and one honest man." Pleasure and ambition were his ruling passions, and his devotion to luxury and amusement was early displayed in the fêtes of unexampled magnificence with which he delighted a gay court, appearing in this his vain and sumptuous youth in festive ballets, at one time as Ceres in coronet of golden wheat-ears.

Molière wrote his matchless comedies for Louis; and women, wits, and poets conspired to flatter the monarch whose grace and splendor were supposed to

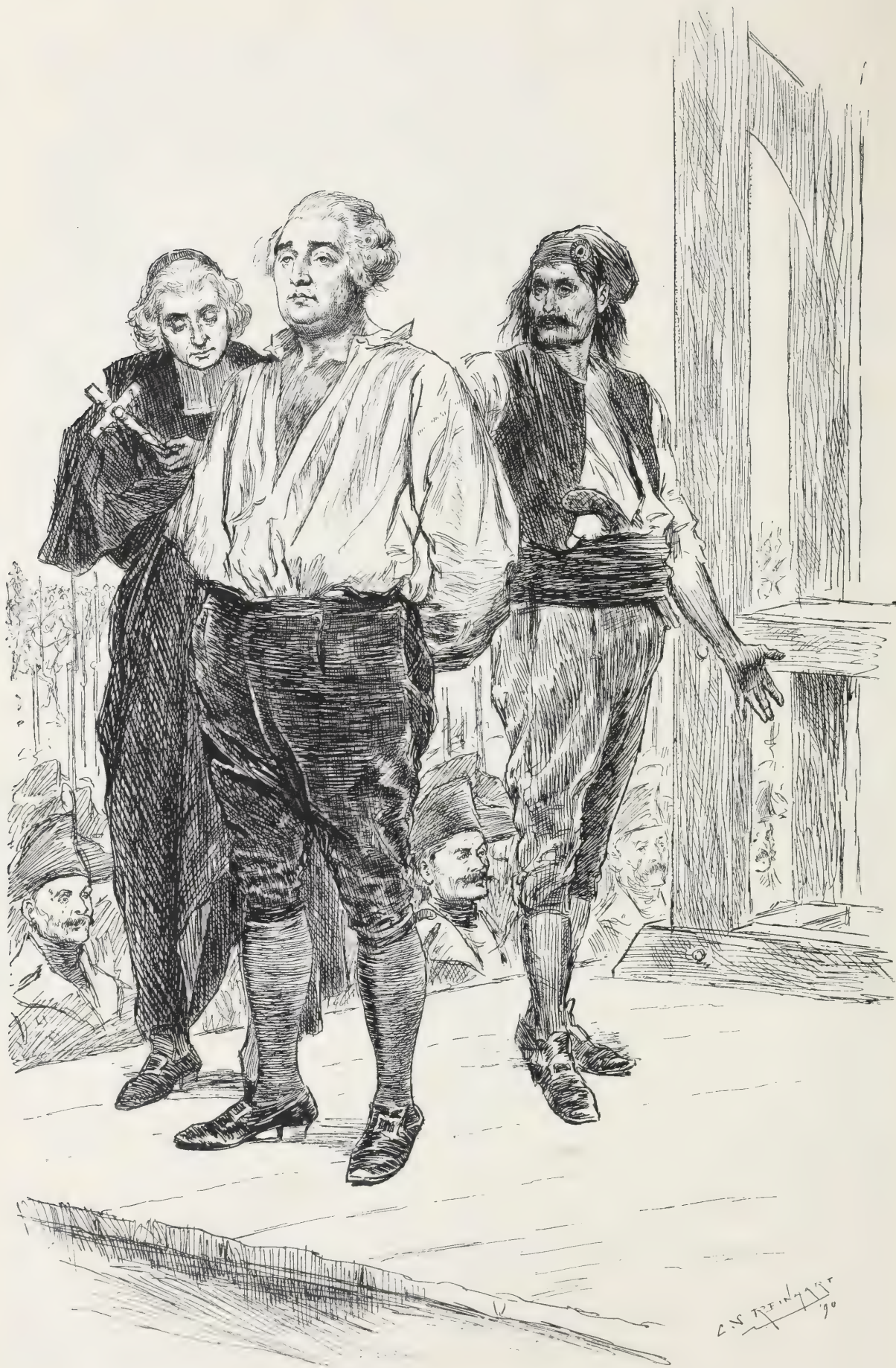
cover all princely qualities. Magnificent in all things, he required a palace to match his pride, and Versailles arose at his bidding, the architectural wonder of his age.

Louis went gayly to his first campaigns with a whole court about him, and a poet—Dufresny—to sing to him after his victories. And he was always victorious, thanks to his great generals; for Louis himself, unlike his grandfather, had little of the soldier about him save personal courage. It was after his second great war that the magistrates of Paris bestowed on him the title of Great. A few years later the death of the amiable Maria Theresa left the King free to marry Madame de Maintenon, who had long had much influence over him. Of the six children of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa, only one had reached maturity. This prince, Louis the Dauphin, had been the pupil of Bossuet, but his preceptor could make little of a character and understanding so mediocre; and he lived fifty years obscurely in the shadow of his father's splendor, the idol only of the *dames de la Halles*, whose good-will he had gained, it was said, by his frequent appearance at the opera. The King, having no love for Paris, was seldom seen there. The eldest son of *Monseigneur*, as the Dauphin was called, the Duke of Burgundy, inherited



CHARLES X.

the talents of his mother, a witty and clever Bavarian princess. Fénélon had moulded his fine character, taught him to curb the fiery passions to which he naturally inclined, and stimulated his active mind in the acquisition of learning, writing for his instruction the *Adventures of Telemachus*. His wife, a princess of Savoy, had won all hearts by



LOUIS XVI. ON THE SCAFFOLD.

her beauty, tact, and amiability. She became the darling of the King's old age, and she was a favorite, too, with "My Aunt"—the title she gave to that all-powerful and rather awe-inspiring personage, Madame de Maintenon. The second son of Monseigneur, the Duc d'Anjou, was destined for a new and brilliant sphere. He was but seventeen in 1700, when the will of Charles II. bestowed upon him the Spanish crown. The Dauphin eagerly waived his own claim in favor of his son, and dwelt with complacency on the reflection that no one ever before had been able to say, "The King my father, and the King my son." But he was not to be father of a King of France, unhappily. For Fénélon's noble pupil died, with his wife and eldest son, struck by some mysterious malady, in less than a year after Monseigneur, leaving the old monarch almost at one blow deprived of his entire family, with the exception of one frail infant life, the future Louis XV. A few years later Louis's long reign of over seventy years came to an end, with all its glory and its misery; for its military triumphs were followed at the last by conspicuous reverses, when Eugene and Marlborough broke in upon the long series of French victories. And it was a reign, too, notorious for its religious intolerance, marked as it was by the iniquitous revocation of Henri's good edict, and all the persecution this involved; yet, with its policy of political aggrandizement, its industrial improvements, and its literary fertility, the ambitious and domineering character of the King stamping each department with something of his own individuality, this age of Louis XIV. was undoubtedly the climax of Bourbon power in France. And lastly, from this reign dates the origin of the reigning dynasty of Spain, an offshoot from France's royal house.

"Henceforth there are no Pyrenees," Louis XIV. declared, as he introduced their young King to the grandees of Spain, and it must be owned he did his best to break down these mountain barriers between the two Bourbon thrones. The Castilians from the first respected the will of Charles, and fought loyally for Philip V. against the Germans and their English allies. But in Arragon the son of Leopold found many adherents, which rendered the struggle long and doubtful. Philip showed dignity and courage in the contest, and a determination to maintain his

rights which commanded respect. Grave and reserved in disposition, and with a methodical turn of mind that took pleasure in the tedious forms of Spanish etiquette, this prince endeared himself at once to a people with whom he seemed more at home than with the Gallic court from which he had come. The Peace of Utrecht in 1713 secured Spain to the Bourbons, though Philip's rival, now the Emperor Charles VI., received his full share of former Spanish conquests. And to England remained Gibraltar—a rock of offence to Spanish pride ever since.

In Louis the Great's lifetime his grandson found it difficult to shake off the grandfatherly supervision, which, while French troops were needed, it was impolitic to repine at. Early in Philip's reign a sort of Spanish Madame de Maintenon played a conspicuous part at his court in the Princess Ursini, or Madame des Ursins, as she is called in French memoirs. In her confidential office about the Queen, to which she had been appointed by Louis, she became an important influence in Spanish politics, and finally rendered herself very unpopular.

Maria Louise of Savoy, the young Spanish Queen, was a sister of the charming Duchess of Burgundy, and possessed an equal share of attractiveness and talent. She was much beloved by the Spanish people, who sincerely lamented her early death. Philip was dotingly fond of her, and completely led by her and her favorite, the Princess Ursini; and when, after a year's widowerhood, it was urged upon Philip that he must marry again, the princess—who still clung to power, and would scarcely let the poor King be out of her sight a moment, looking after him and the Infantes, Louis and Ferdinand, with great assiduity—was anxious that he should make a match to suit her views. But for once her wonted astuteness failed her, and the new Queen, whom she had been led to believe a model of softness and docility, proved quite the contrary. Acting, as it was thought, under secret instructions from France, and with Philip's approval, she made very short work with the bewildered princess on their first interview, hustling her out of Spain with an imperious haste that really amounted to cruelty. This new, impetuous young Queen was Isabella or Elizabeth Farnese of Parma, whom Carlyle appropriately terms in his *Frederick*, "Termagant of

Spain," for she very soon began to show her energetic and ambitious spirit, urging the pliant Philip into a policy which kept Europe for twenty years embroiled in his struggles with the Emperor to recover Spanish influence in Italy, and to procure sovereignties there for his younger sons. Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip's second marriage, was to have the reversion of Parma and Placentia, as Isabella decided, though in the end it was Philip who received Parma, and Carlos, the two Sicilies.

Philip in his contests with Austria found it expedient to strengthen the relations of the two Bourbon courts by a marriage which united Louis, the Prince of the Asturias, with Louise Isabelle, daughter of the Regent Orleans. At the same time the little Princess Maria Ana was sent to France, at four years of age, to be educated as a bride for Louis XV. A reminiscence of her stay in Paris is still to be seen in the little "Garden of the Infanta," at the Louvre. Soon after these arrangements, Philip surprised Europe by announcing his resolve to abdicate in favor of his son Don Louis. But from his splendid retreat of San Ildefonso he, with Queen Isabella's assistance, maintained a strict supervision over the titular sovereigns, and Louis's Queen was even arrested for her irregular conduct and shut up for a week in the castle of Buen Retiro. Louis's death the following year brought Philip back to the throne to reign twenty years longer. And about this time the friendly understanding with France was rudely shaken when the little Infanta was sent home that the young Louis might marry a Polish princess. But though his daughter was not to be Queen of France, Philip had every reason to be satisfied with the prospects of his sons. Don Carlos was secured in his sovereignty in 1735, and five years later, upon the death of the Emperor, while Europe was preparing to upset the Pragmatic Sanction and despoil the young heiress of Austria, Maria Theresa, Isabella found her opportunities for securing the Farnese inheritance for her younger son, though her husband did not live to see the end fairly attained. The first of the Spanish Bourbons left his kingdom comparatively prosperous, in spite of all that it had been called upon to endure through the struggle for his title. And Philip V., despite his melancholy, indolence, and hypochon-

dria, made a good sovereign. He showed, too, great fondness for letters and art, which he did much to encourage. But he did one thing which was to bring trouble on his descendants, in making the Bourbon Salic law a law of Spain, against the wishes of his subjects, and in violation of all Spanish precedent.

Philip, the first of Parma's Bourbon dukes, had seen something of war, having, with his brother Don Carlos, in the struggle for his duchy, marched at the head of Spanish and Neapolitan troops through Austrian Italy, entering Milan in triumph, displaying on this occasion a good deal of soldierly ability. His reign was peaceful and not unprosperous, embellished as it was by the patronage of science and literature, for which this prince possessed considerable taste.

Duke Philip married a daughter of Louis XV., making one of the many alliances that will be seen continually bringing into closer relations the different branches of the Bourbon house. In Spain, Ferdinand VI., who succeeded his father at the age of thirty-four, was chiefly noted for his economical administration, and for the careful neutrality he maintained in the European war then waging. This indolent, amiable, but rather weak prince died of excessive grief at the loss of his wife, Magdalen of Portugal, and was succeeded by his brother, Don Carlos, who settled the Two Sicilies upon his young son Ferdinand when the crown of Spain came in turn to him, the third son of Philip who had worn it. In his Italian kingdom Charles had established a character for beneficence and enlightenment, which, unfortunately, his descendants there but illy supported.

And in Spain the period of Charles's administration forms one of the important reigns of the eighteenth century, marked as it is by so much vigor and enterprise, both in its internal affairs and its ambitious political policy. The new King soon deserted the inglorious peace policy of his brother, and forming the Family Compact with France, declared himself the enemy of her enemies, and soon became involved in war with England. Portugal, hitherto inimical to Spain, under its new Queen, Maria, the niece of Charles, became a party to the Family Compact, and Austria was asking to be admitted into the league. But the Spanish minister did not wish to alarm Eu-

rope, and explained to Austria that this was not a political affair or ordinary alliance, but an *affaire de cœur*, and the French minister was admitted to the King's levee before all others as the *ambassadeur de la famille*. It was found, however, to be a very formidable coalition in spite of its sentimental designation, this *affaire de cœur*, when the combined Bourbon fleets threatened the coasts of Great Britain, weakened as she was by the struggle with her American colonies. And Spain, at the peace of 1783, had reason to be satisfied with her standing and acquisitions, though she could not win back Gibraltar after a long and memorable siege. The Bourbon courts were now decidedly in the ascendant, though Charles had his misgivings, as doubtless had Louis XVI., at having aided the cause of rebellious colonies against the parent state—a question which touched the Spanish King pretty closely. Charles reluctantly acknowledged the new American power, and when the situation in France showed later the influence of republican principles, the proud old sovereign rejoiced that he had never condescended to make a treaty with the United States of America. Charles strove nobly to bring Spain back to her former position in Europe, and his efforts met with an undoubted measure of success. In no previous reign had there been greater literary and scientific activity, or more institutions established for these objects. But for the important movements begun at this period limiting the power of the Church, and in advocacy of religious toleration, Charles III. is specially to be commended. The terrible institution of the Inquisition, that ineffaceable blot on Spanish history, in this reign was without its cruel *auto-de-fe*, though its machinery was still in operation. Charles did all he could to check its power, but it was too deeply rooted in Spanish prejudices for him to eradicate it entirely.

In personal appearance Charles was of medium height, with narrow shoulders, but nevertheless of a vigorous physique, strengthened by indulgence in the chase, which had also bronzed his fair complexion. The fine and benignant expression of his eye and the peculiar beauty of his smile made attractive a face which, with its prominent nose and projecting eyebrows, might have been otherwise somewhat rugged. He was quite indifferent

to dress, and is described as wearing an invariable costume of the plainest description, only the upper part of which was changed on gala-days, when a fine suit was hung over his shoulders, the ordinary black breeches still remaining. He wore a dagger, and carried his pockets stuffed with knives, gloves, and shooting-tackle ready for the afternoon's sport. Such was the appearance of the "good old King," as he was called, whose benevolence and condescension made him generally beloved, and who retained about him through life the attendants who had been with him in his childhood. Charles had reached a vigorous old age, when grief at the loss of his favorite son, the amiable and accomplished Don Gabriel, and anxiety for his relatives in France, shook his stout heart and weakened his strong frame, and death spared him the knowledge of the final tragedy in Paris.

The reign of Charles III. had been coeval in part with the reign of his father's nephew, Louis XV., and in part with that of this nephew's grandson. The old King of France, who had for more than half a century occupied the throne of the *Grand Monarque*, like him, was to see his son die before him, and to leave his crown to a grandson. But happily there was no regency required in this case, and little fear of the extinction of the dynasty, as the new King was nearly twenty at his accession, and the throne found collateral heirs in the two brothers of the Dauphin. At the court of Louis XVI., in its early brilliant and auspicious years, all beauty, grace, and fascination seemed to blend in the person of Marie Antoinette, the queenly daughter of Maria Theresa. Burke has painted in unfading rhetoric the fair young Dauphiness, "the delicate tints" of whose "charming face" Madame le Brun despaired of transferring to canvas; and the sad and noble countenance of the condemned Queen looks out upon us from the sombre setting of Paul Delaroche, while Carlyle has sketched with powerful and poetic pen the character and career of that proud, generous, and sorely tried spirit. With winning and gracious manner, and in the bloom of her youth and joyousness, the soul of the gay circles of Versailles, Marie Antoinette was in these early years deservedly popular. She was not behind Louis in a desire to win the love and confidence of the nation; and though no doubt she

was extravagant at play, she was at the same time charitable and open-handed. As a woman she was, indeed, whatever the faults of her impetuous nature, worthy of all honor and affection in every relation of life. As a Queen she was, alas!—and this was her only crime—too slow to unlearn the lessons of absolute power in which she had been nurtured. The King, Louis le Désiré, shy, modest, and awkward, book-loving, yet without the capacity to make his culture available, who devoted to lock-making the hours that he should have given to government, was yet a prince who unfeignedly desired the well-being of his subjects. And he had been much touched at the tribute to him in the word *Resurrexit*, which had been found written under the statue of Henri Quatre. But Louis, with all his benevolent designs, was, through the weakness of his character, hopelessly unfit for his difficult position. Placed at the head of an extravagant and pleasure-loving court, and called upon to govern a turbulent and impoverished kingdom on the threshold of the greatest civil commotions known to modern Europe, his combined irresolution and obstinacy proved defects more fatal to him than the vices of a tyrant. Of the King's brothers, Monsieur, the Comte de Provence, was handsome and scholarly, a patron of learning, and ambitious to be thought a philosopher and a man of wit, and he had early evinced liberal views in politics, as liberalism might be construed by a loyal prince. The Comte d'Artois, on the other hand, gay, gallant, and at the same time fond of power, led a life of idleness and dissipation, but was ready at need to uphold the traditionary policy of an absolute throne. In the bright young royal group at Versailles there was yet another figure to which history is not indifferent, Madame Elizabeth, the sister of these three princes. The elder sister, the Princess Clotilde, had married the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia, brother of the two Savoy princesses, wives of Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois.

We hear of Clotilde in later years, as she is visited by French exiles, wearing the dress of a recluse, and living a life of austerity in the midst of her court as she mourned the woes that had befallen her house. Elizabeth was but fourteen when the King's eldest child was born, the niece

who, as the young orphan of the Temple, was to owe so much to the good aunt's wise counsels. The gentle Princess Elizabeth was, in these untroubled years of early womanhood, the cherished companion of both the Queen and her brothers. In face she had "the charms of a pretty milkmaid," with her fresh complexion and sweet countenance. With a naturally lively disposition and quick temper, she had, through the good training of a sensible governess, early learned lessons of self-control and humility, virtues which were fostered by her sincere piety. When the clever and accomplished prince Joseph II. visited his sister at Versailles, it was rumored that he had made court to this pretty young princess, and that she was not indifferent to his suit, to which political considerations finally placed an obstacle. Be that as it may, Madame Elizabeth rejected other admirers, princes of Portugal and Sardinia, and refused a desirable religious establishment, to devote herself to the King and his family. And in later perilous times, when her departure from France could easily have been accomplished, she still clung to her unhappy brother, and deliberately chose to share his fate. The eldest son of Louis, who had been always delicate, died on the eve of the Revolution, leaving to his younger brother, Louis Charles, Duke of Normandy, "my little Norman," as his father loved to call him, the perilous honor of Dauphin of France. From the first this charming child had the liveliness and vigor of robust health. In personal appearance he is described as well shaped and graceful, with a broad, open brow, large blue eyes of great beauty fringed with chestnut lashes, and hair of chestnut color falling in thick natural ringlets to his shoulders. He had also the brilliant complexion of his mother, the same "vermilion mouth" and dimpled chin. He was very bright, affectionate, and intelligent, quick, too, to see the changes that were perceptible in his own little horizon. Reading one day in his book of fables that the subject of many misfortunes became at length *heureuse comme des reines*, "Ah," said the little prince, "all queens are not happy, for mamma weeps from morning till night!" Madame Royale, his sister, was old enough to understand more fully the dangerous present and to apprehend the future when the Temple closed upon her. And she emerged at

length, after four years' imprisonment, a fair, grave maiden of eighteen, bereft of father, mother, brother, and aunt, to find a home in exile with her father's brother, and to marry the betrothed of her childhood, the Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Comte d'Artois. For him she refused an Austrian bridegroom and all the luxuries of imperial Vienna, her mother's ancestral home.

Holding an honored place at the court of their nephew, the amiable Louis, and stanch supporters of the old order which was passing away, there had lived, until the storms of revolution drove them forth, the *Mesdames de France*, the Princesses Victoire and Adelaide. In earlier years there had been four sisters, Adelaide, Victoire, Sophie, Louise, whom their father had facetiously named *Loque*, *Coche*, *Graille*, *Chiffe*, or "Rag," "Pig," "Scrap," "Stuff." These, the younger daughters of the heartless Bien-aimé, had had a rather sorry, neglected life of it for princesses while Louis XV. lived.

Madame Adelaide became very accomplished in music, languages, and mathematics, and devoted herself with enthusiasm to these and kindred pursuits. She was very haughty and high-spirited, and not as popular as Madame Victoire, who was the more amiable as well as the beauty of the two. Poor Madame Sophie, very ugly and very shy, rarely spoke to any one except in a thunder-storm, of which she was very much afraid. Then she would be most affable, in order to secure herself society, and when the storm was over she would resume her stiffness and reserve. Madame Louise was short and deformed, but good-tempered and very devout. They all had apartments in the palace, opening one into the other, and when their royal papa would condescend sometimes to take his coffee with them, he would go to Madame Adelaide's room, and she would pull the bell for Victoire, who in turn rang for Sophie, the latter likewise ringing for Louise. Then each would hasten to the august presence; but when the short Louise, who had run with all her speed through the three large rooms, had reached Adelaide's, she would often be barely in time to receive the paternal embrace before the King left them for the hunt. Each evening they would go, preceded by ushers and pages, to the King's *débotter* in hoop and embroidered petticoat with long train.

and the upper part of their attire, which might be any sort of *déshabillé*, concealed by a long cloak which came up to the chin. Here they received papa's kiss on the forehead, and in less than fifteen minutes the interview was over. Such was the atmosphere of etiquette in which they moved, they could not indulge their taste for walking except in the gardens of Versailles, nor could they cultivate flowers except in their windows. With Louis XVI. matters were much mended in this respect, and while the Queen had her Petit Trianon and Madame Elizabeth Montreuil, the King's aunts had their country place also, the palace of Belle-Vue, where they could live quite independently.

All the sovereigns of southern Europe seemed to go down like ninepins before the magical *tricolore*, though its republican genesis and triumphs were merged so soon in imperial splendors. The Bourbon sovereigns of Spain and Naples both found themselves exiled—the one a prisoner in France, the other in safety only under Nelson's guns at Palermo; while Parma's princes saw their duchies taken from them, and received in the person of Duke Louis a new title and domain from Europe's king-maker, who was to give, a little later, Joseph Bonaparte to Spain and Murat to Naples.

The days of absolute kings were nearly numbered, and constitutions were in demand all over Europe. Louis XVIII. did not belie the liberal promise of his youth, though he wished to mark his belief in the somewhat obsolete doctrine of divine right by giving to his people in a *charter* what they would have had him accept at their hands in a *constitution*. Ferdinand VII., Louis's Spanish cousin, forgetful of all the sacrifices made for him by his patriotic people, and unmindful of oaths and promises, took the earliest occasion to be rid of the new Spanish constitution. And the absolute powers of Europe, who, under Metternich's guidance, had made a sort of fetich of Legitimacy, commissioned France to aid Ferdinand against his constitutional subjects. The Duc d'Angoulême restored him to his absolute throne, but strove vainly to restrain his kinsman's vengeance. When Charles X. succeeded to the French crown, he also looked with no friendly eye on constitutional government, and though he could not abrogate, he wished at least to evade the charter. He had said he "would

rather saw wood than be a king on the same terms as the King of England," and something like this alternative speedily presented itself. The revolution of 1830 sent him again into exile, and the younger branch of the family of Bourbon gave France her next King. From Louis Philippe's reign dates the division in the royalist party of Legitimists and Orleanists, the "white" and the "blue" factions, who have been as bitterly opposed as Republicans and Imperialists. Only in recent years has the feud been healed by the acknowledgment on the part of Louis Philippe's heirs of the superior rights of the Comte de Chambord, "Henri V.," the grandson of Charles X.

With the "Citizen King" constitutional government became something more of a reality in France. Louis Philippe had led a checkered life, and had borne himself with dignity and courage through his adverse fortunes. The son of Philippe Egalité, the profligate Jacobin Prince of 1793, he had early been instructed in the rights of man; and the duties of man he had learned from his pious mother, the daughter of the good Duc de Penthièvre. An officer of the republic under Dumas, the Duc de Chartres served creditably at Valmy and Jemmapes, and then forced by the excesses of the Jacobins to flee from France, he supported himself by teaching under an assumed name in Switzerland. After wanderings in the United States and a residence in England, he at length met his bride in the daughter of Ferdinand I., at Palermo, where their common misfortunes drew the cousins together. Marie Amélie proved herself a noble and devoted wife, and on her husband's elevation to the French throne her virtues and talents secured her universal esteem. Louis Philippe, with all his fine personal and domestic traits, and with his liberal political training, does not win the confidence and regard one would like to accord him. His acceptance of the crown was scarcely defensible, and his subsequent career proved how little patriotism, and how much personal ambition had to do with it. His nepotism and the double-dealing and reactionary policy which finally led to the fall of his dynasty must take away much of the good report which might otherwise cling to the constitutional throne of the "King of the French."

When in 1850 Louis Philippe died at Claremont, the English house which his

son-in-law Leopold of Belgium had provided for him, he left four sons.

The sudden death of the Duc d'Orléans during his father's reign had been considered a severe blow to the dynasty, as it left the reversion of the crown to a minor, the Comte de Paris. And another serious domestic loss had befallen the King while still at the height of his earthly glory. In the amiable family group that had blessed his domestic life perhaps the most attractive figure to be found there was the Princess Marie. Her sister, Louise, Queen of Belgium, was not less lovely in disposition, she of whom Stockmar, the good friend of Leopold and the mentor of Prince Albert, has written, that "in characters such as hers, a guarantee is given of the perfection of the Being who created human nature." The Princess Marie Christine early evinced great musical talent, and soon revealed her genius for sculpture, to which art she at length devoted herself. The marriage of this accomplished princess to the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg in 1837 removed her from the French court. She died in 1839, leaving a number of interesting works and studies, of which the most celebrated is the Joan d'Arc preserved in the museum of Versailles.

The sons of Louis Philippe were the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier. The eldest son of the Duc de Nemours, the Comte d'Eu, married the daughter of Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil. And the late revolution in Brazil, which sent its good ruler in his old age into a European exile, has banished also an infant Bourbon prince, the great-grandchild of Louis Philippe, who was the prospective heir to a cisatlantic throne. The Prince de Joinville, the sailor son of the Citizen King, married also into the house of Braganza, espousing a daughter of Pedro I. of Brazil. The Duc d'Aumale, the most cultivated and accomplished of the Orléans brothers, as the heir of his wealthy relative the last Duc de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, gathered about him at the historic seat of the Condés, Chantilly, much that recalls the splendors and the renown of this interesting branch of the Bourbon family. The Duc de Montpensier married a sister of Queen Isabella of Spain, and one of his daughters became the wife of the Comte de

Paris, while the other, the fair Mercedes, was for a brief year the beautiful and beloved bride of Isabella's son, Alfonso XII. The affair of the Spanish marriages, in which Louis Philippe, in 1846, alienated England and aroused European distrust, was said to have had much to do with his loss of power and prestige. The King of the French had heartily espoused the cause of Isabella, and had, with England, given material aid to Christina, the Queen Regent, in her struggle with the Carlists. And when a husband was to be provided for the young Spanish Queen, Louis Philippe would gladly have given her one of his own sons. As that was not permissible, however, he adopted the only feasible plan for establishing French influence at Madrid by restricting Isabella's choice to an ineligible cousin, and at the same time violating his word to the English government by marrying his son Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, to the Infanta Louisa.

The unpopular and tyrannical Ferdinand VII., unworthy grandson of the good Charles III., had left his kingdom, by his Pragmatic Sanction annulling the Salic law of Philip V., to his daughter Isabella. And Don Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand, who had been heir-presumptive to the throne under the Bourbon code, immediately disputed his niece's claim. Then followed another war of succession, lasting six years, which desolated Spain—Carlos representing the absolutist principles of Ferdinand, and Christina, who was supported by the Constitutionalists, pledging the new reign to liberal government—a pledge which she took the earliest opportunity to evade. Her flight to France at the revolutionary signs that followed, with Espartero's short regency and downfall, was followed by the proclamation of the young Queen's majority at thirteen, a year earlier than the legal period. No greater contrast can be presented in modern history than the thrones of the two youthful queens of Spain and England. And the subjects of the dignified, judicious, and correct Victoria had reason to rejoice that a sensible parent and wise instructors had prepared her to fill with honor and ability her high office. Isabella, inheriting some of the faults of both her father and mother, with the plain and unintellectual cast of Ferdinand's features, lamentably deficient in will, and with little pride

in the duties of government, surrounded, too, by jarring factions and bewildered by opposite counsels, took refuge from her difficulties in an unworthy dissimulation. Under these circumstances her early popularity, due to the indulgence felt for her youth, and the amiable and unambitious disposition she evinced, gave place later to wide-spread disaffection as her character, under the influence of domestic infelicity, could no longer win respect, and her frequent violations of the constitution roused public indignation. And in 1869, Spain, the last Bourbon throne, became vacant by the deposition of its Queen.

Under Alfonso XII., for ten years the well-intentioned, upright young ruler of his blood-bought kingdom, Spain was secured in the advantages of constitutional government. And the son of Alfonso, the child who, under the regency of his mother, Queen Maria Christina, rules Spain to-day, is the only scion of Henri Quatre now wearing a crown.

Henri Charles Dieudonné, Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord, the heir of the French Bourbons in the elder line, whose death in 1882 left the way open for the Orleans aspirant, was in many respects a unique and interesting personage. Brought up by his pious aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI., he was educated in the strictest traditions of the *ancien régime*, and he represented to the French nation, in a constitutional age, the principles of absolutism and divine right. He had married a daughter of Francis IV., Duke of Modena, and his wife's sister became the consort of Don Juan de Bourbon and the mother of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, thus bringing him into relations with the Legitimists of Spain. In his Austrian exile at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, the Comte de Chambord lived for years, the revered object of Bourbon hopes and aspirations, looked up to from afar by loyal French Legitimists as undoubtedly their king *de jure* if never to be such *de facto*. And it has been said that three times the crown was within his grasp, could he have known how to seize it. But his scrupulous conscientiousness would not have allowed him to play the part of a Louis Napoleon. When Louis Philippe lost his throne in 1848, "Henri V." had his first opportunity. Again, after the Franco-Prussian war, France, torn and

bleeding, might have accepted a Bourbon king to lead her back to the glories she had forfeited under the ill-starred Second Empire. Lastly, in 1873, the culminating occasion was reached in the Comte de Chambord's career. The Comte de Paris, visiting his royal cousin at Frohsdorf, effected the fusion of the two parties and the reconciliation of the estranged families. In the French government Thiers had been forced to give place to MacMahon, and a majority of the French Parliament was ready to proclaim the monarchy. A deputation of its members waited upon the Comte de Chambord and offered him the crown, and the Comte de Paris was to be named his heir, as the former prince was childless. But "Henri V." could not be persuaded to accept the tricolor, the emblem of the republic. He would enter France under the white banner of his ancestors or not at all. He could not consent to be "the King of the Revolution."

This prince, through his nephew, the child of a half-sister, Madame de Charette, has a certain association with America. When the Duc de Berri was in exile in England, under an assumed name, he married the daughter of an English clergyman, the ceremony being performed according to the ritual of the Church of England. The bride never knew of her husband's high rank, and it is said that when at the opera one night in Paris after the Restoration she saw him beside the King, recognized as the heir to the throne, she was carried fainting from the house. It was a case similar to that of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. The Duc de Berri afterwards married the high-spirited princess whose efforts in La Vendée to recover the throne for her young son, "Henri V.," made a romantic episode in the early years of Louis Philippe's reign. When dying, in 1820, from the wound inflicted by a fanatical assassin, the Duc de Berri sent for and acknowledged the two children of his English wife. One of them became the Duchesse de Luynes, and the other married a Charette of La Coutrée, a scion of the famous royalist family so distinguished for its valor and its sufferings in the cause of the Bourbons. The Comte de Chambord, on the marriage of his half-sister, Madame de Charette, sent her a magnificent gold toilet service, which she in turn presented to her granddaughter,

Mademoiselle de Charette, when the latter became a bride in 1887. General Charette, the nephew of the Comte de Chambord, distinguished himself as an officer in the Papal Zouaves. His second wife, an American lady remarkable for her great beauty and for her graceful horsemanship, is a niece of Louisiana's soldier-bishop, the late General Leonidas Polk, of the Confederate army. Madame de Charette is also of the same family as President Polk, of Tennessee, where her father's country-seat, Ashwood, in Maury County, remained a noble example of the stately Southern homesteads until unfortunately destroyed by fire some years ago. General Charette's only son, an extraordinarily lovely child of ten, "le petit Tony," is, through his mother, a descendant of a Revolutionary hero, "Mad Anthony Wayne," from whom the little Bourbon derives his Christian name.

With the younger branch of the Royal House of France there is also an American affiliation. While in the war between the States there served in the Confederate army—among other distinguished foreigners who espoused the cause of Southern independence—a son of the Prime Minister of Charles X., the gallant Crimean officer Prince Camille de Polignac, on the Federal side there appeared the heir of the Orléans dynasty, the Comte de Paris, with his brother, the Duc de Chartres. Philippe Louis Albert de Bourbon-Orléans, seventh in descent from Philippe d'Orléans, younger son of Louis XIII., was born in Paris, August 24, 1838. At four he was, through his father's death, the immediate heir to what seemed an assured throne; at ten he was an exile with his royal grandfather. His youth was spent partly in Germany, partly in England, his excellent mother, Princess Hélène, carefully superintending his education until her death, which took place when he was twenty. With his brother he then travelled in the East, publishing afterwards extracts from his journal, under the title *Damas et le Liban*. In 1861 he came to America, joining the Federal army, and serving as captain of volunteers on the staff of General McClellan in his peninsula campaign. He left the United States the following year, and going to Spain, met for the second time the fair cousin who was to become his bride. The marriage took place in England in 1864, and here the Comte

de Paris lived quietly, engaged in literary pursuits and industrial investigations, until after the Franco-Prussian war and the downfall of the Second Empire. In 1869 he published his work on the trades unions of England, *Les Associations Ouvrières en Angleterre*. Returning to France, he took up his abode at the Château d'Eu, where, after 1883, he was accounted by the Royalist party as the head of the House of Bourbon, with the title of "Philippe VII." In 1874-5 he published his most elaborate literary work, the *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*.

Again sent into exile on the marriage of his eldest daughter to the Crown-Prince of Portugal, in 1886, the Comte de Paris died at Stowe House, in England, September 8, 1894, leaving to his son, the young Duc d'Orléans, "Philippe VIII.," the reversion of his titular crown. The grandson of Louis Philippe, a prince of many fine characteristics and of very good abilities, was not unworthy of the throne of Henri IV., had Fate and *la France* been propitious. He died a banished man, the last heir of the French Bourbons born in the purple.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The death of the Comte de Paris, who perhaps had as many real friends as any of his Bourbon ancestors, has recalled to many distinguished Americans some incidents connected with his short stay in America. He seems to have impressed every one he met with his courteousness and his gentlemanly and scholarly bearing. It is not uninteresting, therefore, to hear this little account of two meetings he had with one of our most distinguished Americans, a citizen of Boston, who was in England in 1863 on important diplomatic business.

This gentleman, at the invitation of our minister, Charles Francis Adams, had accompanied him, with one or two warm friends of America, including that prince of merchants Thomas Baring, to an English breakfast in the country.

Such an informal entertainment, when well carried out, is one of the pleasantest that a stranger can find anywhere, with its freedom from white chokers, swallow-tail coats, and other shackles, which make an English swell dinner the most detestable of tasks to plain folks.

At this informal breakfast, with about half a dozen in all, they found the young Comte de Paris a guest. He seemed a little over twenty years old, tall, grave, quiet, with very much the demeanor one would like in any well-bred undergraduate of one of our colleges, and without an atom of the vivacity which we attach to the French young man, or the assumption of dignity which too often marks the scion of aristocracy or nobility.

He had but just returned from his service on McClellan's staff, having parted with the "Great Virginia Creeper," as Mac's critics then called him, on board of a gunboat in the James River, with the

thunder of the battle of Malvern Hill ringing an accompaniment to the farewell in their ears, a mile or two distant.

The young prince met his older American and English friends with a modesty and quiet which were very attractive, inquiring cordially after the other officers he had left in the Army of the Potomac, among whom Captain Charles Lowell and some other Massachusetts officers stood conspicuous; but the young soldier had a royal memory, and seemed to forget nobody except himself.

They passed a couple of hours in discussing the prospects of Federal success, the Union side being then sadly clouded by the disasters of Fighting Joe Hooker near Chancellorsville, and the Comte de Paris talking as if his whole soul were in the triumph of the Union cause; and the party separated, the American carrying back a most favorable impression of the young soldier, who was then a formidable pretender to the French throne.

By chance our American friend met the Comte de Paris once again in the winter of 1891. Returning from a voyage among the West India Islands, he had stopped at Havana, and by good luck had got the best quarters in all those tropic resorts, namely, at the Hotel Pasaje, in Havana.

His rooms, as he was informed by the pompous Spanish landlord, were next to but better than those which he had just promised to his Royal Highness the Prince, who was hourly expected there, having deviated from his intended route in order to get cable news about his son, who was reported captured by the French republican government, and liable to be summarily shot as a spy or conspirator, who had, contrary to law, attempted some scheme of revolution in Paris,

from which city he had been banished. The magnificent landlord, hankering after a first-class advertisement for his gilded but tobacco-soiled palace, offered to introduce his guest to the prince. He was of course told that the first-comer needed no introduction.

Accordingly, when the Comte de Paris arrived, and had refreshed himself and got established in his quarters, his old acquaintance sent in a card, and was promptly asked into the neighboring room, where the Comte received him as if they had been friends of long standing, he inquiring about mutual friends in America with apparent warmth, and especially reverting to those in whose company the two travellers had last met—two of whom had crossed the dark river.

The middle-aged prince was the perfect outgrowth of the modest, well-mannered young man left thirty years before in England. He talked with anxiety of the political situation in France, and with much feeling of the hard place into which his rash boy had got himself. An hour was thus passed, and the two parted, with a promise on the Frenchman's part that when he had done the West Indies he would come to America, and certainly to Boston, and hoped to find some of his old comrades there to welcome him. He did come as far as Philadelphia, where something turned him toward Europe, but not before the Loyal Legion had given him a grand reception, at which the older traveller was invited to assist, without being able to accept the honor.

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

NOTE.—The author's attention having been drawn to the resemblance between the title "The Simpletons" and that of another English novel, he has decided to revert to the title originally selected, viz., "Hearts Insurgent," which will therefore be used in future parts of the story.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day Jude Fawley was pausing in his bedroom with the sloping ceiling, looking at the books on the table, and then at the black mark on the plaster above them, made by the smoke of his lamp in past months.

It was Sunday afternoon, four-and-twenty hours after his meeting with Arabella Donn. During the whole by-gone week he had been resolving to set this afternoon apart for a special purpose, the re-reading of his Greek Testament—his new one, with better type than his old copy, and following Griesbach's text as emended by numerous correctors, with variorum readings in the margin. He was proud of the book, having obtained it by boldly writing to its London publisher—a thing he had never done before.

He had anticipated much pleasure in this afternoon's reading, under the quiet roof of his great-aunt's house, as formerly, where he now slept only two nights a week. But a new thing, a great hitch, had happened yesterday in the gliding and noiseless current of his life, and he felt as a snake must feel who has sloughed off its winter skin, and cannot under-

stand the brightness and sensitiveness of its new one. He would not go out to meet her, after all. He sat down, opened the book, and with his elbows firmly planted on the table and his hands to his temples, began at the beginning:

Ἦ ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ.

Had he promised to call for her? Surely he had! She would wait in-doors, poor girl, and waste all her afternoon on account of him. There was a something in her, too, which was very winning, apart from promises. He ought not to break faith with her. Even though he had only Sundays and week-day evenings for reading, he could afford one afternoon, seeing how other young men afforded so many. Besides, after to-day, he would never, probably, see her again. Indeed, it would be impossible, considering what his plans were.

In short, as if visibly, a compelling arm of extraordinary muscular power seized hold of him, something which had nothing in common with the spirits and influences that had moved him hitherto. This seemed to care little for his reason and his will, nothing for his so-called ele-

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."

vated intentions, and moved him along as a violent schoolmaster a school-boy he has seized by the collar, in a direction which tended towards the embrace of a woman for whom he had no particular respect, and whose life had nothing in common with his own except locality.

'H KAINH ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ was suddenly closed, and the predestinate Jude sprang up and across the room. Foreseeing such an event, he had already arrayed himself in his best clothes. In three minutes he was out of the house and descending by the path across the wide vacant hollow of corn ground which lay between the village and the isolated house of Arabella in the dip beyond the upland.

As he walked he looked at his watch. He could be back in two hours, easily, and a good long time would still remain to him for reading after tea.

Passing the few unhealthy fir-trees and cottage where the path joined the highway, he hastened along, and struck away to the left, descending the steep side of the country to the west of the Brown House. Here, at the base of the chalk formation, he neared the brook that oozed from it, and followed the stream till he reached her dwelling. A smell of piggeries came from the back, and the grunting of the originators of that smell. He entered the garden, and knocked at the door with the knob of his stick.

Somebody had seen him through the window, for a male voice on the inside said: "Arabella! Here's your young man come coorting! Mizzle, my girl!"

Jude winced at the words. Courting in such a businesslike aspect as it evidently wore to the speaker was the last thing he was thinking of. He was going to walk with her, perhaps kiss her, but "courting" was too coolly purposeful to be anything but repugnant to his ideas. The door was opened and he entered, just as Arabella came down stairs in full walking attire.

"Take a chair, Mr. What's-your-name?" said her father, an energetic, black-whiskered man, in the same businesslike tones Jude had heard from outside.

"I'd rather go out at once, wouldn't you?" she whispered to Jude.

"Yes," said he. "We'll walk up to the Brown House and back; we can do it in half an hour."

Arabella looked so handsome amid her untidy surroundings that he felt glad he

had come, and all the misgivings vanished that had hitherto haunted him.

First they clambered to the top of the great down, during which ascent he had occasionally to take her hand to assist her. Then they bore off to the left along the crest with the ridgeway, which they followed till it intersected the highroad at the Brown House aforesaid, the spot of his former fervid desires to behold Christminster. But he forgot them now. He talked the commonest local twaddle to Arabella with greater zest than he would have felt in discussing all the philosophies with all the Dons in the recently adored university, and passed the spot where he had knelt to Diana and Phœbus without remembering that there were any such people in the mythology, or that the sun was anything else than a useful lamp for illuminating Arabella's face. An indescribable lightness of heel served to lift him along; and Jude, the incipient scholar, prospective D.D., professor, bishop, or what not, felt himself honored and glorified by the condescension of this handsome country girl in agreeing to take a walk with him in her Sunday frock and ribbons.

They reached the Brown House barn—the point at which he had planned to turn back. While looking over the vast northern landscape from this spot, they were struck by the rising of a dense volume of smoke from the neighborhood of the little town which lay beneath them at a distance of a couple of miles.

"It is a fire!" said Arabella. "Let's run and see it—do! It is not far!"

The tenderness which had grown up in Jude's bosom left him no will to thwart her inclination now — which, indeed, pleased him in affording him excuse for a longer time with her. They started off down the hill almost at a trot; but on gaining level ground at the bottom, and walking a mile, they found that the spot of the fire was much further off than it had seemed.

Having begun their journey, however, they pushed on; but it was not till five o'clock that they found themselves on the scene—the distance being altogether about half a dozen miles from Marygreen, and three from Arabella's. The conflagration had been got under by the time they retraced their steps—their course lying through the town of Alfredston.

Arabella said she would like some tea, and they entered an inn of an inferior

class, and gave their order. As it was not for beer, they had a long time to wait. The maidservant recognized Jude, and whispered her surprise to her mistress in the background, that he, the student, "who kept himself up so particular," should have suddenly descended so low as to keep company with Arabella. The latter guessed what was being said, and laughed as she met the serious and tender gaze of her lover—the low and triumphant laugh of a careless woman who sees she is winning her game.

They sat and looked round the room, and at the picture of Samson and the Philistines which hung on the wall, and at the circular stains on the table, and at the spittoons underfoot, filled with sawdust. The whole aspect of the scene had that depressing effect on Jude which few places can produce like a tap-room on a Sunday evening when the setting sun is slanting in, and no liquor is going, and the unfortunate wayfarer finds himself with no other haven of rest.

It began to grow dusk. They could not wait longer, really, they said. "Yet what else can we do?" asked Jude. "It is a three-mile walk for you."

"I suppose we can have some beer," said Arabella.

"Beer! Oh yes. I had forgotten that. Somehow it seems odd to come to a public-house for beer on a Sunday evening."

"But we didn't."

"No, we didn't." Jude by this time wished he was out of such an uncongenial atmosphere; but he ordered the beer, which was promptly brought.

Arabella tasted it. "Ugh!" she said.

Jude tasted. "What's the matter with it?" he asked. "I don't understand beer very much now, it is true. I like it well enough, but it is bad to read on, and I find coffee better. But this seems all right."

"Adulterated—I can't touch it!" She mentioned three or four ingredients that she detected in the liquor beyond malt and hops, much to Jude's surprise.

"How much you know!" he said, good-humoredly.

Nevertheless, she returned to the beer and drank her share, and they went on their way. It was now nearly dark, and as soon as they had withdrawn from the lights of the town they walked closer together, till they touched each other. She wondered why he did not put his arm round her waist, but he did not; he mere-

ly said, what to himself seemed a quite bold enough thing, "Take my arm."

She took it, thoroughly, up to the shoulder. He felt the warmth of her arm against his, and putting his stick under his other elbow, held with his right hand her right as it rested in its place.

"Now we are well together, dear, aren't we?" he observed.

"Yes," said she; adding to herself, "Rather mild!"

"How fast I have become!" he was thinking.

Thus they walked till they reached the foot of the upland, where they could see the white highway ascending before them in the gloom. From this point the only way of getting to Arabella's was by going up the incline and dipping again into her valley on the right. Before they had climbed far they were nearly run into by two men, who had been walking on the grass unseen.

"These lovers—you find 'em out-o'-doors in all seasons and weathers—lovers and homeless dogs only," said one of the men, as they vanished down the hill.

Arabella giggled lightly.

"Are we lovers?" asked Jude.

"You know best."

"But you can tell me?"

For answer she inclined her head upon his shoulder. Jude took the hint, dropped her arm, and encircling her waist with his, pulled her to him and kissed her.

They walked now no longer arm in arm, but, as she had desired, clasped together. After all, what did it matter, since it was dark? said Jude to himself. When they were half-way up the long hill they paused as by arrangement, and he kissed her again. They reached the top, and he kissed her once more.

"You can keep your arm there if you would like to," she said, gently.

He did so, thinking how trusting she was.

Thus they slowly went towards her home. He had left his cottage at half past three, intending to be sitting down again to the New Testament by half past five. It was nine o'clock when, with another embrace, he stood to deliver her up at her father's door.

She asked him to come in, if only for a minute, as it would seem so odd otherwise, and as if she had been out alone in the dark. He gave way, and followed her in. Immediately that the door was

opened he found, in addition to her parents, several neighbors sitting round. They all spoke with a congratulatory manner, and took him seriously as Arabella's intended partner.

They did not belong to his set or circle, and he felt out of place and embarrassed. He had not meant this: a mere afternoon of pleasant walking with Arabella, that was all he had meant. He did not stay longer than to speak to her step-mother, a simple, quiet woman, without features or character; and bidding them all good-night, plunged with a sense of relief into the track over the down.

But that sense was only temporary. Arabella soon reasserted her sway in his soul. He walked as if he felt himself to be another man from the Jude of yesterday. What were his books to him? what were his intentions, hitherto adhered to so strictly, as to not wasting a single minute of time day by day? "Wasting?" it depended on your point of view to define that: he was just living for the first time, not wasting life. It was better to love a woman than to be a graduate, or a parson—ay, or a Pope.

When he got back to the house his aunt had gone to bed, and a general consciousness of his neglect seemed written on the face of all things confronting him. He went up stairs without a light, and the dim interior of his room accosted him with sad inquiry. There lay his book open, just as he had left it, and the capital letters on the title-page regarded him with fixed reproach in the gray starlight, like the unclosed eyes of a dead man:

‘H KAINH ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ.

Jude had to leave early next morning for his usual week of absence at lodgings; and it was with a sense of futility that he threw into his basket upon his tools and other necessities the unread book he had brought with him.

He kept his impassioned doings a secret almost from himself. Arabella, on the contrary, made them public among all her friends and acquaintances.

Retracing by the light of dawn the road he had followed a few hours earlier under cover of darkness with his sweetheart by his side, he presently reached the bottom of the hill, where he walked slowly, and stood still. He was on the spot where he had given her the first kiss. As the sun had only just risen, it was possible that

nobody had passed there since. Jude looked on the ground and sighed. He looked closely, and could just discern in the damp dust the imprints of their feet as they had stood locked in each other's arms. She was not there now, and "the embroidery of imagination upon the stuff of nature" so depicted her past presence that a void was in his heart which nothing could fill. A pollard willow stood close to the place, and that willow was different from all other willows in the world. Utter annihilation of the six days which must elapse before he could see her again, as he had promised, would have been his intensest wish if he had had only the week to live.

An hour and a half later Arabella came along the same way with her two companions of the Saturday. She passed the scene of the kiss and the willow that marked it unheeding, and chattering freely on the subject to the other two.

"And what did he tell 'ee next?"

"Then he said—" And she related almost word for word some of his tenderest speeches. If Jude had been behind the fence, he would have felt not a little surprised at learning how very few of his sayings and doings on the previous evening were private.

"You've got him to care for 'ee a bit, 'nation if you ha'n't!" murmured Anny, judicially. "It's well to be you."

In a few moments Arabella replied, in a curiously low, fierce tone of latent passionateness: "I've got him to care for me—yes! But I want him to more than care for me; I want him to marry me. I must have him. I can't do without him. He's the sort of man I long for. I shall go mad if I can't give myself to him altogether. I felt I should when I first saw him."

"As he is a romancing, straightfor'ard, honest chap, he's to be had as a husband, if you set about catching him in the right way."

Arabella remained thinking awhile. "What med be the right way?" she asked.

"Oh, you don't know—you don't!" said Sarah, the third girl.

"On my word, I don't. No further, that is, than by plain courting, and taking care he don't go too far."

The third girl looked at the second. "She *don't* know!"

"'Tis clear she don't," said Anny.

"And having lived in a town, too, as—

one may say! Well, we can teach 'ee som'at, then, as well as you us."

"Yes. And how do you mean—a sure way to gain a man? Take me for a innocent, and have done wi' it."

"As a husband?"

"As a husband."

"A countryman that's honorable and serious-minded such as he. God forbid that I should say a sojer, or sailor, or commercial gent from the towns, or any of them that be slippery with poor women. I'd do no friend that harm."

"Well, such as he, of course. It's some unholy witch trick, I swear!"

Arabella's companions nodded.

"The plan is," said the one who had spoken last, "to invent another young man that you've thrown over for him, though he's willing to have you back again. And you show the letter."

"Show the letter?"

"Yes. The letter from him, offering to marry you right off. I'll write it for 'ee. You could do it easily, as you have been away to Aldbrickham. You could say he lives there, and courted you there. You must tell it trembling, and have a good watery cry."

"Ah!" said Arabella, smiling. "I own I didn't think of it. But suppose he finds out 't isn't true? A woman had better not have tried it then."

"Nothing venture nothing have. You'd be safe enough in your case. I wish I had the chance. Lots of girls have to play such tricks, or do you think they'd get married at all?"

Arabella pursued her way in silent thought. "I'll try it," she said. "Write me the letter."

CHAPTER VIII.

AT the week's end Jude was again walking out to his aunt's at Marygreen from his lodging in Alfredston—a walk which now had large attractions for him quite other than his desire to see his aged and morose relative. He diverged to the right before ascending the hill, with the single purpose of gaining on his way a glimpse of Arabella that should not come into the reckoning of regular appointments. Before quite reaching the homestead his alert eye perceived the top of her head moving quickly hither and thither over the garden hedge. Entering the gate, he found that three young unfattened pigs had escaped from their sty by leaping clean

over the top, and that she was endeavoring unassisted to drive them in through the door which she had set open. The lines of her countenance changed from the rigidity of business to the softness of love when she saw Jude, and she bent her eyes languishingly upon him. The animals took advantage of the pause by doubling and bolting out of the way.

"They were only put in this morning," she cried, stimulated to pursue in spite of her lover's presence. "They were drove from Singleholt Farm only yesterday, where father bought 'em at a stiff price enough. They are wanting to get home again, the stupid toads! Will you shut the garden gate, dear, and help me to get 'em in? There be no men-folk at home, only mother, and they'll be lost if we don't mind."

He set himself to assist, and dodged this way and that, over the potato rows and the cabbages. Every now and then they ran together, when he caught her for a moment and kissed her. The first pig was got back promptly; the second with some difficulty; the third, a long-legged creature, was more obstinate and agile. He plunged through a hole in the garden hedge and into the lane.

"He'll be lost if I don't follow 'n," said she. "Come along with me."

She rushed in full pursuit out of the garden, Jude alongside her, barely contriving to keep the fugitive in sight. Occasionally they would shout to some boy to stop the animal, but he always wriggled past and ran on as before.

"Let me take your hand, darling," said Jude. "You are getting out of breath." She gave him her now hot hand with apparent willingness, and they trotted along together.

"This comes of driving 'em home," she remarked. "They always know the way back if you do that. They ought to have been carted over."

By this time the pig had reached an unfastened gate admitting to the open down, across which he sped with all the agility his little legs afforded. As soon as the pursuers had entered and ascended to the top of the high ground it became apparent that they would have to run all the way to the farmer's if they wished to get at him. From this summit he could be seen as a minute speck, following an unerring line towards the farm.

"It is no good," cried Arabella. "He'll

be there long before we get there. It don't matter, now we know he's not lost or stolen on the way. They'll see it is ours, and send un back. Oh dear, how hot!"

Relinquishing her hold of Jude's hands as if with relief, she sat down on the sod under a stunted thorn, and remained some time in reverie, her form heaving and falling in quick pants, her face flushed, her full red lips parted, and a fine dew of perspiration upon her skin. Jude stood before her, looking sometimes into the distance, sometimes back into her face.

"You look tired, dear," he said.

"I am not so very tired; only out o' breath," she murmured.

"You seem out of spirits, or something, then. What is it?" He bent down to kiss her.

"No, Jude; you mustn't. It has to do with that. I mean what makes me seem down and melancholy. I've got to tell 'ee; and I don't like to."

"But do, dear Arabella," he urged, anxiously.

She looked far away at the solitude, which was absolute. They were, in fact, on one of the summits of the county, and could discern the remote landscape around Christminster (which Jude did not think of as being attractive then), till she glanced gloomily at her pocket, and at her hand that held something white partially withdrawn from it.

"What have you there?" said he.

"A letter. Oh, never mind." She thrust the letter back into her pocket again.

"Is it that which troubles you?"

"Yes, partly. I don't know how to answer it."

"I cannot advise you unless I know what it is about."

"And if I tell you, you'll be angry with me."

"I promise not to be."

"Very well, then. It is about another young man."

"Another?" Jude felt the beginning of a cold sweat supervening on his hot one. Till this moment Arabella had never hinted a word of another lover, or done anything to cause him the least jealousy.

"When I was at Aldbrickham," she went on, "I was followed up by two or three; and one in particular I rather liked. He was a rather nice young gentle-

man, and is still. Oh, I did serve him bad, poor chap!"

"Why was that?"

"How stupid you be!" she said, crossly. "I came home, and then I saw you, and—gave him the cold shoulder—"

"You were a dear!"

"But that isn't all. He forgives everything; offers to marry me off-hand, even now, if I'll say yes. To think that he is so constant, after all! I don't deserve it. I am unworthy of such."

She drew out the letter and unfolded it, expecting Jude to ask to see it. He merely said,

"Is that the offer of marriage?"

"Yes," said she.

Jude sighed. "Of course," he said, mournfully, "if you think so much about him, and think you ought to have him, I must bear the loss of you. But I didn't expect such a blow as this. However, I won't reproach you. But as long as I live I shall never forget you. I was going to ask for one last kiss. Perhaps I have no right to. You ought to have told me of this before.... So I am to take it as being all over between us?"

Arabella remained a moment longer, looking nettled. Then, with a slight curl of her lip, she sprang to her feet, and exclaiming abruptly "I must mizzle!" walked off quickly homeward. Jude followed heavily, and rejoined her.

"Just one!" he coaxed. "Though I ought not, I suppose, now?"

"Sha'n't!" she said.

He, surprised and hurt: "You needn't answer like that, dear, even if I did ask for what I have no longer a right to expect. I didn't know till now—"

She kept her two lips resentfully together, and Jude followed her like a pet lamb, till she slackened her pace and walked beside him, talking calmly on indifferent subjects. Then they descended to the precincts of her father's homestead, and Arabella went in, merely nodding good-by to him with a supercilious, affronted air.

"Shall I see you once more?" he faltered.

"Yes, once, if you like. Sunday evening," said she, with suppressed ire.

"I ought not to have tried to kiss her after what she had told me," Jude murmured to himself sadly as he went on to Marygreen.

On Sunday morning the interior of

Arabella's house was, as usual, the scene of a grand weekly cooking and preparation of the special Sunday dinner. Her father was shaving before a little glass hung to the mullion of the window, and her mother and Arabella herself were shelling beans hard by. A neighbor passed by on her way home from morning service at the nearest church, and seeing Donn engaged at the window with the razor, nodded and came in.

She at once spoke playfully to Arabella: "I seed 'ee running with un! hee-hee! I hope 'tis coming to something?"

Arabella merely threw a look of consciousness into her face without raising her eyes.

"He's for Christminster, I hear, as soon as he can get there."

"Have ye heard lately—quite lately?" asked Arabella, with a jealous, tigerish indrawing of breath.

"Oh no; but it has been known a long time that it is his plan. He's on'y waiting here for an opening. Ah, well; he must walk about with somebody, I s'pose. Young men don't mean much nowadays. 'Tis a sip here and a sip there with 'em. 'Twas different in my time."

When the gossip had departed on her way home Arabella said, suddenly, to her mother: "I want you and father to go and inquire how the Edlins be this evening after tea. Or no—there's evening service at Fensworth—you can walk to that."

"Oh! What's up to-night, then?"

"Nothing. Only I want the house to myself. He's shy; and I can't get un to come in when you be here. I shall let him slip through my fingers if I don't mind. I've had what seems bad advice. I wish I had never come back from Aldbrickham. 'Tis horrid to have not enough young men to play 'em off against one another!"

"If it is fine we med as well go. I don't mind."

In the afternoon Arabella was on the watch for Jude, with a feeling of considerable anxiety, for her scheme had somewhat miscarried thus far. He came; and they wandered with divided minds till they reached the green track along the ridge, which they followed to the circular British earthwork adjoining, Jude thinking of the great age of the trackway, and of the drovers who had frequented it, probably before the Romans knew the country. From the level lands below them floated

up the chime of church-bells. Presently they were reduced to one note, which quickened and stopped.

"Now we'll go back," said Arabella, who had observed the sounds.

Jude assented. So long as he was near her he minded little where he was.

When they arrived at her house he said, lingeringly: "I won't come in. Why are you in such a hurry to go in to-night? The last, too, I suppose?"

"Well, then, wait a moment," said she. She tried the door-handle, and found it locked. "Ah, they are gone to church," she added. Searching behind the scraper, she found the key, and unlocked the door. "Now you may come in a moment, if you want to," she said, bitterly.

"It is good of you," said Jude.

In-doors they went. She asked, listlessly, if he wanted tea. No, he did not care about it; he would rather sit and talk to her. She sank down in a chair, remained silent for a minute or more, and then burst into tears.

"What is it?" said Jude, much distressed.

"He's coming!" she said. "Look on the chimley-piece!"

He looked, and saw a letter, directed to a man at Aldbrickham whose name was strange to him, in Arabella's handwriting.

"What is it—acceptance of him?" said Jude, pale as death.

"I've been drove to it!" she sobbed. "He says he shall come for me willy-nilly, and father and mother say I must have him! But I don't want to—because—because—I love *you* best! But I must give you up, because you be not ready, and he is!"

"I *am* ready!" said Jude, passionately. "I can't let you go! Tell your father and mother that I am as ready as he! When is he coming?"

"He tells father he's coming in three weeks."

"We'll be married by that time! Will you tear up that letter?"

"Will you? It will mean to father and mother that you take his place if I tell them *you* tore it up."

Jude rushed and tore up the letter, and kissed her more than once; and she said, with real gladness, "And you won't desert me?"

"You *know* I won't desert you, Arabella! It is true I have next to no wages as yet, or perhaps I should have thought

of this before. But, of course, now you are in a corner like this, we will marry. What other thing do you think I could dream of doing?"

"I thought—I thought, deary, perhaps you would go away—when you found I had been so—wicked as to give another man leave to come for me—and marry me!"

"You knew better. Of course I never dreamt six months ago, or even three, of marrying. It is a complete smashing up of my plans—I mean my plans before I knew you, my dear. But what are they, after all? Dreams about books and degrees and impossible scholarship and all that. Certainly we'll marry; I *must* have you!"

CHAPTER IX.

THAT night he went out alone, and walked in the dark, self-communing. He knew well, too well, in the secret centre of his brain, that Arabella was not worth a great deal as a specimen of womankind. Yet, such being the custom of the country among honorable young men who had drifted so far into courtship with a woman as he unfortunately had done, he was ready to abide by what he had said, and take the consequences. For his own soothing, he kept up a factitious belief in her. His idea of her was the thing of most consequence, not Arabella herself, he sometimes said, laconically.

The banns were put in and published the very next Sunday. The people of the parish all said what a simple fool young Fawley was. All his reading had only come to this, that he would have to sell his books to buy saucepans. Those who guessed the probable pressure that had been exercised by the lady, her parents being among them, declared that it was the sort of honorable conduct they would have expected of such a young man as Jude, to carry out his engagement with his sweetheart. The parson who married them seemed to think it all right too.

And so, standing before the aforesaid officiator, the two swore, at this particular time of their lives, that at every other particular time of their lives they would assuredly believe, feel, and desire as they believed, felt, and desired now. What was as remarkable as the hardihood of the undertaking itself was the fact that nobody seemed at all surprised at what they swore.

Fawley's aunt being a baker, she made him a bride-cake, saying bitterly, amongst other funereal reflections, that it was the last thing she could do for him, poor simpleton, and that it would have been far better if, instead of his living to trouble her, he had gone underground years before with his feeble mother. Of this cake Arabella took some slices, wrapped them up in the best cream-laid note-paper, and sent them to her companions in the pork-dressing business, labelling each packet, "In remembrance of good advice."

The prospects of the newly married couple were certainly not very brilliant even to the most sanguine mind. He, a stone-cutter's apprentice, nineteen years of age, was working for half-wages till he should be out of his time. His wife was absolutely useless in a town lodging, where he had at first considered it would be necessary for them to live. But the urgent need of adding to income in ever so little a degree caused him to take a lonely road-side cottage between the Brown House and Marygreen, that he might have the profits of a vegetable garden, and utilize her past experience by letting her keep a pig. It was not the sort of life he had bargained for, and it was a long way to walk to and from Alfredston every day. Arabella, however, felt that all these makeshifts were temporary. She had gained a husband, that was the thing—a husband with a lot of earning power in him for buying her frocks and hats when he should begin to get frightened a bit and stick to his trade and throw aside those stupid books for practical undertakings.

So to the cottage he took her on the evening of the marriage, giving up his old room at his aunt's, where so much of the hard labor at Greek and Latin had gone on.

A little chill overspread him at her first loosening of her plentiful tresses before the mirror. A long tail of hair which Arabella wore twisted up in an enormous knob at the back of her head was deliberately unfastened, stroked out, and hung upon the looking-glass which he had bought her.

"What—it wasn't your own?" he said, with a sudden distaste for her.

"Oh no. It never is nowadays with the better class."

"Nonsense! Perhaps not in towns.

But in the country it is supposed to be different. Besides, you have enough of your own, surely? Why, it is a lot!"

"Yes, enough as country notions go. But in towns the men expect more, and when I was barmaid at Albrickham—"

"Barmaid at Albrickham?"

"Well, not exactly barmaid. I used to draw the drink at a public-house there—just for a little time—that was all. Some genteel people put me up to getting this, and I bought it just for a fancy. The more you have the better in Albrickham, which is a finer town than all your Christminsters. Everybody of position wears false hair—the barber's assistant told me so."

Jude thought with a feeling of sickness that though this might be true to some extent, for all that he knew, many unsophisticated girls would and did go to towns and remain there for years without losing their simplicity of life and embellishments, whilst others had an instinct towards artificiality in their very blood, and became adepts in counterfeiting at the first glimpse of it. However, perhaps there was no great sin in a woman adding to her hair, and he resolved to think no more of it.

A new-made wife can usually manage to look interesting for a few weeks, even though the prospects of the household ways and means are cloudy. There is a certain piquancy about her situation and manner and glances, and the sense of it carries off the gloom of facts, and renders even the humblest bride independent of the real. Mrs. Fawley was walking in the streets of Alfredston one market-day with this quality in her carriage, when she met Anny, her former crony, whom she had not seen since the wedding.

As usual, they laughed before talking; the world seemed funny to them without saying it. "So it turned out a good plan, you see!" remarked the girl to the wife. "I knew it would with such as him. He's a dear good fellow, and you ought to be proud of un."

"I be," said Mrs. Fawley, quietly.

"And when be you going to tell him there was no other young man in the case?"

"S-sh! Not at all."

"Afraid to? You think he'll be in a taking, and give it to 'ee Saturday nights."

"Pooh! he won't care. I'd own to it for that matter. He'll shake down, bless

'ee—men always do. What can 'em do otherwise? Married is married."

Nevertheless, it was with a little uneasiness that Arabella thought of the matter sometimes, and foresaw that in the natural intimacy of husband and wife he would be sure to find out the mythical character of the urgent suitor, sooner or later.

The occasion came one evening at bedtime, when they were in their chamber in the lonely cottage by the way-side, to which Jude walked home from his work every day. He had worked hard the whole twelve hours, and had retired to rest before his wife. When she came into the room he was between sleeping and waking, and was barely conscious of her undressing before the glass as he lay.

One action of hers, however, brought him to full cognition. Her face being reflected before him, he could see that she was amusing herself by artificially producing in each cheek the dimple before alluded to—a curious accomplishment of which she was complete mistress, effecting it by a momentary suction. It occurred to him for the first time that those dimples were far oftener absent from her face during his daily intercourse with her nowadays than they had been in the earlier weeks of their acquaintance.

"Don't do that, Arabella!" he said, suddenly. "There's no harm in it, but I don't like to see you."

She turned and laughed. "Lord, I didn't know you was awake!" she said. "How countrified you be! That's nothing."

"Where did you learn it?"

"Nowhere that I know of. They used to stay without any trouble when I was at the public-house; but now they won't. My face was fatter then."

"I don't care about dimples. I don't think they improve a woman—particularly a married woman, and of full-sized figure like you."

"Most men think otherwise."

"I don't care what most men think, if they do. How do you know?"

"I used to be told so when I was serving in the tap-room."

"Ah, that public-house experience accounts for your knowing about the adulteration of the ale when we went and had some that Sunday evening. I thought when I first courted you that you had always lived in your father's house."

"You ought to have known better than that, and seen I was a little more finished than I could have been by staying where I was born. There was not much to do at home, and I was eating my head off, so I went away for three months."

"And then you met with that rival who frightened me lest I should lose you. When are you going to tell me all of that story?"

"Tell you?"

"Yes. Did you ever hear more of him?"

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. I made a mistake."

"What?"

"It was a mistake about his seriously wanting me."

He sat up in bed and looked at her. "How can that be?"

"People fancy wrong things sometimes."

"But—why, of course, so unprepared as I was, without a stick of furniture, and hardly a shilling—I shouldn't have hurried on our affair, and brought you to a half-furnished hut before I was ready, if it had not been for the news you gave me, which made it imperative for me to declare my intentions!... Good God... wasn't that story true?"

"Don't take on, dear. What's done can't be undone."

"I have no more to say."

He gave the answer simply, and lay down; and there was silence.

When Jude arose the next morning he seemed to see the world with different eyes.

There seemed to him—though possibly he was peculiar in this—something wrong in the demands of society, when they made necessary a cancelling of well-formed schemes involving years of thought and labor, a foregoing of a man's one opportunity of showing himself superior to the lower animals, and of contributing his units of work to the general progress of his generation, because of a momentary surprise by a new and transitory instinct, which had nothing in it of the nature of vice. Some queer people might be so unconventional as to inquire (we of the respectable classes do not, of course) what had he done—or she, for that matter—that he deserved to be caught in a gin which would cripple him, at least, if not her also, for the rest of a lifetime?

CHAPTER X.

THE time arrived for killing the pig which Jude and his wife had fattened in their sty during the autumn months, and the butchery was timed to take place as soon as it was light in the morning, so that Jude might get to Alfredston without losing more than a quarter of a day.

The night had seemed strangely silent. Jude looked out of the bedroom window long before dawn, and perceived that the ground was covered with snow, rather deep for the season, it appeared, a few flakes still falling.

"I'm afraid the pig-killer won't be able to come," he said to Arabella.

"Oh, he'll come. You must get up and make the water hot if you want Challow to scald him. But I like the swealing way best."

"I'll get up," said Jude. "I like the way of my own county."

He went down stairs, lit the fire under the copper, and began feeding it with bean-stalks, all the time without a candle, the blaze flinging a cheerful shine into the room; though for him the sense of cheerfulness was lessened by thoughts on the reason of that blaze—to heat water to scald an animal that as yet lived, and whose voice could be continually heard from the corner of the garden. At half past six, the time of appointment with the butcher, the water boiled, and Jude's wife came down stairs.

"Is Challow come?" she asked.

"No."

They waited, and it grew lighter with the dreary light of a snowy dawn. She went out, gazed along the road, and returning, said: "He's not coming. Drunk last night, I expect. The snow is not enough to hinder him, surely."

"Then we must put it off. It is only the water boiled for nothing. The snow may be deep in the valley."

"Can't be put off. There's no more victuals for the pig. He ate the last mixings o' barley meal yesterday marning."

"Yesterday morning? What has he lived on since?"

"Nothing."

"What—he has been starving?"

"Yes. We always do it the last day or two. What ignorance not to know that!"

"That accounts for his crying so. Poor creature!"

"Well, you must do the sticking—

there's no help for it. I'll show you how. Or I'll do it myself. I think I could, though as it is such a big pig I'd rather Challow had done it. However, his basket o' knives and things have been already sent on here, and we can use 'em."

"Of course you sha'n't do it," said Jude. "I'll do it, since it must be done."

He went out to the sty, shovelled away the snow for the space of a couple of yards or more, and placed the killing-stool in front, with the knives and ropes at hand. A robin peered down at the preparations from the nearest tree, and not liking the sinister look of the scene, flew away, though hungry. By this time Arabella had joined her husband, and Jude, rope in hand, got into the sty and noosed the affrighted little animal, who, beginning with a squeak of surprise, rose to repeated cries of rage. Arabella opened the sty door, and together they hoisted the victim on to the stool, legs upward, and while Jude held him, Arabella bound him down, looping the cord over his legs to keep him from struggling.

The animal's note changed its quality. It was now the cry of despair, long-drawn, slow, and hopeless.

"Upon my life, I would sooner have gone without the pig than have had this to do!" said Jude. "A little creature I have fed with my own hands!"

"Don't be such a tender-hearted fellow! There's the knife. Now, whatever you do, don't stick en too deep."

"I'll stick en effectually so as to make short work of it. That's the chief thing."

"You must not!" she cried. "The meat must be well bled. We shall lose from fifteen shillings to a pound on the carcass if the meat is red and bloody. Just touch him, that's all. I was brought up to it, and I know."

"He shall not be half a minute departing if I can help it, however the meat may look," said Jude, determinedly. Scraping the bristles from the pig's upturned throat, as he had seen the butchers do, he slit the fat, and gave the thrust with all his might.

"Od bother it all!" she cried, "that ever I should say it! You've over-stuck un! And I telling 'ee all the time."

"Do be quiet, Arabella, and have a little pity on the creature!"

However unworkmanlike the deed, it had been mercifully done. The blood flowed out in a torrent, instead of in the

trickling stream she had desired. The dying animal's eyes riveted themselves on Arabella with a reproach that was eloquent—the dumb regard of a poor creature recognizing at last the treachery of those who had seemed his only friends.

"Make en stop that!" said Arabella. "Such a noise will bring somebody up here, and I don't want people to know we be doing it ourselves." Picking up the knife from the ground where Jude had flung it, she touched the windpipe, and the pig was instantly silent.

"That's better," said she.

"It is a hateful business," said he.

"Pigs must be killed."

Just before expiring the animal kicked out with all his last strength.

"That's it; now he'll go," said she.

"Artful creatures—they always keep back a little strength like that as long as they can!"

The last kick had come so unexpectedly that Jude had staggered to keep his footing, and in recovering himself he knocked over the vessel in which the blood had been caught.

"There!" she cried, thoroughly in a passion. "Now I can't make any black-pot! There's a waste, all through you!"

Jude put the pan upright, but only about a third of the whole liquid was left in it, the main part being splashed over the snow, and forming a dismal, sordid, ugly spectacle—to those who saw it as other than an ordinary obtaining of meat. The lips and nostrils of the animal turned white, and the muscles of his limbs relaxed.

"Thank God!" said Jude. "He's dead."

"What's God got to do with such a messy job as a pig-killing, I should like to know!" she said, scornfully. "Poor folk must live."

"I know, I know," said he. "I don't scold you."

Suddenly they became aware of a voice at hand: "Well done, young married folks! I couldn't have carried it out much better myself, cuss me if I could!" The voice, which was husky, came from the garden gate, and looking up from the scene of slaughter, they saw the burly form of Mr. Challow leaning over the gate, critically surveying their performance.

"'Tis well for 'ee to stan' there and glane!" said Arabella. "Owing to your

being late, the meat is blooded and half spoiled! 'Twon't fetch so much by a shilling a stone!"

Challow expressed his contrition. "You, ma'm, in particular, should have waited a bit," he said, shaking his head, "and not have done this."

"You needn't be concerned," said Arabella, laughing. Jude too laughed, but there was a strong flavor of bitterness in his amusement.

Challow made up for his neglect of the killing by zeal in the cleaning. Jude felt dissatisfied with himself as a man for what he had done, though aware of his lack of common-sense, and that the deed would have amounted to the same thing if carried out by deputy. The white snow stained with the blood of his helpless fellow-mortal wore an illogical look to him as a lover of justice, not to say a Christian, though he could not see how the matter was to be mended. No doubt he was, as his wife had called him, a tender-hearted fool.

He did not like the road to Alfredston now. It stared him cynically in the face. The way-side objects reminded him so much of his courtship of his wife that, to keep them out of his eyes, he read as he walked to and from his work whenever he could, though he sometimes felt that he was not escaping commonplace by caring for books, every working-man being of that taste now. When passing near the spot by the stream on which he had first made her acquaintance he one day heard voices, just as he had done at that earlier time. One of the girls who had been Arabella's companion then was talking to a girl in a shed, himself being the subject of discourse, possibly because they had seen him in the distance. They were quite unaware that the shed walls were so thin that he could hear their words as he passed.

"Howsomever, 'twas I put her up to it; if I hadn' wrote the sham letter, she'd no more have been his mis'ess now than I."

"'Tis my belief she had tried others before...."

What had Arabella been put up to by this woman, so that he should make her his "mis'ess," otherwise his wife? "A sham letter." The suggestion was horridly unpleasant, and it rankled in his mind, so much that, instead of entering his own cottage when he reached it, he flung his

basket inside the garden gate, and determined to go and see his old aunt and get some supper there.

This made his arrival home rather late. Arabella, however, was busy melting down lard from fat of the deceased pig, she having been out on a jaunt all day, and so delayed her work. Dreading lest what he had heard should lead him to say something regrettable to her, he spoke little. But Arabella happened to be very talkative, and said, among other things, that she wanted more money. Seeing the book sticking out of his pocket, she added that he ought to earn more, and not waste so much time.

"An apprentice's wages are not meant to keep a wife on, as a rule, my dear."

"Then you shouldn't have had one."

"Come, Arabella! That's too bad, when you know how it came about."

"I'll declare afore Heaven that I never thought—"

"It was not your fault," he said, hastily. "I mean that those women friends of yours gave you bad advice. If they hadn't, or you hadn't taken it, we should at this moment be free from a bond which, not to mince matters, galls both of us devilishly. It may be very sad, but it is true."

"Who's been telling you about my friends? What advice? I insist upon your telling me."

"Pooh—I'd rather not."

"But you shall. You ought to. It is mean of 'ee not to."

"Very well." And he hinted gently about the letter from the non-existent lover. "But I don't wish to dwell upon it. Let us say no more about it."

Her defensive manner collapsed. "That was nothing," she said, laughing coldly. "Every woman has a right to do such as that."

"I quite deny it, Bella. She might if no life-long penalty attached to it for the man, or for herself just as likely. But when effects stretch so far she should not go and sting a man by tricks to hasten a contract that should be entered into deliberately."

"What ought I to have done?"

"Given me time.... Why do you fuss yourself about melting down that pig's fat to-night? Please put it away."

"Then I must do it to-morrow morning. It won't keep."

"Very well—do."

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT morning, which was Sunday, she resumed operations about ten o'clock; and the renewed work recalled the conversation which had accompanied it the night before, and put her back into the same intractable temper.

"That's the story about me in Marygreen, is it—that I entrapped 'ee? Much of a catch you was, Lord send!" As she warmed she saw some of Jude's ancient classics on a table where they ought not to have been. "I won't have they books here in the way!" she cried, petulantly, and seizing them one by one, she began throwing them upon the floor.

"Leave my books alone!" he said. "You might have thrown them aside if you had liked, but as to soiling them like that, it is disgusting!" In the operation of making the lard, Arabella's hands had become smeared with the hot grease, and her fingers consequently left very perceptible imprints on the book covers. She continued deliberately to toss the books severally upon the floor, till Jude, incensed beyond bearing, caught her by the arms to make her leave off. Somehow, in doing so, he loosened the fastening of her hair, and it rolled about her ears.

"Let me go!" she said.

"Promise to let the books alone."

She hesitated. "Let me go!" she repeated.

"Promise!"

After a pause: "I do."

Jude relinquished his hold, and she crossed the room to the door, out of which she went with a set face, and into the highway. Here she began to saunter up and down, perversely pulling her hair into a worse disorder than he had caused, and unfastening several buttons of her gown. It was a fine Sunday morning, dry, clear, and frosty, and the bells of Alfredston church could be heard on the breeze from the north. People were going along the road dressed in their holiday clothes; they were mainly lovers—such pairs as Jude and Arabella had been when they sported along the same track some months earlier. These pedestrians turned to stare at the extraordinary spectacle she now presented, bonnetless, her dishevelled hair blowing in the wind, her neck-fastenings apart, her sleeves rolled above her elbows for her work, and her

hands reeking with melted fat. One of the passers said, in mock terror, "My good Lord!"

"See how he's served me!" she cried. "Making me work Sunday mornings, when I ought to be going to my church, and tearing my hair off my head!"

Jude was exasperated, and went out to drag her in by main force. Then he suddenly lost his heat. Illuminated with the sense that all was over between them, and that it mattered not what she did, or he, he stood still, regarding her. Their lives were ruined, he thought—ruined by the fundamental error of their matrimonial union—that of having based a permanent contract on a temporary feeling which had no necessary connection with affinities, which alone render a life-long comradeship tolerable.

"Going to ill-use me on principle, as your father ill-used your mother, and your father's sister ill-used her husband?" she asked. "All you be a queer lot as husbands and wives."

Jude fixed an arrested, surprised look on her. But she said no more, and continued her saunter till she was tired. He left the spot, and after wandering vaguely a little while, walked in the direction of Marygreen. Here he called upon his great-aunt, whose infirmities daily increased.

"Aunt—did my father ill-use my mother, and my aunt her husband?" said Jude, abruptly, sitting down by the fire.

She raised her ancient eyes under the rim of the by-gone bonnet that she always wore. "Who's been telling you that?" she said.

"I have heard it spoken of, and want to know all."

"You med so well, I s'pose; though your wife—I reckon 'twas she—must have been a fool to open up that. There isn't much to know, after all. Your father and mother couldn't get on together, and they parted. It was coming home from Alfredston market, when you were a baby, on the hill by the Brown House barn, that they had their last difference, and took leave of one another for the last time. Your mother soon afterwards died—she drowned herself, in short—and your father went away with you to South Wessex, and never came here any more."

Jude recalled his father's silence about North Wessex and Jude's mother, never speaking of either till his dying day.

"It was the same with your father's sister. Her husband offended her, and she so disliked living with him afterwards that she went away to London with her little maid. The Fawleys were not made for wedlock; it never seemed to sit well upon us. There's sommat in our blood that won't take kindly to the notion of being bound to do what we do readily enough if not bound. That's why you ought to have hearkened to me, and not ha' married."

"Where did father and mother part—by the Brown House, did you say?"

"A little further on, where the road to Fenworth branches off and the hand-post stands. A gibbet once stood there."

In the dusk of that evening Jude walked away from his old aunt's as if to go home. But as soon as he reached the open down he struck out upon it till he came to a large round pond. The frost continued, though it was not particularly sharp, and the larger stars overhead came out slow and flickering. Jude put one foot on the edge of the ice, and then the other; it cracked under his weight, but this did not deter him. He ploughed his way inward to the centre, the ice making sharp noises as he went. When just about the middle, he looked around him, and gave a jump. The cracking repeated itself, but he did not go down. He jumped again, but the cracking had ceased. Jude went back to the edge and stepped upon the ground.

It was curious, he thought. What was he reserved for? He supposed he was not a sufficiently dignified person for suicide. Peaceful death abhorred him as a subject, and would not take him.

What could he do of a lower kind than self-extermination? what was there less noble, more in keeping with his present degraded position? He could get drunk. Of course that was it; he had forgotten. Drinking was the regular, stereotyped resource. He began to see now why some men boozed at inns. He struck down the hill northwards, and came to an obscure public-house. On entering and sitting down, he realized that it was the one which he had visited with Arabella on that first Sunday evening of their courtship by the sight of the picture of Samson and Delilah on the wall. He called for liquor, and drank briskly for an hour or more.

On staggering homeward late that

night, with all his sense of depression gone, and his head fairly clear still, he began to laugh boisterously, and to wonder how Arabella would receive him in his new aspect. The house was in darkness when he entered, and in his stumbling state it was some time before he could get a light. Then he found that though the marks of pig-dressing, of fats, and scallops were visible, the materials themselves had been taken away. A line written by his wife on the inside of an old envelope was pinned to the cotton blower of the fireplace.

"Have gone to my friends. Shall not return."

All the next day he remained at home, and sent off the carcass of the pig to Alfredston. He then cleaned up the premises, locked the door, put the key in a place she would know of if she came back, and returned to his masonry at Alfredston.

At night when he again plodded home he found she had not visited the house. The next day went in the same way, and the next. Then there came a letter from her.

That she had grown tired of him she frankly admitted. He was such a slow old coach, and she did not care for the sort of life he led. There was no prospect of his ever bettering himself or her. She further went on to say that her parents had, as he knew, for some time considered the question of emigrating to Australia, the pig-jobbing business being a poor one nowadays. They had at last decided to go, and she proposed to go with them, if he had no objection. A woman of her sort would have more chance over there than in this stupid country.

Jude replied that he had not the least objection to her going. He thought it a wise course, since she wished to go, and one that might be to the advantage of both. He enclosed in the packet containing the letter the money that had been realized by the sale of the pig, with all he had besides, which was not much.

From that day he heard no more of her except indirectly, though her father and his household did not immediately leave, but waited till his goods and other effects had been sold off. When Jude learnt that there was to be an auction at the house of the Donns he packed his own household goods into a wagon, and sent them to her at the aforesaid homestead,

that she might sell them with the rest, or as many of them as she should choose.

He then went into lodgings at Alfredston, and saw in a shop window the little handbill announcing the sale of his father-in-law's furniture. He noted its date, which came and passed without Jude's going near the place, or perceiving that the traffic out of Alfredston by the southern road was materially increased by the auction. A few days later he entered a little broker's shop in the main street of the town, and amid a heterogeneous collection of saucepans, a clothes-horse, rolling-pin, brass candlestick, swing looking-glass, and other things at the back of the shop, evidently just brought in from a sale, he perceived a little framed photograph, which turned out to be his own portrait.

It was one which he had had specially taken, and framed by a local man in bird's-eye maple, as a present for Arabella, and had duly given her on their wedding-day. On the back was still to be read, "*Jude to Arabella*," with the date. She must have thrown it with the rest of her property at the auction.

"Oh," said the broker, seeing him look at this and the other articles in the heap, and not perceiving that the portrait was of himself, "it is a lot of stuff that was knocked down to me at a cottage sale out on the road to Marygreen. The frame is a very useful one if you take out the likeness. You shall have it for a shilling."


The utter death of every tender sentiment in his wife, as brought home to him by this mute and undesigned evidence of her sale of his portrait and gift, was the conclusive little stroke required to demolish all sentiment in him. He paid the shilling, took the photograph away with him, and burnt it, frame and all, when he reached his lodging.

Two or three days later he heard that Arabella and her parents had departed. He had sent a message offering to see her for a formal leave-taking, but she had said that it would be better otherwise, since she was bent on going, which perhaps was true. On the evening following their emigration, when his day's work was done, he came out of doors after supper, and strolled in the starlight along the too-familiar road towards the upland whereon had been experienced the chief emotions of his life. It seemed to be his own again.

He could not realize himself. On the old track he seemed to be a boy still, hardly a day older than when he had stood dreaming at the top of that hill, inwardly fired for the first time with ardors for Christminster and scholarship. "Yet I am a man," he said. "I have a wife. More: I have arrived at the still riper stage of having bitterly disagreed with her, disliked her, and parted from her."

He remembered then that he was standing not far from the spot at which the parting between his father and his mother was said to have occurred.

A little further on was the summit whence Christminster, or what he had taken for that city, had seemed to be visible. A mile-stone now, as always, stood at the road-side hard by. Jude drew near it, and felt rather than read the mileage to the city. He remembered that once on his way home he had proudly cut with his keen new chisel an inscription on the back of that mile-stone embodying his aspirations. It had been done in the first week of his apprenticeship, before he had been diverted from his purposes by an unsuitable woman. He wondered if the inscription were legible still, and going to the back of the mile-stone, brushed away the nettles. By the light of a match he could still discern what he had cut so enthusiastically so long ago:

THITHER.
J. F. 

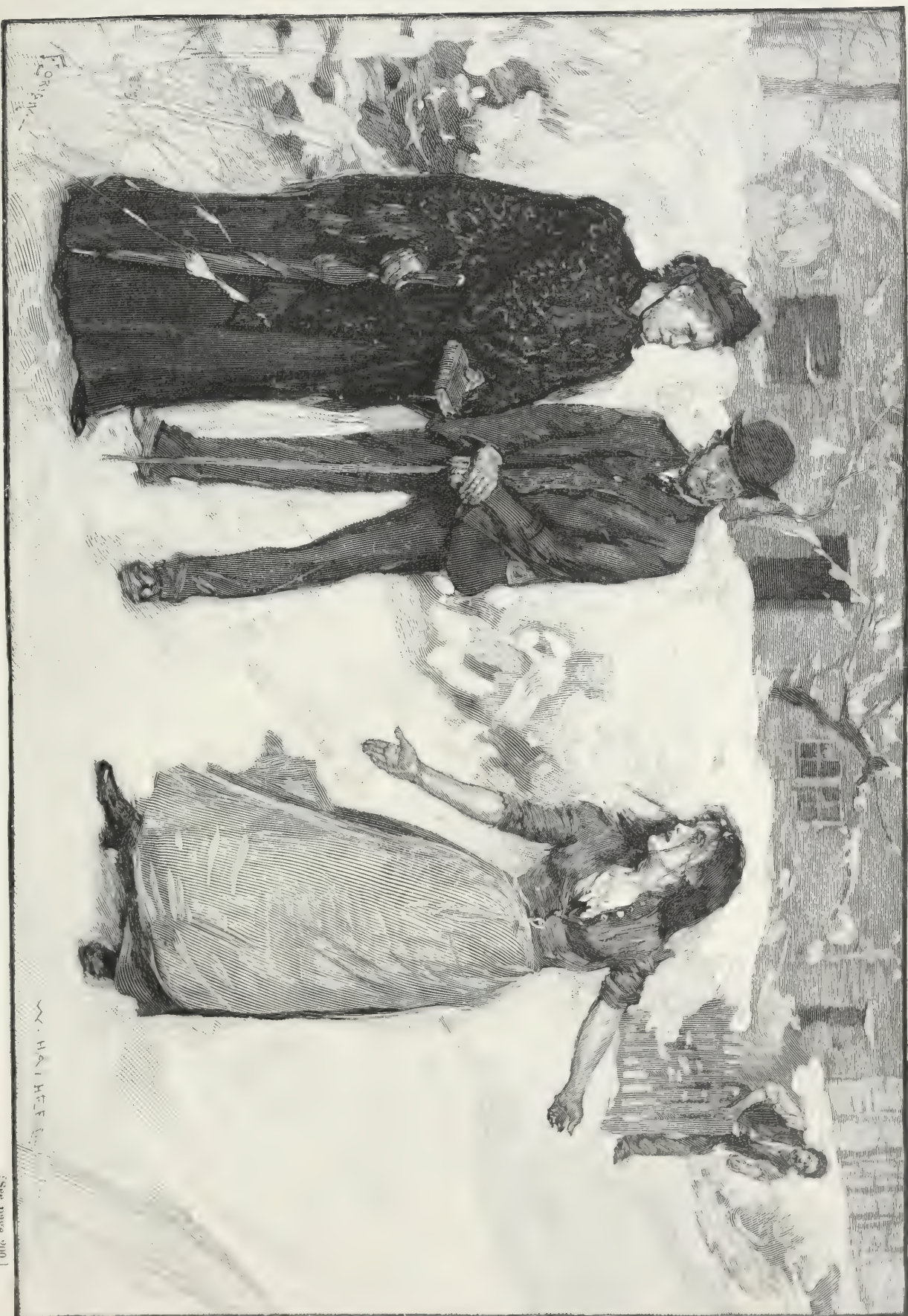
The sight of it unimpaired within its screen of grass and nettles lit in his soul a spark of the old fire. Surely his plan should be to move onward through good and ill; to avoid morbid sorrow, even though he did see uglinesses in the world. *Bene agere et lætari* (to do good cheerfully), which he had heard as being the philosophy of one Spinoza, might be his own even now.

He might battle with his evil star, and follow out his original intention.

By moving to a spot a little way off he uncovered the horizon in a northeasterly direction. There actually rose the faint halo, a small dim nebulousness, hardly recognizable save by the eye of faith. It was enough for him. He would go to Christminster as soon as the term of his apprenticeship expired.

He returned to his lodgings in a better mood, and said his prayers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SEE HOW HE'S SERVED ME!" SHE CRIED.

[See page 200.]



CAROLINA HALL, CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON AND THE CAROLINAS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

AFTER one good look around Charleston, South Carolina, the thing which most amazed me was that no one had ever happened to prepare me for finding a city so unlike our others that it actually may be said to be "built sidewise," as if all its houses were at odds with the streets. Strange also it seemed that no one had warned me that I should find it a water-color city of reds and pinks and soft yellows and white set against abundant greenery, and with horse-cars of still stronger colors flaming through the streets in the sunshine. Its own lovers, down there, like to speak of it as "old and mellow," but that expresses only a little bit of what it is.

First, it is very beautiful; next, it is dignified and proud; third, it is the cleanest city (or was when I was there) that I have yet seen in America; and, last of all, it is a creation by itself—a city unlike

any other that I know of. It is built on a spit of land with water on three sides, like New York, and this gives its people that constant and enduring delight which continual views of moving water never fail to provide. Part of its early history is that of a planters' summer resort, and something of that forgotten holiday air still clings to it. If it suggests any city that I have ever seen, it is New Orleans—perhaps because of an indefinable Latin trace that is seen in the stuccoed houses and walled gardens, and again, because of the important part the gardens play there, and the profusion of flowers that results from them.

The most peculiar feature of Charleston is the arrangement of its houses, which, as a rule, are built sidewise on the streets, with the end of each dwelling toward the pavement. This has been done to provide for either a southern or

western prospect from the galleries, or "piazzas," as they call them, with which each house is prettily and invitingly adorned. Because of this method of building, the entrances, which, without knowing better, we would take to be the front doors, in reality admit the members of each household either to the end of the lower porch or into the garden, the true main doorway being on the side of the house. Full enjoyment of the gardens is thus combined with privacy; and though one may get only glimpses of these little preserves from the streets, strong hints of their prettinesses are often carried up to the lofty balconies in the forms of vines and potted plants, like extensions of the gardens, the which whoever runs may enjoy. How very pretty and how very peculiar Charleston has thus become only a visit can disclose. Wherever one sees a fine garden, the palmetto, which gave the State its popular nickname, is chief among its treasures; but the trees have all been transplanted, for they do not naturally grow there, but on the islands and low shores of the coast. In the public grounds about the Capitol at Columbia, in the interior of the State, there is a majestic palmetto, but it is made of iron, the triumph of an ingenious metal-worker.

I quite boldly referred to the French appearance of the city during my visit, and though there were those who upheld me in my opinion, one very prominent gentleman, himself of Huguenot descent, insisted that I was mistaken. He thought it more than likely—almost positive—that the courtly manners and formal politeness that distinguished the leaders of Charleston's best society in the city's palmiest days, and that have by no means yet departed, were a direct inheritance from the French. But for the rest he insisted that, such was the strength of the English domination, Charleston was always and is to-day pure English at all important points. In 1793 nearly five hundred French refugees from San Domingo made Charleston their refuge, and one thoughtful citizen argued, without insistence, that possibly that mere essence which made the place seem French to me was due to the San Domingans. However, the discussion was and will be futile, and for myself I can only say that much in the style of many of the houses suggests the same adaptation from the French that we see in and around New

Orleans, and in the decorations and ornaments that continually confront a visitor the French style is pure and indubitable.

Mr. Yates Snowden has gathered in a published paper some notes of the various immigrations of the French to Charleston, and if they were not influential in the life and accessories of the people, it will at least be admitted that they were numerous and important. He shows that after the various large immigrations of the Huguenots there came to South Carolina fully twelve hundred Acadian refugees in 1755-57, and thirty-six years later the five hundred French came from San Domingo and settled in Charleston. The contrast between the results of these immigrations and those which have caused New Orleans to be still a partially French city is so great as to make the points of comparison few and weak. The San Domingans made a very small impression upon Charleston. Whether they had been weakened by an indolent life in the



THE IRON PALMETTO-TREE AT COLUMBIA.

tropics, they certainly were not a forceful people. They clung to their French customs and language, it is said, and yet they were swallowed up to such an extent that traces of them were few even fifty years ago. The Huguenots, on the other hand, coming as humble folk, disowning France and warmly adopting our country as their own, made a very great impression even upon the aristocracy and the history of the State. To return to Mr. Snowden's paper, he mentions the fact that one of the active philanthropic societies of Charleston is of French origin. "The South Carolina Society," he says, "founded in 1736 as the French Club, afterward known as the Two Bit Club, and called the Carolina Society when the Huguenots more thoroughly identified themselves with their new home, is probably, with one exception, the oldest organization in active operation in the South."

But from whatever its peculiar foreignness may be derived, Charleston is old and finished and complete—a small, inviting, pretty—a dignified, almost splendid little city.

While I was in Charleston preparations were making for the celebration of

the coming of age of a notable fashionable dancing circle in New York. Twenty-one years is indeed a long time for a coterie of purely fashionable pleasure-seekers to hold together, and that age, perhaps, represents with some fairness the period during which the great fortunes made since the war have both aided and incited our own wealthy people to display their good fortune with more ostentation and in circles more conspicuous by numbers than used to be either the rule or the possibility in earlier times. And yet at that very time I read the following notice in a fresh copy of the *News and Courier*, the great and dignified daily journal of Charleston:

MEETINGS.

ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.—The One Hundred and Thirty-first Anniversary Meeting will be held at the South Carolina Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8 P.M.

WILMOT D. PORCHER,
Secretary and Treasurer.

That notice concerned the members of what I suppose must be the oldest social fashionable organization in America. If it is no longer wealthy, it will nevertheless be conceded that no such circle is



AN OLD RESIDENCE, CHARLESTON.

more exclusive than it is, or than it has been for a longer time than our government has existed. Its name indicates its original purpose. That name, which is said to have been adopted by more musical societies than bear any other title, all over Christendom, was chosen in Charleston to distinguish a musical coterie formed from among the leading people. Next, the St. Cecilians, as they are called, added dancing to music, and finally their sole purpose became that of giving three grand balls every winter. Two hundred men form the mem-

bership, but they issue about four hundred invitations to ladies, the number of persons who are thus entitled to attend the dance being between five hundred and six hundred. The invitation list is the élite directory of the town, so to speak. Once the name of a lady is entered upon it, that name is never taken off, unless the lady dies or marries out of the membership.

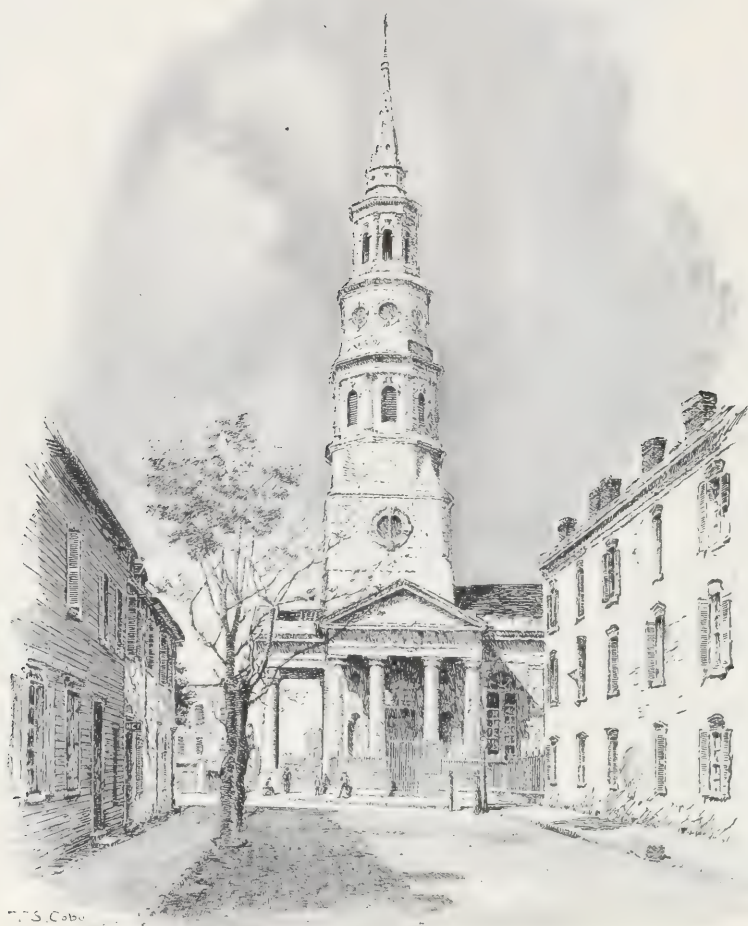
The eligibles are declared to be "any person in whose family there has been a member, as well as all men in Charleston who are credited with possessing the manners and instincts of gentlemen, without regard to birth or worldly condition." A great many men of wealth in Charleston could not be admitted if they desired to, and for some who have made the attempt there have been heart-burnings, as must always be the case where a society attempts to keep its membership wholly and thoroughly congenial. On the other hand, young men who boast neither wealth nor pedigree are admitted annually when their course of life and traits of character



A BIT OF CHARLESTON FROM ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

have won them the support of the others. As a rule, whoever has the entrée of the houses of the members has little or nothing to fear if he applies for membership; then he needs only the support of four-fifths of those who attend the meeting at which his application is considered. The society is managed by a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and twelve managers, chosen annually.

Intensely proud among themselves, the members eschew display and notoriety so far as the society is concerned, and the rule that nothing concerning its annual dances shall be printed or given out for publication is believed never to have been broken. The only publications concerning the society that are ever made are the notices of its annual meetings and of the days on which the balls are given. Josiah Quincy, in his memoirs, mentions having attended a meeting of the society prior to the war of the Revolution, and speaks of the care then taken to make it private. Amid all the old things in



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

Charleston (and it is a veritable museum, with its ancient churches, its pre-revolutionary post-office building, its library of colonial origin, and its old Chamber of Commerce), the fashionable society is itself largely composed of men and women rather younger than those of similar societies in other cities. The beautiful Battery—situated like that in New York—is so dependent upon nature that it is forever young and gay, and is the promenade for the St. Cecilians and the rest. It faces the beautiful harbor, with the sea and Fort Sumter (looking very small for anything with so big a history) in the distance across the broad blue bay. Facing the Battery, in turn, is a curving row of residences, almost as fine and as beautiful as any in America. The especial beauty of the show they make is due to the fact that they, also, keep up a process of rejuvenation, by the addition of new houses of the latest fashion. The result is a number of noble old-time mansions lord-

ing it over ample semi-tropical gardens, with their shady, breeze-inviting piazzas commanding the water and the promenade, side by side with dainty modern dwellings of what we would call suburban villa types, that give Charleston's old Battery a distinct air of youth and vigor. The men who enjoy these luxuries of the promenade and the fine houses of the showy parts of town are mainly those who maintain the Charleston Club, in which so many New-Yorkers have been so well entertained, and the Carolina Yacht Club, with its notable fleet and its fine sailing courses, both in the harbor and at sea.

Somewhat more popular in its scope is the Queen City Club, also a fine organization. Society, it is explained, is in the hands of the young because their elders have not the means to entertain as they would prefer to do; but however that

may be, it seems to me an admirable society, in which mere money cuts as slight a figure as it is possible to conceive. But it is wonderful—and doubtless sad from the former point of view—to note how the wealthy class has changed since the days when the planter was king. On the Battery, once a row of planters' mansions, only one house is that of a planter. Now the homes there are those of retired factors, prosperous lawyers, bankers, real-estate operators, and men who have accumulated their means elsewhere and returned to the charming old city.

The custom these people maintain of eating dinner at three or four o'clock in the afternoon will strike a stranger from the North as peculiar. In some degree it obtains all through the South—at least, after one leaves North Carolina. Another thing—a trifle, but equally odd—is the habit the shopkeepers have of hanging cards in their doors to show the legend "Shut" or "Open." To a fevered

New-Yorker it is lovely to think that perhaps this indicates that when trade is slow or the shopkeeper desires to attend a wedding, he can close his shop, and that the customers who come will exclaim, "Bother! It's shut. I must come again to-morrow," as they used to do under the same circumstances in New York not so very long ago.

A very notable charity, distinguished further by being the only one of its kind in the South, is the "Home for the Mothers, Widows, and Daughters of Confederate Soldiers." It was founded by women and is managed by women, solely for women and girls. The chief spirit among the founders was Mrs. M. E. Snowden, who has seen the noble work flourish for a quarter of a century, who has mourned the loss of many who were associated with her at the outset, and yet who remains active and at the head of the foundation. The undertaking has been completely successful. The women own the home building, and have a handsome bank account besides. They have given relief to as many as 2000 persons, and an education to hundreds who could not otherwise have obtained it. The home now shelters about thirty women and something like fifty girls, who must have been under fourteen years of age when entered there. The school-girls spend ten months in each year in the building. They are the offspring of the families of the upper grade, as a rule, though the only requirement is that they shall be white. The women are not all of the same social standing.

The Home is in a historic building. Where now is the school-room the sessions of the United States court were held, and at one sensational session in 1860 one of the Federal judges threw off

his robe, saying, "The time for action has come." Tossing his robe on the floor, he left the room, and thus summarily ended the Federal jurisdiction in South Carolina. However, it is a dove-cote now, and breathes an atmosphere of grace, mercy, and peace, whose genius is felt amid such surroundings that the glimpse I got of the garden, with its cool piazzas, its banana-trees, and its happy tenants, seemed altogether idyllic.

In nothing is Charleston more admirable and interesting than in its church buildings. Better yet, the people know this—which is not always the case in such matters—and are as proud of them as they should be. The two old English churches of St. Michael's and St. Philip's are to the city what superb statues are to a park. They are beautiful ornaments—monuments to a wealth of pride and



CHARLESTON CLUB HOUSE.

taste which may exist there, but will not be easily excelled in any modern memorials. But the Huguenot Church, the only one in America, is equally beautiful in its history. Its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Vedder, has written this concise statement of its claims upon those who venerate the cause of religion, and especially that of these liberty-loving exiles of old. These are his words:

"Established by French Protestants, Refugees from France on account of Religious persecution. Their Descendants,

venerating that steadfastness to principle so conspicuous in their Ancestors, continue to worship TO-DAY with the same liturgy (translated) published at Neufchatel in 1737 and 1772, in this, the ONLY Huguenot Church in America."

In a paper which Dr. Vedder read before the Huguenot Society of America a few years ago he declared that the first Protestant settlement on this continent was made in South Carolina by Huguenots. Admiral de Coligny, seeking a place of refuge for the unhappy French Protestants, fitted out an unlucky expedition, which made an abortive effort to form a settlement in Brazil. Then he despatched another expedition, under Jean Ribaut, which formed a settlement at or near the site of Port Royal, South Carolina, in 1562, which, as the Doctor says, was forty-five years earlier than the English colonization of Virginia, fifty-two years before the Dutch settlement of New York, and fifty-eight years before the foundation of the Plymouth colony. And yet more than a hundred years were to pass before the Huguenots became important factors in the making of South Carolina. Fire destroyed this first fort of the Protestants; distress fell upon them; and while Ribaut was away attempting to bring them reinforcements, they built a ship, and after fearful hardships and losses of life a few survivors reached England. In 1680 the

second Charles of England sent over fifty families to raise wine, oil, and silk, the English colony being then ten years old, and after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685 there was "a constant stream of Huguenot immigration to South Carolina." Four settlements were founded, and one historian, who saw the French there in 1700, says that, being temperate and industrious, they "have outstripped our English who brought with them large fortunes." But the colonial government was English, and the Huguenots were made to suffer great discomfort on account of their religion, even the right to vote being denied to them. At last the three rural congregations merged their churches into the Established (Episcopal) Church, translating the English liturgy into the French tongue for their own use. This was not done in Charleston, but after 1728 the services were held in English. The church itself was established there in 1681-2, and in the interval between that time and this the Marions, the Laurenses, the Manigaults, and many, many others have distinguished the Huguenot race, and their own State as well.

The two Episcopal churches of St. Philip's and St. Michael's are, as I have intimated, the most beautiful church edifices in the Carolinas. They ennoble almost every view of Charleston that one gets. St. Philip's has the third building in which

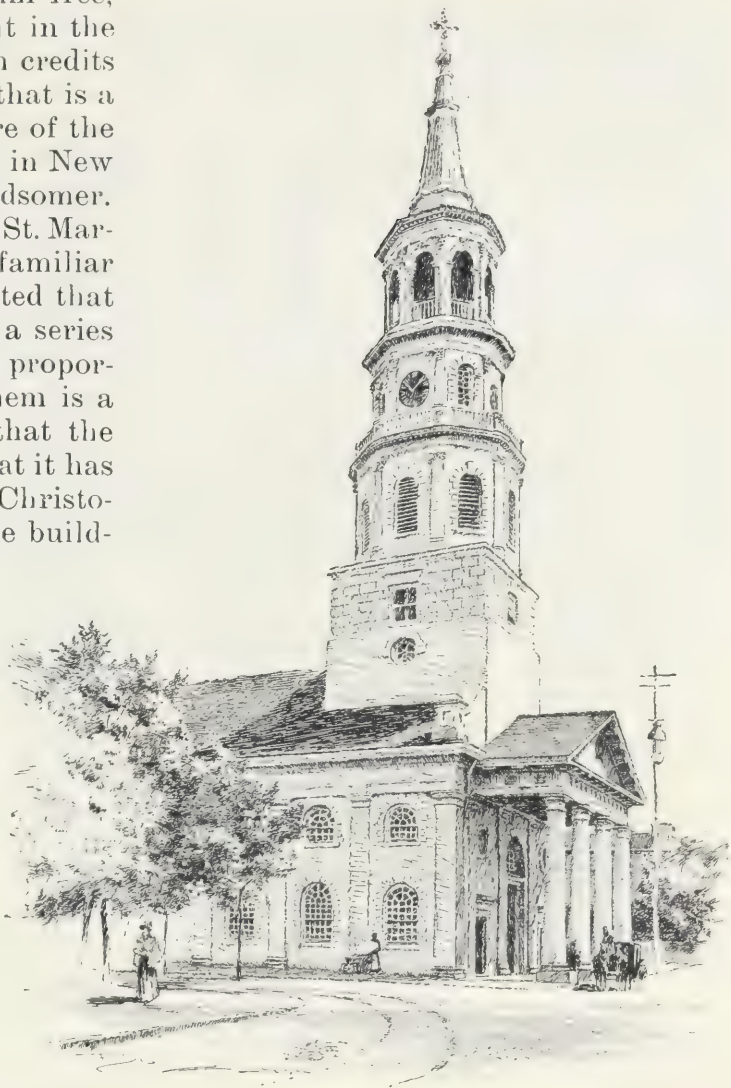
the congregation has worshipped, but it copies the second one, destroyed in 1835, of which Edmund Burke said that it was "executed in a very handsome taste, exceeding everything of that kind which we have in America." The dramatic poem, still recited wherever English is spoken, which tells of the daring of a slave-boy who climbed a steeple to put out the fire that threatened its destruc-



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, CHARLESTON.

tion, wherefore his master set him free, tells the true story of an incident in the history of St. Philip's. The poem credits the incident to St. Michael's, but that is a mistake. Both these churches are of the general style of our old St. Paul's in New York, but both are very much handsomer. St. Michael's is said to be very like St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London, so familiar to most Americans who have visited that city. The steeple is made up of a series of graduated chambers, so well proportioned that each new study of them is a fresh delight. It is no wonder that the Charlestonians like to mention that it has always been a tradition that Sir Christopher Wren was the designer of the building, though there is better reason to believe that it was Gibbs, the architect of the London church which it so greatly resembles. In the steeple hang the bells which are Charleston's most beloved possession. Not only were they imported from England in 1764, but when the British retired from the city at the close of the Revolution they were seized as a military perquisite and sent to London. There a Mr. Ryhiner, who had been a merchant in Charleston, bought them and sent them back to Charleston. In 1861 they were sent to Columbia for safety, and when that city was burned by the Federal troops they were ruined by the flames. In 1866 they were sent back to England to be recast by the descendants of the original founders, and in another twelve months they were back again, practically the same eight bells, but held by the government for the payment of \$2200 duty. That was paid, and the money has since been refunded by especial act of Congress.

Two old institutions carry a strong suggestion of Yankee influence, or, at least, of Yankee kinship. One is the Charleston New England Society, a century old, which observes Forefathers' day with regularity; another is an influential old Congregational church, now worshipping in a fourth and very fine modern edifice; and—I had almost forgotten it—there is actually a Unitarian church, which one day split off from the Congregational



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON.

church quite as it might have done in Boston.

Nothing in Charleston seemed more peculiar to me than the colony of buzzards which the citizens have developed by taming and protection, and which spends a part of each day around the market in the very heart of the city. There one may almost stumble over these huge black birds, which are elsewhere scarcely seen, except at great heights, circling and sailing like creatures of another world. I one day counted thirty-eight buzzards on the cobble-stones of the street upon only one side of the market. They are quite as large as eagles, and as black and lustrous as crows, but have white legs, and bare wrinkled brown necks that make them look like caricatures of old-fashioned parsons in high "chokers." They are extremely ungainly, stiff-legged, and awkward when they walk, and when they be-

gin that flight which they are able to master so that they appear even more at ease in the air than are fishes in the sea, they start out with a supremely ridiculous upward movement, during which their long legs hang down straight, and their heads and tails flap almost together on either side of their feet. They then look as if they were being lifted by a string around each one's middle, and were struggling to get free. I do not think they are

now, dey hangs round de city all de while. When de butchers done leave, de buzzards done leave. Then de buzzards light out to de pen where de meat am slaughtered. Oh, dey knows what's goin' on; doan't need no one to tell 'em.

"Dese yer buzzards use ter sleep 'crost de ribber in de woods. Over dat away dey isn't king, like dey is here. Over dere de raid-haid raven is king, an' dese yer big birds ain't nuffin like so in'pendent an' proud like you see 'em here, 'cause dey ain't king. De raid-haid raven is a bigger bird, an' he bosses de whole roos'. If carrion lay daid a day or two days, dese yer buzzards dassent tech it; no 'deed dey dassent. Dey doan't meddle wid nuffin tell de raid-haid raven comes. Pretty soon, when he just gits ready, he comes 'long, more proud an' in'pendent dan de king lion hissself, an' he picks out de eye ob de carrion. After dat dese yer birds is 'lowed to pitch in an' eat all dey want to. Dese yer buzzards doan't know dat carrion is sure



OLD IRON GATE, CHARLESTON.

the common buzzards, without which no view in the Southern country is complete, but I could not find in book or acquaintance any enlightenment on the subject further than the jocular statement that they are called "the Charleston canaries."

They are splendid scavengers. They roost on the low gutters around the market, and wait until the butchers begin business. Then, as customers come and the men of the cleaver and knife begin to cut off and discard the fag ends and worthless bits of the meat and toss them into the street, the great birds drop down, one by one, and begin eating the waste. I said I almost stumbled over them; I certainly could have walked upon and over them for all the heed they gave me.

"Well," said I to a negro man who was priding himself on having found the sunniest loafing-place in the neighborhood, "these are mighty independent buzzards."

"Yaas," said he, "dey is in'pendent, an' dey is proud. Dey's gittin' so tame,

enough daid till de raid-haid raven comes an' teks de eye."

Queer people are the darkies, and a queer thing about them is that they believe there is always a king over every bird and beast and creeping thing around them.

It is a statutory offence to molest these "Charleston canaries," and as the law is enforced, they revel there as if they owned the market.

Long ago Charleston grew tired of "fighting the war over again," and left it to the Northern politicians to do. Business and activity is what they talk of now, not as of things they possess in sufficiency, but as of essentials which they cry for. The city has been left in an eddy. Its local railways are but links of a great line which makes Charleston an incident and at times a side issue. The hope and prayer of the people is that their city may become the terminus of some great system—the Louisville and Nash-

ville, perhaps. The relation of the city to the North, the West, and the Southwest, and to Europe, could easily become very important, for her position would seem to guarantee it as an eventual certainty. The deepening of the entrance to the harbor is a necessary preliminary, and this is being accomplished by the Federal government. The harbor itself is sufficiently deep, but there were only sixteen feet over the bar. This is being increased to a depth sufficient to admit modern ocean vessels.

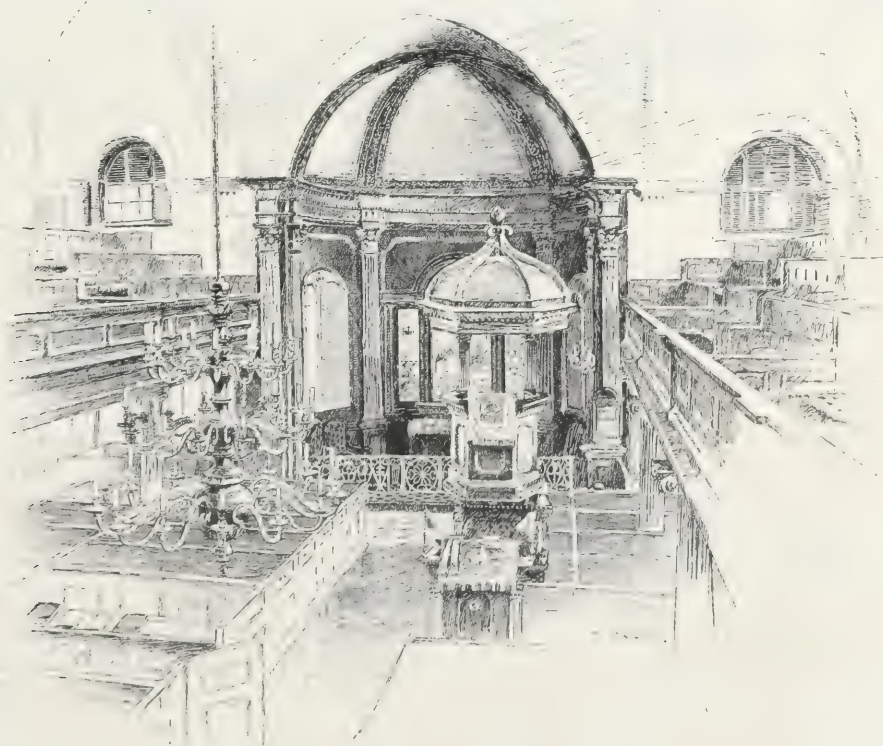
In the old days the cotton of South Carolina and northern Georgia was all handled and shipped at Charleston. A very great number of persons shared the profits. The factors who bought and shipped the cotton made their profits; the men who mended the bales, those who pressed them, the stevedores — all lived upon the business. Now the cotton is shipped directly from every point where

a thousand bales are collected, and it is even sent to Europe from mere railroad stations which may not have importance from any other cause. If it had not been for the phosphate industry, Charleston could not have supported 25,000 souls.

The phosphates are found to the northward of Charleston, mainly on the Ashley and Stono rivers, and in less extent and of inferior quality between the Ash-



BUZZARDS NEAR THE MARKET.



INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S.

ley and Cooper rivers. The best phosphates, and those that are "most workable," are along the west bank of the Ashley. Then, again, in Colleton County, between the Edisto and Ashepoo rivers, there are deposits, but they are more expensive to handle because they are not as handy to navigable water as those which lie near the Ashley River. These are all land phosphates, and the title to them lies in the land. The river phosphates are in the Stono and the Edisto rivers, though the greatest and best deposits are in the waters around Beaufort and Port Royal, the best being in the Coosaw River, on the bottom beneath the water. The phos-

lotte, Columbia, and many interior towns in the neighboring States. The greater part of the water phosphates has been shipped direct to Europe, though some has been used at home when the price has been lower than that of the land rock. The State owns the water phosphate, and charges the companies that work it one dollar a ton royalty. Last year this tax netted \$234,000 to the State. As I write, this enormous business is stagnant, owing to the demands made upon it by the State. Florida phosphates of equal grade are being marketed quite as cheaply, and the South Carolina trade is menaced. The remedy must be a reduction of the State



A NEGRO FUNERAL.

phates have to be washed and ground, and then treated with sulphuric acid, which frees the phosphoric acid from the lime, and gives free phosphoric acid of the kind generally used in the manufacture of fertilizers. Charleston has fifteen factories, situated along both the rivers that flow past the city, and making 200,000 tons a year. There are two factories near Beaufort, and there are others elsewhere in the State. That phosphate which is treated in these factories is used for what may be called home consumption in both Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, and, to less extent, in Mississippi. A great deal of land phosphate, washed, but not ground, is shipped to Baltimore, Atlanta, Char-

tax. That this relief will have been granted before this paper is published I have very little doubt.

Taking South Carolina as a whole, we find it singularly attractive to immigration, and yet singularly avoided by it. It is one of the richest of our States in the possibilities of its soil, which are very varied indeed. Yet it has only about one-third of its acreage under cultivation by a population more largely black than white, and so little infused with the foreign elements which have literally populated and enriched great parts of our domain that its Governor truly says of it: "The people of South Carolina are homogeneous. Most of the whites have com-



PLANTING RICE ON A CAROLINA PLANTATION.

mon origin." But the majority of the people are negroes, who, being under little stimulus toward social improvement, or any ambition except that of being able to live from day to day, deprive the State of that reservoir of latent strength and potential wealth which an industrious and ambitious multitude of the not-at-all-to-be-despised foreign immigrants would bring to it.

We find stern competition in Florida threatening the revenue from the phosphates, and still more injurious competition in Louisiana injuring the returns from the Carolina rice, and yet the prospect for the State is not gloomy. The diversification of its farm industries and the remarkable growth of the cotton-milling business make it otherwise. Within the last six months (this is written at the opening of 1894) no less than three millions of dollars have been expended in the building of new mills in the Carolinas, and the people of those States and of Georgia are not unreasonable in insisting, as they do, that in time the mills generally must come to the cotton, and that the bulk of the manufacture of cotton must be done in the South. Governor Tillman did well in calling attention (in his paper prepared for the Convention of Southern Governors in Richmond last

April) to the abundance and cheapness of the water-power in his State. He says: "Mr. Swaim, the special agent of the census of 1880, made a careful estimate of the water-power of our streams as reaching a million horse-power. If developed, these would give employment to six millions of operatives in cotton-mills," and allow for a corresponding increase of population. He says that "owing to want of capital in the State, these powers can be bought cheaply now, and they would prove capital investments. The winters are so mild that there is comparatively no trouble from freezing. The benignity of the climate makes living cheaper, and this adds to the advantages offered to manufacturers by our water-powers."

The use of fertilizers has pushed the cultivation of cotton to the very feet of the mountains in the western part of the State, and though it has been overdone, as it has everywhere else in the South, there has been no need to caution the planters, for with the consequent decline of the price of their staple they have learned wisdom—bitterly as it so often comes—and are beginning to diversify their crops, at least sufficiently to provide themselves with meat and bread, as well as, in some parts of the State, to raise fruits and vegetables for market. In the

mean time the starting of cotton-mills has gone on, until from a possession of twelve mills in 1870 the State had forty-four in 1892, representing a capital of \$12,000,000, and employing thousands of operatives—nearly all white.

Turning to North Carolina, we find this particular industry much more extensive. The latest statistics I have been able to procure—the truly excellent handbook prepared for the Columbian Exposition by the North Carolina Board of Agriculture—include the facts and figures concerning one hundred and forty cotton-mills, and a statement that six other mills were then under construction. To these should be added thirteen woollen mills, one of which manufactures both cotton and wool. The strangest thing about this woollen industry is that though the State is admirably calculated to rank high as a wool-producing one, and though the industry would be highly profitable, the fact remains that many of the principal mills buy their wool elsewhere, because the ravages of the dogs make sheep-raising profitless, and because the people of the State will not enforce or permit the enforcement of the laws for the protection of the sheep.

But the manufacture of tobacco has brought more prosperity to this truly enterprising State than any other industry.

It has not only awakened, enriched, and increased many towns, but it has built up several new ones, like Durham and Winston and others. The business is enormous. The State contains no less than one hundred and ten factories where plug tobacco is made, nine smoking-tobacco factories, and three cigarette-factories. Several of these are world-famous and truly enormous. The plug-tobacco-making town of Winston sold eleven millions of pounds of manufactured tobacco and paid more than \$660,000 revenue tax in 1891. Durham paid \$616,000.

It has been said that the activity in cotton-manufacturing has stimulated the many other manufacturing activities that we find keeping the Old North State astir. To my mind the fact is that the character of her people, her most admirable climate, and the opportunities afforded by her extraordinarily varied resources are at the bottom of it all, the cotton manufacture as well as the rest; at all events we certainly find the activity reaching out in many new industries, notably the manufacture of buggies and wagons; of furniture; of paper, in several mills; of cotton hosiery and other knitted goods, in ten places; of canning, in twenty-eight establishments, exclusive of several oyster-canneries; of cotton-seed-oil manufacture, by nine mills; of

fertilizers, extensively, in very many places. And, finally, among something like two dozen establishments for the making and working of iron, there has been newly founded a million-dollar steel and iron plant at Greensboro.

The Capitol of North Carolina, at Raleigh, is a materialized echo of the past, in and about which there is no note of the transformation of the State and its



COURT-HOUSE AND CITY HALL, RALEIGH.



A TOBACCO MARKET IN NORTH CAROLINA.

people. Built sixty years ago by a slaveholding people, it has remained unchanged through the calamities of war and the brilliant evolution of the new spirit of enlightened industry. There it stands, classic, dignified, aged, but well preserved, as if it typified all that was good and enduring in the courtly, generous, but feudal masters whose rule has passed away forever in the Old North State. The beautifully proportioned old palace stands embowered among trees at least as old and majestic as itself in a rather modern-looking little park. The building is of granite quarried near by. The last glimpse and the first, like all the views one gets of its interior, suggest just such a strange blending of age and careful keeping as one notes in the ancient trinkets which now and then some wrinkled old spinster brings out to exhibit as the choicest, tenderest relics of a distant generation of her people.

The walls and floor are clean and fresh, for instance, but on the doorway to the Assembly Chamber is the strange legend, "Hall of Commons." An aged but diligent servitor who guides you wastes no time over the great portrait of Washington on one wall, but dwells feelingly upon the fact that in the cruel, tyrannical days of "carpet-bag rule" the negroes,

who were then the legislators, broke two of the precious old hard-wood chairs which were the especial treasures in that chamber. He takes you across the hall—carrying with his spare, bent form a strong suggestion of a past as extensive as that of the capital itself—and there you are stirred by the sight of the prim but noble mahogany provided for the statesmen of the luxurious past to rest and to write upon. The old man stirs you in quite another way by the remark that a Northern firm has offered to exchange modern furniture for all that is in the old room. A bust of John C. Calhoun is the chief ornament in the Senate Chamber, though the neatness and reverential order that rule there strike you as better than any ornament could be.

You carry with you to the executive offices downstairs a mind wholly given up to reflections upon the past, and, lo! the officials in those ancient rooms all but stun you with the zeal and zest with which they press you to consider the present needs of the State, its bustling progress, and its wealth of unworked resources. You'd hardly find a quicker spirit in Ohio or Rhode Island. Moreover, there is little buncombe about it. If they tell you, as they will, that no State in all our Union has such varied capabil-



PREPARING TUBEROSE BULBS FOR THE NORTHERN MARKET.

ities, or that its climate embraces nearly the full extremes that are represented in our minds by Maine and Florida, they make their words good by showing you photographs of the snow-silvered spruce forests of the western mountains, and palm-littered, all but tropical views taken along the sunny coast.

They boast a little, as good Americans always do, and if some of the things they say show a trifle of jealousy, or if some of the topics they choose seem somewhat unsentimental, you must remind yourself that the jealousy springs from a pride that has been wounded, and that the best elements of wealth are not apt to be of a poetic nature. Thus they tell you that the excellent peanuts which North Carolina raises in abundance have failed to bring her the credit she deserves, and that the golden, beautiful tobacco which for generations has been known as "bright Virginia leaf," so much admired for use in pipes and cigarettes, was and is

largely grown in North Carolina. The way in which the Yankee-like old State came to be robbed of the credit for its peanuts was this: For years the farmers of eastern North Carolina have been raising the nuts and shipping them in crude condition to Norfolk. There they have been cleaned and bagged and sold as Virginia produce. This is yet the case, although the eastern North Carolina nuts are unexcelled by any others that are grown in the world. But the wedge of justice has been inserted in this case. The work of separating and cleaning the nuts has been begun in a small way by the North Carolina farmers, and the world at large will soon learn that though Virginia and Tennessee grow good peanuts, they never produce finer ones than are grown in North Carolina. As for the "goobers" that gave Georgia its nickname of "the

Goober State," they are small and poor by comparison.

It is different with the splendid tobacco of the State. At last North Carolina is establishing a reputation for its own excellent "weed that cheers." Buyers now come to the North Carolina market-towns, and the best bright leaf is coming to be classed under its true name. The town of Durham, so famous among men who smoke, is the capital of the golden-tobacco belt, which embraces ten or twelve counties in the middle of the State. The "mahogany," or plug-tobacco leaf, is grown in the western part, and Winston, which maintains forty plug factories, is its industrial capital.

From the Northern evergreen to the perennial Southern palm is the measure of the State's fertility, and her people do not hesitate to say that all that should bridge the two extremes is also theirs. That they can and do grow whatever is grown elsewhere in the United States is

true, with a few marked exceptions that distinguish the extreme South. It is the boast of the people that at Chicago's great exposition no State displayed such a great variety of the products of the soil.

Under such circumstances the most practical student of the commonwealth cannot be altogether prosaic in listing its products. If I have the good fortune to possess the eye of that friend whom the novelist always addresses as "fair reader," let me also turn directly to her and ask what she thinks of whole farms given up to tuberoses! Such, it seems, are among the triumphs of North Carolinian husbandry. Some farms devote as many as twenty-five acres, "in a patch," to the cultivation of tuberoses. During the first year the tuberose bulb multiplies, and does not flower. It is during its second year that it spreads its delicate, waxen,



THE CAPITOL AT RALEIGH.



and aromatic blossoms, and a great industry in this State is the development of the bulbs in the earth for the first year, and then the shipment of them to the North in barrels, to be sold by the florists, and set out to blossom. North Carolina is chosen for this graceful branch of farming because of the properties of the soil, and because the bulbs can be kept out in it all winter. It is true that in fancy I

see the pink and white nose of my fair reader lift a little at the disclosure that the suggested fields of aromatic flowers prove only to be furrows of raw earth hiding bulbs, but only think how many of the flowers are not sent away, but mingle their beauty and sweetness with the vast bouquet that blossoms all over such a region. And only think, when next you see a tuberose in bloom, that it was in the Old North State that it started on its fragrant, and, alas! too often pathetic, mission.

It will be equally interesting to all my readers—for I fear I have not been alto-

Thus does North Carolina so cheapen the flowers with which we deck ourselves and our homes, and which we have so long mistaken for Northerners, like ourselves. She may be said almost to hand them to us—in the profusion in which we have them, at least—as a charming sister brightens the chamber of a gallant knight.

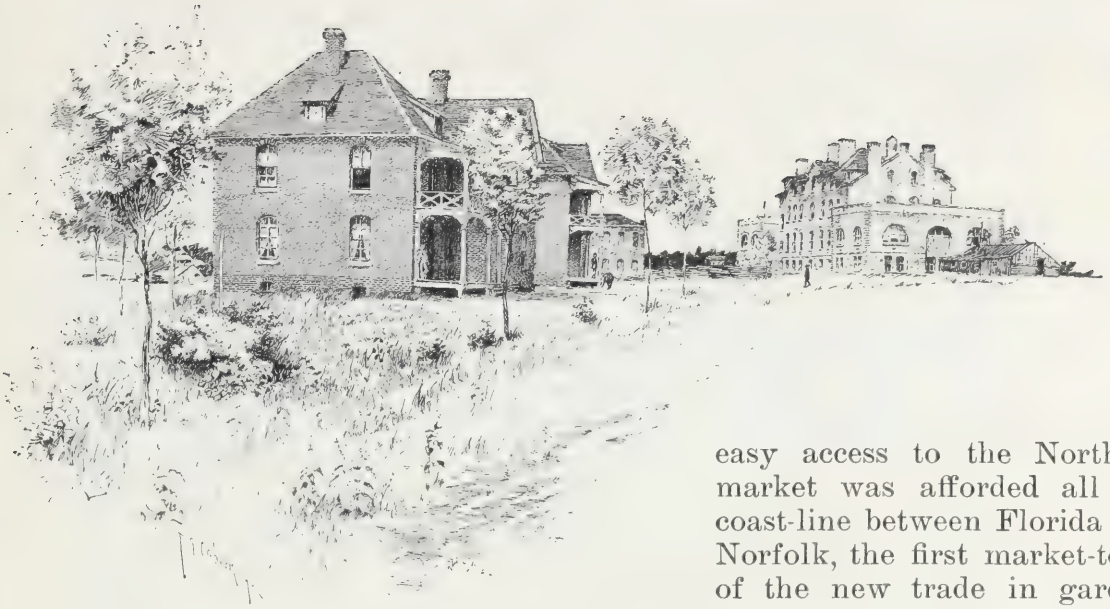
With the flowers go the fruits, as they naturally should. The growing of berries and of garden-truck is an industry that has developed truly magnificent proportions in North Carolina. It is mainly confined to the sea-coast section, but it



RAILWAY STATION AT RALEIGH.

gether successful with my special address to the fair ones alone—to know that in Raleigh thousands and tens of thousands of rose-cuttings are planted in the gardens and fields for the Northern market. The Northern florists send the cuttings down to be planted and kept a year in order that they may grow roots, and that each may become a plant, a baby rose-bush. Then they are shipped back in the spring to be sold as young plants. It is too expensive to do this under glass, as it would have to be done in the North, but it costs a mere trifle, by comparison, to assist nature at the task down there in Raleigh; for in that clement city the people actually keep tulips, hyacinths, and such plants out in their door-yards all winter.

is rapidly covering the whole of the front of the State. This particular phase of the industrial revolution in the South, which we shall have to mention again and again as different sections are treated, may not be as revolutionary as the appearance of the cotton-manufacturers in such great force in three of the States, but it is, nevertheless, very remarkable. Along the Atlantic edge of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida the planters in the ante-bellum time grew little else than cotton, and depended wholly on the money it brought for the purchase of everything else, even to the goods that were made of the cotton. If vegetables and small fruits were seen to grow on this land in those days the fact made no



AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AND DORMITORIES, RALEIGH.

impression, and the insignificant produce got only contempt. But cotton fell in value; it proved itself a monarch in which too many persons had trusted blindly. There ensued an era of distress and gloom. It was in southeastern Virginia, close to the borders of North Carolina, that the warm climate, the humid atmosphere, and the rich soil were found to offer the essentials for maturing small fruits and vegetables in advance of those for which the Northern people waited yearly with impatience. Here truck-farming grew from an experiment to a successful industry. Then came the travel to Florida as a winter resort, and then the almost wild scramble for land in that State for orange orchards—a scramble in which, as I have shown, the land that grew no oranges and that which grew poor oranges went with the rest. The natural shortening of the journey between Florida and the North was rapidly brought about by railroad combinations and enterprise, and by the perfection and increase of steamship facilities. Thus

easy access to the Northern market was afforded all the coast-line between Florida and Norfolk, the first market-town of the new trade in garden-truck. As each State grasped the new opportunity the arrival of spring and summer produce was hastened in the North, and

Georgia came to be first with her treasures, then South Carolina, next North Carolina, and then Virginia, last where she had been first, but still in demand to lengthen the link between summer and summer, and to shorten the period of winter deprivation in the North. As early as 1884 Charleston alone was shipping half a million quarts of strawberries, a tenth as many barrels of potatoes, and 62,333 packages of vegetables in a season.

To-day the Commissioner of Agriculture announces truck-farming to be “among the foremost occupations in North Carolina as a money resource.” The best district is around New-Berne, where there are 8000 acres planted in



GOVERNOR'S MANSION, RALEIGH.



STATE PRISON, RALEIGH.

strawberries, asparagus, green pease, cabbages, beans, kale, beets, turnips, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, egg-plants, radishes, etc. During the shipping season



STOCKADE AT THE STATE PRISON, RALEIGH.

the railroad has run from one to three trains a day from this district, and two steamers have made five trips a week laden with the produce. It is said, as a result of careful calculation, that this New-Berne section realized \$750,000 from its produce in the season of 1891, and the farmers netted half a million of dollars. Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Goldsboro, are other large shipping-points for other districts, but there are many others that are marked by mere railway side-tracks, where many cars are loaded daily in the season. There is a good deal of very enlightened farming down there, and, in consequence, there are farmers whose profits at the end of a single year are what the mass of men would call fortunes. On one--the farm most wisely managed, perhaps--we find 170 head of cattle, 66 horses, 139 hogs, a dairy, a saw-mill for the needs of the box-factory, and a fertilizer-making plant. On this farm 600 acres were put into truck last year, and 300 were sown with oats and grass. When one considers how short a time it is since the farmers there were exclusively planters of cotton, and what a precarious living their methods brought, this seems indeed a long stride ahead.

And this is not true merely of the truck region of the coast. "The low price of cotton and the high price of everything else," as one State official put it, "have led the farmers, in great numbers, to diversify their industry and to raise what they

consume at home." More meat was killed in North Carolina last year than ever before. Hogs, cattle, horses, milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, and corn are products that are increasing very rapidly. Sheep also are multiplying, though sheep-raising calls for so much outlay in guarding the stock against dogs that only men with capital make a business of it. Raleigh is now supplied with all the milk and butter it uses, though not sufficient dairying is yet done to make the products articles of export. The result of all this, as might have been expected, has been a remarkable removal of mortgages all over the State within the past few years. And this prosperity reflects upon the State itself, so that her debt is trifling, and at least one issue of bonds by the commonwealth rates almost as high as the bonds of the Federal government.

The revolution is also reflected in the cities. Wilmington is a bustling, wide-awake town, with a solid and very active business quarter, and all the superficial signs of a prosperous and ambitious population. Charlotte, the richest city in the State, has invested so heavily in cotton-mills and other ventures in various other towns and sections that it is said she would have a population of 60,000 were her industries all at home. It is doubtful whether the place would then be as inviting as it is now, for though it is busy, it is also beautiful. Raleigh, the capital, which is so well shaded that a bird's-eye view of it discloses little else than trees, is at once neat and substantial, and rather more Northern than Southern looking, except for the (typically Southern) great width of its main streets. And yet these are paved and well cared for, besides being busy. The city is credited with 17,000 inhabitants, and maintains three cotton-mills, several machine-shops, two fertilizer-factories, an oil-mill, a car-works, and several candy-factories, one of which is celebrated far beyond Raleigh. It is also a trading centre, and has large commercial

establishments. All these businesses are supplied with local capital, and it is important to add that this is generally the case in both the Carolinas.

Raleigh has several fine educational foundations, but one that interested me very much indeed was the College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts. The other Southern States possess more or less similar institutions, maintained with Federal aid, and if they are in any great degree as well and even proudly managed as this of North Carolina, it is a grand thing, particularly where men have been



PHOSPHATE MINES NEAR WILMINGTON.

too prone to think it undignified to work for themselves. Here we find an expensively housed and well-equipped institution, which, although only four years old, has already graduated one class, two-thirds of whose members obtained situations at once. Both teachers and pupils were alike enthusiastic when I went through the buildings. I found there a fine smithy, a forge-room, a machine-shop (in which stood a steam-engine made by the graduates); a wood-turning department and joiner-work class-room; a very fine chemical laboratory presided over by an ambitious Cornell man; a model barn, a dairy building, a large experimental farm, and an agricultural experiment and State weather station. The young men

are here fitted to become intelligent, educated, and practical farmers, horticulturists, cattle and stock raisers, dairymen, as well as machinists, carpenters, architects, draughtsmen, manufacturers, and contractors. I do not mean to claim too much in saying this; what I do mean is that they learn the rudiments of these occupations, as well as to use their brains

But the good work of the institution does not stop there. The officers reply to all requests for information by the farmers of the State, and hold farmers' meetings wherever requested for the discussion of subjects connected with practical farming. Dr. H. B. Battle, as head of the experiment station, also issues frequent and very valuable bulletins, sent free to thousands of farmers, telling them how to guard against insect pests, warning them against inferior or fraudulent fertilizers, discussing methods of farming, explaining how waste can be prevented, how they can determine the best things to grow, and, in a sentence, scattering the most practical and most needed advice, in thick pamphlets as well as mere fly-sheets, among the agriculturists of the State. Farther yet, the station is pushing an almost



NEGRO CEMETERY AT WILMINGTON.

and their hands. A full mathematical course is part of the curriculum, and a much more important source of strength to each pupil is the association with the ambitious young fellows of the State, and the daily intercourse with the able and accomplished members of the faculty. Here were some boys from very humble homes, and yet so intent upon becoming masters, instead of dependents, as to be found waiting on the others at the dining-table in order to earn their living while they studied. A certain number of pupils are admitted free, subject to an examination in rudimentary studies. They pay \$8 a month for board and extras. The others pay \$20 a year for tuition in addition to the same charge for board and extras.

unique plan of spreading information by sending out stereotyped-plate matter free to the newspapers of the State. Alexander Q. Halladay, Esq., is the president of the college and its allied farm and stations.

Leaving agriculture out of further consideration, we will observe that, for variety, the resources of the State do not depend upon that industry, though it is, of course, mainly and primarily a farming State. But its turpentine stills are a source of revenue, its forests are of great extent and value, its fisheries employ about 6000 persons, gold-mining is carried on in several counties, and the quarrying of marble, granite, sandstone, and of Belgian blocks for the paving of city streets is done in many parts of the State. The story of the traveller who, on being

shown a beautiful piece of mahogany furniture, replied, "Yes, where I live they make fence rails of mahogany," could be paralleled by many citizens of western North Carolina if any were called upon to admire a granite building, for they might truly say that in their parts of the State there are towns where all the fence posts are made of granite. Coal-mining is a new industry in North Carolina, but it is carried on with all the rest.

There are two coal belts there. A company of Northern capitalists is working a rich field of good bituminous coal at Egypt, and another Northern company owns some mines of what is called semi-anthracite a little southwest of that place. At Kings Mountain a company has been formed to develop a tin-bearing

region, which it is thought they can mine profitably.

The exporting of grapes and even the manufacture of wine have been a source of revenue to North Carolina during a quarter of a century. A new and quickened interest in these businesses is shown in the gradual multiplication of vine-



A CAROLINA MANSION.



A WILMINGTON RESIDENCE.



FERRY AND NAVAL STORES, WILMINGTON.

yards, and in the profits and growth of certain of the older ones, and, since wild grapes are said to have grown naturally all over the State, these may yet become important industries. Mineral springs of more or less celebrity are numerous; and of popular resorts for tourists and invalids, led by the thriving and beautiful town of Asheville, there are many, as well as sites for ten times as many more, in the healthful and picturesque mountain districts. The population of the State is no greater than that of New York city, but, unlike South Carolina, the whites are nearly twice as numerous as the negroes, the difference (according to the last census) being that there were 1,055,382 whites and 562,565 colored persons. One would argue from this fact that North Carolina would attract immigrants in greater number than almost any of the more southerly States, and yet in 1890 there were only 3742 foreign-born persons in the State. John Robinson, Esq., the Commissioner of Agriculture, says, upon this subject: "The immigration into North Carolina is largely from the New England, Middle, and some of the Northwest-

ern States, and gives many and much-desired and much-valued accessions to sources of material development."

It seems, then, to whatever small extent this increase comes, the Old North State is enjoying what the most influential men in all the Southern States desire and demand. The South wants men with capital, and not men with mere hands and energy and willingness to work. It wants men who will buy and cultivate plantations, who will establish mills, and who will organize corporations for the development of its resources.

The *Charleston News and Courier* of November 22, 1893, says, "Those who would not make desirable citizens *should not be encouraged* to seek homes in the South." After arguing that those farmers in New England and parts of the West whose farms are poor would do well to leave them and go South, it generously asserts that there is room for such new-comers "as the Germans, Scandinavians, Swiss, Scotch, and Yankees"—an intentional compliment, for he adds, "*none but the best are good enough for South Carolina.*"

A WAR DEBT.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

I.

THERE was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town, and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in, and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces, or even furnaces: this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least, if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little, and began to think definitely of his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. Just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world; she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years, and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left, busy and self-reliant, had sadly changed in the mean time; age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. Tom had no idea of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life; but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

"Has Mrs. Burton come down yet, Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom, as he entered.

"There is not, sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis, precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." And Tom ran up stairs like a school-boy, and then walked discreetly into the drawing-room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there

had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs.

"Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward, only to meet again at dinner, with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world, and it can be imagined what the grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question that afternoon, and she had sat and listened to his talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea table.

II.

At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee and cigars, and disappeared with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview, Mrs. Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt like talking, and sometimes went away to the drawing-room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, and before Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good-night if he were going out—Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening, and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting, and he felt a sudden sense of disappointment.

"Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?"

"No, no, my dear," said the old lady, hurrying across the room in an excited, unusual sort of way. "I wish to show you something while we are by ourselves." And she stooped to unlock a little cupboard in the great sideboard, and fumbled in the depths there, upsetting and clanking among some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles, but it was some moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared to be in a hurry, which al-

most never happened, and in trying to help her Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

"Here it is at last," she said, and went back to her seat at the table. "I ought to tell you the stories of some old silver that I keep in that cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

"Do you mean the old French spoons, and the prince's porringer, and those things?" asked Tom, showing the most lively interest. But his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag, and shook her head absently in answer to his question. She took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles, that he could not remember ever to have seen.

"What a charming old bit!" said he, turning it about. "Where in the world did it come from? English, of course; and it looks like a loving-cup. A copy of some old Oxford thing, perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom turned it round and round and drew the candles toward him. "Here's an inscription, too, but very much worn."

"Put it down a minute," said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more and more ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first; they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say that, 'after all, it was the fortune of war.' That cup was stolen."

"But who stole it?" inquired Tom, with deep interest.

"Your father brought it here," said Mrs. Burton, with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the people who owned it. But he left it when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days, and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy—"

"I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes, and all that; she never believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was awfully silly. I was at the age when I could have banged our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket."

"And that terrible year your grandfather's and your mother's death followed, and I was left alone with you—two of us out of the five that had made my home—"

"I should say one and a half," insisted Tom, with some effort. "What a boy I was for a grandson! Thank Heaven, there comes a time when we are all the same age! We are jolly together now, aren't we? Come, dear old lady, don't let's think too much of what's gone by"—and he went round the table and gave her a kiss, and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.

"I want you to take that silver cup back, Tom," she said, presently, in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. Mrs. Burton had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness, in earlier life.

"How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom, most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

"Your grandfather knew; they were Virginia people, of course, and happened to be old friends; one of the younger men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family, none of them, so far as he knew, living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt, and everything scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier from another regiment talking about it, and saw him tossing this cup about, and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pocket."

"Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom, laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

"No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing, and I have had it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your father's war relics, those things that I couldn't bear to see. And then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else while you were away, or wait for you to come. Oh, I have no excuse. I have been very careless, but here it has been

all the time. I wish you would find out about the people; there must be some one belonging to them—some friend, perhaps, to whom we could give it. It is one on and talk over things before they are off. One of the men is a Virginian, an awfully good fellow; and then there's Clendennin, you know, my old chum,



"SHE ALWAYS LIKED COMPANY AT THAT HOUR OF THE DAY."

of the things that I wish to have done at last, and to forget. Just take it back, or write some letters first: you will know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

"I'll see about it at once," said Tom, with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Virginia this very week. I hear that they are in a hurry with fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join, and they want me to come

who's in Washington too just now; they'll give me my directions; they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and perhaps get some shooting."

Tom's face was shining with interest and satisfaction; he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old chasing is round the edge and the set of the little handles! Oh, here's the motto! What a dear old thing, and enormously old! See here

under the crest," and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

*"Je vous en prie
Bel-ami."*

Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference: "Yes, it is charming, as you say. But I only wish to return it to its owners, Tom."

*"Je vous en prie
Bel-ami."*

Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

"I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys," said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that? I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto—they were very charming and distinguished people. I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. I beg of you, Bel-ami—it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."

"Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy!*" said Tom, gallantly. "All right; I think that I shall start to-morrow or next day. If you have no special plans," he added.

"Do go, my dear; you may get some shooting, as you say," said Mrs. Burton, a little wistfully, but kindly personifying Tom's inclination.

"You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure," said the young man. "Come; my cigar's gone out, and it never was good for much; let's go in and try the cards, and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys. You said that my grandfather had a classmate—"

Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, they sat down to the peaceful game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure-making, and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest always made the dear lady feel young; he himself was always to the front of things, and had

much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given to Tom, or that the past had been wept over. Presently, the late evening hours always being her best, she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting-room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of its bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

III.

The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow-moving train were full of shocks and surprises to a young traveller who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war, which had not yet had time enough to muffle their broken tops with green; the negroes, who crowded on board the train, lawless, and unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days—it was as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton felt himself for the first time to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he moralized along the way. Presently he noticed with deep sympathy a lady who came down the crowded car, and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm—a copy of *Blackwood*, which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851, and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth. She was the first lady he had seen that day—there was little money left for journeying and pleasure among the white Virginians; but at two or three stations after this a group of young English men and women stood with the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again, and their clear, lively voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races at some court-house town in the neighborhood. Burton was a great lover of horses himself, and the new scenes grew more and more interesting. In one of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh-cheeked young wives of the English planters—a slender girl, pale and spirited, with a look of care beyond



“‘MOS’ THAR NOW.”

her years. She was the queen of her little company. It was to her that every one looked for approval and sympathy as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high-bred and elegant in her bearing, something so exquisitely sure and stately, that her companions were made clumsy and rustic in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the untried thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before, made more distinct this young Virginia lady's own look of high-breeding, and emphasized her advantage of race. She was the new and finer Norman among Saxons. She alone seemed to have that possibility of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training. It was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by long growth in favoring soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance; he believed that one of

the great Virginia houses must still exist, and that she was its young mistress. The house's fortune was no doubt gone; the long-worn and carefully mended black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure told plainly enough that worldly prosperity was a thing of the past. But what nature could give of its best, and only age and death could take away, were hers. He watched her more and more; at one moment she glanced up suddenly and held his eyes with hers for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy, which made even a stranger feel that he had the inmost secret of her heart.

IV.

The next day our hero, having hired a capital saddle-horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along

the sandy roads. The country was full of color; the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward; now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a cabin. He carried a light gun before him across the saddle, and a game-bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge in one corner, which had whirred up at the right moment out of a vine-covered thicket. Something small and heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond to the bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself, and a sense of being on the road to fulfil his mission, a sense of unending leisure and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky, seemed to leave no place for impatience or thought of other things. He rode slowly along, with his eye on the road-side coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

"'Mos' thar now, Cun'l," said the boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar, an' chimblies? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front of ol' Mars Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long de road now. Yas, 'tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance, and then, a little way before him in the shadow of some trees, a stately figure that slowly approached. He hurriedly dismounted, leading his horse until he met the tall old man, who answered his salutation with much dignity. There was something royal and remote from ordinary men in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

"Yas, sir; that's Mars Bell'my, sir," whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

"I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton," said the younger man.

"Will you come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman, putting out his

hand cordially a second time; and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horse's bridle to the boy, who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle, and began to lead the mule instead.

"I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

"I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairfield," said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great kindness."

They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey, until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn, with clusters of huge oaks; but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and shot; some had put out a fresh bough or two, but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments, rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment, and Tom stole an apprehensive look at the grave face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten.

The Colonel, however, without noticing the ruins in any way, turned toward the right as he neared them, and passing a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two—which had been shot at for marks—and passing, just beyond, some huge clumps of box, they came to a square brick building with a rude wooden addition at one side, and saw some tumble-down sheds a short distance beyond, with a negro cabin.

They came to the open door. "This was formerly the billiard-room. Your grandfather would have kept many mem-

ories of it," said the host, simply. "Will you go in, Mr. Burton?" And Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered, to find himself in a most home-like and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door, with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a few old books on the high chimney-piece, a pair of fine portraits with damaged frames, some old tables and chairs of different patterns, with a couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however ravelled and worn. By the opposite window, curtained only by vines, sat a lady with her head hooded in lace, who greeted the guest pleasantly, and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow. As Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies. He was not wont to be abashed, and a real court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owner's presence—it seemed a most elegant interior.

"I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness," said Madam Bellamy, looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me again the name of our guest?"

"He is my old classmate Burton's grandson, of Boston," said the Colonel, who now stood close at her side; he looked apprehensive as he spoke, and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself by the oak at the road-side.

"I remember Mr. Burton, your grandfather, very well," said Madam Bellamy at last, giving Tom her hand for the second time, as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married, my dear; a fine rider, I remember, and a charming gentleman. He was much entertained by one of our hunts. I saw that you also carried a gun. My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened. "I had scarcely time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds have followed the grain-fields away from Virginia, we sometimes think."

"I can offer you a partridge," said Tom, eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I

am afraid that I stopped Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

"I thank you very much," said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us, certainly. You will give us the pleasure of a visit. I regret very much my granddaughter's absence, but it permits me to offer you her room, which happens to be vacant." But Tom attempted to make excuse. "No, no," said Madam Bellamy, answering her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly stay the night with us; we shall make you most welcome. It will give my husband great pleasure; he will have many questions to ask you."

Tom went out to search for his attendant, who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro manservant led away the horse, and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour, that flew by like light. A woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burton's imagination, and he was touched to find how quickly the first sense of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong, and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of Northern families known to them both, of whom, or of whose children and grandchildren, he could give much news. It seemed as if he should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illuminated her poor habitation, with what dignity and sweetness she avoided, as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effects. One could not remember that she was poor, or ill, or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.

Later, when Tom was walking toward the river through the woods and overgrown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of the old cabins of what must have been a great family of slaves. The crumbling heaps of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of some breast-works on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war; the silence of the sunset was only broken



"HE REACHED EAGERLY FOR THE CUP."

by the cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V.

At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table, while the old bent-backed and gray-headed manservant followed to place her chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely lame and helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask-roses at her plate. The Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut, and sadly worn, and Tom heartily thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought his portmanteau in good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire, and the table was served with exquisite care, and even more luxurious delay, the excellent fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in

his unexplained absence, and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season, were followed by a few peaches touched with splendid color as they lay on a handful of leaves in a bent and dented pewter plate. There seemed to be no use for the stray glasses, until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer, and uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly, but accepted its appearance at the proper moment.

They sat long at table. It was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any of the meagre furnishings of the feast. The host and hostess talked of the days when they went often to France and England, and of Tom's grandfather when he was young. At last Madam Bellamy left the table, and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room.

He had kissed her hand like a courtier as he said good-night. On the Colonel's return the old butler ostentatiously placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco, and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe. When he returned he brought with it the chamois-skin bag that held the silver cup, and laid it before him on the table. It was like the dread of going into battle, but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on the cup for a moment as if to hide it, then he waited until his pipe was fairly going.

"This is something which I have come to restore to you, sir," said Tom, presently, taking the piece of silver from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

The old Colonel's face wore a strange, alarmed look; his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup, and held it before his eyes. At last he bent his head and kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again, and looked at his guest appealingly.

"I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late—" The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

*"Je vous en prie
Bel-ami,"*

he whispered under his breath, and put the cup before him on the scarred mahogany.

VI.

"Shall we move our chairs before the fire, Mr. Burton? My dear wife is but frail," said the old man, after a long silence, and with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening, and is glad to seek her room early; if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past, and I have no wish for gay company;" he added, in a lower voice, "My daily dread in life is to be separated from her."

As the evening wore on, the autumn

air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed the box of delicious tobacco toward his guest, and Burton in his turn ventured to remember a flask in his port-manteau, and begged the Colonel to taste it, since it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar. The old butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties and the style of Addison, from the latest improvement in shot-guns to the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some slight misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost—Mr. Thackeray.

Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more; the romance, the pathos of it, as he found himself more and more taking his grandfather's place in the mind of this hereditary friend, waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier, the perfect absence of reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service; their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husband's death, and one from exposure in a forced flight across country; their ancestral home lay in ruins; their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat—yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford, and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamys was a welcome still. It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger man, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old

portraits, with their warped frames and bullet holes, faded and gleamed again in the firelight; the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself, but the woman, who was younger, and who seemed to meet Tom's eye gayly enough, bore a resemblance which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good-night. They were each conscious of the great delight of having found a friend. The candles had flickered out long before, but the fire still burned, and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VII.

The next morning Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping-room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window, and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy, who seemed to begin his new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton, the old gray-headed negro, was there too, and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot; but Milton presently appeared eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There were no signs of breakfast. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide-opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he crossed the room he saw an old-fashioned gift-book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it there face downward. He carried it with him to the door: a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which, with all their faults, could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife; he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her.

Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. They met with pleasure, and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of poetry about the beauty of the autumn morning, and his companion stood listening with respectful attention, but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that, until sorrow had softened him, a fiery impatient temper had

ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes, small and great, coming across the lawn with bags and baskets, and after a few muttered words the old master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following.

"Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel, sternly. "Your mistress is still asleep. Go round to Milton, and he will attend to you. I'll come presently."

They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees. There was something patriarchal in the scene, and one could not help being sure that some reason for the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these poor souls. The merry, well-fed colored people, who were indulging their late-won liberty of travel on the trains, had evidently shirked any responsibilities for such stray remnants of humanity. Slavery was its own provider for old age. There had once been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter, as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now, and far more appealing in their helplessness.

The group slowly departed, and Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction, toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the old garden, where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches, while great hedges of box, ragged and uncared-for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance—the faint pungent odor which wakes the utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that the girl with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit of box in her dress. Here and there, under the straying boughs of the shrubbery, there bloomed a late poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren, neglected garden enough, but still full of charm and delight, being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth, but the whole place was completely ruined; a little snake slid from

the broken base of a sun-dial; the tall chimneys of the house were already beginning to crumble, and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some distance an old negro was singing—it must have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents—and the song was full of strange monotonous wails and plaintive cadences, like a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train.

Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments, but when they reached the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

"You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston, where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river shore. He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup—a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be—on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead—fallen in battle, like the rest.

She wore a hood and wrapping of black

lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveller had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it—to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

AN ADVENTURE OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

BY MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

THE regular Saturday afternoon meeting of the Woman's Club was over. It had been a delightful occasion; the club members standing about the room in little groups said to each other that it had been a "beautiful" meeting. They were prosperous-looking women. Some of them were pretty, some far from it, but they all had the look of belonging to that class which subordinates the physical, and gives the intellectual part of their natures at least a fair chance.

Many of them lingered to speak to the president of the club. She had read the paper of the day. Her theme had been "The Divinity of Man." Everybody was charmed.

"I don't want to be an angel!" said one lady. "Now that I've heard you, I'd rather be a human being!"

"I seemed to recognize it as my own subconscious thinking," said another. "'Humanity shares in the holiness of the universe!'"

"Oh!" cried a third, "I *did* like it when you said that we are all of the same essence—'Call no man common or unclean; he is in God, as we are in God!'"

Mrs. Owen stood smiling and flushed in the middle of the eager group. Her breath was still coming fast from the emotion of her subject. She gave both hands to those near her. "Thank you, dear." "Oh, how kind you are!" "Yes," to another, "when one gets possession of the thought it clears away everything. All that is wrong rights itself."

Some young girls stood at the edge of the circle, waiting a chance to approach her. "Isn't Mrs. Owen *lovely*?" said one. "She herself makes everything she says seem so exquisite!"

"I'm not sure we have a right to feel that," answered her friend. "The truth ought to go by its own strength, without any charming woman to fire it off. For myself, I try to listen to everything I hear as if it were uttered by a young man with big feet, no chin, and a prominent Adam's-apple!"

"Well, that doesn't make Mrs. Owen any less lovely, does it?" asked the first.

"Oh no!—and *she* believes all she says!"

The club members passed out. Mrs. Owen remained to speak to the custodian

of the rooms. As she waited she was conscious of a sort of exaltation. She revelled in the thought of her own happiness. Everything pleased her. From the first she had had great faith in the woman's club idea. Her society had prospered beyond all expectation. She looked about her; the beautiful building in which she was had been built by the members of the club, and consecrated to the uses of women and children. In the rooms nearest was an art school for working-girls; upstairs a Delsarte teacher was instructing fifty children.

Every day brought to her fresh signs of the intellectual activity of the town. And, she thought, spiritually everything was better than it had been—there was surely less gossip, less malicious criticism! It seemed to her that she might count the time near when men would be true and wise, and women free and strong.

She went smiling down the stairway, a crowd of children from the upper floor trooping behind her. From the club she was to go for her husband and take him with her to a reception; it was because of this reception that she was dressed more showily than she would otherwise have been. The four-o'clock whistle of a factory around the corner had just sounded. At the foot of the steps she looked ahead of her quickly, and then turned to the children above her. "Go back!" she cried; "go back instantly!"

As she reached the street she had come between two men. One had run past her, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. There was fury in his face, and shame too. He stopped suddenly, his hand at his hip, and turned on the man who pursued him. "Don't you touch me!" he shouted; "I've got a gun!"

As he spoke his pursuer closed with him; they went to earth together in fierce writhings. Mrs. Owen threw out her hands and looked about for help. The people who a moment before crowded the street had moved back into a ring. She was in the middle of it, the two struggling men at her feet. She said to those nearest her: "*Can't* you stop it? This is awful!" The spectators grinned sheepishly. One nudged his neighbor with his elbow, and said, in a low voice, but with a distinct imitation of her tone, "*Can't*

you stop this, Jim?" Mrs. Owen tried to look away, but she could not. Either the horror of the thing had deadened her senses so she could not feel it, or it was *not* horrible. At any rate, she looked; more than that, she knew that she *wanted* to look. She scrutinized the two men: they were shabby, undersized, ill fed. She heard the blows, and even wondered: "I did not know that flesh striking flesh would make a sound like that!" She saw, too, another thing that surprised her—a blow did not bring blood at once; first the flesh was white, then the blood oozed to the surface.

They rolled and tossed from edge to edge of the sidewalk. One bit the other's ear, and chewed at it furiously. The other heaved and tossed in fierce effort to get at his opponent's throat. As they fought they uttered sharp little cries. It seemed that the pursuer was getting the best of it; the other man for a moment made no resistance. Immediately the reason was evident: he was trying to get his pistol out of his pocket. Another half-turn and he would have it. "Let me up!" he shouted, as the other ground his elbow into his chest. "I don't want to kill you!" The other gave no heed; his face was full of inhuman fury. It seemed as if nothing could reach him. The under man got his hand on his pistol—in a breath there would be murder!

Mrs. Owen sprang at the two. She clutched the upper man by the arms. "Get up this minute!" she said. "*Drop* him!"

He looked around stupidly. A lady, pale and beautiful, held him by the shoulders. A slow surprise came over his distorted features. His hands fell. He let her drag him to his feet. She held him tightly by the wrists as they stood.

The other one sat up and looked blankly at the bloody pavement. "Go!" she cried. He staggered to an upright position, his pistol in his hand. As he turned, the man she held began to cry. He looked hideous—like an ugly baby. "Lady," he said, "I never give her a hard word since we was married!"

The pursued man had reeled a few feet down the street; he turned, and without a word of warning shot full into the crowd once—and again.

By some chance no one was hit, but on the instant the silent street broke into motion. Men shouted and pushed for-

ward and back, and, as if they had sprung from the earth, two policemen appeared, swinging their clubs as they ran. One seized the man with the pistol, who looked at him with a silly, bewildered smile on his bloody face. The other bore down on the whimpering wretch that Mrs. Owen still held. He laid hold of him with that ferocity that makes manifest the majesty of the law. Then he turned.

"Lady in the scrap?" he asked, indicating Mrs. Owen with a fat thumb.

The crowd surged down the street, leaving Mrs. Owen almost alone. Some street boys, torn with vain regrets, rushed by her in hot chase. The janitress of the building hurried down the stair.

"Won't you come up and wait for your carriage?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Owen; "I'll wait here." But it seemed to her that she must move. "Tell the coachman to come to Mr. Owen's office for me."

As she started she had a mechanical sort of perception that her beautiful garments were not suited to the street. Then she knew that she was saying to herself, "That is what I *might* think; really I don't care in the least about it—or about anything!" She loathed herself; she had a sickening consciousness that she was part of it all, and that those brutes were part of her.

Suddenly she thought, "Oh, how sleepy I am!" Then, with the woman's club habit of analysis, "How strange that I should be sleepy!" She was in front of a wholesale hardware shop. She leaned for a moment on a convenient keg of nails, to the admiration of a banana-peddler.

A little later she walked into her husband's office, past a boy who was screwing down a copying-press and a young man who talked a denunciatory letter into a phonograph. She opened a door marked *Mr. Owen*. Her husband sat at a desk writing; he smiled, but did not raise his eyes above the border of her skirt.

"That you, Amy? Sit down; I'll be through in a minute."

She put her hand against the casing of the door. It seemed to her that she could go no farther. At the end of the line her husband looked up. "What is it, Amy?" he cried, hastening toward her. "What makes you so pale?"

She smiled at him mistily. "I guess, Richard," said she—"I guess *you'd* be pale too if you'd just been in a scrap!"

THE PRINCESS ALINE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Part I.

HR. H. the Princess Aline of Hohenwald came into the life of Morton Carlton—or “Morney” Carlton, as men called him—of New York city, when that young gentleman’s affairs and affections were best suited to receive her. Had she made her appearance three years sooner or three years later, it is quite probable that she would have passed on out of his life with no more recognition from him than would have been expressed in a look of admiring curiosity.

But coming when she did, when his time and heart were both unoccupied, she had an influence upon young Mr. Carlton which led him into doing several wise and many foolish things, and which remained with him always. Carlton had reached a point in his life, and very early in his life, when he could afford to sit at ease and look back with modest satisfaction to what he had forced himself to do; and forward with pleasurable anticipations to whatsoever he might choose to do in the future. The world had appreciated what he had done, and had put much to his credit, and he was prepared to draw upon this grandly.

At the age of twenty he had found himself his own master, with excellent family connections, but with no family, his only relative being a bachelor uncle, who looked at life from the point of view of the Union Club’s windows, and who objected to his nephew’s leaving Harvard to take up the study of art in Paris. In that city (where at Julian’s he was nicknamed the Junior Carlton, for the obvious reason that he was the older of the two Carltons in the class and because he was well dressed) he had shown himself a harder worker than others who were less careful of their appearance and of their manners. His work, of which he did not talk, and his ambitions, of which he also did not talk, bore fruit early, and at twenty-six he had become a portrait-painter of international reputation. Then the French government purchased one of his paintings at an absurdly small figure, and placed it in the Luxembourg, from whence it would in time depart to be buried in the hall of some provincial city, and American millionaires, and English Lord Mayors, members of Parliament, and

members of the Institute, masters of hounds in pink coats, and ambassadors in gold lace, and beautiful women of all nationalities and conditions, sat before his easel. And so when he returned to New York he was welcomed with an enthusiasm which showed that his countrymen had feared that the artistic atmosphere of the Old World had stolen him from them forever. He was particularly silent, even at this date, about his work, and listened to what others had to say of it with much awe, not unmixed with some amusement that it should be he who was capable of producing anything worthy of such praise. We have been told what the mother duck felt when her ugly duckling turned into a swan, but we have never considered how much the ugly duckling must have marvelled also.

“Carlton is probably the only living artist,” a brother artist had said of him, “who fails to appreciate how great his work is.” And on this being repeated to Carlton by a good-natured friend, he had replied, cheerfully, “Well, I’m sorry, but it is certainly better to be the only one who doesn’t appreciate it than to be the only one who does.”

He had never understood why such a responsibility had been intrusted to him. It was, as he expressed it, not at all in his line, and young girls who sought to sit at the feet of the master found him making love to them in the most charming manner in the world, as though he were not entitled to all the rapturous admiration of their very young hearts, but had to sue for it like any ordinary mortal. Carlton always felt as though some day some one would surely come along and say: “Look here, young man; this talent doesn’t belong to you; it’s mine. What do you mean by pretending that such an idle good-natured youth as yourself is entitled to such a gift of genius?” He felt that he was keeping it in trust, as it were, that it had been changed at birth, and that the proper guardian would eventually relieve him of his treasure.

Personally Carlton was of the opinion that he should have been born in the active days of knights-errant—to have had nothing more serious to do than to ride abroad with a blue ribbon fast-

ened to the point of his lance, and with the spirit to unhorse any one who objected to its color, or to the claims of superiority of the noble lady who had tied it there. There was not, in his opinion, at the present day any sufficiently pronounced method of declaring admiration for the many lovely women this world contained. A proposal of marriage he considered to be a mean and clumsy substitute for the older way, and was uncomplimentary to the many other women left unasked, and marriage itself required much more constancy than he could give. He had a most romantic and old-fashioned ideal of women as a class, and from the age of fourteen had been a devotee of hundreds of them as individuals; and though in that time his ideal had received several severe shocks, he still believed that the "not impossible she" existed somewhere, and his conscientious efforts to find out whether every woman he met might not be that one had led him not unnaturally into many difficulties.

"The trouble with me is," he said, "that I care too much to make Platonic friendship possible, and don't care enough to marry any particular woman—that is, of course, supposing that any particular one would be so little particular as to be willing to marry me. How embarrassing it would be, now," he argued, "if when you were turning away from the chancel after the ceremony you should look at one of the bridesmaids and see the woman whom you really should have married! How distressing that would be! You couldn't very well stop and say: 'I am very sorry, my dear, but it seems I have made a mistake. That young woman on the right has a most interesting and beautiful face. I am very much afraid that she is the one.' It would be too late then; while now, in my free state, I can continue my search without any sense of responsibility."

"Why," he would exclaim, "I have walked miles to get a glimpse of a beautiful woman in a suburban window, and time and time again when I have seen a face in a passing brougham I have pursued it in a hansom, and learned where the owner of the face lived, and spent weeks in finding some one to present me, only to discover that she was self-conscious or uninteresting or engaged. Still, I had assured myself that she was not the one. I am very conscientious, and I con-

sider that it is my duty to go so far with every woman I meet as to be able to learn whether she is or is not the one, and the sad result is that I am like a man who follows the hounds but is never in at the death."

"Well," some married woman would say, grimly, "I hope you will get your deserts some day; and you *will*, too. Some day some girl will make you suffer for this."

"Oh, that's all right," Carlton would answer, meekly; "lots of women have made me suffer, if that's what you think I need."

"Some day," the married woman would prophesy, "you will care for a woman so much that you will have no eyes for any one else. That's the way it is when one is married."

"Well, when that's the way it is with me," Carlton would reply, "I certainly hope to get married; but until it is, I think it is safer for all concerned that I should not."

Then Carlton would go to the club and complain bitterly to one of his friends. "How unfair married women are!" he would say. "The idea of thinking a man could have no eyes but for one woman! Suppose I had never heard a note of music until I was twenty-five years of age, and was then given my hearing. Do you suppose my pleasure in music would make me lose my pleasure in everything else? Suppose I met and married a girl at twenty-five. Is that going to make me forget all the women I knew before I met her? I think not. As a matter of fact, I really deserve a great deal of credit for remaining single, for I am naturally very affectionate; but when I see what poor husbands my friends make, I prefer to stay as I am until I am sure that I will make a better one. It is only fair to the woman."

Carlton was sitting in the club alone. He had that sense of superiority over his fellows and of irresponsibility to the world about him that comes to a man when he knows that his trunks are being packed and that his state-room is engaged. He was leaving New York long before most of his friends could get away. He did not know just where he was going, and preferred not to know. He wished to have a complete holiday, and to see Europe as an idle tourist, and not as an artist with an eye to his own improve-

ment. He had plenty of time and money; he was sure to run across friends in the big cities, and acquaintances he could make or not, as he pleased, *en route*. He was not sorry to go. His going would serve to put an end to what gossip there might be of his engagement to numerous young women whose admiration for him as an artist, he was beginning to fear, had taken on a more personal tinge. "I wish," he said, gloomily, "I didn't like people so well. It seems to cause them and me such a lot of trouble."

He sighed, and stretched out his hand for a copy of one of the English illustrated papers. It had a fresher interest to him because the next number of it that he would see would be in the city in which it was printed. The paper in his hands was the *St. James Budget*, and it contained much fashionable intelligence concerning the preparations for a royal wedding which was soon to take place between members of two of the reigning families of Europe. There was on one page a half-tone reproduction of a photograph, which showed a group of young people belonging to several of these reigning families, with their names and titles printed above and below the picture. They were princesses, archdukes, or grand-dukes, and they were dressed like young English men and women, and with no sign about them of their possible military or social rank.

One of the young princesses in the photograph was looking out of it and smiling in a tolerant, amused way, as though she had thought of something which she could not wait to enjoy until after the picture was taken. She was not posing consciously, as were some of the others, but was sitting in a natural attitude, with one arm over the back of her chair, and with her hands clasped before her. Her face was full of a fine intelligence and humor, and though one of the other princesses in the group was far more beautiful, this particular one had a much more high-bred air, and there was something of a challenge in her smile that made any one who looked at the picture smile also. Carlton studied the face for some time, and mentally approved of its beauty; the others seemed in comparison wooden and unindividual, but this one looked like a person he might have known, and whom he would certainly have liked. He turned the page, and surveyed the

features of the Oxford crew with lesser interest, and then turned the page again and gazed critically and severely at the face of the princess with the high-bred smile. He had hoped that he would find it less interesting at a second glance, but it did not prove to be so.

"The Princess Aline of Hohenwald," he read. "She's probably engaged to one of those Johnnies beside her, and the Grand-Duke of Hohenwald behind her must be her brother." He put the paper down and went in to luncheon, and diverted himself by mixing a salad dressing; but after a few moments he stopped in the midst of this employment, and told the waiter, with some unnecessary sharpness, to bring him the last copy of the *St. James Budget*.

"Confound it!" he added to himself.

He opened the paper with a touch of impatience and gazed long and earnestly at the face of the Princess Aline, who continued to return his look with the same smile of amused tolerance. Carlton noted every detail of her tailor-made gown, of her high mannish collar, of her tie, and even the rings on her hand. There was nothing about her of which he could fairly disapprove. He wondered why it was that she could not have been born an approachable New York girl, instead of a princess of a little German duchy, hedged in throughout her single life, and to be traded off eventually in marriage with as much consideration as though she were a princess of a real kingdom.

"She looks jolly too," he mused, in an injured tone; "and so very clever; and of course she has a beautiful complexion. All those German girls have. Your Royal Highness is more than pretty," he said, bowing his head gravely. "You look as a princess should look. I am sure it was one of your ancestors who discovered the dried pea under a dozen mattresses." He closed the paper, and sat for a moment with a perplexed smile of consideration. "Waiter," he exclaimed, suddenly, "send a messenger-boy to Brentano's for a copy of the *St. James Budget*, and bring me the Almanach de Gotha from the library. It is a little fat red book on the table near the window." Then Carlton opened the paper again and propped it up against a carafe, and continued his critical survey of the Princess Aline. He seized the Almanach when it came with some eagerness.



"NOW, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY."

"Hohenwald (Maison de Grasse)," he read, and in small type below it:

"1. Ligne cadette (régnante) grand-ducale: Hohenwald et de Grasse.

"Guillaume-Albert-Frederick-Charles-Louis, Grand-Duc de Hohenwald et de Grasse, etc., etc., etc."

"That's the brother, right enough," muttered Carlton.

And under the heading "Sœurs" he read:

"4. *Psse Aline*.—Victoria-Beatrix-Louise-Helene, Alt. Gr.-Duc. Née à Grasse, Juin, 1872."

"Twenty-two years old," exclaimed Carlton. "What a perfect age! I could not have invented a better one." He looked from the book to the face before him. "Now, my dear young lady," he said, "I know all about *you*. You live at Grasse, and you are connected, to judge by your names, with all the English royalties; and very pretty names they are, too—Aline, Helene, Victoria, Beatrix. You must be much more English than you are German; and I suppose you live

in a little old castle, and your brother has a standing army of twelve men, and some day you are to marry a Russian Grand-Duke, or whoever your brother's Prime Minister—if he has a Prime Minister—decides is best for the politics of your little toy kingdom. Ah! to think," exclaimed Carlton, softly, "that such a lovely and glorious creature as that should be sacrificed for so insignificant a thing as the peace of Europe, when she might make some young man happy!"

He carried a copy of the paper to his room, and cut the picture of the group out of the page and pasted it carefully on a stiff piece of card-board. Then he placed it on his dressing-table, in front of a photograph of a young woman in a large silver frame—which was a sign, had the young woman but known it, that her reign for the time being was over.

Nolan, the young Irishman who "did for" Carlton, knew better than to move it when he found it there. He had learned to study his master since he had joined him in London, and understood that one

photograph in the silver frame was entitled to more consideration than three others on the writing-desk or half a dozen on the mantel-piece. Nolan had seen them come and go; he had watched them rise and fall; he had carried notes to them, and books and flowers; and had helped depose them from the silver frame and move them on by degrees down the line, until they went ingloriously into the big brass bowl on the side table. Nolan approved highly of this last choice. He did not know which one of the three in the group it might be, but they were all pretty, and their social standing was certainly distinguished.

Guido, the Italian model who ruled over the studio, and Nolan were busily packing when Carlton entered. He always said that Guido represented him in his professional and Nolan in his social capacity. Guido cleaned the brushes and purchased the artists' materials; Nolan cleaned his riding-boots and bought his theatre and railroad tickets.

"Guido," said Carlton, "there are two sketches I made in Germany last year, one of the Prime Minister, and one of Ludwig the actor; get them out for me, will you, and pack them for shipping. Nolan," he went on, "here is a telegram to send."

Nolan would not have read a letter, but he looked upon telegrams as public documents, the reading of them as part of his perquisites. This one was addressed to Oscar Von Holtz, First Secretary, German Embassy, Washington, D. C., and the message read:

"Please telegraph me full title and address Princess Aline of Hohenwald. Where would a letter reach her?" MORTON CARLTON."

The next morning Nolan carried to the express office a box containing two oil-paintings on small canvases. They were addressed to the man in London who attended to the shipping and forwarding of Carlton's pictures in that town.

There was a tremendous crowd on the *New York*. She sailed at the obliging hour of eleven in the morning, and many people, in consequence, whose affection would not have stood in the way of their breakfast, made it a point to appear and to say good-by. Carlton, for his part, did not notice them; he knew by experience that the attractive-looking people always

leave a steamer when the whistle blows, and that the next most attractive-looking, who remain on board, are ill all the way over. A man that he knew seized him by the arm as he was entering his cabin, and asked if he were crossing or just seeing people off.

"Well, then, I want to introduce you to Miss Morris and her aunt, Mrs. Downs; they are going over, and I should be glad if you would be nice to them. But you know her, I guess?" he asked, over his shoulder, as Carlton pushed his way after him down the deck.

"I know who she is," he said.

Miss Edith Morris was surrounded by a treble circle of admiring friends, and seemed to be holding her own. They all stopped when Carlton came up, and looked at him rather closely, and those whom he knew seemed to mark the fact by a particularly hearty greeting. The man who had brought him up acted as though he had successfully accomplished a somewhat difficult and creditable feat. Carlton bowed himself away, leaving Miss Morris to her friends, and saying that she would probably have to see him later, whether she wished it or not. He then went to meet the aunt, who received him kindly, for there were very few people on the passenger list, and she was glad they were to have his company. Before he left she introduced him to a young man named Abbey, who was hovering around her most anxiously, and whose interest, she seemed to think it necessary to explain, was due to the fact that he was engaged to Miss Morris. Mr. Abbey left the steamer when the whistle blew, and Carlton looked after him gratefully. He always enjoyed meeting attractive girls who were engaged, as it left him no choice in the matter, and excused him from finding out whether or not that particular young woman was the one.

Mrs. Downs and her niece proved to be experienced sailors, and faced the heavy sea that met the *New York* outside of Sandy Hook with unconcern. Carlton joined them, and they stood together leaning with their backs to the rail, and trying to fit the people who flitted past them to the names on the passenger list.

"The young lady in the sailor suit," said Miss Morris, gazing at the top of the smoke-stack, "is Miss Kitty Flood, of Grand Rapids. This is her first voyage, and she thinks a steamer is something

like a yacht, and dresses for the part accordingly. She does not know that it is merely a moving hotel."

"I am afraid," said Carlton, "to judge from her agitation, that hers is going to be what the professionals call a 'dressing-room' part. Why is it," he asked, "that

"Where are you going, may I ask?" inquired Carlton.

Miss Morris said that they were making their way to Constantinople and Athens, and then to Rome; that as they had not had the time to take the southern route, they purposed to journey across the



"THEY STOOD TOGETHER WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE RAIL."

the girls on a steamer who wear gold anchors and the men in yachting-caps are always the first to disappear? That man with the sombrero," he went on, "is James M. Pollock, United States Consul to Mauritius; he is going out to his post. I know he is the consul, because he comes from Fort Worth, Texas, and is therefore admirably fitted to speak either French or the native language of the island."

"Oh, we don't send consuls to Mauritius," laughed Miss Morris. "Mauritius is one of those places from which you buy stamps, but no one really lives or goes there."

Continent direct from Paris to the Turkish capital by the Orient Express.

"We shall be a few days in London, and in Paris only long enough for some clothes," she replied.

"The trousseau," thought Carlton. "Weeks is what she should have said."

The three sat together at the captain's table, and as the sea continued rough, saw little of either the captain or his other guests, and were thrown much upon the society of each other. They had innumerable friends and interests in common, and Mrs. Downs, who had been everywhere, and for long seasons at a time, proved as

alive as her niece, and Carlton conceived a great liking for her. She seemed to be just and kindly minded, and, owing to her age, to combine the wider judgment of a man with the sympathetic interest of a woman. Sometimes they sat together in a row and read, and gossiped over what they read, or struggled up the deck as it rose and fell and buffeted with the wind; and later they gathered in a corner of the saloon and ate late suppers of Carlton's devising, or drank tea in the captain's cabin, which he had thrown open to them. They had started knowing much about one another, and this and the necessary proximity of the ship hastened their acquaintance.

The sea grew calmer the third day out, and the sun came forth and showed the decks as clean as bread-boards. Miss Morris and Carlton seated themselves on the huge iron riding-bits in the bow, and with their elbows on the rail looked down at the whirling blue water, and rejoiced silently in the steady rush of the great vessel, and in the uncertain warmth of the March sun. Carlton was sitting to leeward of Miss Morris, with a pipe between his teeth. He was warm, and at peace with the world. He had found his new acquaintance more than entertaining. She was even friendly, and treated him as though he were much her junior, as is the habit of young women lately married, or who are about to be married. Carlton did not resent it; on the contrary, it made him more at his ease with her, and as she herself chose to treat him as a youth, he permitted himself to be as foolish as he pleased.

"I don't know why it is," he complained, peering over the rail, "but whenever I look over the side to watch the waves a man in a greasy cap always sticks his head out of a hole below me and scatters a barrellful of ashes or potato peelings all over the ocean. It spoils the effect for one. Next time he does it I am going to knock out the ashes of my pipe on the back of his neck." Miss Morris did not consider this worthy of comment, and there was a long lazy pause.

"You haven't told us where you go after London," she said; and then, without waiting for him to reply, she asked, "Is it your professional or your social side that you are treating to a trip this time?"

"Who told you that?" asked Carlton, smiling.

"Oh, I don't know. Some man. He said you were a Jekyll and Hyde. Which is Jekyll? You see, I only know your professional side."

"You must try to find out for yourself by deduction," he said, "as you picked out the other passengers. I am going to Grasse," he continued. "It's the capital of Hohenwald. Do you know it?"

"Yes," she said; "we were there once for a few days. We went to see the pictures. I suppose you know that the old Duke, the father of the present one, ruined himself almost by buying pictures for the Grasse gallery. We were there at a bad time, though, when the palace was closed to visitors, and the gallery too. I suppose that is what is taking you there?"

"No," Carlton said, shaking his head. "No, it is not the pictures. I am going to Grasse," he said, gravely, "to see the young woman with whom I am in love."

Miss Morris looked up in some surprise, and smiled consciously, with a natural feminine interest in an affair of love, and one which was a secret as well.

"Oh," she said, "I beg your pardon; we—I had not heard of it."

"No, it is not a thing one could announce exactly," said Carlton; "it is rather in an embryo state as yet—in fact, I have not met the young lady so far, but I mean to meet her. That's why I am going abroad."

Miss Morris looked at him sharply to see if he were smiling, but he was, on the contrary, gazing sentimentally at the horizon-line, and puffing meditatively on his pipe. He was apparently in earnest, and waiting for her to make some comment.

"How very interesting!" was all she could think to say.

"Yes, when you know the details, it is, — *very* interesting," he answered. "She is the Princess Aline of Hohenwald," he explained, bowing his head as though he were making the two young ladies known to one another. "She has several other names, six in all, and her age is twenty-two. That is all I know about her. I saw her picture in an illustrated paper just before I sailed, and I made up my mind I would meet her, and here I am. If she is not in Grasse, I intend to follow her to wherever she may be." He waved his pipe at the ocean before him, and recited, with mock seriousness:

“‘Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy Princess followed him.’

“Only in this case, you see,” said Carlton, “I am following the happy Princess.”

“No, but seriously, though,” said Miss Morris, “what is it you mean? Are you going to paint her portrait?”

“I never thought of that,” exclaimed Carlton. “I don’t know but what your idea is a good one. Miss Morris, that’s a great idea.” He shook his head approvingly. “I did not do wrong to confide in you,” he said. “It was perhaps taking a liberty, but as you have not considered it as such, I am glad I spoke.”

“But you don’t really mean to tell me,” exclaimed the girl, facing about, and nodding her head at him, “that you are going abroad after a woman whom you have never seen, and because you like a picture of her in a paper?”

“I do,” said Carlton. “Because I like her picture, and because she is a Princess.”

“Well, upon my word,” said Miss Morris, gazing at him with evident admiration, “that’s what my younger brother would call a distinctly sporting proposition. Only I don’t see,” she added, “what her being a Princess has to do with it.”

“You don’t?” laughed Carlton, easily. “That’s the best part of it—that’s the plot. The beauty of being in love with a Princess, Miss Morris,” he said, “lies in the fact that you can’t marry her; that you can love her deeply and forever, and nobody will ever come to you and ask your intentions, or hint that after such a display of affection you ought to do something. Now, with a girl who is not a Princess, even if she understands the situation herself, and wouldn’t marry you to save her life, still there is always some one—a father or a mother, or one of your friends—who makes it his business to interfere, and talks about it and bothers you both. But with a Princess, you see, that is all eliminated. You can’t marry a Princess, because they won’t let you. A Princess has got to marry a real royal chap, and so you are perfectly ineligible and free to sigh for her, and make pretty speeches to her, and see her as often as you can, and revel in your devotion and unrequited affection.”

Miss Morris regarded him doubtfully. She did not wish to prove herself too credulous. “And you honestly want me,

Mr. Carlton, to believe that you are going abroad just for this?”

“You see,” Carlton answered her, “if you only knew me better you would have no doubt on the subject at all. It isn’t the thing some men would do, I admit, but it is exactly what any one who knows me would expect of me. I should describe it, having had acquaintance with the young man for some time, as being eminently characteristic. And besides, think what a good story it makes! Every other man who goes abroad this summer will try to tell about his travels when he gets back to New York, and, as usual, no one will listen to him. But they will *have* to listen to me. ‘You’ve been across since I saw you last. What did you do?’ they’ll ask, politely. And then, instead of simply telling them that I have been in Paris or London, I can say, ‘Oh, I’ve been chasing around the globe after the Princess Aline of Hohenwald.’ That sounds interesting, doesn’t it? When you come to think of it,” Carlton continued, meditatively, “it is not so very remarkable. Men go all the way to Cuba and Mexico, and even to India, after orchids, after a nasty flower that grows in an absurd way on the top of a tree. Why shouldn’t a young man go as far as Germany after a beautiful Princess, who walks on the ground, and who can talk and think and feel? She is much more worth while than an orchid.”

Miss Morris laughed indulgently. “Well, I didn’t know such devotion existed at this end of the century,” she said; “it’s quite nice and encouraging. I hope you will succeed, I am sure. I only wish we were going to be near enough to see how you get on. I have never been a confidante when there was a real Princess concerned,” she said; “it makes it so much more amusing. May one ask what your plans are?”

Carlton doubted if he had any plans as yet. “I have to reach the ground first,” he said, “and after that I must reconnoitre. I may possibly adopt your idea, and ask to paint her portrait, only I dislike confusing my social and professional sides. As a matter of fact, though,” he said, after a pause, laughing guiltily, “I have done a little of that already. I prepared her, as it were, for my coming. I sent her studies of two pictures I made last winter in Berlin. One of the Prime Minister, and one of Ludwig, the tragedian at the Court Theatre. I sent them

to her through my London agent, so that she would think they had come from some one of her English friends, and I told the dealer not to let any one know who had forwarded them. My idea was that it might help me, perhaps, if she knew something about me before I appeared in person. It was a sort of letter of introduction written by myself."

"Well, really," expostulated Miss Morris, "you certainly woo in a royal way. Are you in the habit of giving away your pictures to any one whose photograph you happen to like? That seems to me to be giving new lamps for old to a degree. I must see if I haven't some of my sister's photographs in my trunk. She is considered very beautiful."

"Well, you wait until you see this particular portrait, and you will understand it better," said Carlton.

The steamer reached Southampton early in the afternoon, and Carlton secured a special compartment on the express to London for Mrs. Downs and her niece and himself, with one adjoining for their maid and Nolan. It was a beautiful day, and Carlton sat with his eyes fixed upon the passing fields and villages, exclaiming with pleasure from time to time at the white roads and the feathery trees and hedges and the red roofs of the inns and square towers of the village churches.

"Hedges are better than barbed-wire fences, aren't they?" he said. "You see that girl picking wild flowers from one of them? She looks just as though she were posing for a picture for an illustrated paper. She couldn't pick flowers from a barbed-wire fence, could she? And there would probably be a tramp along the road somewhere to frighten her; and see—the chap in knickerbockers further down the road leaning on the stile. I am sure he is waiting for her; and here comes a coach," he ran on. "Don't the red wheels look well against the hedges? It's a pretty little country, England, isn't it?—like a private park or a model village. I am glad to get back to it—I am glad to see the three and six signs with the little slanting dash between the shillings and pennies. Yes, even the steam-rollers and the man with the red flag in front are welcome."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Downs, "it's because one has been so long on the ocean that the ride to London seems so interesting. It always pays me for the

entire trip. Yes," she said, with a sigh, "in spite of the patent-medicine signs they have taken to putting up all along the road. It seems a pity they should adopt our bad habits instead of our good ones."

"They are a bit slow at adopting anything," commented Carlton. "Did you know, Mrs. Downs, that electric lights are still as scarce in London as they are in Timbuctoo? Why, I saw an electric-light plant put up in a Western town in three days once; there were over a hundred burners in one saloon, and the engineer who put them up told me in confidence that—"

What the chief engineer told him in confidence was never disclosed, for at that moment Miss Morris interrupted him with a sudden sharp exclamation.

"Oh, Mr. Carlton," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "listen to this!" She had been reading one of the dozen papers which Carlton had purchased at the station, and was now shaking one of them at him, with her eyes fixed on the open page.

"My dear Edith," remonstrated her aunt, "Mr. Carlton was telling us—"

"Yes, I know," exclaimed Miss Morris, laughing, "but this interests him much more than electric lights. 'Who do you think is in London?' she cried, raising her eyes to his, and pausing for proper dramatic effect. 'The Princess Aline of Hohenwald!'"

"No?" shouted Carlton.

"Yes," Miss Morris answered, mocking his tone. "Listen. 'The Queen's Drawing-room'—em—e—m—on her right was the Princess of Wales'—em—m. Oh, I can't find it—no—yes, here it is. 'Next to her stood the Princess Aline of Hohenwald. She wore a dress of white silk, with train of silver brocade trimmed with fur. Ornaments—emeralds and diamonds; orders—Victoria and Albert, Jubilee Commemoration Medal, Coburg and Gotha, and Hohenwald and Grasse.'"

"By Jove!" cried Carlton, excitedly. "I say, is that really there? Let me see it, please, for myself."

Miss Morris handed him the paper, with her finger on the paragraph, and picking up another, began a search down its columns.

"You are right," exclaimed Carlton, solemnly; "it's she, sure enough. And here I've been within two hours of her and didn't know it?"

Miss Morris gave another triumphant cry, as though she had discovered a vein of gold.

"Yes, and here she is again," she said, "in the *Gentlewoman*: 'The Queen's dress was of black, as usual, but relieved by a few violet ribbons in the bonnet; and Princess Beatrice, who sat by her mother's side, showed but little trace of the anxiety caused by Princess Ena's accident. Princess Aline, on the front seat, in a light brown jacket and a becoming bonnet, gave the necessary touch to a picture which Londoners would be glad to look upon more often.'"

Carlton sat staring forward, with his hands on his knees, and with his eyes open wide from excitement. He presented so unusual an appearance of bewilderment and delight that Mrs. Downs looked at him and at her niece for some explanation. "The young lady seems to interest you," said she, tentatively.

"She is the most charming creature in the world, Mrs. Downs," cried Carlton, "and I was going all the way to Grasse to see her, and now it turns out that she is here in England, within a few miles of us." He turned and waved his hands at the passing landscape. "Every minute brings us nearer together."

"And you didn't feel it in the air!" mocked Miss Morris, laughing. "You are a pretty poor sort of a man to let a girl tell you where to find the woman you love."

Carlton did not answer, but stared at her very seriously and frowned intently. "Now I have got to begin all over again and readjust things," he said. "We might have guessed she would be in London, on account of this royal wedding. It is a great pity it isn't later in the season, when there would be more things going on and more chances of meeting her. Now they will all be interested in themselves, and, being extremely exclu-

sive, no one who isn't a cousin to the bridegroom or an Emperor would have any chance at all. Still, I can see her! I can look at her, and that's something."

"It is better than a photograph, anyway," said Miss Morris.



"NEXT TO HER STOOD THE PRINCESS ALINE OF HOHENWALD."

"They will be either at Buckingham Palace or at Windsor, or they will stop at Brown's," said Carlton. "All royalties go to Brown's. I don't know why, unless it is because it is so expensive; or maybe it is expensive because royalties go there; but, in any event, if they are not at the palace, that is where they will be, and that is where I shall have to go too."

When the train drew up at Victoria Station, Carlton directed Nolan to take his things to Brown's Hotel, but not to unload them until he had arrived. Then he drove with the ladies to Cox's, and saw them settled there. He promised to return at once to dine, and to tell them what he had discovered in his absence. "You've got to help me in this, Miss Morris," he said, nervously. "I am beginning to feel that I am not worthy of her."



"IN ASTONISHED DISAPPROVAL."

"Oh yes, you are!" she said, laughing; "but don't forget that 'it's not the lover who comes to woo, but the lover's *way* of wooing,' and that 'faint heart'—and the rest of it."

"Yes, I know," said Carlton, doubtfully; "but it's a bit sudden, isn't it?"

"Oh, I am ashamed of you! You are frightened."

"No, not frightened, exactly," said the painter. "I think it's just natural emotion."

As Carlton turned into Albemarle Street he noticed a red carpet stretching from the doorway of Brown's Hotel out

across the sidewalk to a carriage, and a bareheaded man bustling about apparently assisting several gentlemen to get into it. This and another carriage and Nolan's four-wheeler blocked the way; but without waiting for them to move up, Carlton leaned out of his hansom and called the bareheaded man to its side.

"Is the Duke of Hohenwald stopping at your hotel?" he asked. The bareheaded man answered that he was.

"All right, Nolan," cried Carlton. "They can take in the trunks."

Hearing this, the bareheaded man hastened to help Carlton to alight. "That

was the Duke who just drove off, sir; and those," he said, pointing to three muffled figures who were stepping into a second carriage, "are his sisters, the Princesses."

Carlton stopped midway, with one foot on the step and the other in the air.

"The deuce they are!" he exclaimed; "and which is—" he began, eagerly, and then remembering himself, dropped back on the cushions of the hansom.

He broke into the little dining-room at Cox's in so excited a state that two dignified old gentlemen who were eating there sat open-mouthed in astonished disapproval. Mrs. Downs and Miss Morris had just come down stairs.

"I have seen her!" Carlton cried, ecstatically; "only half an hour in the town, and I've seen her already!"

"No, really?" exclaimed Miss Morris. "And how did she look? Is she as beautiful as you expected?"

"Well, I can't tell yet," Carlton answered. "There were three of them, and they were all muffled up, and which one of the three she was I don't know. She wasn't labelled, as in the picture, but she was there, and I saw her. The woman I love was one of that three, and I have engaged rooms at the hotel, and this very night the same roof shelters us both."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOTH.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

IN the midst of his countless cares, a man
Paused for one restless moment's span,
To watch a moth its wings unfold—
Velvet and gold—

Where it perched on his hand.
"Now what is the use of living," he said,
"For a creature that must so soon be dead,
I cannot understand."

Across the roofs of the busy town
The mountains, bathed in the sun, looked down
On the shining sea,
While between the hills and the sea the men
Came and went and returned again,
And laughed and sorrowed, and toiled through all,
Because, whatever fate shall befall,
To the labor of men no end may be.

Then from sea and hills rose a mighty voice:
"Why should they toil or grieve or rejoice?
We who have watched the spreading plain,
Where it lies and smiles betwixt us twain,
Have seen it fill for a little space
With these children of a fleeting race,
And in ages to come shall see it again,
A smiling, sunlit, empty plain.
Ah, why should they care to live, alas!
If the joy of living so soon must pass?"

The hot sun shone on the misty earth.
"I have seen it," he said, "in the hour of its birth—
A chaos of fire;
And yet again I shall watch it expire,
Till, lifeless and gray,
Its mountains of rock have crumbled away,
And its glittering seas with their tossing spray
Are empty and dry, and the earth is dead.
And the end of the whole is this," he said:
"It is all as one with the fire-fly's spark,
That shines and is quenched in the silent dark."

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICANISMS.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

MUCH has been written first and last about certain English words and phrases which are commonly called "Americanisms." That they are so classified is due to our brethren of England, who seem to think that in this way they not only relieve themselves of all responsibility for the existence of these offending parts of speech, but that they also in some mysterious manner make them things apart and put them outside the pale of the English language. No one would be hard-hearted enough to grudge to our island kindred any comfort they may take in this mental operation, but that any one should cherish such a belief shows a curious ignorance, not merely as to many of the words in question, but as to the history and present standing of the language itself. To describe an English word or phrase as American or British or Australian or Indian or South African may be convenient if we wish to define that portion of the English-speaking people among whom it originated or by whom it has been kept or revived from the usage of an earlier day. But it is worse than useless to do so if an attempt to exclude the word from English speech is thereby intended. It is no longer possible in any such fashion as this to set up arbitrary metes and bounds to the great language which has spread over the world with the march of the people who use it. The "Queen's English" was a phrase correct enough in the days of Elizabeth or Anne, but it is an absurdity in those of Victoria. In the time of the last Tudor or the last Stuart every one whose native tongue was English could be properly set down as a subject of the English Queen. No such proposition is possible now. The English-speaking people who owe no allegiance to England's Queen are to-day more numerous than those who do.

In the face of facts like these it is just as impossible to set limits to the language or to establish a proprietorship in it in any given place as it would be to fetter the growth of the people who speak it. This it is also which makes it out of the question to have any fixed standard of English in the narrow sense not uncommon in other languages. It is quite possible to have Tuscan Italian or Castilian

Spanish or Parisian French as the standard of correctness, but no one ever heard of "London English" used in that sense. The reason is simple. These nations have ceased to spread and colonize. They are practically stationary. But English is the language of a conquering, colonizing race, which in the last three centuries has subdued and possessed ancient civilizations and virgin continents alike, and whose speech is now heard in the remotest corners of the earth.

It is not the least of the many glories of the English tongue that it has proved equal to the task which its possessors have imposed upon it. Like the race, it has shown itself capable of assimilating new elements without degeneration. It has met new conditions, adapted itself to them, and prevailed over them. It has proved itself flexible without weakness, and strong without rigidity. With all its vast spread it still remains unchanged in essence and in all its great qualities.

For such a language with such a history no standard of a province or a city can be fixed in order to make a narrow rule from which no appeal is possible. The usage of the best writers for the written, and of the best-educated and most highly trained men for the spoken word, without regard to where they may have been born or to where they live, is the only possible standard for English speech. Such a test may not be very sharply defined, but it is the only one practicable for a language which has done so much, and which is constantly growing and advancing. As a rule of conduct in writing or speaking it is true that this kind of standard may be in unessential points a little vague. But this defect, if it be one, is outweighed a thousand times by the fact that the language is thus freed from the stiffness and narrowness which denote that the race has ceased to march, and that expansion for people and speech alike is at an end.

Yet the changes made during this world-wide extension, with all the infinite variety of new conditions which accompanied it, are, after all, more apparent than real. That they should be so few and at the same time so all-sufficient for every fresh need that has arisen demonstrates better than anything else the marvellous strength

and richness inherent in the English language. In some cases new words have been invented or added to express new facts or new things, and these are both valuable and necessary. In other cases old words, both in the mother-country and elsewhere, have, in the processes of time and of altered conditions, been changed in meaning and usage, sometimes for the better and sometimes for the worse. In still other instances old words and old meanings have lived on or been revived by one branch of the race, when given up or modified elsewhere.

It is this last fact which makes it so futile to try to read out of the language and its literature words and phrases merely because they are not used in the island whence people and speech started on their career of conquest. It does not in the least follow, because a word is not used to-day in England, that it is either new or bad. It may be both, as is the case with many words which have never travelled outside the mother-country, and with many others which have never been heard in the parent-land. On the other hand, it may equally well be neither. The mere fact that a word exists in one place and not in another, of itself proves nothing. That those of the English-speaking people who have remained in Great Britain should condemn as pestilent innovations words which they do not use themselves is very natural, but quite unscientific. It is the same attitude as that of the Tory reviewer who condemns some of James Russell Lowell's letters as "provincial." They are different in tone and thought from that to which he is accustomed, and hence he asserts that they must be bad. The real trouble is merely that the letters are American and not English, continental and not insular. They are not in the language or the spirit of the critic's own parish, that is all. They jar on his habits of thought because they differ from his standard, and so he sets them down as provincial, failing hopelessly to see that mere difference proves nothing either way as to merits or defects. So a word used in the United States and not in England may be good or bad, but the mere fact that it is in use in one place and not in the other has no bearing as to either its goodness or the reverse. Its virtues or its defects must be determined on grounds more relative than this.

The best proof of the propositions just advanced can be found by examining some of the words which exist here and not in Great Britain, or which are used here with a meaning differing from that of British usage. It is well to remember at the outset that the English speech was planted in this country by English emigrants, who settled Virginia and New England at the beginning of the seventeenth century. To Virginia came many educated men, who became the planters, land-owners, and leaders of the infant State, and although they did little for nearly a century in behalf of general education, the sons of the governing class were either taught at home by English tutors or sent across the water to English colleges. In New England the average education among the first settlers was high, and they showed their love of learning by their immediate foundation of a college and of a public-school system. The Puritan leaders and their powerful clergy were, as a rule, college-bred men, with all the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge fresh in their minds and dear to their hearts. They would have been the last men to corrupt or abuse the mother-tongue, which they cherished more than ever in the new and distant land. The language which these people brought with them to Virginia and Massachusetts, moreover, was, as Mr. Lowell has remarked, the language of Shakespeare, who lived and wrote and died just at the period when these countrymen of his were taking their way to the New World. In view of these latter-day criticisms it might seem as if these emigrants should have brought some other English with them than that of Shakespeare's England, but luckily or unluckily that was the only mode of speech they had. It followed very naturally that some of the words thus brought over the water, and then common to the English on both sides of the Atlantic, survived only in the New World, to which they were transplanted. This is not remarkable, but it is passing strange that words not only used in Shakespeare's time, but used by Shakespeare himself, should have lived to be disdainfully called "Americanisms" by people now living in Shakespeare's own country. It is well, therefore, to look at a few of these words occasionally, if only to refresh our memories. No single example, perhaps, is new, but when we bring

several into a little group they make a picturesque illustration of the futility of undertaking to shut out a word from good society because it is used in one place where English-speaking people dwell and not in another.

What Mr. Bartlett in his dictionary of Americanisms calls justly one of "the most marked peculiarities of American speech" is the constant use of the word "well" as an interjection, especially at the beginning of sentences. Mr. Bartlett also says, "Englishmen have told me that they could always detect an American by this use of the word." Here perhaps is a clue to the true nationality of the Danish soldiers with Italian names and idiomatic English speech who appear in the first scene of *Hamlet*:

Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo. Well, good-night.

This is as excellent and precise an example of the every-day American use of the word "well" as could possibly be found. The fact is that the use of "well" as an interjection is so common in Shakespeare that Mrs. Clarke omits the word used in that capacity from her concordance, and explains its omission on the ground of its constant repetition, like "come," "look," "marry," and so on. Thus has it come to pass that an American betrays his nationality to an Englishman because he uses the word "well" interjectionally, as Shakespeare used it. I have seen more than once patronizing criticisms of this peculiarity of American speech, but have never suffered at the sight, because I have always been able to take to myself the consolation of Lord Byron, that it is

"Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

Our English brethren, again, use the word "ill" in speaking of a person "afflicted with disease"—to take Johnson's definition of the word "sick." They restrict the word "sick" to "nausea," and regard our employment of it, as applicable to any kind of disease, or to a person out of health from any cause, as an "Americanism." And yet this "Americanism" is Elizabethan and Shakespearian. For example, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (Act I., Scene I.), Helena says, "Sickness is catching," which is not the chief characteristic of the ailment to which

modern English usage confines the word. In *Cymbeline*, again (Act V., Scene IV.), we find the phrase, "one that's sick o' the gout." Examples might be multiplied, for Shakespeare rarely uses the word "ill," but constantly the word "sick" in the general sense. In the Bible the use of "sick" is, I believe, unbroken. The marriage service says, "in sickness and in health," and Johnson's definition, as Mr. Bartlett points out, conforms to the usage of Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, and Cowper. Even the Englishman who starts with surprise at our general application of "sick" and "sickness," and who is nothing if not logical, would not think of describing an officer of the army as absent on "ill-leave" or as placed upon the "ill-list." The English restriction of the use of these two words is, in truth, wholly unwarranted, and should be given up in favor of the better and older American usage, which is that of all the highest standards of English literature.

The conditions of travelling have changed so much during this century, and all the methods of travel are so new, that most of the words connected with it are of necessity new also, either in form or application. In some cases the same phrases have come in both England and the United States. In others different words have been chosen by the two nations to express the same thing, and, so far as merit goes, there is little to choose between them. But there are a few words in this department which are as old as travelling itself, and which were as necessary in the days of the galley and the pack-horse as they are in those of the steamship and the railroad. One of them is the comprehensive term for the things which travellers carry with them. Englishmen commonly use the word "luggage"; we Americans the word "baggage." In this we agree with Touchstone, who, using a phrase which has become part of our daily speech, says (Act III., Scene II.), "though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage." Leontes also, in the *Winter's Tale* (Act I., Scene II.), uses the same phrase as Touchstone. It may be argued that both allusions are drawn from military language, in which "baggage" is always used. But this will not avail, for "luggage" occurs twice at least in Shakespeare referring solely to the effects of an army. In *Henry V.* (Act V., Scene IV.) we find "the

luggage of our camp"; and Fluellen says, in the same play (Act IV., Scene VII.), "Kill the poys and the luggage!" Shakespeare used both words indifferently in the same sense, and the "Americanism" was as familiar to him as the "Briticism."

In this same connection it may be added that the word "trunk," which we use where the English say "box," is, like "baggage," Shakespearian. It occurs in *Lear* (Act II., Scene II.), where Kent calls Oswald a "one-trunk-inheriting slave." Johnson interpreted this to mean "trunk-hose," which makes no sense. Steevens said "trunk" here meant "coffer," and that all his property was in one "coffer" or "trunk." This seems to have been the accepted version ever since, as it is certainly the obvious and sensible one.

Almost always the preservation or revival of a Shakespearian word is something deserving profound gratitude, but the great master of English gives some authority for one thoroughly distasteful phrase. This is the use of the word "stage" as a verb in the sense of to put upon the stage, a habit which has become of late sadly common. So the Duke, in the first scene of *Measure for Measure*, says,

"I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act III., Scene XI.), "be stag'd to the show, against a sworder." And again, later in the same play (Act V., Scene II.), Cleopatra says,

"the quick comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us."

It is true that these examples all refer to persons and not to "staging plays," as the phrase runs to-day, but the use of the word, especially in the last case, seems identically the same.

Among characteristic American words none is more so than "to guess," in the sense of "to think." The word is old and good, but the significance that we give it is charged against us as an innovation of our own, and wholly without warrant. One sees it continually in English comic papers and in books also put into the mouths of Americans as a discreditable but unmistakable badge of nationality. Shakespeare uses the word constantly, generally in the stricter and narrower sense where it implies conjecture. Yet

he also uses it in the broader American sense of thinking. For example, in *Measure for Measure* (Act IV., Scene IV.), Angelo says, "And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?" To which Escalus replies, in a most emphatically American fashion, "I guess not." There is no questioning, no conjecture here. It is simply our common American form of "I think not." Again, in the *Winter's Tale* (Act IV., Scene III.), Camillo says, "Which, I do guess, you do not purpose to him." This is the same use of the word in the sense of to think, and other instances might be added. In view of this it seems not a little curious that a bit of Shakespeare's English in the use of an excellent Saxon word should be selected above all others by Englishmen of the nineteenth century to brand an American, not merely with his nationality, but with the misuse of his mother-tongue. Be it said also in passing that "guess" is a far better word than "fancy," which the British are fond of putting to a similar service.

Leaving now legitimate words, and turning to the children of the street and the market-place, we find some curious examples, not only of American slang, but of slang which is regarded as extremely fresh and modern. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his most interesting article on that subject, has already pointed out that a "deck of cards" is Shakespearian. In *Henry VI.* (Third Part, Act V., Scene I.), Gloucester says,

"But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck."

Mr. Matthews has also cited a still more remarkable example of recent slang from the Sonnets, of all places in the world, where "fire out" is used in the exact colloquial sense of to-day. It occurs in the 144th Sonnet,

"Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

"Square," in the sense of fair or honest, and the verb "to be square," in the sense of to be fair or honest, are thought modern, and are now so constantly used that they have wellnigh passed beyond the boundaries of slang. If they do so, it is but a return to their old place, for Shakespeare has this use of the word, and in serious passages. In *Timon of Athens* (Act V., Scene V.) the First Senator says,

"All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges."

In *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act II., Scene II.) Mæcenas says, "She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her."

"In the soup," to express defeat and disaster, is apparently very recent, and yet it is singularly like the language of Pompey in *Measure for Measure* (Act III., Scene II.), when he says, "Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub."

Even more recent than "in the soup" is the use of the word "stuffed," to denote contemptuously what may be most nearly described as large and ineffective pretentiousness. But in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act I., Scene I.) the Messenger says, "A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues." To which Beatrice replies, "It is so, indeed; he is no less than a *stuffed man*: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal." Here Beatrice uses the phrase "stuffed man" in contempt, catching up the word of the messenger.

"Flapjack," perhaps, is hardly to be called slang, but it is certainly an American phrase for a griddle-cake. We must have brought it with us, however, from Shakespeare's England, for there it is in *Pericles* (Act II., Scene I.), where the Grecian—very Grecian—fisherman says, "Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome."

I will close this little collection of Shakespeare's Americanisms with a word that is not slang, but the use of which in this country shows the tenacity with which our people have held to the Elizabethan phrases that their ancestors brought with them. In *As You Like It* (Act I., Scene I.), Charles the Wrestler says, "They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." "Fleet," as a verb in this sense of "to pass" or "to move," may yet survive in some parts of England, but it has certainly disappeared from the literature and the ordinary speech of both England and the United States. It is still in use, however, in this exact Shakespearian sense in the daily speech of people on the island of Nantucket, in the State of Massachusetts. I have heard it there frequently, and it

is owing no doubt to the isolation of the inhabitants that it still lingers, as it does, an echo of the Elizabethan days, among American fishermen in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

In tracing a few Americanisms, as they are called, to the land whence they emigrated so many years ago, I have not gone beyond the greatest master of the language. A little wider range, with excursions into other fields, would furnish us with pedigrees almost as good, if not quite so lofty, for many other words and phrases which are set down by the British guardians of our language as "Americanisms," generally with some adjective of an uncomplimentary character. But such further collection would be merely cumulative. These few examples from Shakespeare are quite sufficient to show that because a word is used by one branch of the English-speaking people and not by another, it does not therefore follow that the word in question is not both good and ancient. They prove also that words which some persons frown upon and condemn, merely because their own parish does not use them, may have served well the greatest men who ever wrote or spoke the language, and that they have a place and a title which the criticisms upon them can never hope to claim.

It is a little lesson which is worth taking to heart, for the English speech is too great an inheritance to be trifled with or wrangled over. It is much better for all who speak it to give their best strength to defending it and keeping it pure and vigorous, so that it may go on spreading and conquering, as in the centuries which have already closed. The true doctrine, which may well be taken home to our hearts on both sides of the water, has never been better put than in Lord Houghton's fine lines:

"Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest glooms the nerve appall,
Where burns the radiant Western fall,
One duty lies on old and young—
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,
The glory of the English tongue.

"That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force; expand its powers;
And through the maze of civic life,
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours."



BY HAMLEN SEARS.

I.

IT is nine o'clock in the morning of a bright autumn day, one of the days when a stranger to the city wonders if all Paris is not setting off for a holiday in the open country. Down by the Gare de Lyon there is a jumble of carriages of every description struggling in democratic confusion to deposit their freights under the long narrow veranda. People coming out of the doorway are continually running against those going in; bundles are everywhere in the way to trip up elderly ladies from the provinces; porters roll their trucks about furiously, and guards arrayed in their ill-fitting uniforms are beset by the usual number of people who always seem to wander aimlessly about a railway station.

In the waiting-rooms little girls with baskets of flowers make bright patches of color against the dark walls, and in the corners groups of peasants huddled together look like so many sheep waiting in a bewildered way for somebody to lead one of them off, when all will follow. Within the station, under the enormous vault of glass and iron, there is a thick mist of blue smoke, which gives the figures hurrying hither and thither the distinctness of Japanese silhouettes.

In the midst of all this hurry and smoke I find myself, or, rather, my pink hunting-coat, the subject of much good-natured comment to the crowd. I had accepted an invitation the day before to join a hunting party at the Marquis de Brammont's in Fontainebleau, and, according to the instructions of an old hand, I am waiting the departure of the train,

dressed in the proper hunting-suit. Under the circumstances it is a pleasure to see others of the party arriving, for their coats are bound to divert some of the unpleasant attention that is being heaped upon mine.

There are but few of us to go down from Paris—a young Englishman from the Legation, with an uncertain look of concealed wisdom about him; a member of the Jockey Club, whose clothes fit him with startling accuracy; two or three gentlemen of Paris, who need no other description; as many attachés, and several officers.

There is only time to congratulate each other on a day so well suited for the hunt, for a criticism or two on the political situation, and we are hurried into the carriages by perspiring guards. The click of the lock sounds simultaneously with the twang of a huge gong; the guard cries "En voiture!" for the four-hundredth time; steam hisses from somewhere beneath us, a whistle shrieks, and with a little shiver the train starts gradually. The cars move out on the main track, jerk across switches, and glide under bridges, until they break through the fortifications and run at full speed into the country.

II.

The Marquis de Brammont is a fine example of a species that is becoming rarer every day—the French gentleman of the old school. He is a bit of the last century's aristocracy drifted in among the plebeians of to-day, and with a great deal of manner, that is neither officious nor insincere, he never gives the impres-

sion of overdoing a naturally polite formality. As you talk with him you feel that for the moment you are the one object of kindly interest, the one care on his mind. Altogether the old gentleman fills his place of host in the midst of his fine establishment in a manner that is not to be found often out of France, and only too rarely there to-day.

He receives us at the entrance of his ancient lodge on the edge of the forest; and whether it is because the French are inherently tactful and courteous, or because the Marquis himself is so well suited to be a host, there is a spirit of good fellowship in the first welcome that sets the American stranger at ease immediately, and gives him a pleasant sensation of familiarity with his surroundings. I am at once asked to join some of my new-made friends—none the less cordial because our friendship will extend but through the day—in a tour of inspection of the kennels. It is a traditional custom, which seems to have been devised for the special benefit of initiates, for it affords great assistance in understanding the work of the day.

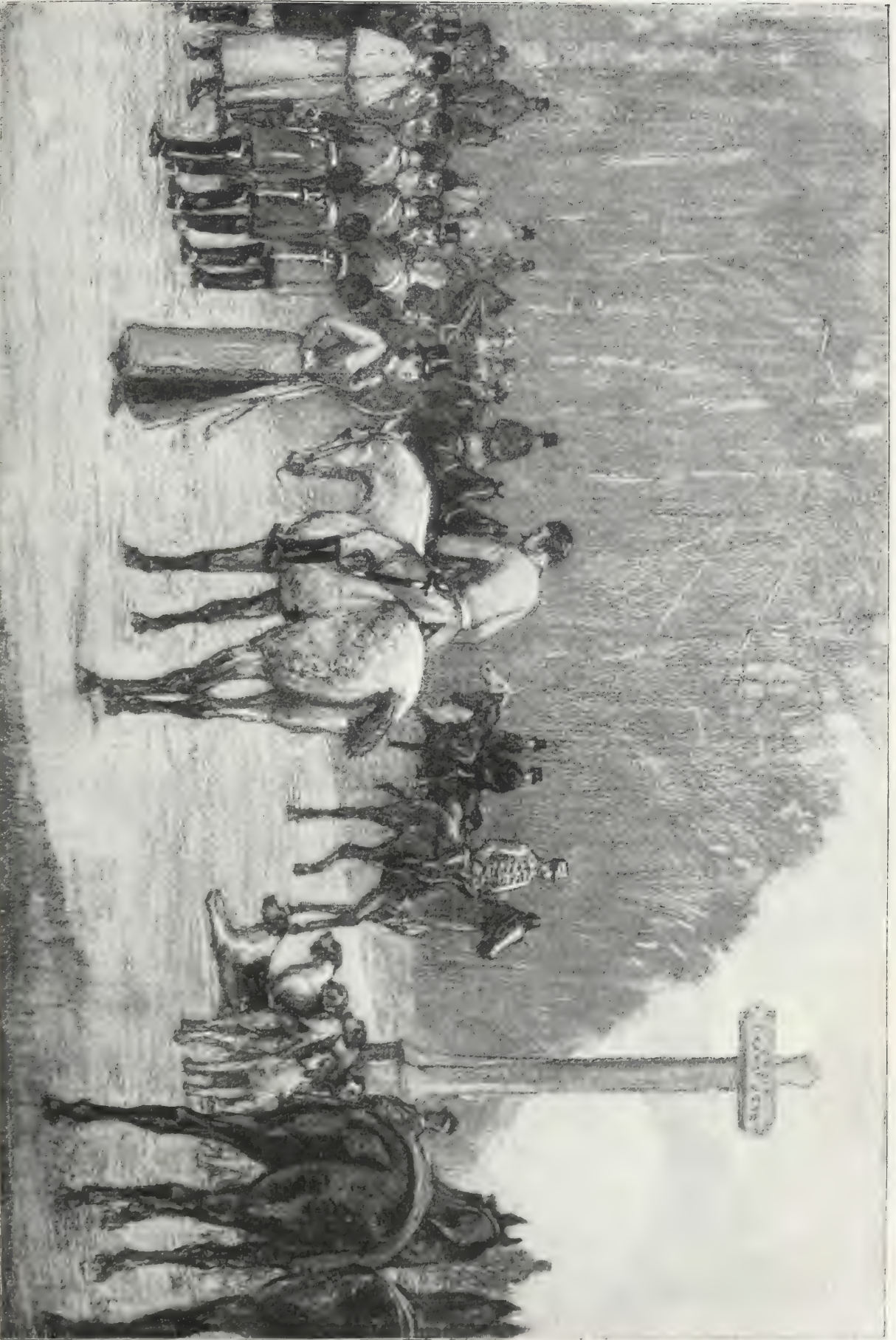
These kennels stand on a little hill at some distance from the lodge. They consist of a series of long low buildings, with large court-yards in front, through which we pass to enter them. Inside the rooms, plate-glass windows, stone walls, asphalt floors and pavements, are spotlessly clean, and running down through all the court-yards is a stream of fresh water.

Marquesne, the chief *piqueur*, and general commander of dogs, horses, and men, is our guide through the buildings. His pride in his animals is immeasurable, and it only needs a question to start him on a discussion of the breeding of hounds in general. Most of it is so mingled with idiomatic French that no American could pretend to master it all; but it is easy to understand that with the coming of the Revolution and the fall of the Kings of France royal hunting and royal kennels died out, and that since then there has been no one prominent breed of hounds in France, nothing resembling the royal kennels. Each individual kennel now seeks to produce a dog that is best adapted to the country in its vicinity. There is also a constant interchange of French and English hounds, and this mixture of the two races has come to be a science, developing in one hound the remarkable

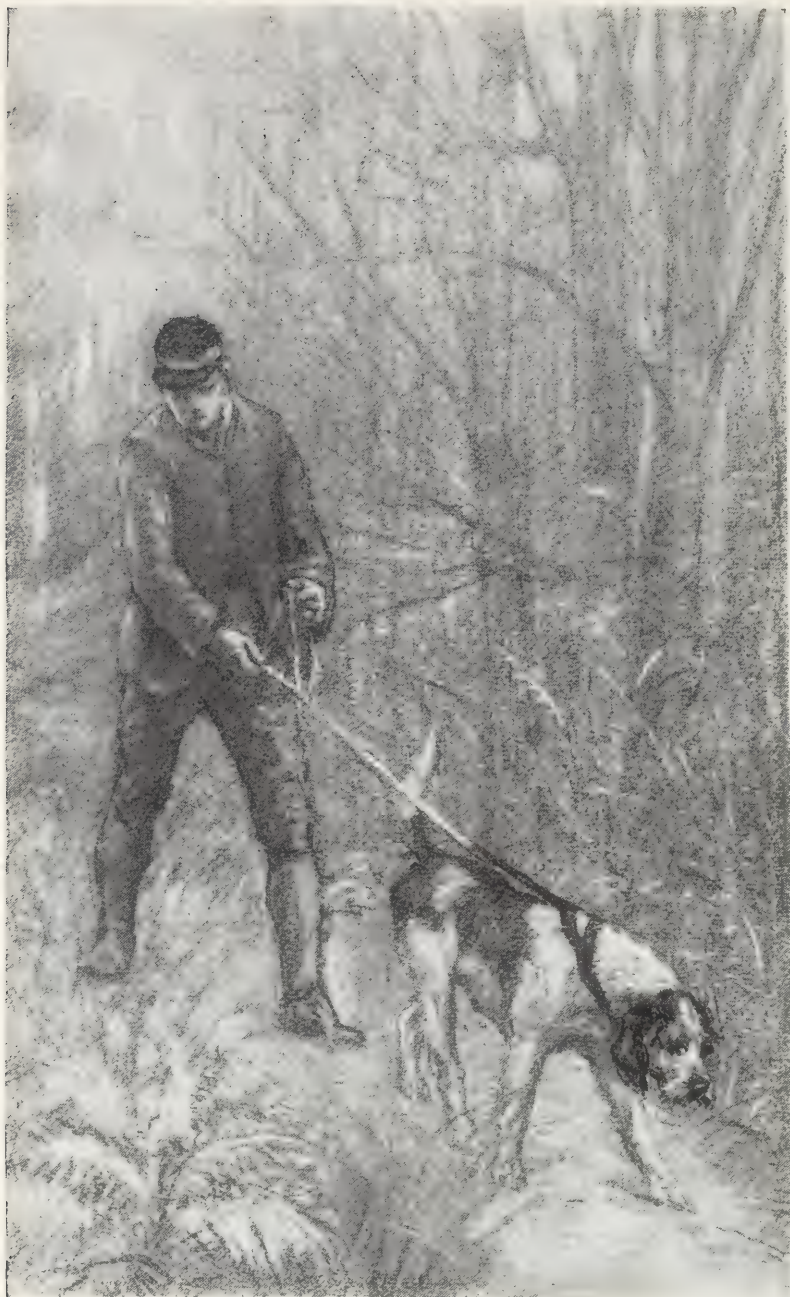
scents and intelligence of the French dog, with the greater speed and endurance of his English brother.

Marquesne held the English sport in light esteem. It was a mere race to the death, he said, and they only had one pack in the whole of England, the Devon and the Somerset Head, that was capable of following a stag in any case. The other packs were set on a stag brought to the meet in a box, and turned out upon a country that he did not know. And then he contrasted the two methods, launching out into picturesque language, and giving a little contemptuous nod occasionally towards the British Isles. The object ought not to be to break the game in view at the start and bring him to the death after a short run, but to outwit him, to anticipate him, to play it out with him on the chess-board of the woods. The killing of him was only one of the incidents of the day, and by no means the most important one. The interest and enjoyment lay in the exercise of judgment as to his position at each moment of the run, or in telling where he was without seeing him. Give him every chance, said Marquesne, and beat him at his own game! That was the way to hunt! That was the way they hunted in the days of the royal *chasse à courre*!

Meantime two men in the court-yard are preparing a soup of barley bread and water with a flavoring of vegetables, which is the dogs' dinner. Inside the house fifteen couples of hounds are sitting on a long bench, eagerly watching the preparations through the open door, but not one of them dares to move. The presence of strangers, the unmistakable pink coats, the open door, all tell a story to these fine fellows that could not be misunderstood. Their sterns wave furiously, and their great shining eyes are fastened on Marquesne, who begins to talk to them softly. Then at a quick signal they spring for the opening. In an instant the doorway is crowded with their bodies. All seems confusion, and the growling and barking promise a general fight, when a stern command brings the whole pack to a standstill. There is a silence, and the hounds squirm about, keeping their eyes fixed, however, on their master; but not one of them moves forward, until, drafting them, and without the use of the whip, he makes them pass out in orderly fashion.



AT THE "CROSS OF THE GRAND VENEUR."



LOCATING A STAG IN THE EARLY MORNING.

The preparation of the porridge is now over, and as the hounds file out of the door, tumbling over each other in their excitement, they come rushing towards the trough. But a sight of the familiar harborer, and the still more familiar whip, is enough to bring each one up with a round turn in the line about five feet from the feast. Not one of them dares go nearer than that, much as he craves his dinner, and they stand yelping, growling, wagging their tails, pushing one another aside, but always under the discipline of the men. If one is wild enough to forget himself and tries to break away,

the slightest smell of blood renders them almost uncontrollable, and it is dangerous work going in among them under such circumstances.

But buildings of modern structure and fine food are not the only scientific portions of the French hound's education. His exercise is quite as carefully studied, and he has his regular daily lessons in learning to discover the scent, and in keeping to it when once it is found.

Each day, as you wander along by yourself on the outskirts of this beautiful enchanted forest, you may come upon a *piqueur* or two, with a harborer, coming

he is uncereemoniously grabbed by the tail and swung out of the pack altogether, where he has to stand aside in disgrace until the others have finished.

The moment the whip falls there is a fearful struggling as the hungry fellows begin to devour their dinner. Yet the sharp call of a name or a blow of the whip is enough to bring one of them out of the crowd, and then he too must pay for his greediness.

The thoroughness of the work done in these kennels becomes the more remarkable when one realizes that there is one of these *valets*, or harborers, specially attached to each pack, whose duty it is not only to watch over his ten couples during the day, but to have the care of them through the night. His sleeping-room adjoins their kennel, and he can be among them in a moment at any hour of the night. This is a most necessary precaution, since in the event of the sudden illness of one of the dogs, the others are more than likely to turn upon him and tear him to pieces. Indeed, they are so finely trained for their fierce work that

out of some fine old gateway, in company with their charges, on the way for a ramble; or perhaps, wrapped in your own thoughts, you have strayed into the forest, and wandered off among hollows, over ridges, or by some silent pool, and suddenly you come upon a harborer dragged along through the shrubbery by one of his eager hounds, straining forward with his nose close to the ground, and coughing at the tightened leash. Over the next ridge other *piqueurs* and harborers are in the midst of thirty brown-backed animals, talking to them, putting them in order, or chastising them, as the case may be. And then, as you wander on and on, the distant sound of a horn tells of others giving the hounds their first lessons in the language of the hunting-bugle.

III.

The cowboy on a hunt in the Rockies tracks his game with a dog or without one, as the case may be, finds the quarry that day or the next, and brings it down, if he is fortunate, some time during the week. In France it is quite a different matter.

Long before the Marquis's guests are on the train coming down from Paris, long before the Marquis himself is up in his hôtel in the Faubourg St.-Germain—just at dawn of the day, in fact, and while the morning mist is in the valleys and hanging over the pools—the chief *piqueur* has sent out a *valet de chiens*, with a *limier* in the leash, to discover the lair of a stag. These *limiers* are a variety of hounds bred for this one special purpose; and partly because they know the habits of the deer so intimately, and are so practised in this one work, and partly because they are too old for any other use, they are kept for this work alone.

Both hound and man are old stagers; and they make a wise pair, the one with his fine instinct and scent, the other with his knowledge and eyesight. They go out in the first light of the morning, with the keeper in the lead, both calm, and imbued with a sense of the responsibility before them. With his long-tried experience of the forest and his knowledge of all the "runs" and feeding-grounds, the keeper makes a shrewd guess, that has some elements of certainty, as to where they may come upon a scent. He stoops, picks up



THE HARBORER WITH HIS PACK.

some leaves, holding them to the hound's nose, and the keen animal sets about "covering" the spot in the vicinity. The moment he stumbles on a scent he is completely changed. His stern begins to wave, his hackles rise, and, from a lagging

be of the wrong sex or less than three years old, the good hound is broken away from the trail and sent to search for a new one. For a French sportsman is no indiscriminate slayer of youth; and then, too, the Marquis must have his quarry of

the right age, or the run may be too short or too slow.

These two silent beings make a ghostly pair, straining along out of the thick mist, going with unerring wisdom along the record the stag must always leave behind him, just as sure to come up with him in time as if they were crawling towards him led by a silken thread that wound about in the labyrinths of the woods. It is fascinating, if you go out with them some morn-



"THE STAG AWAY!"

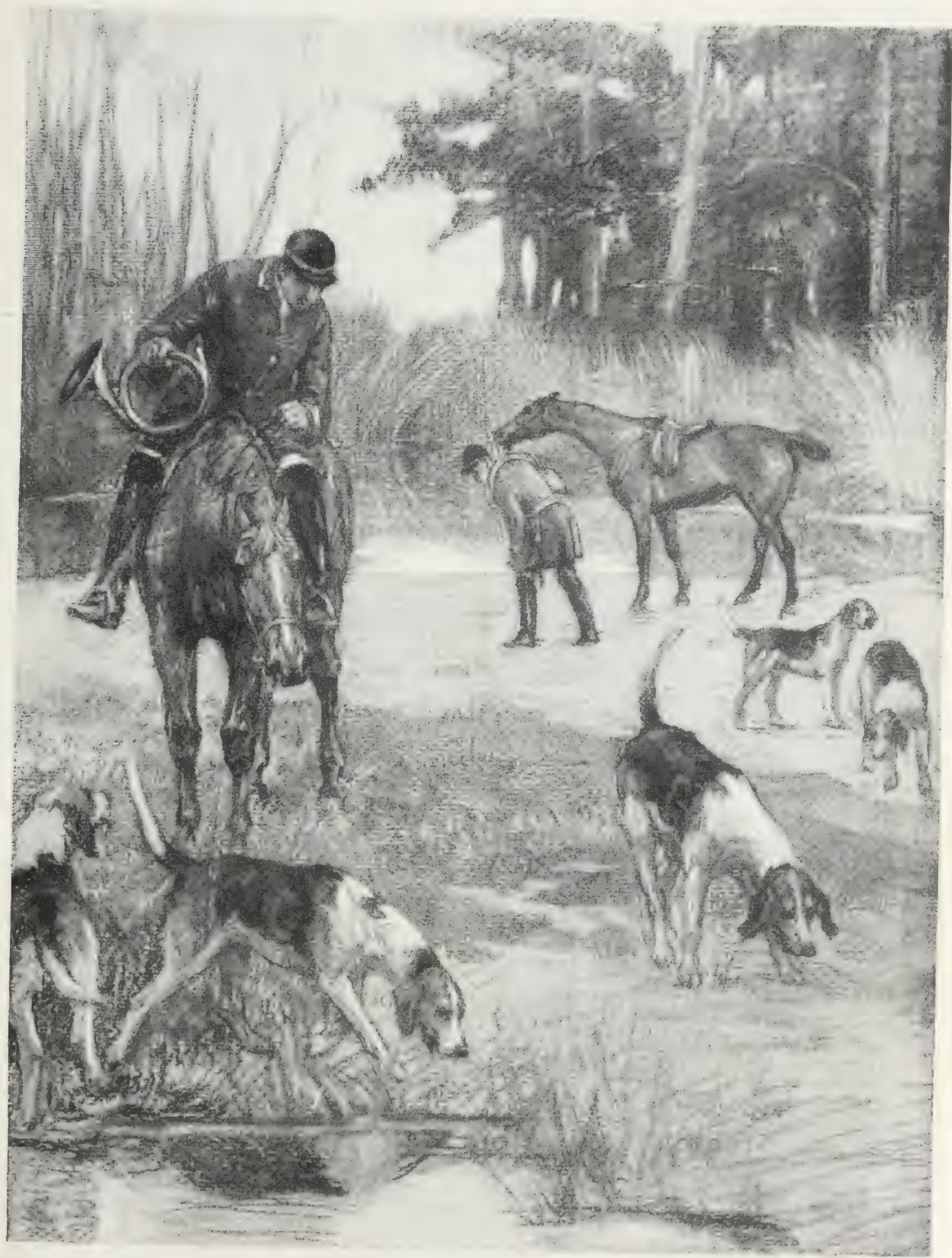
brute, he becomes an active, intelligent being. Things are reversed; he takes the lead now, pulling the harbinger after him, yet neither man nor hound utters a sound, and even the brute steps carefully to avoid rustling the autumn leaves.

While the hound rubs his nose along the ground, going wherever the scent leads him, straining on with feverish eagerness, the man, letting himself be led slowly, watches for signs that would be quite invisible to an untutored eye. And so, as instinct keeps them to the course the stag has wandered over during the night, reason is making up a conception of what the animal is. The man measures the distance between broken twigs on either side of the course, estimates thus the spread of the deer's antlers, and will tell you shortly the animal's age, and if it is a stag or a doe. The direction of the trail, the kind of shrubbery the deer has fed on, the drag, and the nature of the places where he has lain down—all define more clearly size, sex, age. Should the game

ing, to see the two intelligences working together, to see the hound understand a long detour that will bring them up on the leeward side of the quarry, and to watch him, when he at last knows where the stag is lying, look up at his master from the corner of his eye as he stands motionless, heading towards the thicket that shelters the deer. They know their business well.

IV.

Only after the harbinger has reported to Marquesne can the plan of the day be laid out. The forest of Fontainebleau is perhaps the finest park in the world, and one of its most striking features is the network of macadamized roads, drives, winding bridle-paths, and little side wood-tracks which entirely cover it. These cuts in the thick foliage of the woods are constantly intersecting each other, and each meeting of important roads forms what is called a *carrefour*. It is a matter of habit that a *carrefour* should be



OFF THE SCENT.

chosen for the meet, and thus Mar-quesne, on receiving the harborer's report, consults his mental map of the forest, and chooses a *carrefour* that is to the leeward of the stag, and sufficiently far away to insure his not being disturbed by the noises of the meet.

When our little cavalcade, escorting half a dozen drags, comes down the slope into the chosen *carrefour*, we find others of the party, gentry of the surrounding country, awaiting us. In the centre of the little square stands one of those huge weather-beaten crosses of stone, which you come upon at every turn of the forest roads, and which recall the days of old France, of pageantries and royal hunts of another time. They all have some legend roughly cut upon them, commemorating some episode of a famous hunt or some historic name—"The Cross of the Grand Veneur," "The Cross of the Connétable." And all around this time-worn emblem the heavy bank of green foliage, touched now with the soft colors of the dying year, makes a fitting background for the lively scene.

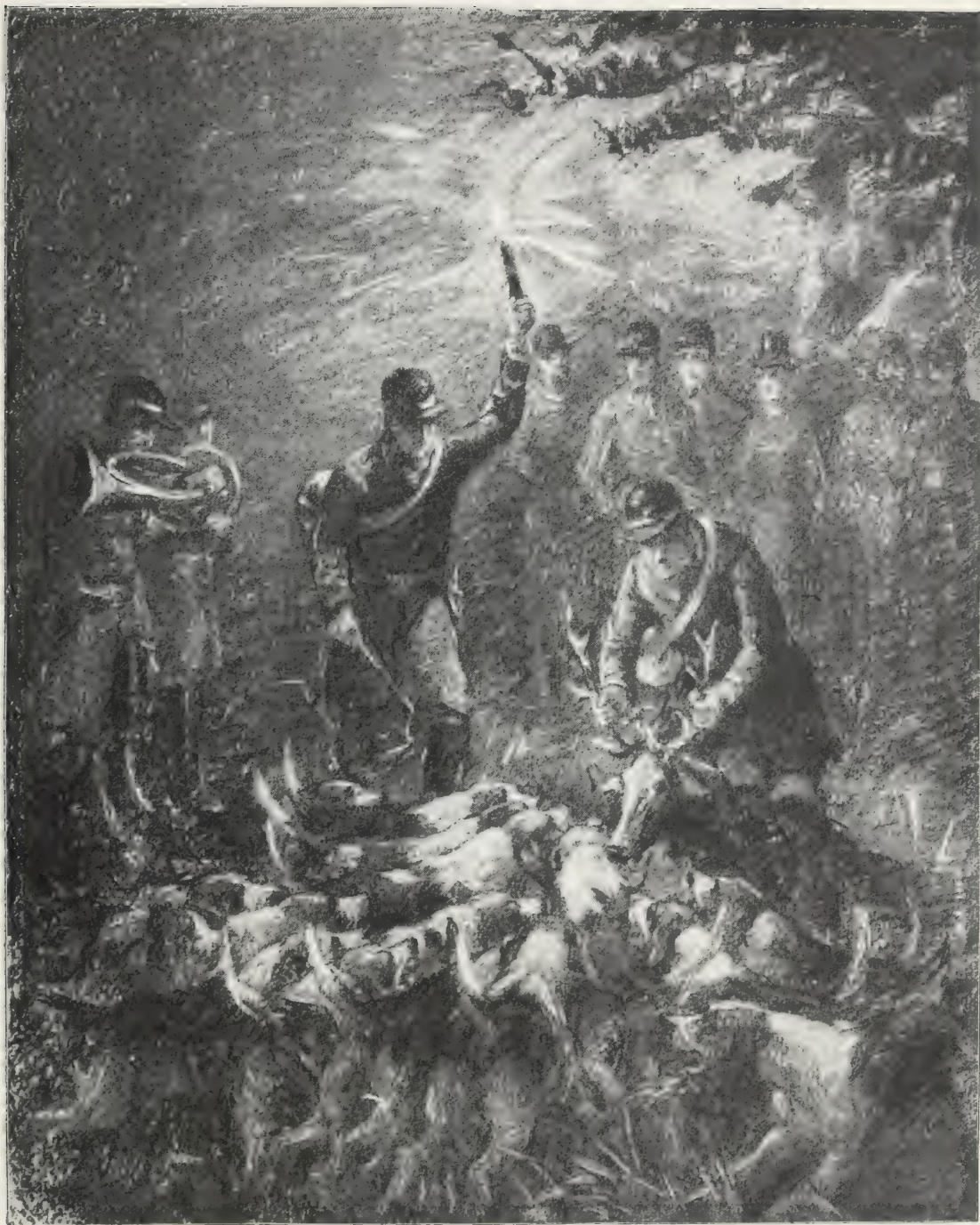
This riding to the meet is one of the

most fashionable incidents of the Parisian château season. The men and women are sure to belong to the smartest sets, and no gown is too fine for the occasion. Sitting on my thick-set half-breed hunter, I can see off at the right six or eight trim red carts clustered together, their occupants exchanging greetings. A tiny wagonette driven up at the moment by a young widow becomes the centre of attraction for a squad of officers; and it is a pretty sight to see a huge yellow-wheeled drag round a bend and come down to the corner at a sharp trot, pulling up with a clatter of harness and a cloud of dust in the midst of the bright company. Just across the way a pack of brown-spotted hounds are waiting patiently under the trees, except when one of them gives out a little plaintive cry, and has to be brought to silence with a crack of the whip.

The *valets* are on foot, dressed in brown buckskin, and the *piqueurs*, mounted on sturdy hunters, wear the Marquis's livery of green, with chamois-skin breeches, each carrying one of the time-honored horns wound about his body, over one shoulder



THE STAG'S LAST FIGHT.



THE "HALLALI" AND "CURÉE CHAUDE."

and under the other. Those of the guests who are hunting with the Marquis for the season wear his colors, while others, visitors of the day, like myself, are distinguished by the regulation hunting-coat of red. And interspersed with these the officers from the neighboring garrison or from Paris give a brilliant, singularly French, color to the scene. They are the dandies of the day, the hussars in their sky-blue coats, and the artillerymen in their sombre black suits, relieved only by red stripes.

The Marquis stands at the side of the *carrefour*, under an old oak, smoking, and talking with the huntsmen and *premier piqueur*, and surrounded by a little group

of his guests. When the man who had located the stag in the morning returns, after again making sure that the game is still in its place, Marquesne speaks with him a moment, and then, lifting his hat, approaches the master of hounds. With his hand at his uncovered forehead he makes his report: The stag at six in the morning was found at such and such a spot; he was a five-year-old, an animal of this or that nature, so the *fumées*, the *brisées*, and the other signs show; he is found to be lying in the same place at the present moment. Would it please the master to order the run? The latter, turning to the Marquis, exchanges a few words

with him, there is an "It is well," then the bustle and noise begin again. Marquese's *rapport* seems to be favorable.

In a few moments the greater portion of the pack is led towards the lair, all the hounds in leash, except two or three of the oldest and wisest of the veterans, who go cautiously about getting the scent well into their wonderful nostrils. The harborers talk to them quietly, encouraging them with quick suggestions, checking any unseemly impatience, while the good hounds wave their sterns as they approach nearer and nearer the enemy. Gradually one after another is slipped, and all at once a great joyous cry breaks out on the woods, and those of us who are near enough catch a glimpse of a brown back and a pair of antlers that fly off at a bound, while the flaring notes of the horns sound "the stag away," echoing it up and down the roads and in among the forest trees.

The stag in a few bounds is well out of the reach of his pursuers, who with their noses to the ground keep to the trail at what seems a very slow pace. *Piqueurs* on their hunters and under the leadership of the master of hounds follow the sounds of the chase up one road and down the next. No horse could go in among the trees and over the rocks, but

by a mixture of skill, experience, and guess-work the men can judge from the notes of the horns where the course is tending; and if they do not know where the stag is at any moment, they know where he has just passed, and can tell with marvellous precision about where he will be ten minutes hence.

Sometimes one or two small relays of hounds are sent off by roads leading in different directions to serve in any emergency, or when the run is too long. As a rule, however, the pack that follows the scent includes all the hounds. And here another element of uncertainty enters into the chase. The master of hounds has to judge from the sounds, from the direction the stag has taken, and from his knowledge of the forest, where to send these relays, and it requires all his ingenuity to send them in the right directions.

It turns out to be a fortunate thing for me that I have put myself under the charge of an experienced hunter, one of the garrison officers; for by his keen guidance I succeed in catching a sight of the stag at the start, in coming across the hounds once or twice during the day, and end by getting in just in time to see the death. And that was more than many a man could say at nightfall.

We start off now in almost the opposite direction to that taken by the stag; and gradually, as we trot along in company with a few other riders, the sounds of the chase dwindle away, until at last we can only hear an occasional distant note of the horns. Finally we come to a standstill in the road.

All is silent for a time. There is scarcely a sound in the beautiful forest. All about us gigantic old trees and young saplings grow



A FRENCH HOUND.



THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

side by side, with here and there a moss-covered boulder separating them. It all has its indescribable charm, its own associations, that belong to no other spot.

Suddenly the faintest sound of a horn comes on the wind from off abreast of us. Moment by moment it grows louder, and is joined by the low baying of the hounds as it moves on ahead. Nearer and nearer it comes, the tired note of the fierce hounds, the sounding of the horn, telling in its own language that "all is well," that now the stag has doubled, or crossed a stream, or turned the hounds off the scent altogether. We start forward at a sharp trot, when a cry from the officer makes me pull up and look into the woods. There is a crackling of dry twigs just off the road, and there, not thirty yards away, going back towards the meet, is a huge stag. He seems perfectly at ease in his elastic gait, his head held up proudly, turning now and then to catch the sounds of pursuit, and he clears fallen trees and little brook-beds with great bounds that seem mere play to him. At sight of us he stops with a jerk that startles both of us, and turning in his tracks, stands with his head high in the air like

a beautiful statue. Then, catching a nearer sound of the hounds, he clears the road at a bound, hardly a stone's-throw from us, and is gone.

It is only a moment when riders and *piqueurs* come tearing up and down the road, and in another instant, in among the trees fifteen couples of wild hounds trail up to the point where the deer leaped the road. There is a perfect jumble of sounds, wild cries of disappointment from the hounds, notes that tell of a lost scent from the horns, and a hundred questions from the men, asking if we saw him, or which way he went; and then, before I can realize it, the keen-scented animals have trailed across the road, recovered the scent, and the whole mad crowd is gone.

After this the sounds again dwindle away. Then there is another change of course, and the notes grow louder. We go down into a *carrefour*, turn up towards the direction the run is taking, and on turning a corner we break the pack in view.

We go sweeping along with the rest in a moment. All around me through the thick trees dogs break into view and disappear. Now and again I can see a pink coat or a shiny horse, and then things

begin to whirl. The thick trees, the little glades, the ravines, and dry brook-beds fly by. I shut my eyes at a wall of trees ahead and hold on, waiting for what may come, when suddenly we dash out of the woods on to a beautiful rolling plain.

Straight before us is the stag; but what a change! His mouth is open, his tongue hangs down loosely, his antlers are stretched back on his shoulders, and at every few leaps his legs give way under him and let him down on his knees. Picking himself up, he tries to go on bravely, but his race is done. All strategy is gone now—given place to a straight race for life, and he turns instinctively towards a pool in the hollows. But the hounds are on him in the water, grabbing his legs and pulling down his horns. They struggle so wildly with each other and the stag that they all sink into the water, until the *piqueurs* dismount, and with their whips and commands force them to stand back, when one of them with a quick stroke serves the stag and puts an end to his sufferings. And out over the hills, in among the trees, away to the *carrefour* where the chase began, through the gathering darkness, goes the royal salute that tells of the death of a valiant stag.

It is almost dark. Men, hounds, and horses gasp for breath for an instant, and then follows the ceremony of the day. We are all dismounted; and, standing in a group—all there are left of us—we bear witness to the presentation of the deer's fore foot to the guest of the day.

Meantime the men have placed the stag's skin on the carcass, and by the light of a flaring torch one of the *piqueurs*, standing upon it, holds the head high above the dogs. The horns have sounded the "Hal-lali," and now comes the "Curée chaude,"

and the hounds, gathered in a squad, cry loudly for joy and for their lawful feast. They have done their day's work well, and deserve their traditional reward.

V.

It was a weary ride back over the hills to the lodge in the gathering gloom. We passed a stray *piqueur* now and then trotting slowly homeward with two or three tired hounds at his horse's feet, or met a harbinger looking for a lost one. But once arrived at the lodge, we were so well received by the ladies of the party that each man forgot his aches and bruises in the stirring tale of his own deeds of valor. Belated stragglers came in as we stood about the huge fire in the hall, and under the good-natured satire of the assembled company were forced to confess their mishaps. With dusty boots, a soiled coat, and a very tired body, there is nothing so fine as to sit by a pretty woman and tell her of the way you cleared that brook, or the clever piece of doubling you did when you cut off two miles of cross-country riding. She is a very attentive and a very attractive listener, and your host's Burgundy goes to the right spot.

The warm firelight, the chattering crowd of men and women, the smiles of the departing guests, especially this little talk by the fire-side corner, are all delightful, and it gives you a disagreeable sensation to hear some flunky call out that "those going by the train to Paris must leave in the coach now at the door."

There is a hurried farewell, a little pressure of the fair listener's hand, a hearty shake of our host's, and then a dark ride under the trees to the station. And by nine, after a rest and a bath, we are dining in Paris at the club.

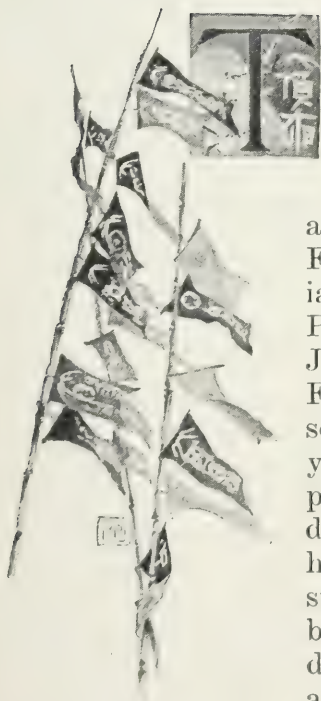




FUJI OVER THE RICE-FIELDS OF SUZUKAWA.

FUJISAN.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.



THE great mountain of Japan is well known to us all; its form appears on countless screens and fans, and its foreign name, Fusi-yama, is as familiar as Mont Blanc or Pike's Peak. By the Japanese it is called Fuji, or Fujisan, or sometimes Fuji-no-yama when speaking poetically, and it is difficult to understand how an *s* came to be substituted for the *j* by foreigners, but under any name there is a peculiar fascination about the mountain,

and the first sight of it, from the hundred steps in Yokohama, from Ueno in Tokyo through a haze of telephone wires, or across the waves of Suruga Bay from the deck of a steamer, is an event which will be fixed in the traveller's memory.

I can never see a high place without wishing to be on the top of it, and Fuji looks obtrusively high. The long

sweep with which it heaves its twelve thousand feet above the shore, the absence of any competitive mountains, and the exaggerated perspective of its broad base and narrow summit, all add to this impression, and the ambitious soul longs to be on such a superior eminence. And there is no better way of taking a holiday than to climb a mountain. To go down a river leads to laziness; things glide by which look as if they ought to be sketched, but to do so would involve stopping the boat, and interfering with the forces of nature which are gently furthering the traveller's ends, and thus the mind is tossed to and fro between the delight of seeing things and the unpleasant feeling that it is a duty to work. Thinking is the one thing to be especially avoided on a holiday, and there is too much time for thinking on an ordinary river. The same objection holds against walking on easy roads; in fact, the farther you walk the more you think; but in climbing a really big hill all thought is killed for hours by the simple physical exertion, and you become a mere machine, with a laboriously pumping heart and very heavy legs. And what a sense of superiority comes when the highest point is at last reached, when the world

is all below you, half cloud and half solid earth, lovely, mysterious, and absolutely unpaintable. Even this sense fades from me in a few minutes, and I become a non-entity, with only a vague feeling of the hugeness of the universe and the infinitesimal smallness of the individual, and the opening verse of Adam's morning hymn always comes into my mind, as it did years ago on the top of a Somerset-

his watch, and who insists on telling you how many minutes the last mile has taken; but my friend's figure was a sufficient guarantee against any attempt at "record-cutting," and I felt sure that his pace would give me plenty of time for looking about.

The weather for our start was not promising—that damp summer heat of which there is so much in Japan, heavy and depressing, shrouding the mountains from morning till night in dense masses of cloud, which seem to slowly drag themselves up from the valley, and never succeed in getting clear of the hill-tops. From Miya-no-shita to the Hakone Lake we were from time to time enveloped in these clouds, and a thin drizzling rain prevented us from enjoying what in fine weather would be a very

lovely walk. The moor at the northern end of the lake, Sengoku-hara, is dotted with herds of cattle, and is perhaps the only place in Japan where this familiar sight can be seen. You may wander for miles over the green hills and moorlands which cover so large a portion of its surface without ever seeing a four-footed animal; perhaps because the tall coarse grasses and the leaves of the dwarf bamboos are unsuitable for fodder; perhaps because the Japanese are not a meat-eating nation, and do not need herds and flocks.

Our intention was to cross this moor, and join the road which leads from Miya-no-shita by way of the Maiden's Pass, Otome-no-toge, to Gotamba, a village at the foot of Fuji, but our coolie assured us that he knew a shorter road by the Nagao-toge, so we struggled up the hillside on our left, reached a post which marked the top of the pass, and then stopped in the mist to consider which track we should follow. Suddenly appeared to us an aged man, whose venerable face inspired us with confidence, and by him we were led astray. He took us by the semblance of a path along the hill-top, and for about half an hour we plunged through wet grass up to our necks, the thick white mist hiding everything more than ten yards distant; then



GOING UP IN THE MIST.

shire hill overlooking the Glastonbury flats, just after my first reading of "Paradise Lost."

An artist often hears the remark, "You must find painting a great resource," as if it were an amusement like golf or trout-fishing; and no doubt to many people a landscape-painter's life seems like one long holiday; but the struggle with ever-changing skies and fast-fading flowers has its fatigues, and the mind gets wearied of constantly thinking how this and that ought to be painted, so when a friend in Yokohama suggested that we should go up Fuji together, I accepted his proposal with alacrity, and we chose the first week in August for our excursion, that being the time when there is the best chance of good weather, and when most pilgrims are to be seen on the mountain. One of the most boring things in life is to walk through new and interesting country with a man who has no eyes for anything but



THE GREAT PALM AT RYUGEJI, FUJI IN THE DISTANCE.

he confessed that he had lost his way, that he had heard of that road, but had never taken it before, and that it was all grown over—an obvious fact—so there was nothing to be done but find our way back to the post, and try the wider track from which he had beguiled us. He was a cheerful old soul, seventy-four years of age, who had just walked to some hot springs about twenty miles from his home to take the baths for a couple of days because he suffered from rheumatism. Either it was a very mild case or the baths were marvellously efficacious, for he led us down the hill at a rattling pace, and went five or six miles out of his way to atone for his error, and to put us in the right road for Gotamba.

The mists reached far down the hill, and when we were at last free from them we looked eagerly for Fuji. There was the sea below us, with the great curve of sand, Tago-no-ura, bordering Suruga Bay, and the green slopes rising from it showed where our mountain must be, but at the height of about two thousand feet a straight bank of white cloud ruled off the landscape, and of the summit we could see no sign. The path led us along the hill-side, where men were cutting the rough grass, and loading it on pack-horses; it wandered in and out of the dry

gullies, and over the intervening ridges, and at last, descending to the northward, brought us through cultivated fields to a tea-house near the railway station, where our baggage and provisions were waiting for us. Gotamba is on the Tokaido Railway, and is therefore a much-frequented place during the six weeks or so when Fuji is considered to be “open.” It has been ascended at all seasons, the laborious walking through soft snow being the only difficulty, and the chance of bad weather the only danger; but except from the latter part of July to the beginning of September the numerous rest-houses are unoccupied, and the climber is obliged to carry all provisions with him.

There were plenty of pilgrims about, waiting to start on the morrow or just returned from the mountain, some washing their weary feet, others tying their big hats and long walking-sticks in bundles for the luggage-van, and all chattering incessantly. After dinner a travelling company entertained us in front of our tea-house with songs and dances. The band consisted of two samisen, a bell tapped with a stick, and bamboo castanets. The dancers were all little girls, from ten to fifteen years old, dressed in the ordinary long-sleeved kimono, and the movements of their bodies and slim little hands and

limbs were full of grace and variety. Each performance was a mixture of song, dance, and dialogue, with instrumental accompaniment; the music was queer, tuneless, and often harsh to the European ear, but with the blood-stirring quality of all genuine national music.

Before daybreak next morning the whole house was stirring, and it was useless to hope for more sleep. Most of the pilgrims start early in order to get to the top by sunset, sleep there, and descend the following day, but we had decided to sleep two nights on the

At first it is a very gentle rise; the lanes wind through fields with various crops, and past cottages with hedges of pink and white hibiscus; but after a few miles it begins to get steeper, the ashes are less disintegrated, cultivation only appears in isolated spots, and there are large stretches of gray moorland varied only with bushes and wild flowers. The mist still hung round us, there was no landscape to be seen in any direction, and if it had not been for the flowers and the ever-new and quaint figures on the road, this part of the walk would have been dull. Be-



A CLOUDY EVENING, FROM THE SANDS OF TAGO-NO-URA.

mountain, and were in no hurry. Our heavier baggage was sent by pack-horse to Yoshida, on the north side of the mountain, and three coolies went with us as guides and porters, carrying some extra clothing and the solid food which seems necessary for European stomachs. In the village street our strolling players were already wandering round, trying with some preliminary chords on the samisen to attract an audience. Daylight did not suit them, they looked draggled and discouraged, and it was difficult to believe that those dirty little figures shuffling along in the mud could ever have had any charm or grace of movement.

The path from Gotamba to the summit is one steady ascent over beds of old ashes.

sides the regular pilgrims there were many men and women leading pack-horses, those on their way up carrying provisions and fuel for the rest-houses, and those coming down bringing bundles of grass so large that they looked like walking hay-stacks, and the wiry little ponies that carried them were almost invisible. In front a misshapen head peeped out, underneath were four thin little legs with enormous feet, and as they passed, their narrow drooping quarters, cat-hammed and cow-hocked, swayed at every step under the heavy load. Japanese drawings of horses have risen in my estimation since I have seen the models the artists have to work from; there never was a more ill-shaped beast than the ordinary horse of the country. In this



THE SECOND SHELTER IN THE GOTAMBA PATH.

as in many other hill districts mares only are used; they are shod with big straw overshoes, which give a finishing touch to their ludicrous shape; under them is slung a square of dark blue cotton cloth to keep off the flies, and a narrow strip of the same material, with a big crimson cord and tassel printed on it for decoration, is draped across their quarters. Many of the pilgrims ride up as far as the tea-house called Uma-gaeshi (horse send back), and the ponies look almost as much eclipsed under the big pack-saddle with its trappings, and the pilgrim with his, as they do under the loads of grass.

When all cultivation had disappeared, and the road was a mere cinder track over a moorland of ashes, the flowers and bushes still grew in clusters here and there. The most abundant plant was a large bushy knotweed covered with sprays of white blossoms, and this grew far up the mountain-side. There were also clumps of tall bocconia, a campanula with large pink or lavender flowers sprinkled in each bell with tiny ink-spots, and various less showy flowers. The flora on this side of the mountain, devastated by the last eruption, in 1706, is not so rich as that on the northern slope. As the ascent became steeper we got into a wood of dwarfed and scraggy pine-trees, which extended as far as Tarobo, a large tea-house with a little temple attached, and then suddenly ceased; above this there was only an occasional dead stump to break the monotonous surface of ashes. Here every pilgrim purchases a stick to help him up the mountain—an octagonal staff of birch, about five feet

long, with an inscription burned on it, and for a few coppers the priests on duty at the summit will add a red stamp to prove that the owner has actually been there.

We reached the second shelter beyond Tarobo quite early in the afternoon; great masses of wet mist came constantly driving up the mountain-side; there was plenty of room in the hut, and nothing to be gained by going higher, so we decided to stay there for the night. All the regular tracks up Fuji are divided into ten portions, and a rest-house is supposed to mark the end of each division; but they vary much in their accommodation for travellers, and often get destroyed during the winter, so it is well to find out before starting which are habitable and which are not. Number Two (Ni-go-me), on the Gotamba path, was a



CAMPANULAS ON FUJI.



FUJI FROM THE KAWAGUCHI LAKE.

roomy hut, built with blocks of lava; from below it looked like a wall with a hole in it, from above it was not visible, for the ashes covering its roof of rough planks were simply a continuation of the mountain slope; there was no chimney, but a mass of snow was piled over the fireplace, which dripped through the roof into a tub and supplied the establishment with water. By each shelter a small white flag fluttered on a pole to make its situation obvious.

Nothing could be more dreary than this spot on such an afternoon: above, below, and on each side the waste of purple-gray ashes, light green spots of knotweed and thistle, only enforcing the gloom of its color, seemed to stretch interminably into the mist, and nothing broke the monotony of the long oblique line except the little eminence of Hoei-zan, sticking up like a pimple on the great slope of Fuji, which occasionally showed its outline through the vague and formless clouds.

Inside it was at any rate warm; the raised floor was covered with coarse matting, and on this quilts were spread, and soon after dark we were all in bed. Some later arrivals had added to our numbers, and we slept thirteen in that hut, including the host and hostess; but this was nothing to the crowd at the top, where I think we were nineteen, perhaps more, for in some parts of the floor there must have been two or three under a

quilt; and it was difficult to count them. Even here on Fuji you do not escape the all-seeing eye of the Japanese police; your passport is examined by the keepers of the hut, and is copied into a book which gives every night the names and addresses of those who sleep under the roof. About two o'clock in the morning we were wakened by our host, who took us outside, and there at last was Fuji itself, straight over our heads, every detail softened, but clearly visible, and the summit looking ridiculously near in the brilliant moonlight. Below us was the slope of ashes and the moorland over which we had walked; and in the distance the Hakone Mountains, already far below our level, lay half hidden by masses of moonlit cloud. More energetic men might have started at once for the final climb, but after gazing and shivering for a few minutes we turned into our hard beds again, and it was not till after sunrise that we left our hut, our party increased by a dreary and footsore young soldier in a soiled white uniform, and a cheerful coolie, carrying about a hundred-weight of planks to repair one of the higher shelters.

The path goes zigzagging up to one rest-house after another, and there was not one of them which we failed to patronize; even Number Seven, which was a heap of ruins, with nothing in the way of drink but a tub of melted snow, was an excuse

for a few minutes' halt. In the clear morning sunlight Fuji looked small, as most mountains do when there are no clouds to give mystery and suggest height; but it was a grand morning for distant views, and the sunshine brought out vividly the strange and brilliant colors of the various materials which form the mountain—gray ashes, blue lava, and the reds and oranges of burnt earth.

Above the seventh station the path turns to the left and passes behind Hoei-zan; already bands of pilgrims, who had seen the sunrise from the summit, were making their way back towards Gotamba, going at a great pace down the glissade of loose sand and ashes on its side, while we toiled on over harder cinders, with an occasional ridge of lava, on the upward path. At this altitude the knotweed and thistles had disappeared, and the only plants I saw were a dwarf sedge and a little starwort in some of the sheltered nooks; higher still only a few lichens and mosses can grow; there is no regular alpine flora on Fuji.

A big gully full of snow lies just below Number Eight, and from this point the ascent is steeper than ever, winding among a chaos of shapeless blocks of lava; a sharp spur on our left crowned with them made a most curious outline against the sky. In front of us was a strange pilgrim, an old and feeble Buddhist priest in canonicals and a big cane hat; two coolies were hauling him by a cord round his waist, and another was pushing from behind, and even with this help he had to stop every few minutes to get his wind. He smiled a sickly smile as we went by; he was even slower than we were, and it seemed cruel to pass him; but he got to the top finally.

A sharp pull up a rocky gully at last brought us to a little wooden torii, and to the "Famous Silver Water," a clear, cold spring on the edge of the crater. The supply is not large, and the priest in charge of the enclosure doles it out to pilgrims at the rate of one brass cash for a small teacupful. The principal temple,



FROM THE TOP OF FUJI, LOOKING NORTH.

and the cluster of huts round it, form a little square on the south side of the crater, just at the top of the Mura-yama path, and are reached from the Silver Water by means of a couple of ladders and a small fee. At the top of the ladders there is a tiny shrine, serving as stable to a toy model of a horse, and in front of this the coppers are deposited. There are only three entrances to the crater of Fuji, and each of these is marked by a small torii, the sacred gateway of the Shinto religion; two of them I have already mentioned, the third is on the north

side, where the paths from Yoshida and Subashiri, which meet at Number Eight station, reach the summit.

Clouds had, as usual, begun to form about mid-day, and there were only occasional peeps of distance, but the crater itself was worth the journey, and occupied us until the bitterly cold wind drove us to shelter. Here, as on other moun-

gradually brightening line above it, watching for the first sign of the approaching god. On the most prominent rock a priest knelt, waving strips of paper tied to a stick and chanting prayers and eulogies, and soon the sun rose, as he assuredly will every morning, whether he is prayed to or not. There was such a vast space of mysterious blue



FUJI FROM THE ABEKAWA, AND THE TOKAIDO BRIDGE.

tains, I noticed that the first object of the native is to get under cover; all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them may be spread before his eyes, but if there is a little smoky cabin, however rough and uncomfortable, the professional mountaineer goes inside and stays there. This one was not luxurious; near the doorway, the only aperture for admitting light, there was a smouldering wood fire, where our food was cooked before we lay down to try and rest on the loose and creaky floor-boards; little blasts came like squirts of cold water through the cracks of the unmortared walls, and it was a relief when a general movement of the sleepers—for a Japanese can apparently sleep anywhere—showed the approach of sunrise.

The morning was clear and bright, and we all crouched in nooks of the rocks, wrapped in our quilts, and gazed at the straight gray line of the Pacific and the

sea and distance below the horizon that the big orange ball appeared to be already half-way up the heavens when we first saw it. This daily occurrence seems ever new and wonderful, always has something of the miraculous about it, and to most minds it brings a sense of thankfulness, as the sunset gives that of repose; though why we should feel grateful both that it is time to begin work and time to leave off is a puzzle to me. My thoughts turned to an early morning near Plevna, and to an honest Turk, who, as the sun rose over the bare Bulgarian hills, turned on his box-seat, and gravely touching his forehead, wished a good-day to his little brothers in the carriage he was driving. There was a mixture of courteousness and solemnity in his manner which seemed exactly suited to the important moment.

When the orange glow had turned to a dazzling glare, we walked round to the

foot of Kenga-mine, the highest of the peaks encircling the crater, and looked westward at the shadow of Fuji, a great pyramid of tender blue stretching for miles across the country at its foot, darkening a slice of the sunlit distant mountains, and towering above them into the sky, clearly defined on the light mists and clouds of the horizon. So sharp was the outline that it seemed as if our two shadows ought to show on the distant sky; but though we waved our arms frantically, there was no visible movement on the edge; we were too small. When we returned to get some breakfast many of the pilgrims were saying their morning prayers at the little temple. "Sengen Sama" is the goddess of Fuji; a prettier name for her is "Ko no hana saku ya Hime"—

"the princess who makes the blossoms of the trees to open." There is another little temple dedicated to her on the north side of the crater, and many more imposing ones in various parts of Japan. On

a banner which floated in front of this second temple there was an inscription in Japanese, and under it these words in English, "Place for worship the Heaven." I suppose this was an effort in the direc-



THE CRATER OF FUJI.



FUJI WITH ITS CAP ON.

tion of civilization and rationalism, but I resented it as an attempt to explain away the flower-loving princess, and to dethrone her from the mountain-top where she has been worshipped in peace for so many centuries. Close by the banner is another spring, "The Famous Golden Water," and a small shed, where bundles of chopsticks and other mementos are sold, and where for ten sen you can buy a tin can full of the famous water to take home to your friends. Most of the descending pilgrims have one or two of these slung round them with the rest of their travelling kit. The regular Fuji

men, except that they wear a short petticoat under the tunic, about as long as a Highlander's kilt. I saw none of them adorned with the bell and beads, so perhaps these are reserved for the men. It is only of late years that women have been allowed to climb the sacred mountain.

No one point of the crater's edge is high enough to give a panorama; you have to walk all round, about two miles, in order to see the view on every side. Eastward is the country round Yokohama and Tokyo, with the Pacific beyond as horizon; southward, too, is the ocean, with



ON THE NORTHERN SLOPE OF FUJI—GRASS-CUTTERS RETURNING.

pilgrim is dressed in a white tunic with loose sleeves, close-fitting white cotton drawers, white socks and gaiters, and a pair of straw sandals; he wears the usual big hat, which serves as an umbrella, and slung round his shoulders he has a light rush mat, which can be shifted to either side to keep off sun or rain. Round his neck he has a string of beads, a little incessantly tinkling bell, and a few pairs of extra sandals, and fastened to his waistband is the small package containing his personal baggage; he carries in his hand either the octagonal birch staff or a longer peeled wand, with some paper tied round the end of it. The dress of the women is the same as that of the

the Izu Peninsula jutting out into it, and the sweep of Suruga Bay bringing it close under your feet; westward you get a glimpse of the Fujikawa River, with range after range of mountains behind it; and to the northward a chain of little lakes lies at the base of Fuji, these, too, backed up by mountains, which rise, one behind another, as far as you can see.

In some places the outer wall descends abruptly into the crater; in others, as by the Golden Water, there is a narrow plateau between the two. The crater itself is four or five hundred feet deep, the north side mostly precipitous rock, and the south side, under Kenga-mine, a steep slope of snow and débris; all the peaks



THE FLOWERY MOORLAND.

round it have names, and one of them near the Silver Water is dotted with cairns raised in honor of Jizô, the patron saint of travellers, who helps little children to cross the Buddhist Styx. There is a rough path all round the crater, leading over some of the peaks, inside some, and outside others, which is kept in passable condition by men who collect a few coppers for their labor: the pilgrim season is harvest-time for the dwellers round Fuji, and its barren top pays well for cultivation.

It was after ten o'clock before we had made the circuit and seen all the sights; we met our coolies by the long row of huts at the top of the Yoshida path, and could see the village itself, our destination, lying in the blue hollow below us. Groups of ascending and descending pilgrims were visible for a long distance on the slope; as we looked down on them we saw only big round hats with an arm sticking out, and two little feet working underneath. After a final cup of tea at one of the guest-houses we passed under the wooden torii, and began the descent, a very steep and stony one, the loose cinders and lumps of lava requiring attention at every footstep. At Number

Nine station there is a little shrine called "Sengen's Welcome," and at Number Eight there are six or eight good-sized huts built on a spur of harder lava, making quite a little village, which can be seen on a clear morning from the foot of the mountain. Here the Subashiri route branches off to the right; ours to Yoshida turned to the left, and we went sliding with long strides down an incline of loose ashes and sand, into which our legs sank up to the knee at every step. It was rapid but fatiguing, and required very high stepping to avoid heavy and ignominious falls. The track is marked by hundreds of cast-off "waraji"—straw sandals—a common object on all Japanese roads, but here especially plentiful. My companion had provided himself in Yokohama with a stock of them, specially made to fit over the European boot; they were carefully adjusted and tied on by our servants and porters, but I noticed that after the first hundred yards they had always worked loose, and after a quarter of a mile they were hanging gracefully round his ankles instead of protecting his feet. The enjoyment of walking depends so much upon foot-gear that I am shy of trying experiments, and

I found that my stout boots with plenty of nails served as well on Fuji as on any other mountain. Worn as the Japanese wear them, with a thong passing between the big toe and the next, the waraji hold on well; they are soon worn out, or made useless by the breaking of one of the strings of twisted grass which tie them to the ankles; but this does not matter, for new ones can be bought for about a half-penny at any road-side house. This part of Fuji was very desolate, the rocks were formless blocks piled up without any arrangement of line, and the débris was too loose for any plant to find a foothold; but after a few thousand feet a ridge of more solid lava rose on each side of the gully we were descending, and that on our left soon began to show some vegetation. There were pines and larches, whose dwarfed and twisted forms showed the hardship of their lives, and among them were some flowers too, clusters of a delicate pink rhododendron, crimson wild roses, columbines, clematis, golden-rod, and orange lilies.

The glissade of fine ashes brought us down as far as Number Five station, and there we rejoined the upward path, for no one tries to ascend over this loose stuff. High up in the gully we had seen men digging out snow from under the ashes,

and taking it across the flank of the mountain to supply one of the rest-houses on the ridge to our right, and troops of ascending pilgrims were visible now and then as a turn of their path brought them in profile against the sky. Below Number Five there is but one track; it plunges at once into a thick undergrowth of bushes, and after this we had no more desolate wastes of ashes, but a constant succession of trees and flowers, temples, and luxurious rest-houses, gay with the cotton flags presented to them by their patrons. The forest through which this path leads covers a steep ridge of lava; the trees are mostly pine and other conifers, often very fine old specimens, and under them is a tangle of flowering shrubs and plants and of fallen timber. The people we met coming up seemed to appear suddenly under our feet out of the green gloom; one party had always to draw aside while the other passed; at times the path was a stairway of old roots, at others a ditch between high banks, and never wide enough for two to walk abreast. We heard a sound of singing below us, and stood on the bank while about twenty white-clad pilgrims filed by, men of all ages, each with a little bell tinkling at his waist; the front ones chanted a short strain, which those at the back took up



NAKA-NO-CHAYA, ON THE NORTHERN SLOPE.

and answered, and their song was faintly audible in the woods above us long after the last had disappeared up the winding path. The chant is called "Rokkon shōjō"—the six senses purified—the six, according to the Buddhists, being eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and heart, and it is only sung by the Fuji pilgrims.

At Number Two station we made a long halt, emptied the ashes out of our boots, and washed our feet in the tubs of water which the little servants brought us. It was a very different kind of place from the rough shelter on the Gotamba side; the path came down a few steps as it emerged from the wood, passed under a torii by a small temple, and then spread out into quite a wide space in front of a long tea-house crowded with pilgrims. On the opposite side of this space were three or four platforms, spread with blankets and shaded with matting; these too were occupied by groups of guests, who smoked and drank tea as they rested, and below them the tops of the trees were cut away to give a space of open sky and a view of the distance. Hundreds of little flags were fluttering from long bamboo poles, and at the other end of this lively scene the path went down a few more steps, and became again a narrow track through the dense forest. The flowers all the way were abundant and beautiful, constantly varying as we descended from one zone to another; at last the wood became thinner and we could get glimpses of the distance, and of the grassy ridges on each side of us, tinged with pale mauve by masses of funkia in blossom, and when we reached the temple and the large open square of the Uma-gaeshi we were at the end of the trees, and before us was a great slope of



AN OLD RED PINE AT YOSHIDA.

moorland leading down for miles and miles to the pine grove by Yoshida.

There is but one break in the long walk through flowers and grass—a little tea-house called Naka-no-chaya, whose three pine-trees are distinguishable for a long distance across the moor. All round it there are monumental pillars covered with inscriptions, which look like tombstones, but were really erected by pilgrims to commemorate the number of ascents which they have made. The variety of plants which grow and flourish on this slope of fine cinders is truly remarkable. The most abundant flower was a pale mauve scabious, which gave a prevailing tint to the whole moorland, but the most conspicuous was a tall slender day-lily



THE RED-PINE GROVE AT YOSHIDA.

with a pale yellow flower, which shone like a star in the evening when the color had gone from all the others. A dark purple-blue campanula (*Platycodon grandiflora*) was also very effective, and a bright crimson pink (*Dianthus superbus*) with beautifully fringed petals. But it would be hopeless to try and enumerate them. I find in a sketch-book a list of fifty-seven which I noted on the way between Naka-no-chaya and Yoshida. A little later in the year this mass of flow-

ers and grass is mown down and carried to the villages at the foot of the mountain.

The last part of our walk was through a grove of grand red pines, which seem to do better on this volcanic soil than anywhere else in Japan, and then across a few fields to the top of the long village street, where we at last found our tea-house and our baggage, and comfortable rooms, and settled down for a night of well-earned repose.



LIN McLEAN'S HONEY-MOON.

BY OWEN WISTER.

RAIN had not fallen for some sixty days, and for some sixty more there was no necessity that it should fall. It is spells of weather like this that set the Western editor writing praise and prophecy of the boundless fertility of the soil—when irrigated—and of what an Eden it can be made—with irrigation; but the spells annoy the people who are trying to raise the Eden. We always told the transient Eastern visitor, when he arrived at Cheyenne and criticised the desert, that anything would grow here—with irrigation; and sometimes he replied, unsympathetically, that anything could fly—with wings. Then we would lead such a man out and show him six, eight, ten square miles of green crops; and he, if he was thoroughly nasty, would mention that Wyoming contained ninety-five thousand square miles, all waiting for irrigation and Eden. One of these Eastern supercivilized hostiles from New York was breakfasting with the Governor and me at the Cheyenne Club, and we were explaining to him the glorious future, the coming empire, of the Western country. Now the Governor was about thirty-two, and until twenty-five had never gone West far enough to see over the top of the Alleghany Mountains. I was not a pioneer myself; and why both of us should have pitied the New-Yorker's narrowness so hard I cannot see. But we did. We spoke to him of the size of the country. We told him that his State could rattle round inside Wyoming's stomach without any inconvenience to Wyoming, and he told us that this was because Wyoming's stomach was empty. Altogether I began to feel almost sorry that I had asked him to come out for a hunt, and had travelled in haste all the way from Bear Creek to Cheyenne expressly to meet him.

"For purposes of amusement," he said, "I'll admit anything you claim for this place. Ranches, cowboys, elk; it's all splendid. Only, as an investment I prefer Delaware and Hudson. Am I to see any cowboys?"

"You shall," I said; and I distinctly hoped some of them might do something to him "for purposes of amusement."

"You fellows come up with me to my office," said the Governor. "I'll look at my mail, and show you round." So we

went with him through the heat and sun.

"What's that?" inquired the New-Yorker, whom I shall call James Ogden.

"That is our park," said I. "Of course it's merely in embryo. It's wonderful how quickly any shade tree will grow here wi—" I checked myself.

But Ogden said "with irrigation" for me, and I was entirely sorry he had come.

We reached the Governor's office, and sat down while he looked his letters over. "Here you are, Ogden," said he. "Here's the way we hump ahead out here." And he read us the following:

"MAGAW, KANSAS, *July 5, 188-*.

"*Hon. Amory W. Barker :*

"SIR,—Understanding that your district is suffering from a prolonged drought, I write to say that for necessary expenses paid I will be glad to furnish you with a reasonable shower. I have operated successfully in Australia, Mexico, and several States of the Union, and am anxious to exhibit my system. If your Legislature will appropriate a sum to cover, as I said, merely my necessary expenses—say \$350 (three hundred and fifty dollars)—for half an inch, I will guarantee you that quantity of rain or forfeit the money. If I fail to give you the smallest fraction of the amount contracted for, there is to be no pay. Kindly advise me of what date will be most convenient for you to have the shower. I require twenty-four hours' preparation. Hoping a favorable reply,

I am, respectfully, yours,

ROBERT HILBRUN."

"Will the Legislature do it?" inquired Ogden, in good faith.

The Governor laughed boisterously. "I guess it wouldn't be constitutional," said he.

"Oh, bother!" said Ogden.

"My dear man," the Governor protested, "I know we're new, and our women vote, and we're a good deal of a joke, but we're not so progressively funny as all that. The people wouldn't stand it. Senator Warren would fly right into my back hair."

"Do you have Senators here too?" said Ogden, raising his eyebrows. "What do they look like? Are they females?" And

the Governor grew more boisterous than ever, slapping his knee and declaring that these Eastern men were certainly "out of sight." Ogden, however, was thoughtful. "I'd have been willing to chip in for that rain myself," he said.

"That's an idea!" cried the Governor. "Nothing unconstitutional about that. Let's see. Three hundred and fifty dollars—"

"I'll put up a hundred," said Ogden, promptly. "I'm out for a Western vacation, and I'll pay for a good specimen."

The Governor and I subscribed more modestly, and by noon, with the help of some lively-minded gentlemen of Cheyenne, we had the purse raised. "He won't care," said the Governor, "whether it's a private enterprise or a municipal step, so long as he gets his money."

"He won't get it, I'm afraid," said Ogden. "But if he succeeds in tempting Providence to that extent, I consider it cheap. Now what do you call those people there on the horses?"

We were walking along the track of the Cheyenne and Northern, and looking out over the plain towards Fort Russell. "That is a cow-puncher and his bride," I answered, recognizing the couple.

"Real cow-puncher?"

"Quite. The puncher's name is Lin McLean."

"Real bride?"

"I'm afraid so."

"She's riding straddle!" exclaimed the delighted Ogden, adjusting his glasses. "Why do you object to their union being holy?"

I explained that my friend Lin had lately married an eating-house lady precipitately and against my advice.

"I suppose he knew his business," observed Ogden.

"That's what he said to me at the time. But you ought to see her—and know him."

Ogden was going to. Husband and wife were coming our way. Husband nodded to me his familiar offish nod, which concealed his satisfaction at meeting with an old friend. Wife did not look at me at all. But I looked at her, and I instantly knew that Lin, the fool, had confided to her my disapproval of their marriage. The most delicate specialty upon earth is your standing with your old friend's new wife.

"Good-day, Mr. McLean," said the Governor to the cow-puncher on his horse.

"How are yu', doctor?" said Lin. During his early days in Wyoming the Governor, when as yet a private citizen, had set Mr. McLean's broken leg at Dry-bone. "Let me make yu' known to Mrs. McLean," pursued the husband.

The lady, at a loss how convention prescribes the greeting of a bride to a Governor, gave a waddle on the pony's back, then sat up stiff, gazed haughtily at the air, and did not speak or show any more sign than a cow would under like circumstances. So the Governor marched cheerfully at her, extending his hand, and when she slightly moved out towards him her big dumb red fist, he took it and shook it, and made her a series of compliments, she maintaining always the scrupulous reserve of the cow.

"I say," Ogden whispered to me while Barker was pumping the hand of the flesh image, "I'm glad I came." The appearance of the puncher-bridegroom also interested Ogden, and he looked hard at Lin's leather chaps and cartridge belt and so forth. Lin stared at the New-Yorker, and his high white collar and good scarf. He had seen such things quite often, of course, but they always filled him with the same distrust of the man that wore them.

"Well," said he, "I guess we'll be pulling for a hotel. Any show in town? Circus come yet?"

"No," said I. "Are you going to make a long stay?"

The cow-puncher glanced at the image, his bride of three weeks. "Till we're tired of it, I guess," said he, with hesitation. It was the first time that I had ever seen my gay friend look timidly at any one, and I felt a rising hate for the ruby-cheeked, jet-eyed eating-house lady, the biscuit-shooter whose influence was dimming this jaunty irrepressible spirit. I looked at her. Her bulky bloom had ensnared him, and now she was going to tame and spoil him. The Governor was looking at her too, thoughtfully.

"Say, Lin," I said, "if you stay here long enough you'll see a big show." And his eye livened into something of its native jocularly as I told him of the rain-maker.

"Shucks!" said he, springing from his horse impetuously, and hugely entertained at our venture. "Three hundred and fifty dollars? Let me come in;" and before I could tell him that we had all the money

raised, he was hauling out a wadded lump of bills.

"Well, I ain't going to starve here in the road, I guess," spoke the image, with the suddenness of a miracle. I think we all jumped, and I know that Lin did. The image continued: "Some folks and their money are soon parted"—she meant me; her searching tones came straight at me; I was sure from the first that she knew all about me and my unfavorable opinion of her—"but it ain't going to be you *this* time, Lin McLean. *Ged ap!*" This last was to the horse, I maintain, though the Governor says the husband immediately started off on a run.

At any rate, they were gone to their hotel, and Ogden was seated on some railroad ties exclaiming: "Oh, I like Wyoming! I am certainly glad I came."

"That's who she is!" said the Governor, remembering Mrs. McLean all at once. "I know her. She used to be at Sidney. She's got another husband somewhere. She's one of the boys. Oh, that's nothing in this country!" he continued, to the amazed Ogden, who had ejaculated "Bigamy!" "Lots of them marry, live together awhile, get tired and quit, travel, catch on to a new man, marry him, get tired and quit, travel, catch on—"

"One moment, I beg," said Ogden, adjusting his glasses. "What does the law—"

"Law?" said the Governor. "Look at that place!" He swept his hand towards the vast plains and the mountains. "Ninety-five thousand square miles of that, and sixty thousand people in it. We haven't got policemen yet on top of the Rocky Mountains."

"I see," said the New-Yorker. "But—but—well, let A and B represent first and second husbands, and X represent the woman. Now, does A know about B? or does B know about A? And what do they do about it?"

"Can't say," the Governor answered, jovially. "Can't generalize. Depends on heaps of things—love—money— Did you go to college? Well, let A minus X equal B plus X, then if A and B get squared—"

"Oh, come to lunch," I said. "Barker, do you really know the first husband is alive?"

"Wasn't dead last winter." And Barker gave us the particulars. Miss Katie Peck had not served long in the restau-

rant before she was wooed and won by a man who had been a ranch cook, a sheepherder, a bar-tender, a freight hand, and was then hauling poles for the government. During his necessary absences from home she too went out of doors. This he often discovered, and would beat her, and she would then also beat him. After the beatings one of them would always leave the other forever. Thus was Sidney kept in small-talk, until Mrs. Lusk one day really did not come back. "Lusk," said the Governor, finishing his story, "cried around the saloons for a couple of days, and then went on hauling poles for the government, till one day he said he'd heard of a better job south, and next we knew of him he was round Leavenworth. Lusk was a pretty poor bird. Owes me ten dollars."

"Well," I said, "none of us ever knew about him when she came to stay with Mrs. Taylor on Bear Creek. She was Miss Peck when Lin made her Mrs. McLean."

"You'll notice," said the Governor, "how she has got him under in three weeks. Old hand, you see."

"Poor Lin!" I said.

"Lucky, I call him," said the Governor. "He can quit her."

"Supposing McLean does not want to quit her?"

"She's educating him to want to right now, and I think he'll learn pretty quick. I guess Mr. Lin's romance wasn't very ideal this trip. Hello! here comes Jode. Jode, won't you lunch with us? Mr. Ogden of New York, Mr. Jode. Mr. Jode is our signal-service officer, Mr. Ogden." The Governor's eyes were sparkling hilariously, and he winked at me.

"Gentlemen, good-morning. Mr. Ogden, I am honored to make your acquaintance," said the signal-service officer.

"Jode, when is it going to rain?" said the Governor, anxiously.

Now Jode is the most extraordinarily solemn man I have ever known. He has the solemnity of all science, added to the unspeakable weight of representing five of the oldest families in South Carolina. The Jodes themselves were not old in South Carolina, but immensely so in—I think he told me it was Long Island. His name is Poinsett Middleton Manigault Jode. He used to weigh a hundred and twenty-eight pounds then, but his health has strengthened in that cli-

mate. His clothes were black; his face was white, with black eyes sharp as a pin; he had the shape of a spout—the same narrow size all the way down—and his voice was as dry and light as an egg-shell. In his first days at Cheyenne he had constantly challenged large cowboys for taking familiarities with his dignity, and they, after one moment's bewilderment, had concocted apologies that entirely met his exactions, and gave them much satisfaction also. Nobody would have hurt Jode for the world. In time he came to see that Wyoming was a game invented after his book of rules was published, and he looked on, but could not play the game. He had fallen, along with other incongruities, into the roaring Western hotch-pot, and he passed his careful precise days with barometers and weather-charts.

He answered the Governor with official and South Carolina impressiveness. "There is no indication of diminution of the prevailing pressure," he said.

"Well, that's what I thought," said the Governor, "so I'm going to whoop her up."

"What do you expect to whoop up, sir?"

"Atmosphere, and all that," said the Governor. "Whole business has got to get a move on. I've sent for a rain-maker."

"Governor, you are certainly a wag, sir," said Jode, who enjoyed Barker as some people enjoy classical music, without understanding it. But after we had reached the club and were lunching, and Jode realized that a letter had actually been written telling Hilbrun to come and bring his showers with him, the punctilious signal-service officer stated his position. "Have your joke, sir," he said, waving a thin clean hand, "but I decline to meet him."

"Hilbrun?" said the Governor, staring.

"If that's his name—yes, sir. As a member of the Weather Bureau and the Meteorological Society I can have nothing to do with the fellow."

"Glory!" said the Governor. "Well, I suppose not. I see your point, Jode. I'll be careful to keep you apart. As a member of the College of Physicians I've felt that way about homœopathy and the faith-cure. All very well if patients will call 'em in, but can't meet 'em in consultation. But three months' drought annually, Jode! It's slow—too slow. The Western people feel that this conserva-

tive method the Zodiac does its business by is out of date."

"I am quite serious, sir," said Jode. "And let me express my gratification that you do see my point." So we changed the subject.

Our weather scheme did not at first greatly move the public. Beyond those who made up the purse, few of our acquaintances expressed curiosity about Hilbrun, and next afternoon Lin McLean told me in the street that he was disgusted with Cheyenne's coldness towards the enterprise. "But the boys would fly right at it and stay with it if the round-up was near town, you bet," said he.

He was walking alone. "How's Mrs. McLean to-day?" I inquired.

"She's well," said Lin, turning his eye from mine. "Who's yer friend all bugged up in English clothes?"

"About as good a man as you," said I, "and more cautious."

"Him and his eye-glasses!" said the sceptical puncher, still looking away from me and surveying Ogden, who was approaching with the Governor. That excellent man, still at long range, broke out smiling till his teeth shone, and he waved a yellow paper at us.

"Telegram from Hilbrun," he shouted; "be here to-morrow;" and he hastened up.

"Says he wants a cart at the depot, and a small building where he can be private," added Ogden. "Great, isn't it?"

"You bet!" said Lin, brightening. The New-Yorker's urbane but obvious excitement mollified Mr. McLean. "Ever seen rain made, Mr. Ogden?" said he.

"Never. Have you?"

Lin had not. Ogden offered him a cigar, which the puncher pronounced excellent, and we all agreed to see Hilbrun arrive.

"We're going to show the telegram to Jode," said the Governor; and he and Ogden departed on this mission to the signal service.

"Well, I must be getting along myself," said Lin; but he continued walking slowly with me. "Where 're yu' bound?" he said.

"Nowhere in particular," said I. And we paced the board sidewalks a little more.

"You're going to meet the train to-morrow?" said he.

"The train? Oh, yes. Hilbrun's. To-morrow. You'll be there?"

"Yes, I'll be there. It's sure been a dry spell, 'ain't it?"

"Yes. Just like last year. In fact, like all the years."

"Yes. I've never saw it rain any to speak of in summer. I expect it's the rule. Don't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"I don't guess any man knows enough to break such a rule. Do you?"

"No. But it'll be fun to see him try."

"Sure fun! Well, I must be getting along. See yu' to-morrow."

"See you to-morrow, Lin."

He left me at a corner, and I stood watching his tall depressed figure. A hundred yards down the street he turned, and seeing me looking after him, pretended he had not turned; and then I took my steps toward the club, telling myself that I had been something of a skunk; for I had inquired for Mrs. McLean in a certain tone, and I had hinted to Lin that he had lacked caution; and this was nothing but a way of saying "I told you so" to the man that is down. Down Lin certainly was, although it had not come so home to me until our little walk together just now along the boards.

At the club I found the Governor teaching Ogden a Cheyenne specialty—a particular drink, the Allston cocktail. "It's the bitters that does the trick," he was saying, but saw me and called out: "You ought to have been with us and seen Jode. I showed him the telegram, you know. He read it through, and just handed it back to me, and went on monkeying with his anemometer. Ever seen his instruments? Every fresh jigger they get out he sends for. Well, he monkeyed away, and wouldn't say a word, so I said, 'You understand, Jode, this telegram comes from Hilbrun.' And Jode, he quit his anemometer and said, 'I make no doubt, sir, that your despatch is *genu-wine*.' Oh, South Carolina's indignant at me!" And the Governor slapped his knee. "Why, he's so set against Hilbrun," he continued, "I guess if he knew of something he could explode to stop rain he'd let her fly."

"No, he wouldn't," said I. "He'd not consider that honorable."

"That's so," the Governor assented. "Jode'll play fair."

It was thus we had come to look at our enterprise—a game between a well-established, respectable weather bureau and an upstart charlatan. And it was the charlatan had our sympathy—as all charlatans, whether religious, military, medi-

cal, political, or what not, have with the average American. We met him at the station. That is, Ogden, McLean, and I; and the Governor, being engaged, sent (unofficially) his secretary and the requested cart. Lin was anxious to see what would be put in the cart, and I was curious about how a rain-maker would look. But he turned out an unassuming, quiet man in blue serge, with a face you could not remember afterwards, and a few civil, ordinary remarks. He even said it was a hot day, as if he had nothing to do with those things; and what he put into the cart were only two packing-boxes of no special significance to the eye. He desired no lodging at the hotel, but to sleep with his apparatus in the building provided for him; and we set out for it at once. It was an untenanted barn, and he asked that he and his assistant might cut a hole in the roof, upon which we noticed the assistant for the first time—a tallish, good-looking young man, but with a weak mouth. "This is Mr. Lusk," said the rain-maker; and we shook hands, Ogden and I exchanging a glance. Ourselves and the cart marched up Hill Street—or Capitol Avenue, as it has become named since Cheyenne has grown fuller of pomp and emptier of prosperity—and I thought we made an unusual procession: the Governor's secretary, unofficially leading the way to the barn; the cart, and the rain-maker beside it, guarding his packed-up mysteries; McLean and Lusk, walking together in unconscious bigamy; and in the rear, Ogden nudging me in the ribs. That it was the correct Lusk we had with us I felt sure from his incompetent, healthy, vacant appearance, strong-bodied and shiftless—the sort of man to weary of one trade and another, and make a failure of wife-beating betweenwhiles. In Twenty-fourth Street—the town's uttermost rim—the Governor met us, and stared at Lusk. "Christopher!" was his single observation; but he never forgets a face—cannot afford to, now that he is in politics; and besides, Lusk remembered him. You seldom really forget a man to whom you owe ten dollars.

"So you've quit hauling poles?" said the Governor.

"Nothing in it, sir," said Lusk.

"Is there any objection to my having a hole in the roof?" asked the rain-maker; for this the secretary had been unable to tell him.

"What! going to throw your bombs through it?" said the Governor, smiling heartily.

But the rain-maker explained at once that his was not the bomb system, but a method attended by more rain and less disturbance. "Not that the bomb don't produce first-class results at times and under circumstances," he said, "but it's uncertain and costly."

The Governor hesitated about the hole in the roof, which Hilbrun told us was for a metal pipe to conduct his generated gases into the air. The owner of the barn had gone to Laramie. However, we found a stove-pipe hole, which saved delay. "And what day would you prefer the shower?" said Hilbrun, after we had gone over our contract with him.

"Any day would do," the Governor said.

This was Thursday; and Sunday was chosen, as a day when no one had business to detain him from witnessing the shower—though it seemed to me that on week-days too business in Cheyenne was not so inexorable as this. We gave the strangers some information about the town and left them. The sun went away in a cloudless sky, and came so again when the stars had finished their untarnished shining. Friday was clear and dry and hot, like the dynasty of blazing days that had gone before.

I saw a sorry spectacle in the street—the bridegroom and the bride shopping together; or, rather, he with his wad of bills was obediently paying for what she bought; and when I met them he was carrying a scarlet parasol and a bonnet-box. His biscuit-shooter, with the lust of purchase on her, was brilliantly dressed, and pervaded the street with splendor, like an escaped parrot. Lin walked beside her, but it might as well have been behind, and his bearing was so different from his wonted happy-go-luckiness that I had a mind to take off my hat and say, "Good morning, Mrs. Lusk." But it was "Mrs. McLean," I said, of course. She gave me a remote, imperious nod, and said, "Come on, Lin," something like a cross nurse, while he, out of sheer decency, made her a good-humored, jocular answer, and said to me, "It takes a woman to know what to buy fer housekeepin'"; which poor piece of hypocrisy endeared him to me more than ever. The puncher was not of the fibre to succeed in keeping

appearances, but he deserved success, which the angels consider to be enough. I wondered if disenchantment had set in, or if this were only the preliminary stage of surprise and wounding, and I felt that but one test could show, namely, a coming face to face of Mr. and Mrs. Lusk, perhaps not to be desired. Neither was it likely. The assistant rain-maker kept himself steadfastly inside or near the barn, at the north corner of Cheyenne, while the bride, when she was in the street at all, haunted the shops clear across town diagonally.

On this Friday noon the appearance of the metal tube above the blind building spread some excitement. It moved several of the citizens to pay the place a visit and ask to see the machine. These callers, of course, sustained a polite refusal, and returned among their friends with a contempt for such quackery, and a greatly heightened curiosity; so that pretty soon you could hear discussions at the street corners, and by Saturday morning Cheyenne was talking of little else. The town prowled about the barn and its oracular metal tube, and heard and saw nothing. The Governor and I (let it be confessed) went there ourselves, since the twenty-four hours of required preparation were now begun. We smelt for chemicals, and he thought there was a something, but, having been bred a doctor, distrusted his imagination. I could not be sure myself whether there was anything or not, although I walked three times round the barn, snuffing as dispassionately as I knew how. It might possibly be chlorine, the Governor said, or some gas for which ammonia was in part responsible; and this was all he could say, and we left the place. The world was as still and the hard sharp hills as clear and near as ever; and the sky over Sahara is not more dry and enduring than was ours. This tenacity in the elements plainly gave Jode a malicious official pleasure. We could tell it by his talk at lunch; and when the Governor reminded him that no rain was contracted for until the next day, he mentioned that the approach of a storm is something that modern science is able to ascertain long in advance; and he bade us come to his office whenever we pleased, and see for ourselves what science said. This was, at any rate, something to fill the afternoon with, and we went to him about five. Lin McLean joined us on the way. I came upon him

lingering alone in the street, and he told me that Mrs. McLean was calling on friends. I saw that he did not know how to spend the short recess or holiday he was having. He seemed to cling to the society of others, and with them for the time regain his gayer mind. He had become converted to Ogden, and the New-Yorker, on his side, found pleasant and refreshing this democracy of Governors and cow-punchers. Jode received us at the signal-service office, and began to show us his instruments with the careful pride of an orchid-collector.

"A hair hygrometer," he said to me, waving his waxlike hand over it. "The indications are obtained from the expansion and contraction of a prepared human hair, transferred to an index needle traversing the divided arc of—"

"What oil do you put on the human hair, Jode?" called out the Governor, who had left our group, and was gambolling about by himself among the tubes and dials. "What will this one do?" he asked, and poked at a wet paper disk. But before the courteous Jode could explain it had to do with evaporation and the dew-point, the Governor's attention wandered, and he was blowing at a little fan-wheel. This instantly revolved and set a number of dial hands going different ways. "Hi!" said the Governor, delighted. "Seen 'em like that down mines. Register air velocity in feet. Put it away, Jode. You don't want that to-morrow. What you'll need, Hilbrun says, is a big old rain-gauge."

"I shall require nothing of the sort, Governor," Jode started off at once. "And you can go to church without your umbrella in safety, sir. See there." He pointed to a storm-glass, which was certainly clear as crystal. "An old-fashioned test, you will doubtless say, gentlemen," Jode continued—though none of us would have said anything like that—"but unjustly discredited; and furthermore, its testimony is well corroborated, as you will find you must admit." Jode's voice was almost threatening, and he fetched one corroborator after another. I looked passively at wet and dry bulbs, at self-recording dotted registers; I caught the fleeting sound of words like "meniscus" and "terrestrial minimum thermometer," and I nodded punctually when Jode went through some calculation. At last I heard something that I could un-

derstand—a series of telegraphic replies to Jode from brother signal-service officers all over the United States. He read each one through from date to signature, and they all made any rain to-morrow entirely impossible. "And I tell you," Jode concluded, in his high egg-shell voice, "there's no chance of precipitation now, sir. I tell you, sir"—he was shrieking jubilantly—"there's not anything to precipitate!"

We left him in his triumph among his glass and mercury. "Gee whiz!" said the Governor. "I guess we'd better go and tell Hilbrun it's no use."

We went, and Hilbrun smiled with a certain compassion for the antiquated scientist. "That's what they all say," he said. "I'll do my talking to-morrow."

"If any of you gentlemen, or your friends," said Assistant Lusk, stepping up, "feel like doing a little business on this, I am ready to accommodate you."

"What do yu' want this evenin'?" said Lin McLean, promptly.

"Five to one," said Lusk.

"Go yu' in twenties," said the impetuous puncher; and I now perceived this was to be a sporting event. Lin had his wad of bills out—or what of it still survived his bride's shopping. "Will you hold stakes, doctor?" he said to the Governor.

But that official looked at the clear sky, and thought he would do five to one in twenties himself. Lusk accommodated him, and then Ogden, and then me. None of us could very well be stakeholder, but we registered our bets, and promised to procure an uninterested man by eight next morning. I have seldom had so much trouble, and I never saw such a universal search for ready money. Every man we asked to hold stakes instantly whipped out his own pocket-book, went in search of Lusk, and disqualified himself. It was Jode helped us out. He would not bet, but was anxious to serve, and thus punish the bragging Lusk.

Sunday was, as usual, chronically fine, with no cloud or breeze anywhere, and by the time the church-bells were ringing, ten to one was freely offered. The biscuit-shooter went to church with her friends, so she might wear her fine clothes in a worthy place, while her furloughed husband rushed about Cheyenne, entirely his own old self again, his wad of money staked and in Jode's keeping. Many

citizens bitterly lamented their lack of ready money. But it was a good thing for these people that it was Sunday, and the banks closed.

The church-bells ceased; the congregations sat inside, but outside the hot town showed no Sunday emptiness or quiet. The metal tube, the possible smell, Jode's sustained and haughty indignation, the extraordinary assurance of Lusk, all this had ended by turning every one restless and eccentric. A citizen came down the street with an umbrella. In a moment the by-standers had reduced it to a sordid tangle of ribs. Old Judge Burrage attempted to address us at the corner about the vast progress of science. The postmaster pinned a card on his back with the well-known legend, "I am somewhat of a liar myself." And all the while the sun shone high and hot, while Jode grew quieter and colder under the certainty of victory. It was after twelve o'clock when the people came from church, and no change or sign was to be seen. Jode told us, with a chill smile, that he had visited his instruments and found no new indications. Fifteen minutes after that the sky was brown. Sudden padded dropsical clouds were born in the blue above our heads. They blackened, and a smart shower, the first in two months, wet us all, and ceased. The sun blazed out, and the sky came blue again, like those rapid, unconvincing weather changes of the drama.

Amazement at what I saw happening in the heavens took me from things on earth, and I was unaware of the universal fit that now seized upon Cheyenne until I heard the high cry of Jode at my ear. His usual punctilious bearing had forsaken him, and he shouted alike to stranger and acquaintance: "It is no half-inch, sir! Don't you tell me!" And the crowd would swallow him, but you could mark his vociferous course as he went proclaiming to the world: "A failure, sir! The fellow's an impostor, as I well knew. It's no half-inch!" Which was true.

"What have you got to say to that?" we asked Hilbrun, swarming around him.

"If you'll just keep cool," said he—"it's only the first instalment. In about two hours and a half I'll give you the rest."

Soon after four the dropsical clouds materialized once again above open-mouthed

Cheyenne. No school let out for an unexpected holiday, no herd of stampeded range cattle, conducts itself more miscellaneous. Gray respectable men, with daughters married, leaped over fences and sprang back, prominent legislators hopped howling up and down door-steps, women waved handkerchiefs from windows and porches, the chattering Jode flew from anemometer to rain-gauge, and old Judge Burrage apostrophized Providence in his front yard, with the postmaster's label still pinned to his back. Nobody minded the sluicing downpour—this second instalment was much more of a thing than the first—and Hilbrun alone kept a calm exterior—the face of the man who lifts a heavy dumbbell and throws an impressive glance at the audience. Assistant Lusk was by no means thus proof against success. I saw him put a bottle back in his pocket, his face already disintegrated with a tipsy leer. Judge Burrage, perceiving the rain-maker, came out of his gate and proceeded towards him, extending the hand of congratulation. "Mr. Hilbrun," said he, "I am Judge Burrage—the Honorable T. Coleman Burrage—and I will say that I am most favorably impressed with your shower."

"His shower!" yelled Jode, flourishing measurements.

"Why, yu' don't claim it's yourn, do yu'?" said Lin McLean, grinning.

"I tell you it's no half-inch yet, gentlemen," said Jode, ignoring the facetious puncher.

"You're mistaken," said Hilbrun, sharply.

"It's a plumb big show, half-inch or no half-inch," said Lin.

"If he's short, he don't get his money," said some ignoble subscriber.

"Yes, he will," said the Governor, "or I'm a shote. He's earned it."

"You bet!" said Lin. "Fair and square. If they're goin' back on yu', doctor, I'll chip—Shucks!" Lin's hand fell from the empty pocket; he remembered his wad in the stake-holder's hands, and that he now possessed possibly two dollars in silver, all told. "I can't chip in, doctor," he said. "That hobo over there has won my cash, an' he's filling up on the prospect right now. I don't care! It's the biggest show I've ever saw. You're a dandy, Mr. Hilbrun! Whoop!" And Lin clapped the rain-

maker on the shoulder, exulting. He had been too well entertained to care what he had in his pocket, and his wife had not yet occurred to him.

They were disputing about the rain-fall, which had been slightly under half an inch in a few spots, but over it in many others; and while we stood talking in the renewed sunlight, more telegrams were brought to Jode, saying that there was no moisture anywhere, and simultaneously with these, riders dashed into town with the news that twelve miles out the rain had flattened the grain crop. We had more of such reports from as far as thirty miles, and beyond that there had not been a drop or a cloud. It staggered one's reason; the brain was numb with surprise.

"Well, gentlemen," said the rain-maker, "I'm packed up, and my train 'll be along soon—would have been along by this, only it's late. What's the word as to my three hundred and fifty dollars?"

Even still there were objections expressed. He had not entirely performed his side of the contract.

"I think different, gentlemen," said he. "But I'll unpack and let that train go. I can't have the law on you, I suppose. But if you *don't* pay me" (the rain-maker put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the fence), "I'll flood your town."

In earthquakes and eruptions people end by expecting anything; and in the total eclipse that was now over all Cheyenne's ordinary standards and precedents the bewildered community saw in this threat nothing more unusual than if he had said twice two made four. The purse was handed over.

"I'm obliged," said Hilbrun, simply.

"If I had foreseen, gentlemen," said Jode, too deeply grieved now to feel anger, "that I would even be indirectly associated with your losing your money through this—this absurd occurrence, I would have declined to help you. It becomes my duty," he continued, turning coldly to the inebriated Lusk, "to hand this to you, sir." And the assistant lurchingly stuffed his stakes away.

"It's worth it," said Lin. "He's welcome to my cash."

"What's that you say, Lin McLean?" It was the biscuit-shooter, and she surged to the front.

"I'm broke. He's got it. That's all," said Lin, briefly.

"Broke! You!" She glared at her athletic young lord, and she uttered a preliminary howl.

At that long-lost cry Lusk turned his silly face. "It's my darling Kate," he said. "Why, Kate!"

The next thing that I knew Ogden and I were grappling with Lin McLean; for everything had happened at once. The bride had swooped upon her first wedded love and burst into tears on the man's neck, which Lin was trying to break in consequence. We do not always recognize our benefactors at sight. They all came to the ground, and we hauled the second husband off. The lady and Lusk remained in a heap, he foolish, tearful, and affectionate, she turned furiously at bay, his guardian angel, indifferent to the on-looking crowd, and hurling righteous defiance at Lin. "Don't yus dare lay yer finger on my husband, you sage-brush bigamist!" is what the marvellous female said.

"Bigamist?" repeated Lin, dazed at this charge. "I ain't," he said to Ogden and me. "I never did. I've never married any of 'em before her."

"Little good that 'll do yus, Lin McLean! Me and him was man and wife before ever I come acrosst yus."

"You and him?" murmured the puncher.

"Her and me," whimpered Lusk. "Sidney." He sat up with a limp, confiding stare at everybody.

"Sidney who?" said Lin.

"No, no," corrected Lusk, crossly—"Sidney, Nebraska."

The stakes at this point fell from his pocket, which he did not notice. But the bride had them in safe-keeping at once.

"Who are yu', anyway—when yu' ain't drunk?" demanded Lin.

"He's as good a man as you, and better," snorted the guardian angel. "Give him a pistol, and he'll make you hard to find."

"Well, you listen to me, Sidney Nebraska—" Lin began.

"No, no," corrected Lusk once more, as a distant whistle blew—"Jim."

"Good-by, gentlemen," said the rain-maker. "That's the west-bound. I'm perfectly satisfied with my experiment here, and I'm off to repeat it at Salt Lake City."

"You are?" shouted Lin McLean. "Him and Jim's going to work it again! For goodness' sake, somebody lend me twenty-five dollars!"

At this there was an instantaneous rush. Ten minutes later, in front of the ticket-windows, there was a line of citizens buying tickets for Salt Lake as if it had been Madame Bernhardt. Some rock had been smitten, and ready money had flowed forth. The Governor saw us off, sad that his duties should detain him. But Jode went!

"Betting is the fool's argument, gentlemen," said he to Ogden, McLean, and me, "and it's a weary time since I have had the pleasure."

"Which way are yu' bettin'?" Lin asked.

"With my principles, sir," answered the little signal-service officer.

"I expect I 'ain't got any," said the puncher. "It's Jim I'm backin' this time."

"See here," said I; "I want to talk to you." We went into another car; and I did.

"And so yu' knowed about Lusk when we was on them board walks?" the puncher said.

"Do you mean I ought to have—"

"Shucks! no. Yu' couldn't. Nobody couldn't. It's a queer world, all the same. Yu' have good friends, and all that." He looked out of the window. "Laramie already!" he commented, and got out and walked by himself on the platform until we had started again. "Yu' have good friends," he pursued, settling himself so his long legs were stretched and comfortable, "and they tell yu' things, and you tell them things. And when it don't make no particular matter one way or the other, yu' give 'em yer honest opinion and talk straight to 'em, and they'll come to you the same way. So that when yu're ridin' the range alone sometimes, and thinkin' a lot o' things over on top maybe of some dog-goned hill, you'll say to yerself about some feller yu' know mighty well, 'There's a man is a good friend of mine.' And yu' mean it. And it's so. Yet when matters is serious, as onced in a while they're bound to get, and yu're in a plumb hole, where is the man then—yer good friend? Why, he's where yu' want him to be. Standin' off, keepin' his mouth shut, and lettin' yu' find yer own trail out. If he tried to

show it to yu'—yu'd likely hit him. But shucks! Circumstances have showed me the trail this time, you bet!" And the puncher's face, which had been sombre, grew lively, and he laid a friendly hand on my knee.

"The trail's pretty simple," said I.

"You bet! But it's sure a queer world. Tell yu'," said Lin, with the air of having made a discovery, "when a man gets down to bed-rock affairs in this life he's got to do his travellin' alone, same as he does his dyin'. I expect even married men has thoughts and hopes they don't tell their wives."

"Never was married," said I.

"Well—no more was I. Let's go to bed." And Lin shook my hand, and gave me a singular, rather melancholy smile.

At Salt Lake City, which Ogden was glad to include in his Western holiday, we found both Mormon and Gentile ready to give us odds against rain—only I noticed that those of the true faith were less free. Indeed, the Mormon, the Quaker, and most sects of an isolated doctrine have a nice prudence in money. During our brief stay we visited the sights, floating in the lake, listening to pins drop in the gallery of the Tabernacle, seeing frescoes of saints in robes speaking from heaven to Joseph Smith in the Sunday clothes of a modern farm hand, and in the street we heard at a distance a strenuous domestic talk between the new—or perhaps I should say the original—husband and wife.

"She's corralled Sidney's cash!" said the delighted Lin. "He can't bet nuthin' on this shower."

And then, after all, this time—it didn't rain!

Stripped of money both ways, Cheyenne, having most fortunately purchased a return ticket, sought its home. The perplexed rain-maker went somewhere else, without his assistant. Lusk's exulting wife, having the money, retained him with her.

"Good luck to yu', Sidney!" said Lin, speaking to him for the first time since Cheyenne. "I feel a heap better since I've saw yu' married." He paid no attention to the biscuit-shooter, or the horrible language that she threw after him.

Jode also felt "a heap better." Legitimate science had triumphed. South Car-

olina had bet on her principles, and won from Lin the few dollars that I had lent the puncher.

"And what will you do now?" I said to Lin.

"Join the beef round-up. Balaam's payin' forty dollars. I guess that 'll keep a single man."

It may pacify the reader to learn that the experiment herein narrated is a fact.

I shall not expect him to believe, any more than I do, that Hilbrun brought about such a state of things by his own arts; but it is what all Cheyenne saw on a certain September 1st, well remembered by the townsfolk. A writer must see to it that his fiction is *less strange* than truth, else nobody would tolerate him. The above portents, then, are not fiction; I should not dare invent anything so divinely improbable.

NEW YORK SLAVE-TRADERS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

FROM the very foundation of the New Netherland colony slavery was part and parcel of its economic organization. Under the conditions then existing this was a matter of necessity. A colonial establishment of that period, to be well equipped, required slaves in just the same way that it required horses and cows. In regions where the natives were tractable—as in the West India Islands and on the Spanish Main—the simple process was resorted to of converting into slaves the primitive land-owners and then setting them to tilling what had been their own soil: an arrangement which obviously possessed economical and practical advantages of a superior order. Where this plan could not be made operative—in regions where the natives were of a stiff-necked sort that declined to be enslaved and therefore had to be exterminated; as was the rule, for the most part, in our latitudes—the necessary slaves were brought from Africa: a continent that has been the recognized source of slave-supply for all people within reach of it from the earliest ages of the world. The Dutch in New Netherland did succeed in making slaves of a few Indians, but these creatures were of so perverse a disposition that using them on a large scale was impossible. Therefore—the matter being facilitated by the possession by the Dutch West India Company of trading-stations on the African coast—the New-Netherlanders drew from Africa, either directly or by way of the Dutch West Indies, their necessary supply of beasts of toil.

So normal an institution was slavery in those days—so like any of the unob-

served blessings of Providence, which are referred to only when they fail to occur—that I cannot determine from the records when slave-holding on this island began. The first formal mention of it that I have found is in the Charter of Liberties and Exemptions of 1629, the thirtieth clause of which instrument declares that "The Company will use their endeavors to supply the colonists with as many blacks as they conveniently can, on the conditions hereafter to be made"; and in the New Project of Liberties and Exemptions, of a slightly later date, the thirty-first clause provides that "In like manner the Incorporated West India Company shall allot to each Patroon twelve Black men and women, out of the prizes in which Negroes shall be found, for the advancement of the Colonies in New Netherland."

But before either of these promises to provide blacks was made, the blacks already were here. Under date of August 11, 1628, the hapless Dominie Jonas Michaëlius wrote "from the Island of Manhatas in New Netherland" to "the honorable, learned, and pious Mr. Adrian Smotius" in Amsterdam in these sad terms: "It has pleased the Lord, seven weeks after we arrived in this country, to take from me my good partner, who has been to me for more than sixteen years a virtuous, faithful, and in every respect amiable yoke-fellow. . . . I find myself by the loss of my good and helping partner very much hindered and distressed—for my two little daughters are yet small; maid-servants are not to be had, at least none whom they advise me to take; and the Angola slaves are thievish lazy and useless trash."

I cite these words of the Dominie Michaëlius because of his reference to the presence in New Amsterdam of Angola slaves at that still early time—but five years after what may be regarded as the formal founding of the town. But 'twould be a cruelty of neglect not to accord in passing to this luckless gentleman—worn by love desolate, burdened with the care of his little girls, and most of all, I fancy, harried in his choice of a maid-servant by the too-overt suspicions and advice of all the old cats in the colony—a moment of sympathetic sorrow: even though the same be in the wake of his tribulations by nearly three hundred years.

Another bit of testimony, less tenderly appealing but more curious, carries back the establishment of slavery in New Amsterdam still nearer to the moment of the city's birth. This is the act of manumission by which Director-General Kieft gave liberty to certain slaves in the year 1644. The act declares that consideration has been given to the petition of certain negroes "who served the Company during eighteen or nineteen years....to be delivered from slavery and be manumitted: urging that they have been in the Company's service during a number of years, and have been long since promised that they should have their liberty; and, further, that their families are increasing by numerous children, for whom they are unable to provide if they must continue to serve the Company, as they all thus far have been obliged to do. Therefore," the act continues, "we, the Director and Council, do free said negroes with their wives from slavery, and place them on the same footing as all other freemen here in New Netherland....with the express condition that all their children already born or yet to be born shall be obliged to serve the Company as slaves."

Neither then nor later was the long service of a slave recognized as a sufficient reason for giving him his liberty; nor has it been customary even for slaves to be charged with the duty of providing for their children; nor possible that children of freed slaves, born after the freedom of their parents has been granted, should be relegated back into slavery. In short, this act of manumission so bristles with enticingly curious contradictions that I am persuaded that behind it lies hid in some shape or other a bit of genuine romance; that here, if only

we could follow it, is one of those happy turns of history which lead us away from the arid region of important events and for a thrilling moment place us in living touch with long-dead human hearts.

Some day, perhaps, I shall find the key to this alluring little puzzle; but for my present purposes the bare facts which it exhibits suffice: Inasmuch as these negroes had "served the company for eighteen or nineteen years" preceding the year 1644, it follows that slavery on this island practically was contemporaneous with the establishment in possession here of the Dutch West India Company; that, practically, it was a cardinal characteristic of the town of New Amsterdam—which was to be in the fulness of time the city of New York—from the very start.

II.

Actually, in those early days of the colony, the number of slaves in New Netherland was small. The promise of the West India Company to provide blacks for the colonists was so conditioned that it amounted to little; and at the same time the Company's laws forbade the despatch of slave-ships direct to Africa by the colonists themselves. Yet the need for laborers in the colony was very urgent indeed.

As a half-way measure, in the year 1647, the Board of Audit advised that the people of New Netherland should be permitted "to export their produce even to Brazil in their own vessels....and to trade it off there and to carry back slaves in return"; and at the same time the Board proposed that "orders should be made in Brazil that Jobbers and Jews who buy up the slaves for cash should not sell them on credit at a higher rate than one per cent. a month, the slaves being hypothecated to them for the full amount"—under which wise and beneficent arrangements, according to the forecast of the Board, it was hoped that the New Netherland might be adequately supplied with laborers, and that "the slave trade which hath so long lain dormant, to the great damage of the Company, might by degrees be again revived." But nothing seems to have come of this good plan—possibly because "the Jobbers and Jews," by openly accepting and secretly evading the one-per-cent.-a-month order, succeeded in cornering against the New Netherlanders the slave-market of the Brazils.

As to the slaves "out of prizes" so airily promised to the Patroons by the Company, the event by no means justified the expectation. I have found record of but two captures of ships with slaves aboard; and one of these turned out to be almost more plague than profit, because of the illiberal way in which the capture was regarded by the original owners of the vessel in which the blacks were found. Acting at the instance and on behalf of these narrow-minded persons, the Spanish Ambassador at the Hague made formal complaint, under date of December 11, 1655, that Captain Sebastian de Raeff, aided by his lieutenant, Jan Van Campen, "had committed piracies in the West Indies on the subjects of the King . . . having, among other things, captured near the Island of Jamaica, after a bloody engagement, a Spanish ship which he carried into, and sold with all its cargo at, New Netherland . . . whereby Juan Gallardo, pilot of the said ship . . . lost, exclusive of many articles of a considerable value, nine negroes, his own property, and thirty-six others, the property of Antonio de Rucia, who were under his care" —all of which negroes the Ambassador demanded should be returned to their original owners without delay.

Oddly enough, after taking a couple of years to consider the matter, the States General actually decided to comply with this extravagant request. Yet that it ever actually was complied with I gravely doubt. The last trace of the matter that I find in the records is near another year later—when the Spanish pilot is contending hotly for his property in the courts of New Amsterdam: with the result, apparently, of getting himself more and more entangled in the intricacies of Dutch colonial law. But even though the slaves were not surrendered, the bother of having to fight for them in the courts was excessive; and especially when ownership of them was acquired by virtue of seizure at sea.

But back of all this misfortune in the matter of slave-supply was mismanagement. To a large extent the lack of blacks in New Netherland was due to bad government—of which there was almost as much, proportionally to the number of people governed, in those early times on this island as there is at the present day. This general fact is brought out with much emphasis in the famous Remonstrance of

July 28, 1649—in which the City Club of the period assails the Tammany of the period with great vigor—and the particular fact just referred to is embodied in the pithy charge that "Even the negroes, which were obtained from Tamanderé, were sold for pork and peas. Something wonderful was to be performed with these, but they just dripped through the fingers."

The Remonstrance certainly did a good deal toward clearing the air in the colony; and probably it had its share in determining the Company to give the colonists a chance to try what they could do in the slave-trade for themselves—which permission was accorded under date of April 4, 1652, with the limitations that the New York ships should not trade to the eastward of Popo (that they might be kept at a safe distance from the Gold Coast), and that a duty of fifteen guilders should be paid precedent to the landing in America of each slave. Possibly this permissive act was not made operative immediately. Certainly the first action taken under it (of which I have been able to find record) is in the minutes of the Amsterdam College of the Dutch West India Company, under date of Thursday, 19 November 1654, when "appeared before the Directors Jan de Sweerts and Dirck Pietersen and asked liberty to sail with their vessel the *White Horse* to the coast of Africa to obtain a cargo of slaves and to import the same to New Netherland, provided they pay the customary duties. Which request being discussed, long deliberations followed which were at length concluded, and it was decided that by this means the population of the country was promoted and the situation of the inhabitants improved: whereupon the petition was granted."

The *White Horse*, presumably the first slave-ship, properly so called, that ever entered this harbor, arrived here in the late spring or early summer of the year 1655; and the choice pieces of her cargo, sold at auction, fetched about \$125 each—a large sum, it will be observed, for colonial regions in those times—whence the prices ranged downward. Yet were some of these purchases very bad investments indeed. When the sale was no more than ended several of the negroes "were found to have been infected with some fatal disorder"; of which the first case to declare itself was that of a girl bought by

Nicholas Boot: "whilst being led home along the shore of the East River, being opposite to Litschoe's tavern, she fell, crying 'Ariba!' She was taken up, and proceeding a few paces farther, again fell, her eyes being fixed in her head. Her owner coming up asked what was the matter? Upon which she cried 'Moa! Moa!' Some of the by-standers said: 'She is drunk. It will soon pass away. She is sound at heart.' At the city gate she was put in a wagon and taken to her master's house, but died in the evening."

It was on what now is Pearl Street, then the water-front, and—as is shown by the reference to Litschoe's tavern and to the city gate—a little to the south of what now is Wall Street that this poor purchase of Nicholas Boot's fell down a-dying: a tragedy not easily reconstructed mentally nowadays in that dingy thoroughfare in the twilight beneath the Elevated Railway and to the clanging accompaniment of rushing trains.

III.

Possibly the venture in the *White Horse* was the only private venture from Africa to New Amsterdam in the time of Dutch domination. Certainly the West India Company—the directors whereof were awake to chances of money-making—presently took the trade into their own hands.

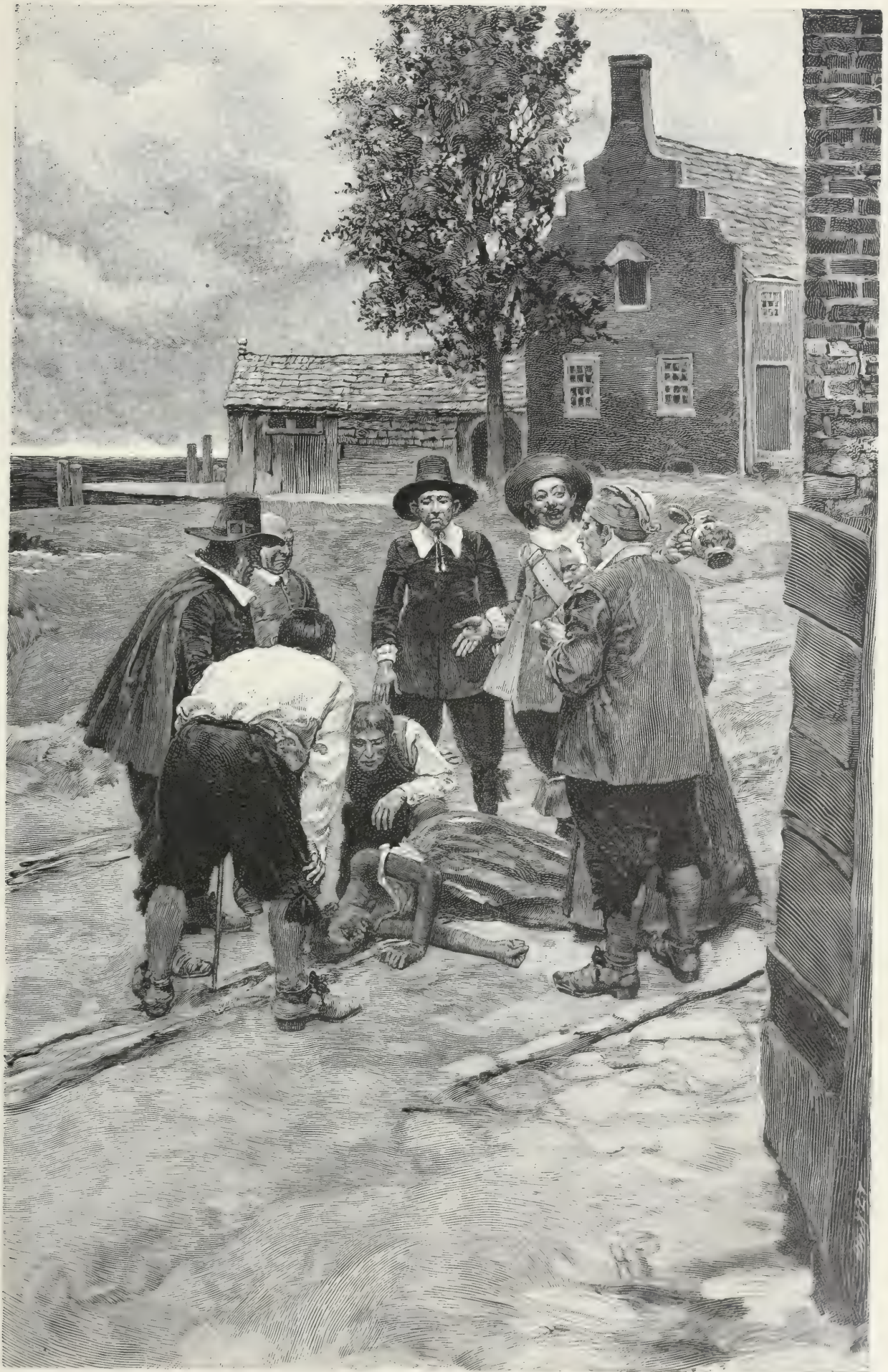
The first charter-party in the Company's name seems to be that with "Jansen Eykenboom from Hoorn, master, under God, of his vessel named the *Oak Tree*"; which is dated "In the year of the birth of our Lord and Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, 1659, the 25th of January," and which declares that "when the lading is on board, the vessel shall sail, with the first favorable wind and weather which God may vouchsafe, from the harbor direct toward the coast of Africa," and that the skipper "shall trade at all such places with his goods and merchandise, take in passengers, load and unload, and trade at the pleasure of the officers of the Company." It is worth while to note that the dimensions of this vessel, presumably a fair sample of the ships of the period, are stated in the charter-party to be: "in length 120 ft, in width 25½ ft, draft 11 ft, above the water-line 5 to 6 ft, with a poop-deck—that is to say, about the size of a small coastwise schooner of the present day. The ordinary lading seems to have been from 350 to 400 slaves,

of which (not unreasonably) from twenty-five to fifty per cent. were expected to die on the voyage.

The result of the venture in the *Oak Tree* is hidden away at Amsterdam in the manuscript archives of the West India Company; but there survives more openly, in the printed records, the log of another ship belonging to the Company, the *St. John*, which made a voyage to Africa under a like charter in the same year, 1659.

In its earlier portion this record is typical, no doubt, of the ordinary experience at that time of slaves on the West African coast. The *St. John* traded successfully at "Rio Real, before a village named Bavy" (presumably Bonny), where were taken on board "219 slaves, men women boys and girls"; which number was increased to 390 in the course of farther trade at "Rio Camerones" and at other points along the coast. But even while this good trading was going on difficulty was encountered in procuring food; and then, presently, "by reason of the excessive rains" and "through the bad victuals with which we were provided at Delmina" (the Elmina of the present day) "many of our slaves were affected by a malignant dysentery." Half of the cargo at once was transferred to "the yacht *Peace*," also a Company vessel; but the deaths among the slaves continued, and "our Master, his name was Martin Delanoy," died also. A little earlier the log notes that "our cooper died, his name was Pieter Claessen, from Amsterdam"—a death that produced more disaster when, on taking in water for the voyage, "among the water-casks about forty fell to pieces and could not be repaired, as our cooper had died at Rio Camerones." To make good the short water-supply, 5000 cocoanuts and 5000 sweet oranges were taken aboard; and then, on August 15th, a course was laid for Curaçoa. In some way or another the run of eleven weeks across the Atlantic was accomplished with no farther misfortune, saving, of course, the steady diminution of the cargo by death. The supercargo seems to have been an orderly person, his death-list having been kept with an admirable precision in this form:

| | Men | Women | Boys |
|--------------|-----|-------|------|
| July 10..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| " 12..... | | 2 | |
| " 14..... | 1 | | |
| " 16..... | 3 | 2 | |



“SOME OF THE BY-STANDERS SAID: ‘SHE IS DRUNK. IT WILL SOON PASS AWAY.’”

and so on—with the parenthetical note following the single entry on August 14th, “(did spring overboard).” And then, at last, being come almost to the destined port, the log records: “On the 1st November, two hours before daylight, lost the ship on the Rocks of Rocus, and we escaped in the boat to the island of Curaçoa, leaving in the ship 85 slaves—as there was no hope of saving the slaves when we were compelled to leave the vessel in the heavy surge.”

In the end, the slaves actually were saved, but not in a way profitable to the Company. The last bit of information touching the matter is the deposition of the master of a sloop sent out from Curaçoa to attempt salvage—which reads: “Jan Rykartsen, skipper of the Company’s barque the *Young Spotted Cow*, says he received orders to go to Rocus to save the negroes on the ship *St. John*. When he arrived there he endeavored to approach the wreck, and succeeded in fastening a hawser to the wreck; when two negroes approached the boat, swimming, and were brought on board by the hawser. A short time after the hawser parted from the wreck, and through the violent surge it was found impossible to reach the wreck again; whereupon it was concluded to await the arrival of a vessel expected to be sent to their assistance. A few days after an English privateer made his appearance and captured the *Young Spotted Cow*, and, having transferred 84 slaves to her, sent her toward the continent.”

IV.

But even a total loss now and then, and the considerable loss by death which was a constant factor in the trade, mattered little—when the profits as a whole were so refreshingly large that every shareholder rubbed together his big hands comfortably as he pocketed the annual dividends which the company declared. As against this total loss just recorded, Mr. Vice-Director Beck, at Curaçoa, wrote to Mr. Director-General Stuyvesant, at New Amsterdam, in August, 1659, “The Company’s ship *King Solomon* arrived here on the 2nd July from Guinea with 331 slaves, of which I sold 300 for cash to a certain Spanish merchant to be paid on delivery.” And the Vice-Director, pleasantly elated by his good stroke of business, continues: “I expect every day a ship with negroes; and I wish they were

arrived here, even if they were a thousand in number, as I expect the return of the aforesaid merchant to take with him all, as he is able and willing to do.”

In this same letter the Vice-Director adds: “From the aforesaid negroes Frank Bruyn selected for your Honor two boys and a girl, who are conveyed in the same vessel that bears this. I endeavored as much as possible to secure them from the cold. Frank Bruyn also made a purchase of two others for the Commissary Van Bruggh, who are also shipped by this opportunity. The Commissary Laurens Van Ruyven also bought here two young negroes on account of his brother the Secretary in New Netherland. A similar parcel was sold here at \$150.”

Then, in due order, is given the following receipt: “I, Jan Pietersen, skipper, under God, of my vessel named the *Sphe-ramundi*, now lying ready before Curaçoa, to sail with the first wind with which God shall favor us, to New Netherland, where my unloading shall take place, acknowledge to have received, under the orlop of my aforesaid ship, from Francis Bruyn, five head of negroes, whereof one is a wench, all dry and well conditioned, marked with the following mark: **M**. All of whom I promise to deliver, if God vouchsafe me a safe voyage with the aforesaid ship, in New Netherland, to the Hon. Director-General Petrus Stuyvesant, or to his factor or deputies, provided the freight of the aforesaid articles is paid.”

There was trouble over this consignment when it arrived at New Amsterdam: partly arising from Mr. Commissary Van Bruggh’s selfishness, and partly from the inconsiderate manner in which one of the five head of negroes died on the passage—and so confused the Vice-Director’s, the Commissary’s, and the Director-General’s joint accounts. In the ensuing February the Director-General wrote to the Vice-Director: “To avoid dispute, I left, for this time, the choice to the Commissary, who took one black girl and one of the stoutest boys. But even this is not without difficulty, as one of the five died in coming hither, others fell sick on the voyage or shortly after their arrival, from which the difficulty in settling the account arises. To prevent which in future, the negroes ought to be designated by the seller by some name or mark.” And again, six months later, his suggestion



"THE CHOICEST PIECES OF HER CARGO WERE SOLD AT AUCTION."

not having been heeded, the Governor wrote: "Referring to the negroes recently arrived by the ship *Indian*, we recommend you that if hereafter negroes be sent by one vessel some for individuals and some for the Company, that they be marked by particular signs, either with a string in their clothes or some other manner, so that disputes may be prevented; inasmuch as during the voyage of the *Indian* some few of the slaves fell sick or died."

There is a kindly touch in Governor Stuyvesant's suggestion—at a time when slave-branding was looked upon precisely as we now look upon cattle-branding—that for a particular sign the slaves should have a "string in their clothes"; and it is pleasant to know that this gentle-heartedness of the founder of the family survived warmly into later times. When Petrus Stuyvesant, the Governor's great-great-grandson, in the year 1803, conveyed to the Corporation of St. Mark's Church the land lying between First and Second avenues and Eleventh and Twelfth streets for use as a cemetery, one of the clauses of the deed provided: "and upon the further trust that they, the said Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestry, their successors and assigns, shall at any time hereafter permit and suffer the interment of any person who now is or who has been the slave of the said Petrus Stuyvesant, and the children of all such persons, in the said burial-ground without the charge of any mortuaries, burial-fee, or other ecclesiastical duties whatsoever." In the course of an address delivered more than thirty years later before the Historical Society, Mr. Benjamin Robert Winthrop, adverting to this condition of his grandfather's gift, told how he himself had been present at the interment in this cemetery of many of the old family slaves, and then continued: "I call up to memory now, though so many years have elapsed, the names and the persons of these faithful adherents of the family altar. Well do I remember 'Old Jonno' and 'Mammy Isabel'; 'Daddy Dick' and 'Mammy Dinah'; 'Mammy Sarah' and 'Bessy'; 'Mary' and 'Bowery John' and 'Lucy' and 'Hannah'; but especially do I call to mind dear old 'Mammy Mary'."

Some of these slaves, no doubt, were of the direct lineage of that lot of "five head of negroes" shipped "under the orlop" of the *Spheramundi* from Curaçoa

to New Amsterdam in the year 1659. And how it would have turned their African heads—admitting the violently improbable supposition that in the very least degree they could have comprehended the matter—could they have known of the mortuary honors which would come to their descendants in the fulness of a happy time! I hope that they know all about it now; and especially do I hope that "dear old Mammy Mary" (as Mr. Winthrop called her, with a ring of real affection in his tones) comes back to earth now and then and enjoys—in the thorough-going way that only a dear old darky mammy could enjoy such a self-ennobling spectacle—the dignified delight of looking at her own tombstone right in among the white folks's graves. Other and grander monuments there are hereabouts, but not one of them will excite in gentle hearts, humane as well as human, a warmer glow of kindness than does this good old soul's gravestone (now in the St. Mark's plot of Evergreens Cemetery), with its simple yet dignified inscription that flourishes off into a line of real Latin at the end.

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MARY BAY,

FAMILIARLY CALLED MAMMY MARY.

BORN

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1747.

DIED

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1843.

To which follows: "She was born beneath the roof of Gerardus Stuyvesant, where she dwelt until his death in 1777. After that event she remained the faithful servant and friend of the same family; and thus passed her long life of near a century among the same kinsfolk, and in the same neighborhood, in which she was born. She has now gone to dwell where the distinctions of this World are unknown; and, being found worthy, to reap rewards which the proudest may be happy to share with her. *Nata serva in Christo vivit libera.*"

V.

The last Dutch slaver to enter this port before New Amsterdam fell into the hands of the English was the ship *Gideon*. Under date of October 23, 1663, "the Commissioners and Directors for the management of the South [Delaware]

River in New Netherland" expressed themselves to the Directors of the West India Company as "of the opinion, under correction," that at least fifty negroes should be sent to that region immediately."

In those blessedly easy-going days there attached to the word immediately very little of the fuming and worrisome meaning that attaches to it now. Easily the suggestion of the Commissioners went over seas—in a round-bellied high-sterned Dutch ship which stolidly butted its snub-nose into the waves with a broad splashing sound such as a wide-seated Dutchman of that period would have made had he sat down suddenly in a full wash-tub, and which for every mile of headway was for drifting a good two miles down the lee. Easily the Directors in Holland considered the Commissioners' suggestion, passing it in divers ways back and forth through their substantial brains until at last they came to see the wisdom of it; after which, in due season, word was despatched to Governor Stuyvesant that a contract had been made with one Symen Gilde, master of the ship *Gideon*, to "take in a good cargo of slaves at Loango," and to proceed thence, *viâ* Curaçoa, to New Amsterdam—whence the slaves needed for the South River were to be forwarded and the remainder was to be sold on the Company's account.

Thus gently advancing, the project of the South River Commissioners did at last materialize; and on the 17th of August, 1664, Governor Stuyvesant sent down to them, by "a Savage who carries it by Land," a letter in which was the announcement: "There arrived here in safety, God be praised, on the 15th inst. the ship *Gideon*, which left Curaçoa on the 21st July, with 300 slaves, vizt. 160 males and 140 females, of whom 9 died during the passage; the whole being a poor assortment." Yet would it have been better for the South River people had the march of events in this matter exhibited a little more celerity—inasmuch as, only nine days after the Governor had despatched his letter by the land-travelling Savage, there came sailing up through the Narrows that English fleet which was to pounce upon slaves and masters together, and at a stroke was to change the Dutch province of New Netherland into the English province of New York.

A couple of years later, when they were hauling the ex-Director-General over the coals in Holland for permitting his territory to slip away from him so lightly—a most unjust proceeding, for he seems to have been the one loyal man in the colony and the one man willing to fight for it—he accounted in part for the scarcity of provisions, which was among the causes compelling his surrender, by the statement that "about fourteen to sixteen days before the arrival of the [English] frigates there arrived and came in the ship *Gideon* between 300 and 400 half-starved negroes and negresses, who alone, exclusive of the garrison, required one hundred skepels of wheat per week." Therefore this last load of slaves for the Dutch colony had an appreciable influence in the downhaul of the orange, white, and blue ensign from above Fort Amsterdam and the uphaul of the Union Jack above what then became Fort James—in view of which transformation scene 'twas well for Messrs. de la Montagne and Van Rensselaer that they had refused the Governor's request to "negotiate a loan of five or six thousand guilders in wampum for the Honorable Company . . . to be reimbursed satisfactorily, either in negroes or other goods, in case the gracious God, as we hope and trust, will grant us a favorable result."

As for the ship *Gideon*, that vessel was used as a transport for the carriage back to Holland of the *bouffe* garrison which had played the part of an exceptionally weak-kneed chorus during this shifting of names and fealties and flags. And unless the ship *Gideon* was prodigiously well washed and fumigated before taking in her passengers the soldiers of that most unvaliant garrison assuredly had a justly disagreeable homeward voyage.

VI.

Under English rule the slave-trade received earnest encouragement, both for the sake of the colony in America to which slaves were brought and of the colony on the Guinea coast from which they came. This last pertained to the Royal African Company (an evolution from the African Company formed by London merchants in the year 1588 for purposes of slave-dealing and general trade), of which the essential business was the exportation of slaves; and that this organization was in a flourishing condition at the time of the



"WE ESCAPED IN THE BOAT."

English capture of New Netherland is testified to, incidentally, by the Dutch ambassador then resident in England—who informed his government, under date of May $\frac{1}{2}$ ⁹, 1665, that “1200 negroes were sent by the factors of the Royal Company in Guinea to Barbadoes, mostly on Spanish account.”

Of the conduct of the Company's business, a glimpse is given in a letter written by one of its factors on the coast, Francis Moore, about the year 1730. “When the King of Barsalli wants Goods or Brandy,” wrote Moore, “he sends a Messenger to the English Governor at James's Fort to desire he would send up a Sloop with a Cargoe of Goods, which the Governor never fails to do. Against the Time the vessel arrives, the King Plunders some of his Enemies' Towns, selling the people for such Goods as he wants—which commonly is Brandy or Rum, Gunpowder, Ball, Fire-arms, Pistols and Cutlashes for his Soldiers, &c, and Coral and Silver for his Wives and Mistresses;” to which interesting facts Moore adds that about 2000 slaves were brought down each year to the coast, and that about 600 merchants were engaged in the trade; and concludes with the statement that if the Barsalli potentate “is at war with no neighboring King, he falls upon one of his own Towns, and makes bold to sell his own miserable Subjects.”

William Bosman, who was a factor for the Dutch West India Company at the near-by station of Elmina, has left a record of the trade contemporaneous with Moore's, and in certain directions supplementing it. “The inhabitants of Arda,” he writes, “are so diligent that they are able to deliver a thousand Slaves every month. . . . Our surgeons examine them, and those which are approved as good are set on one side. In the mean while a burning Iron, with the Arms or Name of the Companies, lies in the Fire, with which ours are marked on the Breast. When we are agreed with the Owners of the Slaves they are returned to the Prisons, where from that time onward they are kept at our Charge—costing us Two-pence a Day a Slave, which serves to subsist them like our criminals on Bread and Water; so that, to save charges, we send them on board our Ships with the very first Opportunity; before which their Masters strip them of all they have on their Backs, so that they come on board stark-

naked, as well Women as Men: In which condition they are obliged to continue if the Master of the Ship is not so charitable (which he commonly is) as to bestow something on them to cover their nakedness.” Mr. Bosman adds to his pleasant picture the statement that “Six or seven hundred of them are sometimes put on board a Vessel, where they lie as close together as possible for them to be crowded”; and concludes with the philosophical reflection: “I doubt not that this Trade seems very barbarous to you; but, since it is followed by meer necessity, it must go on.”

That the English government at the beginning of the eighteenth century held, with Mr. Bosman, that slave-dealing “must go on” is made evident by the repeated instructions given to the colonial authorities to foster the trade. Of such, the following, issued to Governor Robert Hunter of New York, under date of December 30, 1709, may be taken as typical: “You are to give all due encouragement and invitation to merchants and others who shall bring trade into our said Province, or any way contribute to the advantage thereof, and in particular to the Royal African Company of England. And as we are willing to recommend unto the said Company that the said Province may have a constant and sufficient supply of merchantable negroes, at moderate prices in money or commodities, so you are to take especial care that payment be duly made, and within a competent time, according to their agreements.” And ten clauses farther on—with a nice regard for the welfare of such negro souls as might not be let loose from their encasing black bodies by branding, or starving with cold or hunger, or tight packing between decks, or other of the amenities of the Royal African Company's personally conducted excursions to America—Governor Hunter is charged: “And you are also, with the assistance of the Council and Assembly, to find out the best means to facilitate and encourage the conversion of negroes and Indians to the Christian Faith.”

How suggestions of this sort were received by the colonists is stated by Lord Bellomont—a very frank nobleman—under date of April 27, 1699, in the following terms: “A bill for facilitating the conversion of Indians and negroes (which the King's instructions require shall be endeavored to be pass'd) would not go downe

with the Assembly; they having a notion that the negroes being converted to Christianity would emancipate them from slavery and loose them from their service, for they have no other servants in this country but negroes." This phase of the matter, however, is aside from my present purpose—in that it pertains not to slave-trading afloat but to slavery ashore.

VII.

After the English fairly were in the saddle, at the fag-end of the seventeenth century, three spirited forms of industrial endeavor were united in contributing handsomely to the prosperity of this town. There was privateering: which for the most part, at that period, was but a genteel form of piracy; there was piracy pure and simple: which was not genteel, but which (much in the way that we are disposed, two hundred years later, to regard the professional occupation of a seat in the United States Senate) was a business which paid so well that those engaging in it were tolerated by respectable people; and there was "the Red Sea trade": which last, a sort of vicarious piracy, was a cross between running a "fence" and sneak-thieving on the high-seas. And side by side with these dashing ways of marine money-making, and most intimately associated with the last-named variety, the slave-trade jubilantly flourished: being well thought of by conservative business men because, while ranking below privateering and far below either form of piracy in point of profits, it did at that time pay fairly well, and was comparatively free from dangers, absolutely respectable, and wholly inside the law.

Yet what gave slave-trading its strongest hold upon the affections and interests of New-Yorkers in those last few years of the seventeenth century was the opportunity that it afforded to those avowedly engaging in it to carry on unavowedly the profitable Red Sea trade—this last, in detail, being the despatch hence of goods likely to hit a pirate's fancy, such as strong liquors and wines and ammunition and arms, to the island of Madagascar; where they were bartered at extravagant rates with practising pirates for the articles of value which these latter had removed professionally from Arabian merchantmen and from the coming or going East Indian fleets.

It will be observed, by reference to the statement cited above of Mr. Francis Moore, that the more urgent wants of the King of Barsalli—which may be regarded as exemplary of the wants of African sovereigns of that period in general—were identical with the more urgent wants of a pirate in active business; that is to say, each wanted a profuse supply of the materials for personal intoxication and for impersonal murder. It was an easy matter, therefore, for the New York merchants of that enterprising time to freight with arms and strong drink professedly for the Guinea coast and a live cargo, and yet to do some highly profitable trading before taking in the live cargo by slipping around the Cape to Madagascar and getting aboard from the pirate vessels in waiting there a noble ballast of stolen goods. Presently, indeed—Madagascar being full of potential slaves, to be had for the hunting—the Royal Africans were given the go-by and no pretence was made of calling at the West Coast at all. This change is noted, incidentally, in ex-Governor Fletcher's "Answers to the Complaints against Him" (in the compilation of which document he spent melancholily the Christmas eve of the year 1698), in his effort to explain away his share in the scandalous doings of the ship *Fortune*. "The case (as I recollect it) was thus," he writes: "There were several English and Dutch merchants of New York who had hired the ship *Fortune* to fetch Negroes from Madagascar, as was every year usuall with them."

In the easy-going time of Governor Fletcher a polite acceptance was accorded to this sort of harmless subterfuge—which really deceived nobody, yet pleasantly smoothed away the asperities of official objection to doings a little outside of the law. But a dismal sea-change set in when Lord Bellomont's bleak rule began: for this energetic gentleman so harried and hustled and generally bedeviled the sea-adventurers of this town that the New York market for stolen goods was broken up forever; some of our best pirates and Red Sea men incontinently were hung; and 'twas touch and go, even, that his Lordship was not for yard-arming two or three of our ablest privateers. Not for near two centuries—when a later New York Governor fell afoul quite as vigorously of the freebooters of the Erie Canal—was there heard in these regions

such a reformatory rattling of nautical dry bones.

Yet one quite unanticipated change (his Lordship would have been the last man to call it a reform) flowed from Governor Bellomont's radical measures for curbing the too-exuberant marine enterprise of our townsfolk—the gradual extinction of the direct slave-trade between Africa and New York. Being no longer useful as a cloak to highly profitable barter with pirates, this trade fell away by natural gravity from Africa to the British West Indies: with which islands New York had established such close commercial relations during the fat years of the flour monopoly that slaves could be bought at Barbadoes, though at a higher price, more cheaply than in Guinea or Madagascar—for the reasons that the shorter haul after purchase cost less and assured a lower death-rate, and that the business could be more economically conducted in all its details by thus making it a part of a general system of trade. Therefore it was that from the beginning of the eighteenth century onward our supply of slaves from the West Indies increased steadily, while our African supply proportionately fell off—a fact brought out with marked clearness in Collector Kennedy's statement (December 16, 1726) that in the years 1701–1726, inclusive, 2395 slaves had been imported into the colony, of which 1573 had come from the West Indies and 822 from Africa direct.

Probably in the interest of the Royal African Company, an effort was made in the year 1728 to check this shifting of the New York trade by imposing a customs charge at this port "on every negro of four years and upwards imported from Africa 40 shillings, and for every negro imported from every other place £4." Yet, in point of fact, the Royal Africans were none the worse for New York's nicety in preferring to buy its negroes seasoned rather than green. As Sir John Werden concisely stated the case to the New York Collector, under date of November 30, 1676: "The Depty Gov^r of ye Royall Company tells me that y^t Company only pretends to ye first empcôn or transportacôn of Negroes out of Guiny, and when they are once sold in Barbadoes, Jamaica, &c, by them or their factors they care not whither they are transported from thence: for ye more are carryed of, ye more again wilbe wanting"

—in which statement is apparent the fact that Sir John Werden understood the logic of trade.

VIII.

The climax of slave-importation into New York must have been reached between the years 1730 and 1735. According to a report made by Governor Hunter (June 23, 1712) the population of the colony in the year 1703 consisted of "Christians, 7767, Slaves, 1301"; and in 1712 of "Christians, 10,511, Slaves, 1775." Collector Kennedy's figures (1726) show importation only, and not until we come to the census of 1731 do we find a total of the slave population, then amounting to 7202. This figure covers, of course, both importation and natural increase; as, likewise, does the return in the census of 1737 of 8941—a gain of near 2000 in only six years. This was the high-water mark. From this time onward the urgent need for importation ceased—as the natural increase of the blacks, together with the very considerable increase by births and by immigration of the white laboring class, provided more and more abundantly for the colony's needs. Indeed, there must have been sale for exportation, inasmuch as the slave population given in the census of 1746, only 9107, is not sufficient to account for natural increase. That there was a near-by market is apparent from Lord Cornbury's statement (1708) that even in his time the demand for slaves was much keener in the Virginia and Maryland plantations than it was in New York.

And so, gradually and pleasantly—not because anybody in the least objected to it, but because it had served its purpose and no longer could be continued profitably—the slave-trade out of this port came naturally to an end. So far as public opinion went, it might have been continued for a good half-century longer without encountering any very emphatic objections on moral grounds. So far as the law went, it might have been continued until the trade formally was abolished by the United States government—twenty-six years in the wake of Austria, fourteen years in the wake of France, and a year in the wake of England—by the act which became effective January 1, 1808. But long before either of these obstacles was encountered, the New York slave-trade stopped for the reason (ever in this city a final reason) that it did not pay.

THE MIDDLE HALL.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DIVIDING-FENCE."

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

THE dividing-fence was all in bloom. Lady-bank roses overlapped honeysuckle vines over long sections of its rough-hewn pickets, while woodbine and clematis locked arms for the passage of the amorous love-vine, that lay its yellow rings in tangled masses here and there according to its own sweet will.

The atmosphere was teeming with the odors of romance, musical with its small noises. Pollen-dusted bees and yellow-bellied moths—those most irresponsible fathers of hybrid blooms and remote floral kinships—flitted about in the sunshine, passed and repassed in mid-air by their rival match-makers, the iridescent humming-birds. And there were nests—real birds' nests—in the vines that clambered on both verandas, the widow Carroll's and that of her neighbor, the widower Bradfield. And from one porch to the other flitted bee and bird and moth, stopping for a sip or a brief wing-rest on the vine-clad fence, while the flowers on either side responded to their amenities in answering hues and friendly conformity.

It was late in the summer afternoon, and the evening twitterings were setting in in a lively chorus, which, to the casual listener, was quite drowned by the voices of children who played "tag" or "prisoners' base" down in the front yards, passing at will from one to the other by certain loose pickets hidden among the vines, known to the small-fry of both families.

Bradfield sat alone upon his porch in the shadows of the foliage, but though he was listening he heard none of these noises of nature. The truth was Bradfield was listening, though with no eaves-dropping intention, to a scarcely perceptible hum of voices in the corner of his neighbor's porch. The widow had "company," and the voice that came to Bradfield, alternating with hers, was one he knew.

Elder Billins was now a regular visitor at the widow's home, always presenting himself with a flourish, with the avowed intention of paying a formal visit—a thing Bradfield had not yet found courage to do. He had felt sometimes that if he

could just get out of sight of her house to "get a start," he might "make a break for her gate," and go in. Indeed, he did once try this, and found such momentum in the experiment that he had really passed his own gate, and would have entered hers, had not the whole drove of children swooped down upon him with the inquiry, "Where you goin'? Where you goin', pop?" to which he had quickly replied: "Oh, no place! Where *was* I goin', shore enough?" And so he had turned back, only to meet Billins riding up to the widow's gate with a great bouquet of flowers in his hand.

Bradfield wouldn't have been caught offering her a leaf or flower for anything in the world, unless, indeed, it were such a matter as a bunch of alder flowers, a sprig of mint, or a bunch of mullein, for medicinal uses.

No one knew what Mrs. Carroll's attitude toward Billins was, but everybody laughed at him, and of course there were those who blamed her for accepting his attentions, unless, indeed, she intended to marry him—a thing that such as knew her best were morally certain she would never do.

"Mary Carroll jest can't help likin' to have men a-hangin' 'round 'er, no more'n any other woman o' her colored hair can help it," was the verdict, compounded equally of apology and censure, by such of her friends as were managing to worry along through life fairly well without such accessories. But, of course, they had "other colored hair"!

If Mrs. Carroll's main pleasure in Billins's devotion was in its putting Bradfield's prosaic courtship to shame, she never told it.

On the evening with which this chapter opens we have seen that the situation was typical of the real condition of things—Bradfield alone on his porch, cogitating, moody; Billins talking with the widow on hers, full of words and bombast; the children of both houses playing, within range of her vision, from one yard to the other.

Up to this time Bradfield had had the satisfaction of knowing that although Billins was a regular visitor, he had ex-

perienced rather "hard luck" in having scarcely a word alone with her.

The truth was that Billins, who was their Sunday-school superintendent, was a great favorite with the children, and when on his presenting himself the little Carrolls and Bradfields would come and, drawing up chairs, seat themselves with modest company manners before him, he could not do less than treat them cordially; and, indeed, more than once the entire lot had monopolized his visit wholly, dutifully volunteering to recite to him their "golden texts," catechism, or selected hymns for the following Sunday's lesson. And for different reasons neither family was ever privately reproved by its respective parent for this artless intrusion.

The widow rather dreaded the unequivocal proposal of marriage which she knew was imminent, as she felt that it would end the affair; and she felt that Bradfield needed that it should continue, "under his very eyes," for the present at least.

Bradfield, on his part, was simply glad, on general principles, to thwart Billins's designs, and, indeed, he was guilty of a little indirect manœuvring to this end, as when, on several occasions, he took pains to charge his children to "always ac' nice an' polite to Elder; to ricollec'thet he was their Sund'y-school sup'intendent, which was the same ez a shepherd, an' of co'se he took a heap o' int'rest in all the lambs o' his flock."

The little Bradfields were gentle of nature, and took readily to hints of politeness; and when they brought their catechisms to Billins for recitation, and little Sudie shared his entire visit, sitting upon his knee, there was no one to chide them for excess of cordiality.

As Bradfield sat listening to the low murmur of voices, with an occasional merry note of laughter from the widow, or a rise in eloquent fervor from Billins, he was most uncomfortable, and was several times tempted to call the children in "out o' the fallin' dew." But it was difficult to do this, for two reasons. First, because he feared that if he should do so the whole crowd would come over to his side, leaving Billins master of the situation, and if he waited a little while Mrs. Carroll would surely call them. And besides, it would seem almost like an imputation against her watchfulness, for it was she who always decided such mat-

ters, and why should he assume that she had forgotten to-night?

But it was growing late, and she did not call them, and Billins's voice was sinking ominously lower. It was well that Bradfield could not hear what he was saying.

To do Eben Bradfield full justice, had this been possible he would have changed his seat—or he thought he would. All honest men think they would flee from such temptation, but there are thousands of estimable men, and women too, who wouldn't do it; for of all negative crimes the simple acceptance of an accidental, unsought advantage is perhaps the most insidious. But Bradfield could not hear a word. He got the form of the conversation, though, and its punctuation reached him in short outbursts of laughter from the widow. But this had not come for some time now. Indeed, Billins's long periods were proclaiming the matter in hand no laughing matter.

Perhaps the last hour of the interview is worth recording here.

"Why," he was saying, when it was quite dark, and Bradfield had for a half-hour thought it time for him to be gone—"why, Mis' Carroll, this thing come to me ez a rev'lution from Heaven—that's what it did. It come to me ez a rev'lution on a most sollum occasion, too. In fact, to show you *how* sollum it was, which nobody reelized more'n what you did, why, it was the day o' yore funeral, Mis' Carroll."

"My funeral, Elder!" She laughed here a little nervously; and Bradfield, suddenly angered, moved his chair to the other end of the porch. "My funeral, Elder! Why, I ain't dead yet, *I hope!*"

"Nor will be for many happy years to come, let us pray, you dear heart! I mean the funeral you *give*, Mis' Carroll—not mentionin' no names."

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Yas; an' you didn't give him no mean one neither; an' ef you don't mind me sayin' it, why, I'll tell you what Jim Creese says. Sez he, talkin' about that funeral, '*There's a woman*,' sez he, '*thet when she pays respects, why, she pays 'em*,' sez he—jest so. '*Diff'rent fam'lies under affliction had negotiated with me for that sample coffin*,' sez he, '*but when it come to the price, why, they'd always seem to think maybe 'twasn't right for Christians, believin' in the resurrection o'*

the dead, to imprison theirs in a metallic—like ez ef when called to appear they couldn't rise an' drop off the coffin same ez a overcoat no longer needed—an' so,' sez he, 'they'd fall back on white pine an' satin ribbons, black, white, or mixed, accordin' to age and conditions. But Mis' Carroll, when it come to the worst, why, she jest simply ordered the sample off-hand,' sez he, 'never pricin' it nor nothin'.'

"An' now he's done bought a new sample, with side an' top merrors in it, an' he sez he's a-waitin' to see the next one dyin' in Simpkinsville thet 'll be thought enough of to lay in it. Have you saw the new sample down in the show-window, Mis' Carroll?"

"No, Elder, I haven't. Tell the truth, I always go round the other way rather than pass there."

"Well, you'd ought to see it. Th' 'ain't been nothin' like it in these parts before. It cert'n'y is gorgeous, though I can't say ez it attracts me much. I don't see no good in seemin' to be buryin' three, which these merrors refle'; *and four with the cover on*; though of co'se the fo'th one is only for the benefit o' the occupant. Of co'se some survivors might take comfort in multiplyin' their griefs that a-way; an' for a departed bachelor or a maiden lady it might relieve the monotony a little, an' make 'em seem more like fam'ly persons, an', after a lonely life, they might care to have sech reflections cast, though *I* wouldn't.

"But that ain't neither here nor there. What I was a-startin' to say was thet it was the day o' this sollum occasion, when we was in the church, an' John Carroll was layin' his last lay in the sample before the pul-pit, when you an' yores had follered him, two by two, up the middle aisle, thet the rev'lution come to me. A voice said in my ear, jest ez plain ez I'm a-sayin' it to you now, 'David Billins,' sez it, 'bide yore time in patience, but *there's yore family*.'

"You know, Mis' Carroll," he continued, after a pause, which she did not break, "the tie betwixt John Carroll an' me was mighty close-t. We wasn't no ord'nary friends; an', tell the truth, ef you hadn't a-ordered that sample, why, it was my intention to do it, jest out of respects to the best friend I ever had, which was John hisself, ez you well know. John done everything for me thet a friend could well do in life—

an' in death too, ef you give yore consents."

Mrs. Carroll fanned nervously, and found it necessary to move her chair, her quick motion having caught one of its rockers under the banisters. But Billins went on without interruption.

"An' the fact is *I've* did John sev'al friendly favors, an' whether you suspi-cioned it or not, *one* of 'em was keepin' out o' yore way jest ez soon ez I'd saw what his sen-ti-ments was to'ards you—long years ago.

"Yes, ez school-girl, maid, wife, *an'* widder, you've always been the first lady o' the republic to David Billins. But John Carroll was my friend, an' sech was, *and is*, my idees o' friendship.

"When I had give you up to him it was ez ef I had surrendered the last thing on earth; but I give it freely, never expectin' to get it back; an' now its jest ez ef John had sat up in his grave an' said to me: 'Here's your loand, Dave Billins. Take it back—*with interest*.'

"Of co'se they's some folks thet 'd contend thet under sech circumstances I couldn't *take* no interest in John's child'en; but to my mind—ef you'll excuse me makin' a mighty triflin' figgur o' speech—to *my* mind this is a case where the cheerful takin' of interest on a loand is a proof of friendship.

"An' no jokin', Mis' Carroll, they're about ez handsome a lot o' step-child'en ez any man ever aspired to; an' I don't begrudge it to 'em, neither, not even sech o' their features ez they taken after John. Of co'se yore child'en couldn't be no ways *but* purty, don't keer who fathered 'em; an' John wasn't a bad-lookin' man, neither, though I have thought thet ef looks had a-been all, I might o' stood my chances with John—of co'se I mean befo' I'd fell away like I have. Sence I've started a-thinnin' out, flesh *an'* hair, of co'se I don't claim much ez to looks; but I depend mo' upon yore ricollection o' what I *have been* in my day an' generation to show what conditions I could return to, in part at least, ef home an' happiness an' wife an' child'en should suddenly descend from heaven upon me. Why, I'm jest ez shore thet I'd fatten up under it, an' be *measur'bly* like I used to be, ez I am thet— Well, I'm that shore of it thet, though I don't to say favor divo'ces, I'd give you free leave to divo'ce me out of hand ef I don't. An' them

fainty spells thet come over me sometimes, they ain't nothin' but heart weakness, the doctor says. But of co'se he don't know why it's weak—nor how it could be strengthened by the suppo't of yore love."

Mrs. Carroll felt no disposition to smile as she glanced up into the speaker's thin, serious face. There was a new depth to his voice as he had thus confessed his life's secret—a depth that all his fervent confessions in public prayer had never revealed. It was still the prayer-meeting voice—but *more*.

Somehow, up to this time, while priding herself somewhat upon Billins's romantic attachment, she had never been able to take him quite seriously. It is hard to take a confirmed old bachelor seriously, his whole life seeming to give the lie to any fixed matrimonial intention. It is only when one knows the story, the personal *why* of the individual case, that she is able to admit her old-bachelor lover into the category of earnest suitors.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether or not one of these presumably self-elected celibates ever does make his tardy way with the desired woman without prefacing his suit with a touching explanation of "how it happened." That these explanations are usually lies does not alter the case.

But Billins was not lying, and Mrs. Carroll knew it as she looked at him. He was a thin, homely old man, absurd, perhaps, in his present rôle of aspirant to stepfatherhood, certainly so in his confident promise to return to youthful good looks, but for the first time in her life Mrs. Carroll saw him without a trace of the ridiculous. Indeed, so was her heart suddenly suffused with sympathy for the lonely man as he sat, a pathetic embodiment of self-abnegation before her, that, in the old-time confusion of tender sentiments, she felt for the moment that love had come into her life again—and she was startled.

Her next thoughts, by a strange and subtle connection, were of Eben Bradfield's children, and their motherless state—their ill-fitting clothes, their croupy tendencies.

What this had to do with anything David Billins or any other man chose to say to her, when she had many times wrathfully declared that she wouldn't marry that skinflint Eben Bradfield to save his life, she did not stop to ask her-

self. She simply realized a traitorous relation to the legacy of responsibility left at her door by her old-time neighbor and friend.

If she should marry another, Bradfield would *no doubt* forthwith start out and find him a bride: "an' like ez not she'd be some young chit of a girl thet wouldn't know no more about sewin' an' doin' for five child'en 'n nothin'."

These thoughts rushed through her mind with the rapidity of an electric current as she sat alone with Billins, listening to his story.

And just here it was that the sound of a croupy cough came to her from the front yard. Little Mary Bradfield was taking cold. It was time for the children to come in, and she did not hesitate a moment. What she said, however, was:

"You, Mamie Bradfield! *Oh*, Mamie!" And, when the little girl appeared before her, "Honey, I hear you a-coughin', an' it's time you was all *goin' in* now." She did not say "coming in"; she said, distinctly, "*going*." "An' tell yore pa I say he better give you a spoonful o' that cough surrup I made you—*right away*."

This speech, sending the entire crowd over to Bradfield's, was the first tangible encouragement Billins had received at her hands; and when Bradfield got her message, delivered in chorus by the crowd, he realized for the first time that Billins, as his rival, was to be taken in all seriousness. As to himself, he felt formally refused.

So elated was Billins over the little turn which it seemed to give his prospects that he took courage to draw his chair—it was the rustic one he had made for her—a little nearer the widow.

"Elder," she began, thoughtfully, before he had spoken again, "did John ever know about you wantin' to keep comp'ny with me?"

"John Carroll? No, ma'am, he didn't. Why, ef he'd 've knew it, I reckon you'd 've died a ol' maid, so far ez we two was concerned. We'd 'a' sat off an' twirled our thumbs, time out o' mind, neither one willin' to take advantage o' the other. No, ma'am, nobody atop o' this round world knew it but the good Lord an' the 'umble person thet's a-tellin' you now—*not another soul*, less 'n 'tis my guardeen angel. I did expec' thet that secret would 'a' been buried with me—in my coffin—an', tell the truth, Mis' Carroll, I've put

down in my will thet I was to have a pink satin lined one—not for myself, but because that secret was to lay in it.

“An’ I’m a-talkin’ right along—not stoppin’ to see what you’re a-fixin’ to say. But ef you feel *shore* that you couldn’t never bring yourself to it—an’ me so thin an’ peaked, I wouldn’t blame you much—but ef sech *is* the case, thet you couldn’t consider it *no ways*, why, don’t speak the word to-night. Let this be the one night in my life—even ef you’re bound by conscience to write me a letter in the mornin’. I want to set here by yore side an’ jest co’t you for all I’m worth—for *this once-t*—an’ ashamed of it am I not.

“I’ve took partic’lar pains, Mis’ Carroll, ever sence the day I set out—which was the day follerin’ yore full year o’ widderhood—I’ve took partic’lar pains not to conceal nothin’ from the Simpkinsville folks, an’ they can’t none of ’em point a finger at David Billins an’ say he used to be a-spoonin’ ’round with this girl an’ that one—for spoons have I never traded in, not even in my sto’e. But I dare ’em *not* to say thet I have co’ted you *direc’*, straightforward an’ outspoken, leavin’ nothin’ undone thet might, could, would, or should ’a’ been done to prove myself yore devoted lover, world without end, Amen.”

He paused here; and Mrs. Carroll felt almost as if she were in church, so familiar was his reverent voice in the oft-repeated form with which he closed his frequent prayers. She was really awed into silence. But Billins had soon resumed, his voice falling still lower.

“An’ ef it all ends to-night, I reckon, by the help o’ the good Lord, I can go back to my little house an’ start fresh in the old track; but *nothin’* can’t take *this* away, thet I’ve been permitted to set by yore side an’ declare my heart. An’ it’ll go down in Simpkinsville word-o’-mouth hist’ry thet David Billins loved an’ co’ted Mary Carroll. It’ll be passed down in the *spoken* records that a-way, even ef you don’t ’low to have it recorded in the co’t-house—which, with the blessin’ o’ the Lord an’ the co’t’s seal, I trust it may be.”

This sort of love-making was new to Mary Carroll. Never had man spoken to her after this manner before, and she was silenced in the presence of what seemed a more romantic and a loftier sentiment than she had known.

In the light of this new interpretation, all of Billins’s conspicuous attentions took

to themselves a new dignity. She, as well as the rest of Simpkinsville, had smiled when his mare appeared in the road, a bouquet of color illumined by the late sun, as he rode in with his floral offerings. She had smiled at his gallant speeches, laughed in her sleeve at the new expression of his figure as he met her with a courtly bow; but from this time forward, whatever the ultimate result of to-night’s interview, she would be on his side. She would never be inclined to laugh again.

Indeed, the romantic avowal was very sweet to her woman’s ears; but whether she was moved by the force of his passion, his fervor in its declaration, or was really falling seriously in love with the man, she did not for the moment know; but even while listening to the sound of his voice, she turned her eyes toward Bradfield’s cottage and sighed. And then she said in all seriousness, and with a humility of manner that was an added charm:

“Elder, I’m very much afraid you’ve been deceived in me—all my life. You know, I never was, to say, very religious—an’ I’m a mighty pore hand to go to communion, which you cert’n’y must know, ef you’ve taken notice. They’s a heap o’ better an’ more religious women in Simpkinsville ’n what I am—an’ for a man versed in Scripture verses an’ gifted in prayer like you are—”

Billins raised his voice to speak, but she interrupted him.

“Don’t say a word, Elder. I know myself, an’ I know I’m awfully set on worldly vanities. Th’ ain’t a inch o’ my house thet don’t show it, too—not even to a pantry shelf. The money I spend on colored paper for them shelves would buy a lot o’ trac’s for the conversion o’ sinners, I know, an’ the time I take notchin’ it out in patterns I could be out distributin’ ’em, too—an’ yet I can’t even say to you now that I’m resolved to do it. I ain’t the trac’-distributin’ sort. Even the religious habits I’ve been raised to don’t seem to be very strong in me. Ef I’m purty tired of nights, ’stid of readin’ a whole chapter o’ Scripture, I don’t hesitate to take a single verse. I did try to stick to readin’ the full chapter, but I found myself a-readin’ the hundred and seventeenth psalm purty near every night, till it was acchilly scand’lous, an’ I got so ashamed of it thet I thought it ’d be mo’ honest to take a verse or two outright somewheres

else. So now that's what I most gen'ally do; an', tell the truth, some nights I don't disturb the Bible at all, but jest say over to myself some verse I know, though I do try to say one thet 'll be a reproof to me for sech ungodliness. An' many a cold night have I said my prayers in bed. Don't say a word. I knew you'd be surprised, but I tell you some o' the church-goin' people you'd least suspect are the most wicked—an' I'm one of 'em. An' ez to worldly-mindedness *an'* vanity, why, I'm jest full of it. I do jest love a purty house."

"Of co'se you do, Mis' Carroll. An' why shouldn't you, I'd like to know? I like a purty house myself, though, to look at my little one room, nobody 'd think so. But I've had a sen-ti-ment about that little house o' mine—ever sence I put it up. Tell the truth, it ain't founded on nothin' *but* sen-ti-ment.

"You ricollec', I built that house befo' you was married. I wanted a place to sleep nights—outside o' the sto'-house—an' so I built that right in the sto'-house yard where it stands now; but I was determined then thet it mustn't be homelike or nice, for there was only one person in the world thet could ever make David Billins a home, an' that was Mary Sommers, which you then was. "So I jest built that one room—good an' wide an' high—an' sez I to myself, 'Ef the day ever comes when she gives her consents, why, then it 'll be for her to say where she wants rooms added on—always retainin' the one entrance-room for a middle hall.' That's why I finished off that front cornish so nice, an' put in that oak-grained door, with the little diamond winder-panes all round it.

"My house ain't no house, Mis' Carroll. It ain't a blessed thing but a front door an' hall to yore res-i-dence—when-ever you're ready to take possession an' order the improvements. That's all it is, or ever has been. An' ez to yore bein' worldly-minded an' likin' purty things, why, that's a part of every wifely woman's life—to have an' keep things purty.

"An' when the Maker has set her sech a example ez He has set you, which you can't deny in the face of a merror, why—excuse me for chucklin' this a-way, but all sech a woman ez you would have to do would be to try to live up to the beauty the Lord has laid on herself, an' to keep her surroundin's worthy o' that mark,

which it 'd take a long purse an' a extravagant hand to do too, and keep half even."

Billins inclined his head in his characteristic old-school fashion as he closed this speech.

"I declare, Elder, you mustn't talk that a-way." There was a note of real embarrassment in her protest.

"Yas, I must talk that a-way, too, or else be dumb. Why, Mis' Carroll, you'd be jest ez out o' place in a bare ugly house ez—well, ez I'd be, by my lonesome, awkward self, in a purty one—there!

"But remember they's jest ez beautiful a house a-waitin' for you out at my place ez you care to call for—an' plenty o' money for you to draw on whenever you care to let me set a rockin'-cheer in the hall for you to rock in while you plan out the improvements.

"An' the trees are all set out so ez not to interfere with any reasonable plans you might have—an' they ain't one of 'em too good to chop down ef they're in yore way either. I set 'em that a-way intentional. An' I thought maybe you'd like yore room on the south side, so I've set all the flowerin' trees that side—magnolias an' crape-myrtles an' camellieas. An' that ol' catalpa-tree thet was there a'ready, I was a-fixin' to chop it out, an' seemed like it got wind of it an' started a turnin' out special crops o' speckled-throated flowers to keep from bein' cut down. So I left it there; but you might like it took out. It's a toler'ble coa'se tree—for yore side o' the house.

"Oh, how happy I am settin' here tellin' you all about it! Of co'se they was all set out befo' you was married; but I've always lived in that one room in the middle of a 'maginary house where you've came an' went through doors thet was never cut.

"Maybe some would say it wasn't right—an' you married to another—but I can't see the wrong of it, save my life, an' it has saved me many a lonely hour—that an', of co'se, the consolations o' faith.

"An' ez to yore claimin' not to be religious, why, I reckon I've done enough prayin' an' Bible-readin' for both of us. It nachilly takes mo' watchfulness an' prayer to keep a man straight than it does a woman, special when the Lord *created* her ez near perfec' ez He dared—without clair breakin' His rule for mortals on this mundane sp'ere."

"I *do* declare you *mustn't* talk that a-way, Elder. It ain't right. I'm so far off from *half* perfect, even, thet I feel like a hypocrite jest a-listenin' at you. Here come them child'en o' mine 'crost the stile now, an' I'm ready to bet thet Mary Bradfield is sick, an' they've sent for me.

"Yes, I knew it soon ez I see you child'en comin' crost the stile"—she was now addressing the group who by this time had announced their errand.

Mamie Bradfield was sick, but Eben had not sent for his neighbor. His message was simply that he had given the prescribed dose of croup syrup; the child continued hoarse; should he give another?

"And mamma," the little Carroll girl added, "I think maybe you better come over, 'cause little Mamie is a-breathin' awful whistly."

Mrs. Carroll thought so too, and so did Billins, who forthwith rose, awkwardly wondering if he could do anything to help.

"Cert'n'y, Elder; you better come right along with me," she answered, quickly; and then she added—prudentially, "You know, she might get worse, an' you could go for the doctor."

And so, the children leading the way, they hurried across to Bradfield's house.

As she mounted the stile, standing thus in the very centre of his proposed hall to unite the two houses, the widow could not help instituting a comparison between this and Billins's actual hall awaiting her commands, a mile away.

To her mind this one was simply a practical economic scheme; the other expressed the devotion of a life. And yet her own life and its interests were rooted here. She sighed as she stepped lightly off the stoop on the Bradfield side.

But there was no time now for selfish thought. The "whistly breathing" of the little sufferer had by this time become a hoarse bark, and at the sound of it Mrs. Carroll quickened her steps; then, turning hurriedly, she sent Billins in haste for the doctor. But, shame to tell, when his slim figure disappeared among the trees, the thought that took shape in her mind, as she followed the children in, was precisely this:

"I'd like to know what good it did Susan Bradfield to die, anyhow. She'd ought to 've staid right here an' looked after her child'en—that's what she'd ought to 've done!"

But when she had entered, her voice was very womanly and tender as she held out her arms and said,

"Lemme hold 'er, Eben."

She had called Bradfield by his first name only at rare intervals during his life—in times of affliction—and her doing so now was a first danger-signal to the father's slow ears. It alarmed him more than had the metallic cough or the ever-turning head of the restless child struggling for breath in his arms.

But the warning note had come in a voice of sympathy, and his heart went out of him afresh to both child and woman as he laid the little one in her arms. And his being was flooded as with a great wave of pain in the presence of the imminent loss of both. Then came the boon of loving service—tending the one, obeying the other.

Mrs. Carroll, gentle, alert, maternal, was entire mistress of the situation, while poor Bradfield, not having the sick-nurse faculty—a rare endowment, indeed, to his sex—blundered like an awkward boy as he mutely did her bidding, his only words disconnected terms of endearment spoken to the sick child.

The first half-hour spent thus was one of those pocket editions of eternity that mortals are sometimes bidden to read at a sitting, and it would be hard to say whether to man, woman, or child it seemed longest—to which it was fraught with keenest pain.

There was at least nothing complex in the child's simple physical battle for breath.

By what mental or emotional process the neighbor-woman came into vital concern in the matter does not at present appear, nor, indeed, looking in upon her as she calmly took charge of things, changing chaos to order by a few masterful strokes, would one suspect that the heart guiding the executive hand was in the first tremors of a conviction involving heavy issues and painful complexities. And, too, her mother-heart was deeply touched for the frail little one whose mother-needing life hung so lightly on the balance before her. But dominating all was the woman of faculty—the woman who knew equally well how to get the sleepy children noiselessly to bed without exciting a suspicion of danger, and to secure the needed services of the half-asleep old darky nodding in the doorway

by the exactly reverse policy of scaring her into wakefulness—a bit of tact exemplified in a nutshell in the following sentence spoken in the old negro's ear while Bradfield's back was turned:

"Aunt Randy, step around quietly an' get them child'en off to bed, where they belong, an' don't let 'em know how bad off Mamie is. Then, ef you'll get some water het right quick, an' some mustard mixed 'g'inst the doctor's orders, maybe we can bring her through—ef she don't choke to death 'fo' the doctor gets here. An' drive that black cat away, for gracious' sakes, 'fo' she *meadows* in the doorway!"

Nothing was forgotten in the pressure of the moment—not even the setting of a lantern in the front door, so that the doctor should see his way clearly up the walk.

This thoughtful provision was not destined to serve its purpose to-night, however. The little patient passed the crisis of her disease, and fell into a feverish sleep in Mrs. Carroll's lap without professional treatment. And the lantern burned all night in the doorway.

When the necessity for the doctor was passed, and the prospect of his visit reduced to a minimum by the coming of the "wee short hours," Mrs. Carroll forbore to remove the light, which was as a third personality, sharing the watch with her and Bradfield, its bright eye exercising over the two a sort of friendly chaperonage—a word entirely foreign to her vocabulary.

Bradfield, poor in speech even when presenting a definite plea, was wellnigh dumb to-night. He sat at a distance from her, and when the danger was passed he drew his chair quite to the opposite side of the room, whence from time to time he timidly ventured such expressions of commonplace solicitude as the following: "I'm 'fear'd you'll be completely wo'e out settin' up all night this a-way, Mis' Carroll."

Mrs. Carroll was not worn out physically, but her patience was wellnigh threadbare, and her state of mind toward Billins such as to fill her soul with criminations of self. She had *known*, as soon as she had come into the presence of the silent man in his extremity, that Billins's case was utterly hopeless. The revulsion of feeling was as absolute as it was sudden, and she resented it in herself as fiercely as she had hitherto resented

Bradfield's parsimony, as indeed she resented it yet.

This was why the first hour of her watch with him was one of torture. She felt the restfulness of his quiet presence, and she resented even that.

Billins had courted her in prodigal fashion, sparing nothing, even to his own dignity. His words were buzzing in her ears yet, but they were as a swarm of bees that worried and wearied her. The perfume of romance with which they had fallen from his fluent lips was supplanted in the brief retrospect by the all-pervading odors of shaving-soap and orris root. So other personal touches that had eluded her at the moment recurred to her in the after-view. The fascination had been a thing of an hour, and the hour was past.

She would have to write him a letter in the morning, and she would almost rather die than do it; for, treat it as she might, she could not doubt the sincerity of his declaration.

It was nearly day when finally she slipped the sleeping child gently into her cradle and rose to go. Bradfield had risen with her, and stood on the other side of the cradle.

She afterwards said, in recalling this moment, that she was as much surprised and frightened as he professed to have been at the sound of her own voice, as she said, looking up into his face:

"Eben, set down there a minute; I want to talk to you." Indeed, she roundly denied afterward that she had spoken these words, to which Bradfield laughingly agreed that she had not, "but the Lord had spoke 'em through her." And perhaps he was right, for when he had seated himself on his side of the cradle she said, slowly: "Eben, the Lord knows what I'm goin' to say to you, for I don't. But there's one thing shore. You can't live along this way any longer. I won't allow it. I've got to have these child'en where I can do for 'em right."

"But I ain't quite ez mean-sperited ez you think I am, either. There ain't a man livin' atop o' this earth thet I'd allow to marry me for an economy—not even you. Ef I'm married, I've got to be married ez an *extravagance worth bein' afforded*, an' that's all there is to it."

"Don't say a word, now. I've been burstin' for a year, an' when it's all out I'll feel better. An' I'll tell you what I've got to say: Ef you'll promise me to

have that dividin'-fence chopped up for firewood, or made into a bonfire nex' Democrat you help 'lect for Congress, I'll say to take it down; but I don't want picket or post of it ever set up on my premises, long ez I live. An' ef you ca'culate to set in a middle hall here, throwin' the two houses into one, which'll be the handiest thing to do, why, I don't want any money saved on it—I'd ruther see it wasted; an' that's all I've got to say. An' you can think it over, an' set me against the expense, an' balance the accounts, an' let me know.

"An' nex' time she stirs give 'er fo' drops out o' this bottle, an' I reckon she better have her little shoes an' stockin's on in the mornin' tell the day warms up."

She had risen and was moving toward the door, but Bradfield caught her, and had thrown his long arms clear around her shoulders before she could resist. Thus, with eyes swimming in tears, he confronted her.

"My God! Mary Carroll!" This was all he could say, but he held her tight until he should recover his voice. And just then it was that the lantern keeping guard at the door tumbled over and went suddenly out. There are times when the chaperon does well to close her eyes.

The rolling over of the lantern of its own accord was an improbable phenomenon, and when Bradfield and Mrs. Carroll started to investigate it, they walked discreetly an arm's-length apart, to meet the doctor's dog ambling across the porch.

The doctor was "just passing," and seeing the light, dropped in to ascertain its cause—and, he might have added, to tell the news. He had been out all night—was just getting home.

"A sad night of it, Bradfield—a sad night, Mis' Carroll," he said, looking hard

at her as he stood in the door. "I never closed a better man's eyes in my life 'n I've jest now closed. Elder Billins has gone to join the congregation on the other side. Come to my office early in the evenin', an' seemed to be tryin' to talk an' couldn't—had one o' them heart-failin' spells—so I give him some drops, an' he bettered up a little, an' I drove him home, an' set there with 'im a hour or so, talkin' along, an' he listenin' but not sayin' a word, an' treckly he went off again same way—not a rack o' pain, smilin' in the face, an' I brought 'im through again, an' he bettered up, so he started to talk, but his talk, straight enough some ways, was all wrong others. Didn't know where he was; 'lowed he was in yore front hall, Mis' Carroll, an' he stuck to it. An' so, seein' he was bad off, I drove out an' fetched in a couple o' the neighbors to set with him. But, time we got there, he had reached the gates an' was enterin' in."

Mrs. Carroll's face was rigid and white as she listened. Neither she nor Bradfield spoke for some time; but finally he said, slowly:

"He *was* in her hall to-night, doctor, settin' an' talkin'—an', like ez not, he thought he was there yet. He went for you for my little Mamie. She's had the worst attackt o' croup she's ever had; but Mis' Carroll has nursed her through it. But I reckon this night 'll be one we'll both remember all our days." He looked at her as he spoke. And then he added, with real feeling: "Pore Billins! I don't rightly seem to reelize it yet. Ez good a man ez ever walked the earth."

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I've known the ins an' outs o' Billins's life for twenty year, off an' on, an' I tell you he was one in a thousand."

"Yas, he was," said Mrs. Carroll.

BEYOND.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

THE rushing train startled the silence of the mountain passes as it speeded along at fifty miles an hour.

Gladys Gray leaned back in her chair and watched the sunset; the long level lines of light thrilled her being even as music; crimson and gold and varying violet shadings, with flecks of pink fragments, like islands of light, that had

broken off from the intense horizon and floated in the sapphire blue, now growing darker in the east. The far yearning in her lovely eyes seemed to set her apart from the wandering-eyed women about her; and yet, withal, the downward-drooping mouth had faint light lines of discontent, and the delicate nostrils a curve of finest scorn. So faint, so slight the

scorn, the discontent, one could scarce define or analyze them, or mark their almost imperceptible deepening as she turned to the man beside her, who was pressing the vivid gold and crimson sunset into service, and finishing the last lines of his newspaper.

He was short and stout and red of face. His gray eyes were made small by the flesh about them, and bleared by too much using. At the slight turn of Gladys's fair head the newspaper fell. "What is it, sweetheart? May I do anything for you?"

"No, I thank you, Herbert."

"Are you comfortable? Will you have a glass of water? Here, let me put this cloak around you."

"Oh, no, no! Herbert; do sit still," she murmured. "I merely turned my head."

"Darling, you are so beautiful." And with elephantine awkwardness he laid his arm with the weight of a yearning affection, and the weight of his *avoir-du-pois* as well, upon her shoulder; she shrank and threw his hand aside with a half-petulant movement.

"How often, Herbert, have I asked you not to be demonstrative in public! I hate it!" And her eyes for a moment matched her mouth.

"Forgive me, darling," he whispered, as a hurt look came upon him; "I loved you so I could not help it."

Quickly, as women change their moods, her mouth took lines that matched the beauty of her eyes. All grace, all sweetness, she leaned forward. "Forgive me, Herbert, will you, please?"

"Oh, you beautiful darling! of course I will," and the hand came back with another heavy thud upon her knee.

This time she let the hand lie there, but looked at it in an impersonal way, as though she had no responsibility concerning it, for she was conscious of the glances of her fellow-passengers. Distinctly, there was no hope of ever teaching Herbert tact or knightly bearing.

"How dull he is! How deadly stupid!" Often these words came to her thought, even to her lips. Often had this woman, all subtlety, all exquisite finish, moulded of passion and fragrance, clasped her hands in impotent despair at the clashing dissonance of her lot.

She was a complex being, at whose birth the chiefest stars had met; a flower of the nineteenth century; beauty was

her birthright, quick wit her heritage, and culture her endowment.

He was a successful, honest, simple son of toil, with only a true, true heart, who had won her when she was scarce more than a child, to the wonder of many, and, as years went on, to the wonder of Gladys herself.

He had clothed her in purple and fine linen, by many hours of unremitting work; but he wore the tweed of life by habit and by preference, and his own linen was often soiled in the incessant pressure of occupation for her sake. He flooded her life with music, with poetry, with beauty; but he fell asleep to the *Andante* that roused her power to a conscious tide. He yawned at the poetry that thrilled her into passion, and he laughed his loud indulgent laugh at many things that made the sum of her dainty creed. He told her, once, the sight of little Gladys's sunny head upon her mother-breast was "far more beautiful than all the lackadaisical maidens Burne-Jones has ever let loose on the community."

"Poor Herbert, how dull he is!" she said, pityingly. He had spent hours, precious hours, which Gladys felt might have been pregnant with opportunity and fraught with possibilities, in far fair Italy, amid the squalid poor—leaving a score of comforts, and, in many cases, changed conditions in his wake, of which she had never heard—while Gladys drank with fervent thirst, alone, the beauty of the Uffizi and the Pitti, pricked and stirred by a rebellious protest of heart that she was mated to a dullard. She valued too keenly the simple straightforwardness of his soul, the childlike faith in God, and trust in those he loved, the uncompromising loyalty and almost unromantic stanchness of purpose and deed, to willingly wound him, or to classify and denominate him (save under stress of irritation); but she drew the mantle of her culture and her delicate sensuousness around herself in such close folds that he was shut out in a cold isolation which his true heart felt.

He was quick of wit enough to know that he was slow of mind; hungry of heart enough to know that Gladys walked in regions far apart from him; but humble of spirit enough to feel he could not tread the path she trod.

The romance, the warmth, the glow of her heart had no response nor outlet; and

they burned within her, because repressed, so fiercely that they consumed much of the tender domesticity that was a potential part of her nature.

And he, manlike, would often be mischievously unfair even to the measure of response within him—as now, when she had said, “Oh, Herbert! why will you not look at the sunset? It is so beautiful, so beautiful!” he answered, laughingly, taking up his fallen newspaper, “I have the *Sun*, that beats the sunset.”

That was vulgar, flippant. She turned away impatiently, and saying, a trifle sharply, “You will ruin your eyes,” she plunged herself into a closer union with the sunset, that made her strong against him in her mental protest.

Yes, it was vulgar, but why? A play on words; she liked it in Molière; an attempt at wit; all wit amused her, but this jarred. How much of the jar lay in the attitude of resistance in her own mind, in the wall of reserve that met his efforts to be gay or merry according to his lights?

Gladys questioned herself more closely than usual. He was ever kind, without bitterness or resentment, in all he said, and his silly jokes, as she called them, were free from personality or spleen; but, notwithstanding, she was conscious that at every effort of his to make her smile, because it was awkward, albeit kindly, it was her wont to return it with a chill reserve. And at every effort to express the warm loyalty within him, because it was tactless, albeit hugely tender, it was her wont to meet it with repulse.

Does outward form, then, make and mar? What is it, measured by the inward grace? Of little moment; and yet it is the tiny things that oftentimes open or close the mighty forces of the world; a lever puts in motion the power waiting—silent. A gracious speech, an artistic formula of life, may be the key that sets free the current from a great soul. An awkward form or discourteous manner or ungracious speech is a marked failure in a soul, however great, that often brings its Nemesis; for the impulsive recoil of the fine senses of a woman may do despite to the ultimate response of her heart so often that there grows a mutual adjustment to the outward rather than the inward attitude.

If, through all currents and overlayings, Gladys had given her deepest thought of Herbert, it would have been that he

was true, steadfast, and full of the charity which is love; but her daily surface thought had grown to be that he was dull, stupid, uninteresting, and ignorant of all that made life rich for her. If he had mastered her mind, it would have mattered naught; nay, so imaginative was she, she would have found some spell or force in his infirmities; or, had he been of goodly bearing and of stately guise, it might have weighed in the balance in his favor. As it was, the poor red eyes but made his thoughts seem duller, and his ungainliness but emphasized his lack of all finesse.

Year by year her life had widened in its epicurean fulness, and his had grown in financial and altruistic claims, so that their hours together now were few. When they met it was on common ground, as married people do, of household order and of mutual interest in the daily round of things. As Gladys colored even these with glow of romance and warmth of thought, Herbert felt he walked in gracious ways beyond his fellow-men. Life was tolerable enough, as all life goes, save when, leaving the common ground, she turned to share with him, and knew she stood alone; and likewise for him, when he saw her withdrawal, and knew he could not follow.

And now they are riding on and on and on, through mountain passes, in that near remoteness of so many married lives.

A crash!—a shivering, quivering crash! Splinters and fragments flying fast; dust and smoke and falling debris; shrieks and screams and agonizing outcries! Swift pain, the probes and throes of an unspeakable anguish—and then silence and deep darkness and infinite space.

Gladys was aware she stood beyond the sunset. Awed and afraid, she waited in the darkness.

“Come,” said a voice more musical than any she had ever heard.

“Where?”

“I know not where, but onward to the light.”

“How know you there is light beyond?”

“I know not how I know, but well I know it; come.”

“The way is dark,” said Gladys.

An outstretched hand grasped hers. “You are not alone, and why should mortal fear? Death has been swallowed up in victory.”

“But you are strange to me,” said

Gladys, "though you seem not so. Are we beyond the sunset? Is this death?"

"I think it is what mortals have called death. Ah! tremble not, poor spirit; lean on me; I feel a passage in the darkness to our feet; we will go on to that which lies beyond. The great God rules us here as everywhere; so let us fear no evil; His rod, His staff shall comfort us."

"Were you a mortal?" Gladys whispered, pressing close to him.

"I was; and now, thank God, I have put on my immortality."

"And were you discontented on the earth, that now you are so fearlessly content in this dense darkness?"

"Discontented? How could a man with much to do, in a wide world with Misery's wan outstretched hands on every side, be discontent? Life was too filled with work and interest; but here I shall work easier, without my bonds of flesh."

"How passing strange!" said Gladys; "you were content on earth, and are contented now. My life on earth was but a yearning for the infinite, a thirst for the ideal, a reaching for beyond; and now, I shudder and would fain return."

"Nay, shudder not; all will be well. What was your life on earth? Were you a wife?"

"Yes," Gladys answered. "Yearning for the spheres, I was ill-mated to a dullard; good he was and kind, too generous to me, but dull; he cared for naught that gave my life its glow. I lived alone; my spirit walked unaided on its way. And you?"

"Ah! it was different with me. Too all unworthy of a wife, I was ill mated to a saint, whose garment hem I scarce could touch; she was a spirit that outsoared my reach. Alas! I was but slow of speech and dull of sight."

"You dull of sight and slow of speech!" cried Gladys, quickly. "You who are so strong, so unafraid!"

"That is not I," the spirit answered, "but the Christ, who said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, to the end.' He leads me on."

And Gladys said, deep in her heart, with sweet and rapturous ecstasy, "Here is my kindred soul, whom I have found at last!" All the outreaching of her yearning, pent-up heart, the deep repressed warm worship for a loftier soul, flowed through her being with a dear delight. "Here is my other self, who well could comprehend the poetry, the music in my

soul." Turning to him, she would fain have spoken of the things she loved; but here, in this vast darkness, walking onward toward the light—the light eternal of the Son of God—they were not as of yore; those sunset glows that set her heart aflame seemed now but shadows of a larger light; the books, the pictures, and the music that had been to her the charm of life, seemed now but symbols, fragmentary symbols, in the swift apprehension brought by the unclaying of her soul, the vast infinitude of space and darkness. She said, instead, "Oh, do you think the way is long?"

"I know not. But what matters it?"

"You were patient on the earth," sighed Gladys, "and now you may rejoice; I was impatient ever, and now I am afraid."

The spirit, silent, resolute, and strong, held Gladys closer as they onward went.

"Yes, I was patient; I had need to be. I was endowed with little, and the thorns of flesh and earth's infirmities pressed heavily upon me, and came between me and my fellow-men, whom well I loved; even to my wife, my radiant fair wife, I could not speak or utter all my soul!"

"What need," said Gladys, "when you still were *you*?"

The spirit sighed for memory of earth. In silence they went on, through the deep valley where the way is long, beneath the shadow which is darker than the dark.

"And will you be my guide for all eternity, O spirit?" Gladys said. "The love my life has treasured up these years is flowing out toward you in full tide."

"We oft shall meet, sweet soul," he answered her, "but I must wait the coming of my wife, to greet her as she passes me to shine above me as a star."

A light as of the dawn, nebulous, faint, and tremulous—then glowing, radiant, glorious. She turned to look upon her guide—and saw her husband's face, illumined, beautified. And he saw Gladys.

In a deep trance of rapturous ecstasy they stood within the light until they were aware an angel stood beside them with purple folded wings. With calm commanding mien he held his radiant hand to Herbert, and turning lambent eyes on Gladys, said:

"He must go first; he is the worthier. He *did*, while you were dreaming; he *worked*, while you were yearning."

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

WE say that the time of the falling leaves is the pleasantest part of the year. This is not because it is the hour of abandonment and decay—though a note of pathos is an essential element in our perfect enjoyment—but because in the painted splendors of the scene, in the veiled purple horizons, in the placid and glorious fulfilment of the laboring seasons, there is the same promise that there is in a ripened bunch of grapes—the wine of a new life. In the setting of the red sun in a glowing prismatic sky there is no melancholy, but the prophecy of a new day of vigor and adventure. The serenity of the closing hour is as much in the order of nature as the stirring call of the rising sun. No day ever yet fulfilled the illimitable expectation of its early hour, but the calmness of night always comes to renew the illusions of hope. And so it is that we see even the “Last Leaf” fall with only that tender regret which it may have itself when it parts from the bough. And this, too, when it is really the last leaf on a bough of peculiar distinction—a famous English graft on a wild native New England stock. It was partly pride and partly the greed of appropriation that led the English critics to claim Oliver Wendell Holmes as an English rather than an American author, but their pretence is not wholly manufactured. The fruit of the graft was in form and color like that of the tree from which it was taken. Only there was another flavor. We do not very well understand the chemistry of the graft, but we seem to see that it acquires a certain vigor and a subtle pleasing essence from the vital native stock in which it is set. And if it turns out that the New England bough, the fruit of which has been for the gladness of the nations, was an old colonial graft, we shall still take leave to believe that its flavor, that which gave it charm and distinction, was derived from the wilding American tree. What we loved in Holmes was the spicy taste of the checkerberry.

By a digression, if there were space for it, it could be shown that this is quite

in accordance with the natural law for plants and literature. Wild flowers and fruits have a quality which cultivation cannot equal and may destroy, but the gardener and the horticulturist know that the fairest flower and the finest fruits come from foreign grafts on the native stocks. This also is the lesson of the whole literary succession. In the New England mind in early days the vines of Martha's Vineyard were most fruitful with the graft of the Biblical grapes of Eschol. It was the classic learning on English soil that burst forth into the exquisite and vigorously English fruitage of the time of Elizabeth. The American experimenters who fancy that they can raise fruit out of American wildings ignore the universal experience of mankind. American fruit we have, certainly, and that distinct and individual, with a character of its own, but it is not a “sport,” and it is in the lineal development from Eden down.

II.

One day a breeze sprang up, with a little whirl in it, and the Last Leaf fluttered to the ground. That was all. And it was cheerfully conscious of its timely falling in the order of nature. For many years Doctor Holmes had been an interested and curious spectator of the maturing and sundering processes of his own personality. With a professional interest and a calm philosophy he had watched his own progress in old age, with no morbidness, but with a certain humorous sense of his advantage in this study owing to his intimacy with himself. He had the attitude of one standing outside of himself, and noting the physiological and psychological changes from month to month, the interacting of spirit and matter, the falling away of powers, and their revival in flashes of energy. It seemed to him such an excellent opportunity for the student of human nature, and the charm of it was that he could be quite honest with himself, and hurt no one's feelings by his inquisitiveness. He seemed to have as keen an interest in this study as ever he had in a “case” in his most ardent professional life. The phe-

nomena of the process of growing old might be scientifically as fruitful as those of the evolution of youth. There was no egotism in this attitude towards himself. To his friends who observed him it was evident that he saw the real Holmes as others saw him, and they could see also the bright lambent spirit playing about his personality as something almost distinct from it. That spirit was always, to the very end, alert, and one might almost say independent of what he would call the "decay of his powers." To the last it was to a surprising degree, though of course less than in his prime, vigorous and creative. Not only did his wits never desert him, but his wit continued incisive and brilliant. He continued to receive sharp and definite impressions, and in the alembic of his brain to combine them and give them expression with that happy facility that always made him one of the most charming of talkers. Only in the matter of memory of recent impressions did the plate seem a little dim. And this phenomenon interested him as much as anything, this and the observation that the force in his personal battery did not hold out for a day's work as it formerly did, and that the machine could only run a little while without weariness. Dr. Holmes is called an optimist. That was his temperament. He regarded the future without anxiety and the past without bitterness. He had his share of grief and sorrow and bereavement, but these he had not the egotism to inflict upon the world. He was an optimist, but his perceptions of life were perfectly clear, and humorously true. He did not lack at all the power of discernment necessary to sharp criticism, but he liked to think well of his fellows, and he wanted their love. He had a nimble enough satirical wit and a sharp pen, but he was exceedingly reluctant to hurt the feelings of any human being. He enjoyed running his pen through what was to him a hateful dogma, but he didn't wish to stick it through anybody's heart. In his contemplation of the past there was hardly a strain of melancholy, rather a feeling of tenderness for what was still dear. "I have this forenoon," he wrote not long before his death, "answered a letter from the grandson of a classmate, and received a visit from the daughter of another classmate, the 'Sweet Singer' of the class of '29. So you see I have been contemplating the

leafless boughs and the brown turf in the garden of my memory."

To stand almost alone the last of one's generation, to see year by year the dear comrades of one's inner intellectual life, the sharers of the ambitions of youth and the honors of age, pass away, is an experience that can only be endurable with the soundest and most cheerful of hearts. More than most authors Dr. Holmes made warm friends day by day, and in this constant renewal carried with him the enthusiasm of youth and the sympathy of humanity. But the pathos of the situation was nevertheless present with him. A couple of weeks after his eighty-fifth birthday, in acknowledgment of some welcome words, he wrote: "They do me good. Old age at best is lonely, and the process of changing one's whole suit of friends and acquaintances has its moments when one feels naked and shivers."

III.

In the month when Dr. Holmes was an interested spectator of the closing days of his eighty-fifth year, Charles Eliot Norton was found by a visitor sitting under his country apple-trees, reading an old volume by the late afternoon rays. "Yes," he said, as he rose to greet his guest, "it is Shakespeare. I like in vacation to read what our old Professor of English at college used to call 'the Authors.'" And now Dr. Holmes has doubtless passed into the rank of "the Authors." There are not many of them, and there are not many living in these days of the prolific press who have leisure to read them. The good old doctor had the habit of reading them. In his latter years, in vacation, he was wont to spend his mornings with Lucretius and his afternoons with Virgil. He used to think that he got the latest news out of them, news absorbingly interesting, but not in the least worrying to the modern reader. It was refreshing to go back into a world of passion and adventure, a very real world of thought and action, for which one was not in the least responsible. In those ancient conflicts and antagonisms one found sufficient excitement without the rasping of nerves which contemporary events inflict. Dr. Holmes had a keen consciousness of the solidarity of literature, and felt the close relationship between the wit of Athens and of

Boston. It is too early to speak of the rank of Holmes among "the Authors," but not too early to say that with all his local flavor he had the necessary quality of universality. The English world at least accepted him as an interpreter of its feeling. To be an author he must be a creator, and within his range Dr. Holmes was a genuine creator. Perhaps he did not draw from a Vaucluse fountain, but he did draw from a living spring, which was pure and sparkling to the last draught in the beaded cup he offered. It was a spring and not a reservoir. If he had a reservoir there was a spring at the bottom sufficient to aerate it. So much that is offered us in this thirsty world is so evidently from reservoirs, water stored and ponded, which too often has not had time even to settle!

Perhaps the present generation is unable to be critically just to Dr. Holmes on account of its admiration. He had such a winning literary and social personality. The readers who never knew him felt this. He made them all his friends. They cared for him as well as for what he said; they were admitted into familiarity in that aristocratic intellectual circle about which were whimsically drawn the Brahmin lines—lines which never deceived the most timid as to his innate humanitarian democracy. Whatever he wrote had a sympathetic quality. It never repelled. So it happened that the author was almost overwhelmed with correspondence from those who desired his advice or wished to express their admiration. Tokens of this wide popular love came to him daily. As one and another of the friends who began the race of life with him dropped away he was not left to feel that he was alone or forgotten by a devoted world. He had opened his heart to the world, and it gave him its love. "Dear Doctor Holmes" is what it said, and never once "poor Holmes," a term with which it is often obliged to qualify its admiration of men of genius. In this sunshine of popular love he passed serenely his last days, tasting to the last the flavor of life, and keeping alive the flame of wit which a good fairy lit at his cradle. We have seen him depart as peacefully and calmly as he came, we are putting in order his books on our shelves, we are even beginning to select and reject, but the charm of his personality remains with us.

IV.

Why is not as much attention paid to the pleasure to be derived by way of the ear as the eye? In this country we treat the ear barbarously. The ear gets the minimum of pleasure, and it retorts by aggravating the nerves. And so it happens that much of the discomforts of our life comes through the ear. What the foreigner most notices in this country, until he becomes, as we are, more or less callous to it, is "noise." We are not simply pitched on a high key nationally, but on a discordant key. It is not a gayer or more animated country than some others, but it is noisier. Certainly we do not cultivate harmony or moderation. To begin with, the "American voice" has an unenviable reputation. It is apt to be shrill, strident, high-pitched, unmodulated. This quality adds an unnecessary aggravation to social life. It disorganizes the nerves, and increases the tendency to nervous prostration—this and the other unchecked noises. The human voice ought to be a delight; it was meant to give musical pleasure. There is no good reason why the American voice should not give pleasure. The voices of uncultivated races are often delightful. The negroes set us a good example in agreeable tones. That there is no radical incurable defect in the American voice we know, because we have had orators whose tones were as musical as the organ and the flute; there are communities where we hear for the most part modulated, low, and pleasing speech; and it is getting to be admitted that an American singer is the peer of any in the world. But in general no care is taken about the voice in speech. Girls as well as boys are permitted to make home discordant and school a babel of mere noise by the most vulgar and rasping use of the vocal organs. Mrs. Browning might have written, with us in view, a more pathetic poem on the "Cry of the Children." If children ought ever to be whipped, or, to put a case more in consonance with the tendency of the age, if children ought ever to whip their parents, the castigation should be given for the harsh, piercing, and discordant voice. It is idle to say that this sort of voice is natural to them. What is a natural voice? The blue-jay makes commonly a rasping, scolding, filing-a-saw sort of noise, but it has sweet delicious notes in its hour of solitude, or in the mating season. Any

voice can be cultivated to a degree that it shall not be unpleasant, and this education should go on from infancy in every home and every school. It is a matter of public interest for the public pleasure. Think what a tea party might be!

The voice is, however, only set to the pitch of the other noises. In all thickly settled communities the ears are split and outraged by the steam-whistle of the factories and the locomotives. In the depths of the night the startled sleeper has the veil of seclusion torn away from him by the scream of the whistles, the invalid's excited nerves are worn to rags by the barbarous pipe of the locomotive. We skringe and suffer with only faint protest. It is only a part of the universal noise and hubbub. Most of this screaming of the steam-demon is absolutely unnecessary in this day of clocks and watches and guarded railway crossings. But if we must have the whistle, why not invent one that is moderately musical instead of being a torture? This is a suggestion of quiet-loving people, who find the noise of our American life every day more intolerable. Perhaps any abatement of it would not suit the majority, who like to go tearing and whooping through the world.

It is fortunate, considering our voices, that we are not Moslems, for then we should substitute for the muezzin's melodious call to prayer a harsh summons that would frighten every sinner back into his bed, and compel him to stop his ears against the rasping invitation to devotion. But is it altogether fortunate? For have we not the church and other jangling bells? These give out noise and nerve-shaking clamor instead of melodious notes. There are very few bells in the United States that are agreeable to the ear. The foundries seem to go on the idea that anything in the shape of a bell will answer the purpose, with little or no regard to its tone, and we are called to church with the same metallic anger that invites us to a fire. The manufacturers are probably indifferent because the public are indifferent. Their products are mechanical, and only by chance musical. That this does not arise altogether from ignorance of what a bell should be is proved by the existence in the country of a few sets of musical chimes. It is possible, then, to make single bells agreeable. Apparently now they

are cast in a conventional form, with as little regard to their sound as a blacksmith has for that of a horseshoe when he forges it. The shape is determined with little consideration for the sound it will produce, and if the particles of molten metal happen to arrange themselves musically, it is only by chance. No wonder that the great cultivated public are tired of bells, and wish their noise was not added to the other noises of the city! The bell in the United States is evidently perpetuated mainly on account of its poetic traditions. And it might be easily, and with little more cost, added to the poetry of our daily life. What so agreeable as a musical bell in a country church tower, sounding out over the farms and the forests, ringing the joyful peals for the occasions and anniversaries of pleasure, or speaking in the sad sweet voice of sorrow! What seems to come with such benediction from the sky as the musical notes from the city steeples, sounding out over the roar and rout of the town!

And the bell might so easily be turned into a delight instead of an annoyance. Travellers come back from foreign parts with memories of musical bells—chimes and sweet-toned solitary bells—in cathedrals, in mountain convents, in Alpine valleys and passes, and on the shores of historic lakes. Even the small bells for domestic use are pitched to a pleasing key; in Cyprus the donkey-bells are so silvery and soft as to beguile the donkey into the idea that he is always going to a wedding. Why cannot we take a lesson from our neighbor Mexico? There the bells are almost all of them melodious; the harsh bell is an exception, and is modern. They say that silver enters into their composition, but there is more art and musical taste in their composition than silver. It is not enough to cast a bell in a certain form. Its edges must be made thick or thin to produce a desired musical vibration, and it is tuned, filed, and fitted to the note required. And then attention is paid to the manner in which the bell is struck, and the material of the instrument used for evoking the sound. There is the need of art in the making and ringing of a bell, as in the making and playing of a piano. We appear to be content with any mass of metal cast in the bell shape, and to let a ringer with the instinct of a blacksmith evoke its dissonance with a sledge-hammer.

V.

The comments of the Study upon the Higher Education of Women have called out various criticisms and misunderstandings. The Study was merely suggesting that if girls took the Higher Education into their scheme of life they should be thoroughly educated in something, and not have a mere "examination" education, a superficial smattering of forty arts and sciences, with a thorough assimilation of no one. One commentator is indignant that we should advise girls to learn languages and literature, and not cooking and the mysteries of housekeeping, as if we had advised them to cease to be women. Now we do not mind saying that it is fundamentally necessary that a girl should thoroughly understand all the duties of the head of a household. Most girls expect to marry, if God is good to them, or, if Providence or their own inclinations order otherwise, to be placed in situations where knowledge of domestic duties will be more or less essential to their happiness. It is a queer notion of education that would incapacitate them from being good wives and mothers and makers of agreeable homes. But, on the other hand, does the girl need nothing more, nothing else to feed her higher life, or to make her an interesting member of society? If our critic thinks so, let him marry a girl who is intellectually undeveloped, who only knows how to cook and "keep house," and talk glibly only

with dressmakers and with her neighbors about servants, and see what kind of a life he will have. Probably he will spend his evenings at the club. And in his next incarnation he would no doubt advertise for an intellectual comrade, with a knowledge of cooking thrown in.

Another critic wishes to know why science was left out of the scheme. The scheme was only tentative, for such persons as it fitted. For some a scientific education may be better than one in languages and literature, and it is possible in moderation to take up both. The main thing is to waken the mind, and not to overburden and confuse it with a multiplicity of objects no one of which can be fully attained, and to pursue knowledge for development and not for examination show.

Still another inquires why the same rule of education should not be applied to boys and girls. Why not, indeed? The wise educators of the country are overhauling the conduct of the boys' secondary schools, with the idea of making the training an awakening process, and more sound and thorough. Finally, a correspondent asks for direction to a preparatory school for her boy, where more importance is attached to intellectual and moral development than to verbal and comparatively barren fitting to enter some other school. And herein is a notice to any American Arnolds we have, that an inspiring school of Arnold's sort, outside of the machine, would be successful.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on November 12th.—The elections on November 6th resulted in Republican victories in every Northern and Western State except California, and in Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Delaware. In New York Levi P. Morton was elected Governor over David B. Hill by 155,792. Constitutional amendments were passed—reapportioning the State; increasing the number of Assemblymen to 150, and of Senators to 50; separating State from municipal elections; prohibiting gambling and the use of public money in aid of sectarian schools; and providing for the submission to the larger cities of legislative bills affecting their interests. In New York city a ticket proposed by a non-partisan Committee of Seventy was elected.

Alexander III. of Russia died at his summer palace of Livadia in the Crimea on November 3d. His eldest son succeeded him as Czar Nicholas II.

Japanese troops captured Ping-Yang on September 16th, and began the invasion of Manchuria.

Chancellor von Caprivi, of the German Empire, resigned October 26th, and Count zu Eulenberg resigned as President of the Council. They were succeeded by Prince von Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst.

OBITUARY.

September 1st.—At Waltham, Massachusetts, General N. P. Banks, aged seventy-eight years.

October 3d.—At Chicago, David Swing, the well-known clergyman, aged sixty-four years.

October 7th.—At Boston, Oliver Wendell Holmes, aged eighty-five years.—At Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, Andrew Gregg Curtin, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, aged seventy-seven years.

October 20th.—At London, James Anthony Froude, the historian, aged seventy-six years.

November 6th.—At Boulogne-sur-Seine, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, artist and writer, aged sixty years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

BUDSTART'S PECULIAR ELECTION.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

"**S**PEAKING of election," said the Judge (the divine had been holding forth for five minutes on the subject of predestination) -- "speaking of election reminds me of a case of it which I saw out in Dakota a dozen years ago. It was at the November election, and—" He stopped as the astonished gaze of the divine rested upon him.

"Judge," said the Doctor, slowly, "if I ever saw a story dragged in by the ears, then that is what you are now doing."

The Judge laughed good-humoredly, but whether he was amused or did it to gain courage it was impossible to say.

"Well, Doctor, I think it is better to drag in a story by the ears than to pop up through the floor with one, like the clown in the Christmas pantomime. I hold that the transition from the subject of foreordination to a Territorial election reminiscence, though violent, is legitimate, and I shall go on, even at the risk of precipitating a recount on my own future election.

"It was about 1883 that a callow young man named Budstart went out to Running Horse, Dakota, and started a newspaper. His fitness for the post of editor was not particularly apparent; but in those days many things in the Territory were not particularly apparent, and of no class of phenomena was this more often the case than that of the position in which men were found. Budstart called his paper the *Running Horse Palladium*.

"The motto of the *Palladium* was, 'Hew to the Line, let the Chips fall where they may,' though the only hewing Budstart did for a long time was to edit nonpareil final-proof notices and write the local news. The chips seemed to hit nobody, and, for all the public knew, he may have hewn considerably beyond the line. But in course of time there came the inevitable county-seat fight, and then Budstart seized the axe in both hands, and turned the *Palladium* into a very chip volcano. This he accomplished by systematically and vigorously abusing and vilifying every man in the rival town of Diana, and especially the editor of the *Diana Prairie Blast*, a portly personage much given to writing obituaries which ended with a cloud-burst of mortuary grief. Budstart called him the Weeping-Willow.

"I'm sure the editor of the *Prairie Blast* would have been delighted to write the obituary of Budstart, but Budstart refused to die. The campaign was a particularly hot one. The candidates were largely lost sight of in the struggle over the county capital. This important adjunct of a free people was

situated out on the prairie, at the site of a deserted village popularly called Ghost Town. The court-house was a small square structure which, tradition said (and tradition, you know, was young), had originally been a chicken-coop. The election would take this building, together with the name and fame of county capital, to either Diana or Running Horse, whichever got the majority of the votes cast.

"In those days in the Territories party lines were obliterated by sectional lines, especially when a county-seat struggle was on hand, as was generally the case. It was certain that Running Horse would hold a convention and nominate a ticket composed exclusively of Running Horses, so to say, or sympathizers with Running Horse, and that Diana would hold another convention and put forward a ticket of Dianaites, or partisans of Diana. Six weeks before the day of election Running Horse carried out her part of the programme, and presented what the *Palladium* called a 'thoroughly good ticket, strictly unpartisan, and composed of high-minded and honorable business men having the best interests of Sitting Bull County at heart,' which was made up wholly of men living either in Running Horse or within a few miles of that place. Among the latter was one 'Doc' Hadley, who was proposed for the office of coroner, to succeed himself.

"Doc Hadley had, in fact, held the office since the organization of the county, and it was looked upon as belonging to him for life. Certainly there wasn't another man in the county who could have been induced to take the office, for the melancholy fact was that in the whole four years the Doctor had never had a case, and, a coroner being paid exclusively by fees, you can easily estimate the value of the office. It was a peaceable county, and violent deaths were unknown. Occasional misunderstandings occurred, and once in a while the cheering bang of one gentleman shooting at another gentleman would reach the coroner's ears and bring momentary encouragement; but the gentleman's aim always proved to be poor, and so nothing ever came of it. Month after month people would insist on dying in a perfectly regular way, with the aid of a physician and surrounded by friends, and so the office of coroner remained utterly barren.

"Of course I can't deny that sinister and sarcastic folks used to insist that the death of every man or woman treated by Doc Hadley in his professional capacity ought to be investigated by him in his official person. From which you may gather that the Doctor did

not have the confidence of the people. He lived five or six miles out of town, on a sheep-ranch—sheep-ranching, in fact, being his main business. He wasn't a regularly educated physician, by any means, having got his entire knowledge of medicine from a certain aged grandmother, who lived to one hundred and one years, thanks to the curative, strengthening, preserving, and prolonging virtues of the black-cat-skin poultice, made on the hide side, cat to be killed in the dark of the moon. Doc clung consistently to the teachings of his ancient ancestor. Of course he used boneset, wormwood, tansy, and one or two other simples to a certain extent, nor did he wholly scorn a few such 'boughten' sedatives as nuxvomica, belladonna, and aconite; but chiefly he stuck to the black-cat-skin poultice, carefully laid on the side opposite to the fur of an animal which had been slaughtered in the suspicious hour of the moon's greatest obscurity. He was a grizzly man of few words, and when in town was much given to peering up alleys and gazing into back yards, probably looking for likely cats; and he habitually wore a pair of leather trousers, which many conjectured were made from the foundations of past poultices.

"Diana did not hold her convention till some two weeks after that of Running Horse, and in this interval young Budstart bent his whole energies to abusing the people of the former place. The Weeping-Willow replied as best he could by abusing the people of Running Horse, but he didn't command the wealth of choice invective possessed by Budstart. If one was a weeping-willow, the other was a bramble-bush. But nothing happened to change the office of coroner from a laughing-stock, and it would have been a direct insult to offer it to any other man in the county.

"This, of course, was the precise reason why, when they held their convention, the men of Diana offered it to Budstart, or, rather, why they simply put his name on their ticket without consulting him about it at all. The convention even passed a long and exceedingly solemn resolution on the subject of the coronership, asserting that Doc Hadley was worn out by attending to its arduous duties, that new blood was needed in the office, and that, throwing all sectional prejudice to the four winds, they called upon the intelligent voters of Sitting Bull to support for coroner the one man to whom the unerring finger of fate pointed, namely, Rufus Henry Budstart, of Running Horse. The *Prairie Blast* devoted a column to the choice, predicting a brilliant future for the office in the hands of its esteemed and intelligent contemporary, ending by advising him to get a pair of cat-skin trousers and take the stump in person.

"The consternation of Budstart was extreme. But he knew that it would be useless to protest, so he settled down to endure as best he could the glee of the Weeping-Willow

and the calls of his friends to congratulate him solemnly on his prospects. But it took half the snap out of his abuse of Diana. The most serious feature, however, was when Doc Hadley heard of how matters stood, and hurried to town. The Doctor was in a very earnest frame of mind, and taking his professional eye from the productive back yard and the teeming alley, he freely charged that however much Budstart might protest that he did not want the nomination, he had, in point of fact, worked for it tooth and nail. Further, the indignant Doctor charged that Budstart had been bought off in this way by Diana, and pointed to the lessening viciousness of his abuse in confirmation of this view. Then he stood on the opposite side of the street, shook his fist at the *Palladium* office, and shouted: 'He's a traitor, and he's trying to take the bread out of the mouth of the faithfulest coroner any county ever had. I'd like to get a cat-skin poultice onto him once; I'd fix him!'

"As election drew near, the coroner candidates were gradually lost sight of in the struggle for the county-seat, and when the day actually came Budstart's friends at Running Horse, casting the straight ticket, all voted against him, while his enemies at Diana, to a man, voted for him. There was a polling-place at Running Horse, and another at Diana, each, of course, in charge of 'home talent.' It was feared at Running Horse that Diana might muster the most voters, so, to neutralize this, and at the same time forever to crush the unscrupulous ring which was known to exist there, the crafty political managers at Running Horse resorted to political stratagem. In some unknown way they got an old Louisville city directory for 1872, and they freely voted the names of three or four hundred of the best citizens of that place. This swelled the votes of Running Horse to something above the actual population, but it was considered a legitimate device to place the county-seat where it belonged, and to rebuke the criminal ring. The cry all day was, 'Down the Diana machine!'

"It was a hushed and solemn hour when the citizens of Running Horse assembled that evening in the office of the *Palladium* to await the returns from Diana. They sat about on the chairs, boxes, and even the floor; leaned against the wall, type-cases, the Washington hand-press, and anything which promised to support a weary political worker who had done what he could to rebuke dishonesty at Diana. About nine o'clock a messenger rode up. He entered, and announced that Diana had polled about two hundred more votes than Running Horse. The sturdy reformers were too disgusted even to swear. They simply sat or leaned where they were and thought. At last the silence was broken by Budstart, who jumped up and exclaimed, 'Great heavens! then I'm elected coroner!'



"LOOKING FOR LIKELY CATS."

"'Yes,' said the messenger; 'you went through at Diana even with your ticket. We've lost the county-seat, but we've got the coronership.' This helped to restore good-nature, and three cheers were given for Coroner Budstart, while Doc Hadley slunk away."

"Is that all?" asked the Doctor.

"Well," answered the Judge, "as a matter of record I may add that Budstart refused the office, to the great apparent grief of the Weeping-Willow, and the county commissioners appointed the worthy Hadley, which was more

soothing to his perturbed spirit than any cat-skin could have been. By-the-way, Doctor, you are a member of the Reform Club, are you not?"

"I am," replied the Doctor.

"Then I ought also to add, as a contribution to your stock of knowledge about reform, anti-machine politics, and general purity of government, that it came out a few months later that Diana had used on election day an old Montreal directory, and Montreal being a larger place than Louisville, she had of course won."

NOT THE SAME.

A NEAT example of the retort admonitive was recently made by a young Colorado mining engineer, whom we will call Morton, principally because that is not at all like his name. Seated in a chair in a Denver barber shop, undergoing a shave at the hands of a favorite barber, who, although an excellent craftsman, sometimes committed the mistake of becoming too familiar in conversation, the talk turned on the case of a man who, being on trial for murder, had been recognized by visitors to the

court-room as a young theological student from a Middle State, where he had been the possessor of a spotless reputation and a totally different name. The conversation thereupon drifted to the subject of changed identities.

Morton's barber rubbed the razor on the strop reflectively, and said: "Yes, it's surprising how many men change their names after they get out West. By-the-way, Morton, what was *your* name back East?"

"*Mister Morton*," was the quiet reply.

RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL.

AN ADVERTISEMENT AND A CONFESSION.

I'm the blotting-pad
Of a modern fad;
The confidant of the secret thought
Of one who much success has had
Through sundry books his pen has wrought.
And oh, and oh,
The things I know!
Tee-hee! 'Twould fill his soul with woe
If he but knew
Me through and through,
As one who'd sell the words he's penned
To gain an easy moneyed end.
Take verse. He's written lots of it.
The published ones are full of wit.
But those he's writ
And blotted out,
I have no doubt
They'd make philistines gladly shout.
Why, I could sell
Verse that would tell
Against him for ten thousand years;
And verse he's written, too, my dears,
A rhyme on Gloom,
Quite bad enough for an ill-paid groom,
Would take his name
And wondrous fame
And cast it in an obscure tomb.
By whom?
By him!
The thought is vile; the diction slim—
'Twould dim forever all his glim!
And then I've got
A novel. Rot
From end to end, as sure as shot.
He wrote the thing in ninety-two:
'Twould kill him if the public knew.
Why, "If it had not been erased,"
The Ink said, "I should be disgraced!"
Now when the Ink, black though it be,
Complains 'bout what is writ, you see
It must be truly up a tree!
And I who help him in his work,
Who never have been known to shirk,
I get no credit from the mass.
He goes into the upper class
Of writers. I
Of fame am shy.
And yet the bulk of what he writes
I blot! I'm going in for rights.
If woman's going to make a fad
Of rights, why not a blotting-pad?
Hence, let me say
Right here, to-day:
For Sale—The Secret Works of Him
Who is the Public's Latest Whim.
For Sale—The Works He's Blotted Out!
For Sale—The Things He Writes About
But Does not Dare to Publish. Bid!
I hold the secrets he has hid.

AN ADVERTISING GENIUS.

A NUMBER of men were sitting in front of Holton's grocery talking of the immense fortunes that had been made by advertising, when one Sam Wilson, a drummer for a Dubuque house, happened along. After listening for a time to the conversation, he took advantage of a lull and remarked: "I've got a friend in the East who is a little ahead of anybody I ever knew as an advertiser. He's a true ar-

tist. No cut-and-dried methods go with him. He's in the grocery and general produce business, like Holton here, and his name is Sloth. Funny name, isn't it? But it's not like him—not a bit. He's the fellow that occasioned so much remark in the advertising journals a few years ago by having made a number of very small cylinders, pointed at one end, which he fastened to a number of small grub-worms. The worms were then dropped into a barrel of apples in front of a rival market, and of course they bored into the fruit, each taking with it a little cylinder containing Sloth's business card and a brief statement relative to wormy fruit. Worms in apples are bad enough—can't be avoided always—but worms that carry baggage are a little too much, and the rival concern suffered materially."

"He must have been a mean sort of a fellow," said one of the group.

"Oh, I don't know; business is business in this day and age, and a man must look out for himself. At one time Sloth had a short prayer printed on thin soda crackers, to do away with the form of saying grace. The idea was very popular for a time, and Sloth's name was in everybody's mouth, till it was found that the ink was making folks sick, when he stopped it. The rival market made an effort to have him brought up on a charge of attempted manslaughter, but failed.

"These things, however, are nothing. I mention them simply because they occur to me, not that they show in any degree the wonderful fertility of the soil in the publicity department of Sloth's brain. About two years ago—just to give you an idea of what he was capable of—he went into the baking-powder business, devoting a small room in the rear of his store to its manufacture, and thus getting his money's worth out of his clerks. He estimated that these young fellows wasted two hours on an average each day standing about waiting for customers. He believed that time is money, and he was right. In the course of two or three months he had enough baking-powder made up to sink a ship, but there was no demand for it. It needed advertising; but he did not feel that he could afford to buy enough space in the newspapers to make himself known; for it was his theory that the name is what folks buy; they don't care for the article so much. So he went to work to make the best of the circumstances—to use the means at hand. There are a good many men who, when they find it impossible to have what they want, refuse like children to have anything, but Sloth was not one of these. No, sir-ee! Sloth was never a victim of circumstances, though circumstances were often victims of Sloth. What's the use of having circumstances if you can't use them?

"That town, in common with many others, was beset with those pests the English sparrows. Sloth went to the town council and volunteered to rid the place of English spar-



THE WINDOW HABIT.

"Poor Bobby Gargoyle has gone insane. He does nothing all day but sit and look out of the window."

"There's an asylum for men afflicted that way."

"Where?"

"In Fifth Avenue. It is called the Calubocker Club."

rows without charge, and was given the job, his name going into print at once in the evening papers. He began by feeding the birds in front of his store, and within a month between ninety-five and a hundred thousand of them had gotten into the habit of coming there for their rations.

"When it seemed that every sparrow in the town, together with several from outside, had been attracted to the spot, he began to put his scheme into operation. He loaded thousands of very small capsules with baking-powder, and covered them with flour and salt. At the proper time these were flung out to the waiting birds, and were greedily swallowed. The salt, of course, made them thirsty, and when Sloth brought out a tub of water they flew all over one another in their haste to drink. And then—well, gentlemen, it was a sight to remember a lifetime—those birds began to rise into the air. Up, up they went, flapping their wings, and chirping dismally.

At one hundred feet a few of them popped, making a noise like the explosion of a paper bag, but the greater part of them rose higher. The sun was obscured, and people lighted the gas in their houses. Oh, it was a wonderful sight—wonderful!

"Well, it rained popped English sparrows for a week all over that part of the country. The news was telegraphed broadcast. It was the talk of the hour. Sloth claims the scheme was worth ten thousand dollars to him, and I don't doubt it. His baking-powder sold faster than he could put it up; and that reminds me—"

But his listeners arose at this point and silently filed down the street, while Sam, watching them with surprise depicted on his babylike face, asked Holton how trade was, and whether he needed a new supply of baking-powder, which Holton took as an insult, and ordered him away from the store.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

RINGING FOR PRAYERS.

A VERY pretty story about a confiding child is told of the four-year-old son of a member of the Georgia Legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hotels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his congenial friends in the office. The bell-boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice-water, or fire, or a "B. and S." that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sirs, send some one to me to hear me say my *prayers*."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

HE was fairly tall, broad-shouldered, and heavy-limbed, and he had a general appearance of muscularity that created a favorable impression as he strode up to the bar at the Imperial Palace Hotel in Wildcat City, Montana. That is to say, it would have created a favorable impression if it had been properly backed up by his attire; but his clothes were of a kind that no well-regulated Wildcatter could endure. They were store clothes, cut in the fashion of Chicago, and they proclaimed him a tenderfoot. He carried a good-sized grip-sack, which he deposited in front of the bar. Then he turned, and gently elevating the brim of his hat by a dexterous flip with his second finger, he said, in confident tones, "Gentlemen, step up and nominate your poison."

Sago Bill looked gravely at Old Missouri, as one who should say, "What is this?" Then they both hitched up their pistol-holsters and led the entire delegation to the bar. Not a word was said until the empty glasses were replaced on the damp counter. That being done, Old Missouri looked calmly at the newcomer and said,

"Stranger, I reckon you're new to these parts."

"Right you are, pard," said the tenderfoot, whose manner of speech was certainly "tough" enough to satisfy the most captious critic.

"An' might I go so fur as to enquire whar you come from?" continued Old Missouri, with great urbanity.

"Sure, Mike," was the brisk reply. "I come from the core o' the world, Chicago."

"An' wot's your game?"

"Well, here's my business card."

With that the stranger handed to Old Missouri a bit of pasteboard, on which were printed the words "Prof. Jim Blakely, champion middle-weight of America." Old Missouri read the card gravely, and said,

"I reckon from this here that you're a fightin' gent."

"You bet your best boots I am," answered the Professor. "I've knocked out the whole gang East and West, and now I'm a-confinin'

of my attention to edicatin' other fellows. That's why I'm called Perfesser."

"An' you've come here—"

"To teach the manly art o' self-defence. I guess there ain't no part o' the country where a man needs to know how to put up his hands more'n he does right out here."

"S'posin' you was to give us a specimen o' your game right now," suggested Sago Bill, while Old Missouri nodded in solemn approval.

"All right, my son," said the Professor, opening his bag and pulling out a set of boxing-gloves. "Will some gent oblige by puttin' on a pair o' these?"

Yellow Jake accommodated the Professor, who had taken off his coat and pulled on his gloves.

"Put up your hands," he said, and Jake obeyed, only to receive a stinging blow between the eyes.

"You want to look out fur them," said the Professor, "an' get your hands in the way so as to stop 'em."

Yellow Jake held his hands before his face, and the Professor jovially punched him in the spot known to the elect as "the wind." That made Jake angry, and he hit out wildly, only to be thumped viciously.

"Hole on!" remarked Old Missouri. "The specimen are puffickly satisfactory. Now, Perfesser, d'ye see this?"

And Old Missouri pulled out his "gun."

"Yes," said the Professor, somewhat dubiously.

"Waal," continued Old Missouri, "it are loaded with seven cattridges, an' now [click, click] it are cocked, an' now it are p'inted at your head."

"Don't," said the Professor; "it might go off."

"That are so," admitted Old Missouri; "it mought. Now take off them gloves."

"What?"

"Take 'em off. That's a good boy. Now go over yender an' face that door. Now slug it the way you slugged Yaller Jake."

Old Missouri stood a little to one side of the Professor, with the "gun" pointed at his head. The pugilist struck out modestly.

"That don't go," said Missouri. "Hit 'er harder, Perfesser, or I'll pull."

The Professor hit harder, and the blood flowed from his knuckles.

"Harder an' quicker," said Missouri. And for ten minutes he kept the unfortunate Professor pounding away at the heavy oak door, till his hands were bruised and cut dreadfully.

"Now, my son—I b'lieve that's wot you called me—you pack them playthings away into your grip, an' you climb right out o' here on the fust stage," said Old Missouri, impressively. "An' w'en you want to teach the art o' self-defence, as you call it, in this part o' the country, you carry one o' these. It'll beat four o' them every time."

And the Professor hurried back to Chicago.

W. J. HENDERSON.



VERY REMARKABLE.

"What is 917?"
 "It's called 'Sunrise on the Bronx.' One of Harry Barstow's."
 "Nothing remarkable about it, I should say."
 "Oh yes, there is—*it's sold!*"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

IN the peaceful vale of Lichtenberg,
 At the Lion's sign, I think,
 I was fain to eat, and ordered meat
 And a cup of cooling drink.

Quoth I to the maid with rosy lips
 Who brought the welcome cheer,
 "A golden coin I'll gladly give
 For kiss of thine, my dear."

Quoth she: "Good sir, that ne'er will do.
 No man hath kiss of mine.
 But if thou wilt I'll kiss thy cup."
 She did—then drank my wine.

CHARLES CONVERSE TYLER

HAD A HARD TIME.

A MAN accused of arson admitted his guilt to one of the jurors, an Irishman—the other eleven being, fortunately for him, his friends—and promised him \$5000 to secure a verdict in the second degree.

"Well," he said to the Irishman, when the jury had come in with a verdict in the second degree, "did you have a hard time bringing them around?"

"Indade oi did," Pat replied, with a weary shake of his head as an earnest of the labor he had. "Iviry wan of thim other fellies wanted to vote for acquittal."



AT THE MINSTREL SHOW.—I.

"You' new dress is pooty nice, B'linda, but I mus' say dat I don't jes like dem polka dots."

A QUIET WEDDING.

"DID you attend the Bircher-Jacklong wedding out at Billy-bee Dam last night, Ike?" asked the able editor of the Hawville *Clarion*.

"Aw, yes!" answered Alkali Ike, wearily; "I was thar."

"Of course there was a lively time, and all that?"

"Accordin' to how you looked at it. I called it mighty slow. Outside of the regular routine and the eatin', nuthin' happened worth mentionin'. To be sure, the preacher and the groom got into a row because the divine wanted his pay in advance; but that is a common occurrence. The Rev. Mr. Harps is too old a bird to take any chances. Of course Jack Howcome, the fiddler, had had too much, as usual, and this time he fell off from the table and broke his bow arm; Jack always was more trouble than he was worth. The bride's mother, who didn't like the groom anyhow, jumped on to the poor feller's neck jest before the ceremony with a rollin'-pin, and it took half a dozen of us ten min-

utes' hard work to tie the old lady fast in a rockin'-chair and carry her a few hundred yards out on the prairie. Durin' the rumpus somebody stole the feed, and we never saw hide nor hair of it all the rest of the evenin'. They accused me of it, but I was as innercent as a lamb. I hain't that kind of a man; and besides, I had a private snack of my own. That was every blamed thing that happened, except that a deputy sheriff slid in and arrested Coyote Pete for horse-stealin' or a little suthin' that a-way, and some feller had a fit. Shucks! Weddin's hain't noways what they used to be a few years ago. Lord! Them was the times! But now everything is gittin' to be too much like it is in the East."

TOM P. MORGAN.

HARD TIMES.

It was good old Uncle Eben who, on a recent visit to the city with his wife, seeing a New-Yorker wearing a monocle, observed:

"Too bad, ain't it, Marthy? Times is so hard that poor feller can't afford more'n one spec."



AT THE MINSTREL SHOW.—II.

"All right, sah."



See "New York Colonial Privateers."

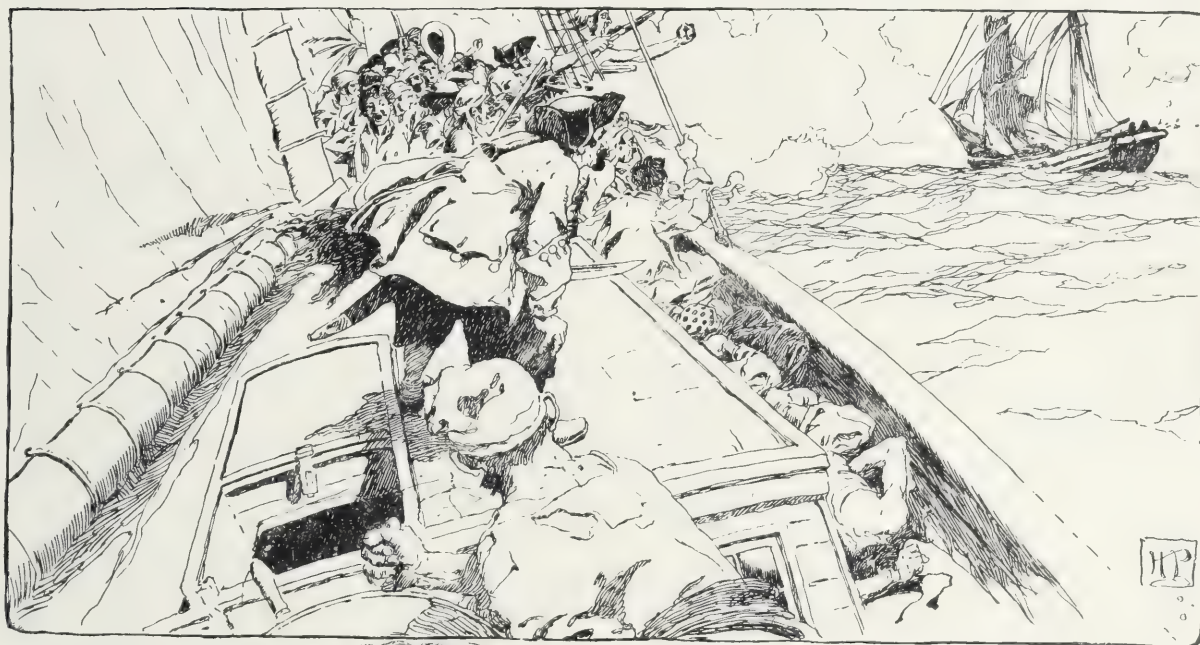
"AND AGAIN MY CAPTAIN TOOK THE BIGGEST."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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New York Colonial Privateers.

by Thomas A Janvier

OF all the lines along which the sea-wealth of New York was won in colonial times I am disposed to give the first place to privateering. Piracy—being hampered by no fine-drawn distinctions as to flags, and by no over-nice requirements of prize courts—was better while it lasted; but it lasted (openly, at least) for less than a decade. Slave-trading also was profitable, and was the basis of many respectable New York for-

tunes; but the profits were by no means certain, and as a business—aside from the bad smells of it—'twas too dull to hit the fancy of our hot-headed young sparks. As for ordinary commerce, a round dozen of long voyages might yield a less return than a single dash of six weeks to the s'uth'ard among the fleets of the Mossoos and Dons. And so, as an all-around industry—with plenty of fighting in it, and plenty of cash flowing out of it—privateering ranked first of all.

Concerning the very beginning of our privateering, the sea-ventures out of this port in the last third of the seventeenth century, it is well to be discreetly reticent. As we all know, things went but loosely in those easy days, and mistakes were

quite as likely to occur at sea as they were on land. That some of our fighting sea-dogs of that time—yielding to a professional zeal in itself not discreditable—did now and then inconsiderately capture ships sailing under a friendly flag, or even under the English flag, is not impossible. But, when all is said, 'twas a small matter: only a few stray Dutch or English merchantmen, or, of still less importance, a heathenish Arabian trader or two, snapped up half by accident in the far-off Indian Ocean or in the southern reaches of the Red Sea. Obviously it would be unfair to rouse out from the kindly obscurity of long-past years such trifling indiscretions; and as for the lawful captures of that period, they were but odds and ends of sugar-laden Spaniards and little chance Frenchmen laden with cod. Therefore, either as pirates or as privateers, the achievements of the projectors of New York privateering are not to be mentioned in the same morning with the doings of the dashing fellows who presently came upon the stage.

Yet before wholly dismissing these seventeenth-century founders of the seawealth of New York, these pioneers in a business which during the eighteenth century so greatly enriched our city, it is but just to credit them—and, still more, the genuine pirates who immediately succeeded them, in Governor Fletcher's time—with having prepared the ground for the harvest which was garnered later on. In other words (and without the nautical application of an agricultural simile), there was assembled here in New York, between the year 1685 and the year 1700, such a swarm of fighting sailor-men, and such strong stimulus was given to the marine industries of ship-building, rope-making, and the putting up of sea-stores, that when the opportunity came for privateering on a large scale there was not a city in America, and only a few cities in Europe, which could compare in completeness of equipment as a privateering base with New York. As to situation—ready accessibility to both West-Indian and Canadian waters—there was nothing to be desired. In a word, the conditions under which privateering could be carried on out of this port were nothing less than ideal.

II.

The war of the Spanish Succession, beginning in the year 1702, was the match

that touched off the New York privateering mine. Under the circumstances, the explosion was unavoidable. It was said of the Duke of Parma, in regard to that same conflict, that "his geography made it impossible for him to be a man of honour"; and New York had an endowment of geography that made neutrality quite out of the question.

But nobody hereabouts wanted to be neutral. After the dull and unprofitable quiet of Lord Bellomont's too-moral rule—when an honest sailor-man could not take a quiet turn off soundings without having the Governor hot upon him with a whole string of impertinent questions on the very moment of his return—the joy of going cruising with the openly avowed intention of hunting prizes was exceedingly keen. Therefore it was with all the good-will in the world that our people made the most of their lucky geography by getting quickly away to sea; and presently a fleet of more than twenty sail had cleared the Hook and had stood away to the s'uth'ard with the first favoring slant of wind—for there was little worth fighting for afloat in the St. Lawrence region, while the French and Spanish craft to be had for the taking in West-Indian waters were of a sort, usually, to set a man's mouth to watering merely to think about as made prize.

It all is so long ago, almost two centuries, since these our fellow-townsmen went sailing out through the Narrows to fight for the good of their pockets and their King that of most of them survives in the way of tradition no more than their names. Yet of two or three have we with the record of their names a record also of some portion of their deeds—so that, despite the haze of years overhanging them, we almost may see their dare-devil figures, clad in antique seagear, and greatly besworded and bepistolled, swaggering before us, and almost may hear their rumbling bass voices as they talk (in the frank fashion of sailor-men of all periods) about their long-past victories, and here and there clinch fast some especially strong assertion with the large and comforting oaths which seafarers of their time and kidney were wont to use.

Quite the most distinct of these half-real, half-imaginary figures which rise up from the depths of our sea-fighting past is Captain Regnier Tongrelow, of the

New York Galley—who probably was a great scamp in his day and generation, with all the making of a pirate inside his privateering veneer, but whose fighting qualities truly were of a sort to warm one's heart. His name is spelled all around the compass in the news-letters of the day—Tongrelow, Tongerlou, Tongerlow—and probably should have been spelled, though I have not found it in this form, Tangrelot. But there is no variety in the record of his fighting, his method having been invariably to fight everything—preferably beginning with the biggest, when there was any choice in the matter—that he could get within range of his guns.

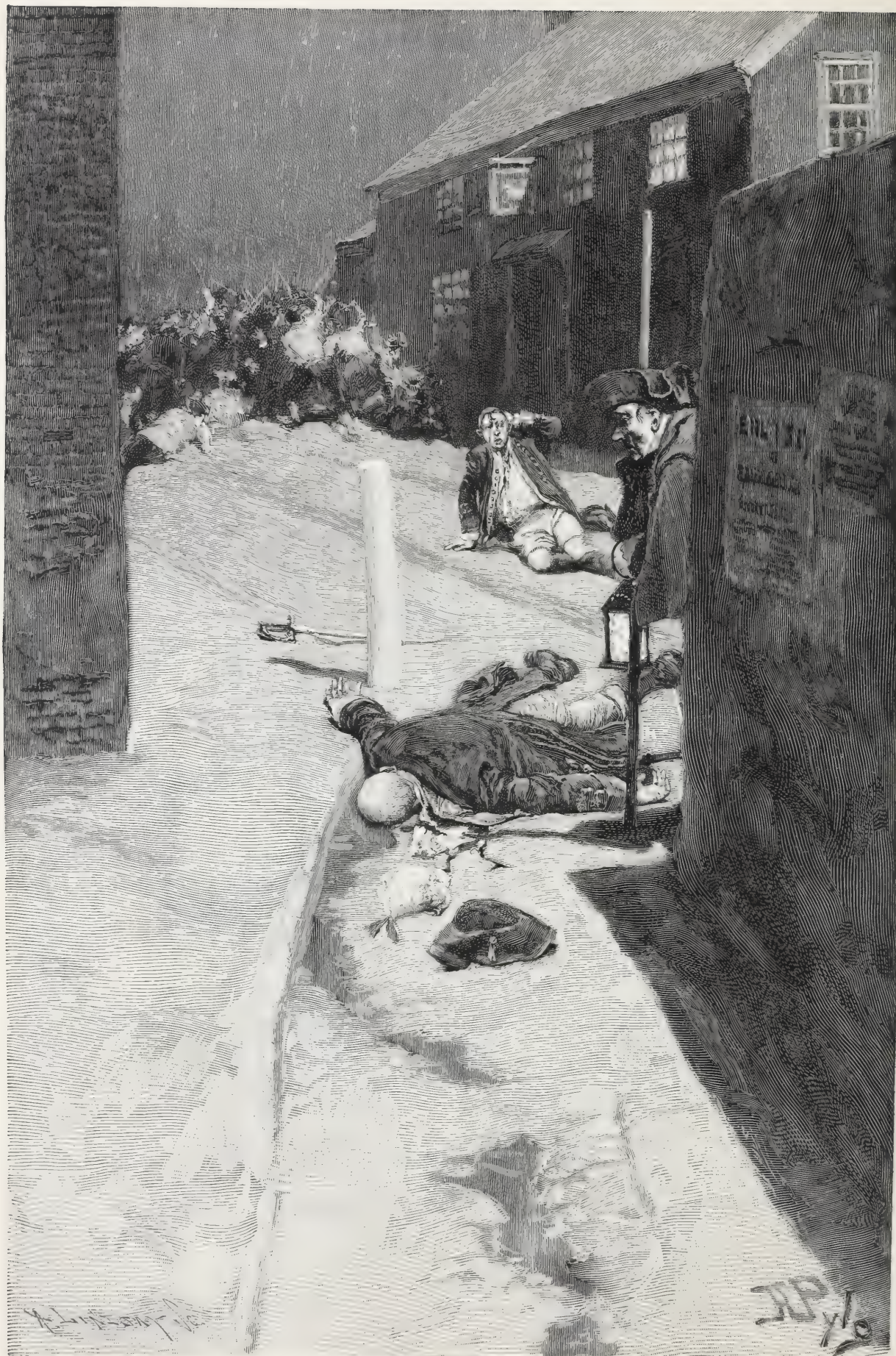
The first record that I have come across of my gentleman's doings is in a news-letter of September 11, 1704, which tells: "Last week came in a Sloop from Sandyhook, and by her not coming up we were jealous of her being a French Privateer, and, by direction of the Council, Capt. Rogers Commander of the *Jersey* put 100 able men on board a Briganteen which was bound for Suranum, with hay on her quarter for a decoy; but she coming near the Sloop most of the men run ashore. The Sloop is a Prize of Capt. Tongerlows, she has nothing on board but about 600 of Cocoa, 40 barrels of Flower, and a few Hides": from all of which it would appear that Captain Tongrelow must have taken advantage betimes of the war to go a-privateering; and that he and his men—the conduct of his prize-crew bearing a suspiciously close resemblance to the flight of professional thieves on sight of the police—very possibly were engaged in a less reputable line of sea-adventure before the war began. It is interesting to note, by-the-way, that H. M. S. *Jersey*, then on this station, was the identical vessel which was to achieve a most dismal notoriety fourscore years later as the British prison-ship for American patriots in Wallabout Bay.

Five months later, under date of February 17, 1704-5, the news-letter records that "Capt. Tongrelou is in Virginia, his Sloop was cast away about ten leagues to the Southward of the Capes of Virginia; the Master and two or three more of her Men drowned. We hear he saved the Money, and about 6 or 700*l.* in Goods, and that he designs hither." By this calamity my Captain seems to have been for a while cast on his beam-ends; yet

eventually, as became a man of courage, to have turned misfortune to his advantage by making his loss of a little ship a valid reason why he should get a big one. Under date of September 24th, following, the fact is stated that "Capt. Renier Tongrelow and others have bought the Cole and Been Galley, a Ship of 200 tons, and 18 Guns, and is now fitting of her for a Privateer and intends to carry 160 Men. Capt. Penniston is also about to fit his Ship, and designs out with her in Consort, they will sail before Winter."

I am at a loss to make sense of the name of Captain Tongrelow's purchase. Possibly he felt that way about it too. At any rate, he promptly changed it to the *New York Galley*—which latter name, in due time, he made most offensively notorious down in the southern seas. And Captain Tom Penniston, to do him justice, did some very pretty fighting down in that region too.

It was on December 24, 1705, that the two Captains got away in company; but more than half a year passed before anything of importance came of their cruising. Captain Tom, to be sure, sent in a few little prizes; but preserved a low balance in his fortunes by being "over set at Bermuda, whereby he lost 5 Guns and damnified his Powder." Captain Tongrelow sent in nothing at all. But at last, in a news-letter of June 17th, came better news of them: "On the 16th Inst. a small Prize Ship about 60 or 70 Tons loaden with Sugar arrived here in 15 Days from the Windward Passage near Cape Franswa, she was taken by Capt. Penistone, and was one of Six Sail, that come out of Petitguavus, bound for France, who were met by Captain Tongerlow and his Consort (a Curacoa Privateer) upon which the French men separated, and Tongerlow gave chase to the biggest, which they say is a Ship of 36 Guns and 150 Men, his Consort in the pursuit broke his Boom, and left off the Chase, and afterwards met with Penistone (who had taken this Prize) and gave him this information." The report adds: "'Tis said Tongerlow has taken a Briganteen with 400 Hogsheads of Sugar on board, and also a Prize from France with Claret": good news which was proved to be true a fortnight later by the arrival of the brigantine, with a good lading of sugar and indigo, and with the captured claret also on board. The brief



"BARBAROUSLY MURDERED THE FIRST AND GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED THE LATTER."

history given of this vessel—"taken by Capt. Tongerlow bound from Hispaniola to France, built at Brazil, and taken from the Portugese by the French on the Coast of Guinea"—is not a bad syllabus of the uncertainties of seafaring in those happy-go-lucky days.

From this time onward the luck was all in favor of Captain TongreLOW, and his prizes were many and fat. But what I most like about him is not his mere talent for prize-taking, but his zest—as in the case cited, where he "gave chase to the biggest"—for fighting against any odds. In September, 1706, being "off Cape Franswa, in company with two Jamaica Privateers and one of Curacoa, they espyed 5 Sail and gave Chase;" and again my Captain "took the biggest." In April, 1707, "arrived here a Sloop from Curacoa by whom we have advice that Captain TongreLOW, a Privateer from hence, met a French Ship of 30 or 36 Guns and 160 Men near Hispaniola, which they fought 4 hours till he had 2 men killed and 17 wounded, and finding her too strong for him he left her"—a move for prudence' sake that would have been made after much less than four hours of fighting by a captain cool enough to remember that his own armament was only twenty guns. And in July of this same year, from the French prisoners aboard the *Generous Ginney*, a recapture sent in by H.M.S. *Triton's Prize*, the writer of the news-letter got the delightful bit "that Captain TongreLOW Cruises off the Havana; and that the Governor thereof sent out 2 Privateer Sloops to take him; but that TongreLOW had taken them both."

This exploit seems to have been the climax of the Captain's performances in West-Indian waters—and the cause of his abruptly leaving them: for the Spanish Governor (who must have been in a fine temper over such an exemplary display of impudence) started instantly in pursuit of him a little fleet that even this fire-eater had not the effrontery to assail. Indeed, for once in his life, he ran away. "On the 30th last," says a news-letter of August 4, 1707, "arrived here Capt. TongreLOW, who was chased from the Havana by a Ship, a Brig. and a Sloop, who were fitted out from thence to take him; his Sloop was missing several Days from the place of Rendezvouz, and 'tis feared she's taken."

Being thus come safe home again, and with well-lined pockets, it would seem that my Captain sailed no more. No farther record of him appears in the news-letters, and when the *New York Galley* is mentioned—well maintaining her traditions—a hard-hitting Captain Hardy is in command. But that TongreLOW, like his ship, continued his career in a masterful fashion I am confident. 'Tis my fancy that, having won for himself a fortune, he went on in the same resistless way and won for himself a wife: "taking the biggest," as usual, by cutting out valiantly from under the guns of a dozen rivals some stout buxom widow suited to his estate and to his medium years—one of those plumply mellow quadrigenarious bodies who especially appeal to the vigorous and well-salted emotion which with sailor-men stands for love—and thereafter permitted the soft delights of Venus to fill in his manly breast the place so long given to the stern delights of Mars. It is a pleasure to think of him thus snugly harbored after all his dare-devilttries afloat—whereof he must have vaped finely when in his cups; and even of more prodigious fighting wonders as his youth loomed larger through the haze of his declining years.

III.

I have been able thus to dilate upon Captain TongreLOW because there has survived in the ancient records a more intimate suggestion of his personality than is given of any other captain of his times. But his fellows, so far as the Past surrenders them to us, seem to have been of precisely the same stripe: rash-tempered scamps, with a bellicose strut in their gait, and a stand-and-deliver air that was emphasized by their trick of constantly fingering their pistols and hangers, and by their extreme readiness in using those handy weapons to let the life out of a Frenchman or a Don.

Captain Tom Penniston, for instance, shared so fully in his consort's fancy for "taking the biggest" that, seemingly, 'twas the death of him. He is but a hazy figure—touched upon now and again in a news-letter when one of his captures is reported—until at the very last he stands for a single thrilling moment illumined in the blaze of his own glory, and then instantly and forever disappears. His apotheosis is thus pre-

sented in a news-letter of August 5, 1706: "On the 30th of July arrived Captain Basset in a month from Jamaica, who says Capt. Pennistone (a Privateer of this Port) boarded two Ships together, one of 18 and the other of 24 Guns, but was beat off with the loss of his Arm, and 9 Men kill'd, and as many wounded, and obliged to bear away to Jamaica"—into which curt statement is crowded the history of as brilliant a little sea-fight as ever was fought to a losing end.

That it was Captain Penniston's last fight seems pretty certain. In the news-letters I find no later mention of him; and this is a negation very ominous in the case of a gentleman whom we leave with his arm just shot away, with his ship in a tropical sea in blazing June weather, who at the best would have but a rough-and-ready surgeon to attend to his wound, and whose disposition under these trying circumstances to die quickly and violently of a raging fever would be largely augmented by what we reasonably may assume to have been his habits in regard to the use of strong drink. Therefore it is but too likely that Captain Tom (sewed up in a hammock, with three six-pound shot at his heels) followed his arm overboard within forty-eight hours. But we need not greatly grieve for him. No doubt this hasty yet gallant exit from life on salt water was far more to his fancy than would have been a slow stewing to death through age or infirmity on land.

Captain Gincks, of the brigantine *Dragon*—who, being off Porto Rico, "fell in with and Engaged both together two French Privateers, the *Trampoose* and another Sloop, and had taken them had they not run, and having received damage in his Rigging and Sails could not follow them"; and Captain Zacharias—who cut out a sugar-laden barque lying in Cartagena Roads in plain sight of the French fleet commanded by M. Deberville—were both of them tolerably well equipped with effrontery; but for down-right insolent daring a bit of work done by Captain Nat Burches fairly takes the lead.

Burches commanded Tongrelow's tender, a little sloop of 6 guns and 27 men, which in the charge of a reasonably prudent person would have done her fighting with cockboats of somewhere near her own size. But Burches—bless his

honest heart!—had not a scrap of prudence in his whole composition: being one of those cutting and slashing captains whose whole scheme of happiness was summed in his burning longing to get at the enemy, and be d—d to him and the number of his guns! That he lived up to his convictions is testified to by the following short narrative, from a news-letter of August 5, 1706:

"On the 30th of July arrived here a Privateer Sloop of 6 Guns and 27 Men, Nath. Burches, Commander, being the Tender of Capt. Tongrelou, which a few weeks ago met with a Spanish Ship (bound from Canaries to New Spain) of 600 Tuns 24 Guns and 250 Men, near to Cuba, this Sloop fired 6 Shot at her, two whereof hull'd her, one blew up the Round House, kill'd the Captain and 5 Men, and another disabled her Main Mast which afterwards fell over board, the Sloop finding the Ship too strong for her left her, and carried notice of her to Capt. Tongrelou, who immediately thereupon went in search of her, but could not find her; the Sloop soon after she parted with Capt. Tongrelou found the Spanish Ship a Shoar about a league from Barricoe upon Cuba, the Spaniards defended her from the Shoar, and at last capitulated with the Sloop for her lading of Wines and Brandy, provided they would not burn the rest, nor the Ship; and accordingly she has brought hither 50 pipes of Canary and Brandy which they took out of her, but have not seen Tongrelou for seven nor his Consort for nine weeks past." And then, as a sort of after-thought, the writer adds: "The Spanish Ship was obliged to run a Shoar, having 8 foot water in her Hold before they knew of it, and upon her striking Ground her Main Mast tumbled over board being wounded by a shot from the Sloop, but the Sloop knew not what execution they had done till they found her a Shoar."

That Captain Burches seems to have ended by falling into the hands of the enemy—as would appear from the reference to his failure to come to the "rendezvous" already cited—is not surprising: for I do verily believe that he was quite capable of laying his absurd sloop abreast of a King's ship, and of blazing away at her with his deadly little pop-gun broadside, and of winding up by boarding her at the head of his twenty-seven men!

IV.

Considering what a terror they were afloat to their enemies, it is no great wonder that these privateersmen of ours should have been also a bit of a terror to their friends ashore. New York seems to have gloried in their deeds and to have stood in awe of their persons—as well it might, in view of their broadly impartial tendency to get drunk on anybody's premises, and thereafter to fight everybody who came along.

Probably the worst of these riots (certainly I have found no record of another equalling it) occurred in September, 1705; and the news-letter of September 24th in which it is chronicled begins with the statement that "on the 18th Instant arrived here a small Prize Sloop taken by Capt. Penniston, loaden with Wine and Brandy." The writer of the letter, who does not seem to perceive any connection between the arrival of this sloop-load of potential drunkenness and the disturbance which within twenty-four hours followed it, continues in these terms:

"On the 19th Instant, about 10 at night, some of the Privateers began a Riot before the Sheriff's House of this City, assaulted the Sheriff at his door without any provocation, and beat and wounded several persons that came to his assistance, and in a few minutes the Privateers tumultuously met together in great numbers, upon which Forces were sent out of the Fort to suppress them, and the Sheriff, Officers, and some men belonging to Her Majesties Ships made a Body to do the same, but before these Forces could meet with them, the Privateers unhappily met Lieut. Wharton Featherstone Hough, and Ensign Alcock (two Gentlemen of the Hon. Col. Livesay's Regiment that came in the Jamaica Fleet, who were peaceably going home to their Lodgings) and barbarously murdered the first and grievously wounded the latter, in several places in the head, and bruised his Body; and after they had knocked him down several times, and got his Sword, some of them run Lieut. Featherstone Hough in at the left side through his heart (as is supposed with Ensign Alcock's Sword) of which he immediately dyed. Just as the Fact was done, the Privateers were attacked by the Sheriff, Officers, and Seamen of Her Majesties Ships, and some of the Town, and in a short time were obliged to fly; several of both sides were wounded;

some of the Privateers were then taken Prisoners, and several since, who are committed, and do believe will suffer according to Law; the Soldiers killed one of the Privateers that was flying from them." The writer concludes with the indignant comment upon privateersmen in general: "It would be tedious to relate the particulars, but their insolence is beyond expression."

In the end, what was believed to be justice was served out to the murderer; that is to say, he was hanged. In a news-letter of October 29th is the statement: "On the 26th Instant, Erasmus Wilkins the Privateer was Executed for the Murder of Lieut. Featherstone Hough. He confess'd that he took a Sword from a Gentleman, and run it into another, which he believed was the Gentleman that was kill'd, and that he afterwards broke the Sword;" and the edifying information is added that he "cautioned his comrades against Drunkenness, Swearing, Wantonness, Sabbath-breaking &c and dyed very penitent and like a man."

V.

It is hard to dismiss these delightful fellows with the summary statement that they continued on the lines indicated to fight with great gusto at sea, where they killed, and on land, where they murdered, until the war came to an end. Yet in this fashion, or in some other equally curt, I must dismiss them if I am to get down through the years to their successors: who, as it seems to me, less valorously, and certainly less dashingly, took up the privateering parable when the profitless peace at last ended and honest men had a chance again legitimately to cut each other's throats and to pick each other's pockets on the high seas.

There was, to be sure, a weary time of waiting before this happy opportunity came: all the long while between the Peace of Utrecht, signed in 1713, and the war with Spain, which began in a half-hearted fashion in 1739, and was merged into the war of the Austrian Succession in 1740, but really was not worth talking about—from a privateersman's stand-point—until France threw over her queer notion of fighting as a limited liability company and regularly went into the ring with England in the year 1744. This uselessly peaceful period of near a third of a century must have embittered the declin-

ing years of many a worthy privateer-man; and in the end have landed him in a most unsatisfactorily peaceful grave.

Very little attention seems to have been paid here to Governor Clarke's proclamation, of June 17, 1739, granting "letters of marqz" and "commissions of reprisal" against the Spaniards; for the reason, possibly, that such an amount of marine red tape in the case of mere Spaniards seemed superciliously absurd; but Governor Clinton's proclamation of the war against the French was the spark to a train which set off this whole town into a joyful explosion of profitable war. "I have had the honour," wrote the Governor, under date of October 9, 1744, to the Lords of Trade, "of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle's letter of 31 March, with His Majesty's Declaration of War against the French King, as also His Declaration for the encouragement of His Majesty's ships of War and Privateers, together with a copy of the French King's Declaration, which overtook me at Soapus on my way to Albany, where I proclaimed His Majesty's Declaration at the Head of a Militia Regiment I was then reviewing:" a juxtaposition of defiant belligerent circumstances so apposite, and to the enemy so terrifying—for well might the King of France tremble for his Canadian possessions when the militia regiment of Esopus was up and armed!—that I am half tempted to suspect this salt-water Governor of a tendency to romance.

But of the effect of the news upon our New-Yorkers there can be no doubt. In the same letter in which he tells about his Hannibal-like proclamation of the war at the head of the Esopus legion, the Governor adds: "The merchants of this city has been extreamly alert in fitting out Privateers, at a very great expense, and have brought in several prizes:" a moderate assertion that is more than made good by the public prints of the day. The news that war had been declared could not well have been received in this country before the first week in May, yet in the *Post-Boy* of June 4th is the statement: "By a Sloop arrived here last Saturday Night in 8 days from Cape Fear, we hear that the two New York Privateers, with their Prize lately taken, were to sail in 4 or 5 days for this Place;" and in the issue of the week following is chronicled the arrival of "our two Privateers, the Brig *Hester*, Capt. Bayard, and

Sloop *Polly*, Capt. Jefferies, with their Prize so much talk'd of, from *Cape Fare*; she is a beautiful Ship, almost new, of near 200 Tons, and loaden chiefly with Cocoa; but we don't hear that the Pieces of Eight have been found, as was reported."

In keeping with this "extreamly alert" beginning, the *Post-Boy* thereafter bristles with announcements of the fitting of brigs and sloops "for a cruizing Voyage against His Majesty's Enemies," and with calls to "Gentlemen Sailors, and others" to join their crews; while the eager temper of our citizens thus at once to line their pockets and to serve their King is shown, presently, in the jubilant declaration that "'tis impossible to express with what Alacrity the Voluntiers enter on board." In the first year of the war thirteen privateers were afloat out of this port; a number that was increased to twenty-nine before the war came to an end. With the exception of the *Prince Charles*—a ship of 380 tons, mounting "24 Carriage Guns, most of them Nine-Pounders, and 34 Swivels," and carrying a crew of 200 men—our fighting-boats were little sloops and brigs and brigantines and snows of from 125 to 200 tons; with batteries of from twelve to sixteen little six-pounders and about as many swivels (that is, small pieces pivoted on the rail: in the fashion seen of late in the reanimate *Santa Maria*, caravel); and manned with crews rarely exceeding 100 men.

Vessel for vessel, and as a whole, this fleet was superior in strength to the fleet that had sailed hence thirty years earlier; but it seems to me that there was lighter metal in the crews. Certainly there were no such rakish heroes again afloat as Peniston and Tongrelow. Thus "the *Snow Dragon*, Captain Seymour, and the Brig *Greyhound*, Captain Jefferies, and with them the *Grand Diable* Sloop, a Spanish Privateer which they had taken and made a consort of . . . as they were cruizing in the Bay of Mexico . . . fell in with a large Spanish Ship of 36 Guns, and upwards of 300 Men, with whom they all engaged for the greatest part of two Days." But instead of taking her—it was just such another ship that Captain Burches captured with his sloop of six guns and 27 men—our people were very handsomely beaten off.

Yet while it would seem—in this and

in some other cases—that the privateersmen of this later war were not animated by the same temerarious spirit which so constantly flashed forth in the doings of their predecessors, 'twould be an injustice to give the impression that they had no spirit at all. Every now and then in the *Post-Boy* of that war-time, testifying to the blazing up again of the old fire, is a bit like the following: “On Thursday last came in here a large French Prize Ship call'd the *St. Joseph*, taken on the 29th of August last by the Privateer Brig *William*, Capt. Arnold, of this Place, after two smart Engagements, the first in the Evening before, of about an Hour, wherein the Privateer had one of her Swivel Guns burst, which Kill'd 'em 3 Men and wounded 4; and the other in the Morning of about 5 Hours, wherein they had one man Kill'd and 5 wounded; the Prize is about 350 Tons, mounts 12 Guns four-pounders, and had 57 stout Men on board; their Second Lieutenant was Kill'd, and 5 Men wounded, some of which mortally.”

But if lacking a little in true battle-spirit, the privateersmen of this period were nearly normal in their taste for cruel pleasantries and in their readiness to fight with a vicious ferocity ashore. When the crews of the *Castor* and *Pol-lux* “found that a Person who had entered on board them two or three Days before was a woman”—’twas a case of true love, no doubt, fit to make a ballad of—“they seiz’d upon the unhappy Wretch and duck’d her Three Times from the Yard-Arm, and afterwards made their negroes tarr her all over from Head to Foot, by which cruel Treatment, and the Rope that let her into the Water having been indiscreetly fastened, the poor Woman was very much hurt and continues now ill.” And in the course of a fight aboard the *Hester*—a fight which seems to have begun amicably enough in mere fisticuffs—“a poor Sailor had a large Piece of his Ear bit off in a very unfair and barbarous manner.” And so it would seem that the spots upon my privateersmen remained practically unchanged: save that with their less impetuous doings at sea seems to have come a disposition to rage less furiously upon land—little turbulencies like these just cited taking the place of heroic mutinies against the public peace under and in collision with the Sheriff’s very nose.

VI.

Without being able to account for it, I can only state the fact that in the short interval between the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and the fresh outbreak of hostilities, in 1756, the sea-going population of this city experienced so marked a change of heart that ’tis a warm pleasure to any one fond of stories of good fighting afloat to read the record in the *Mercury* of the part taken by our privateersmen in the Seven Years’ War.

As everybody knew, the Peace signed at Aix was but a truce; a mere provision of breathing-space while the combatants retired to their respective corners to rest a little and to be sponged off. Here in New York it was regarded, no doubt, as a sheer waste of time; a painful period of enforced abstention from an exhilarating business in which prodigious profits were to be gained. Especially severe was the strain upon New York patience during the last few months of waiting for the war that very obviously was close at hand. In its issue of July 19th the *Mercury* gives a list of vessels fitting for privateers or “nominated for a like purpose, . . . all of which we expect,” it adds blithely, “will be ready to push off in a very few Days after War is declared.” Indeed, all the city seems to have been straining at its collar—like a rampant bull-dog eager to get teeth into a sighted foe—in its passionate longing for the word to come from England that killing and robbing Frenchmen afloat had become a patriotic duty and had ceased to be a hanging crime.

When this happy news did come—in His Majesty’s Proclamation dated at Kensington May 17th, and published here in the *Mercury* of July 26th following—crews were completed with a rush, ammunition was hustled in, stores and water were scampered aboard: and with the whir and scurry of a covey of partridges the waiting ships shot away to sea. In the *Mercury* of August 9th four privateers are reported as “fell down to the watering-place,” four more as almost ready to sail, and “two fitting out with all Expedition”; in the issue of the 30th the sailing of the brig *Johnson* is reported, with the note that “this is the eighth Privateer sent out since War was declared”; in the issue of September 6th five more vessels are reported as cleared; and in the issue of October 4th a list is given of the New

York privateer fleet, which includes 20 craft of all classes—ships, snows, brigs, and sloops—carrying 246 guns and 1900 men.

Nor did this ardor cool quickly. Half a year later, under date of March 17, 1758, Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, writing to Secretary Pitt, declares that "the Country is drain'd of many able-bodied Men by almost a Madness to go a Privateering"; and his statement is made good by the publication in the *Mercury* of June 27, 1757, of an additional list of 23 vessels, carrying more than 300 guns and upwards of 2500 men. And, finally, according to the list compiled for Mr. Shannon, 130 privateers were commissioned here between the opening and the close of the war.

As the result of the foraging of this fleet seaward a merry lot of money came into New York across the harbor bar. Mr. Shannon quotes from a letter written hence, in June, 1757, to a London merchant: "There are now 30 Privateers out of the Place, and ten more on the Stocks and launched. They have had hitherto good Success, having brought in fourteen Prizes, Value 100,000*l*." This figuring up of the winnings is to be taken, no doubt, with several grains of salt. But if only the half of it were true there still remains £50,000, nearly equal in purchasing power to a half-million of our present-day dollars: a truly prodigious amount of wealth to be created practically from nothing within half a year in a town of only 11,000 souls. A twelvemonth later, January 9, 1758, the *Mercury* gives a list of all the captures made by the New York fleet from the beginning of the war until that date. The total is upwards of 80 vessels, which—at the rate of valuation just suggested—would represent more than five millions of dollars of the present day. Under these conditions it is not surprising that there was hereabouts "almost a madness to go a Privateering." Looking at the matter from the stand-point of that period it would have been not almost, but quite, a madness to have staid at home.

VII.

But this wholesale sea-robbery was to a great extent freed from the taint of mere sordidness by the magnificent fashion in which the sea-robbers carried it on. In them the resolute fighting spirit of the sailors of half a century earlier lived

again. No enemy was too big to be attacked, and the enemy too big to be taken had to be very big indeed. In truth, the way in which our smallest craft bustled up to the assault of ships which almost might have rove tackle and hoisted them on board bodily, and the way in which our larger vessels singly attacked whole fleets, made up as pretty a spectacle of salt-water impudence as heart could desire.

Almost the first prize brought in was "a large French schooner," captured by the *Harlequin*, Captain Fenton, a sloop of 10 guns and 45 men; and to the announcement of this achievement, in the *Mercury* of September 20th, was appended the airy statement: "On the 28th of August Capt. Fenton Engaged a French ship of 18 Guns, and would have carried her, but one of his Guns bursting obliged him to draw off." In these actions the little *Harlequin* took the pace that she kept, under her seven successive commanders, throughout the war; but her captain, after he had left her and had taken command of the *Weesel* (I am spelling the name of his vessel in his own way,) managed still farther to accelerate his speed.

"On the 10th Instant," reports the *Mercury* in October, 1757, "the Privateer Sloop *Weesel*, Capt. Fenton, returned here almost an entire wrack, having lost his Mast, 27 Feet of his Boom, his best Anchor, and 4 of his Guns in a violent Gale of Wind." While he was in this dismantled condition, the report continues, "he fell in with . . . a Ship and Snow, St Domingo Men, whereupon Capt. Fenton made all the Sail he could, and about 7 o'clock, came up with the Ship, when he engaged her and the Snow with only 6 Guns, and without a Mast, for three Glasses, and would have boarded one of them, but his sloop would not turn to Windward, having 75 stout Men on board; and finding it impracticable to attempt any Thing of the kind, as his Consort could not come up to his Assistance, he sheer'd off to mend his Rigging, the little he had left being almost all shot away." Yet it would seem, from the lack of comment upon this spitfire performance, that for a half-wrecked sloop to fight a ship and snow together was nothing much out of the common in that most gallant time. And as for Captain Pell of the sloop *Mary*, mounting 12 guns and carrying a crew of 100 men, one has only to read the

Mercury's short and dry account of his three days' fight with a fleet of five Frenchmen, together carrying 42 guns and 138 men, to recognize in him one of those old-fashioned captains prone to declaring that if they'd give him the odds of the weather-gage he'd double-shot his guns and fight all hell!

It is but just to add, also, that some of the very prettiest fighting done in all the war was done by ships' companies which in the end were compelled to strike their flags. There was the case of the snow *Cicero*, of 14 guns and 120 men, "taken and carried into Port Louis by a Frigate of 24 nine Pounders and 170 Men, after an obstinate Resistance of two Hours within Pistol Shot." In this breezy little fight, notwithstanding the great disproportion of the vessels in size, crews, and armament—the last the more marked because the *Cicero's* battery, presumably, consisted of six-pounders—'twas touch and go which side won. In the early part of the engagement the sloop "hull'd the Frigate so often that both Pumps were kept going, and were in such Confusion on board that they ceased Firing several Minutes"; and then, by a turn of bad luck, "Captain Smith having Mr Saltur, his Doctor, blown up, and 15 Men wounded, was obliged to Strike, his Rigging being almost all shot away." In addition to the wounded at least one of the fighting force was killed, as in the list of casualties is the entry: "Alex. Mitchell, blown up with the Doctor, and is since dead." But what a lovely bit of fighting it was!

Captain Spelling, of the snow *Hornet*, of 14 guns and 120 men, made even a better record when he was taken, in October, 1758, "by two French Frigates, being

part of a Convoy to fourteen Martinico men bound to Old France." Our Captain, no doubt, made a dash for the merchant-ship, and then found that he was in for it with the ships of war. At any rate, he played handsomely his losing game. "Captain Spelling engaged one of the Frigates," reports the *Mercury*, "three-quarters of an hour, and Killed her nine Men; but she being joined by the other, after engaging both half an Hour, and Killing the latter 6 Men, he was obliged to Strike, having John Banning Kill'd, his Fore-Mast, Traysail Mast, and Boltsprit shot away, his Sails and Rigging almost tore to Pieces, and the Vessel so disabled that the Frenchmen, after taking out her Guns, and a few other necessities, blew her up next Day."

VIII.

According to their lights, my old-time sailors did their whole duty. For morals were simple in their day, and their entire creed, I fancy, was summed in the conviction that Right was fighting the king's enemies to the uttermost, and that Wrong was running away. It is true that these heroes of mine, judged by the over-dainty canons of what at present is held to be propriety, were not much better than so many Turpins: ranging less for glory than for plunder the highways of the sea. Yet for myself, leaving aside the fact that in their own time their calling had no smirch upon it, 'tis impossible for me thus harshly to regard them; or, indeed, to have for them any other feeling than a warm kindness that flows in part from envy of their doings, and in part from downright gladness that such audacious rashlings had the chance to fight their lives out in their own strong way.



JOHN SANDERS, LABORER.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

HE came from up the railroad near the State line. Sanders was the name on the pay-roll—John Sanders, laborer. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was like a hundred others up and down the track. If you paid him off on Saturday night you would have forgotten him the next week. He looked, perhaps, fifty years of age, and yet he might have been but thirty. He was stout and strong, his hair and beard cropped short. He wore a rough blue jumper, corduroy trousers, and a red flannel shirt, which showed at his throat and wrists. He wore, too, a leather strap buckled about his waist.

If there was anything that distinguished him it was his mouth and eyes, especially when he smiled. The mouth was clean and fresh, the teeth snow-white and regular, as if only pure things came through them; the eyes were frank and true, and looked straight at you without wavering. If you gave him an order he said "Yes, sir," never taking his gaze from yours until every detail was complete. When he asked a question it was to the point and short.

The first week he shovelled coal on a siding, loading the yard engines. Then Burchard, the station-master, sent him down to the street crossing to flag the trains for the dump carts filling the scows at the long dock.

This crossing right-angled a deep railroad cut half a mile long. On the level above, looking down upon its sloping sides, staggered a row of half-drunken shanties with bleary-eyed windows, and ragged roofs patched and broken; some hung over on crutches caught under their floor timbers. Sanders lived in one of these cabins—the one nearest the edge of the granite retaining-wall flanking the street crossing.

Up the slopes of this railroad cut lay the refuse of the shanties—bottomless buckets, bits of broken chairs, tomato-cans, rusty hoops, fragments of straw matting, and the like. In the summer-time a few brave tufts of grass, coaxed into life, clung desperately to an accidental level, and now and then a gay dandelion flamed for a day or two and then disappeared, cut off by some bed-

ouin goat. In the winter there were only patches of blackened snow, fouled by the endless smoke of passing trains, and seamed with the short-cut foot-paths of the yard hands.

There were only two in Sanders's shanty—Sanders and his crippled daughter, a girl of twelve, with a broken back. She barely reached the sill when she stood at the low window to watch her father waving his flag. Bent, hollow-eyed, shrunk-en; her red hair cropped short in her neck; her poor little white fingers clutching the window-frame. "The express is late this morning," or "No. 14 is on time," she would say, her restless, eager blue eyes glancing at the clock, or "What a lot of ashes they do be haulin' to-day!" Nothing else was to be seen from her window.

When the whistle blew she took down the dinner-pail, filled it with potatoes and the piece of pork hot from the boiling pot, poured the coffee in the tin cup, put on the cover, and limping to the edge of the retaining-wall, lowered the pail over by a string to her father. Sanders looked up and waved his hand, and the girl went back to her post at the window.

When the night came he would light the kerosene lamp in their one room and read aloud the stories from the Sunday papers, she listening eagerly and asking him questions that he could not answer, her eyes filling with tears or her face lighting up. This about summed up her life.

Not much in the world, this, for Sanders!—not much of rest, nor comfort, nor happy sunshine—not much of song nor laughter, the pipe of birds or smell of sweet blossoms—not much room for gratitude or courage or human kindness or charity. Only the ceaseless engine-bell, the grime, the sulphurous hellish smoke, the driving rain and ice and dust—only the endless monotony of ill-smelling, steaming carts, the smoke-stained signal-flag and greasy lantern—only the tottering shanty with the two beds, the stove, and the few chairs and table—only the blue-eyed crippled girl who wound her thin arms about his neck.

It was on Sundays in the summer that the dreary monotony ceased. Then San-

ders would carry her to the edge of the woods, a mile or more back of the cut. There was a little hollow carpeted with violets, and a pond, where now and then a water-lily escaped the factory boys, and there were big trees and bushes and stretches of grass, ending in open lots squared all over by the sod-gatherers.

On these days Sanders would lie on his back and watch the tree-tops swaying in the sunlight against the sky, and the girl would sit by him and make mounds of the fresh mosses and pebbles that lay about, and tie the wild flowers into bunches. Some-

times he would pretend that there were fish in the pond, and would cut a pole and bend a pin, tie on a bit of string, and sit for hours watching the cork, she laughing beside him in expectation. Sometimes they would both go to sleep, his arm across her. And so the summer passed.

One day in the autumn, at twelve-o'clock whistle, a crowd of young ruffians from the bolt-works near the brewery swept down the crossing chasing a homeless dog. Sanders stood in the road with his flag. A passing freight-train stopped the mob. The dog dashed between the wheels, doubling, and then, bounding up the slope of the cut, sprang through the half-open door of the shanty. When he saw the girl he stopped short, hesitated, looked anxiously into her face, crouched flat, and pulling himself along by his paws, laid his head at her feet. When Sanders came home that night the dog was asleep in her lap. He was about to drive him out until he caught the look in



"SOMETIMES HE WOULD PRETEND THAT THERE WERE FISH IN THE POND."

her face, then he stopped, and laid his empty dinner-pail on the shelf.

"I seen him a-comin'," he said; "them rats from the bolt-factory was a-humpin' him, too! Guess if the freight hadn't a-come along they'd a-ketched him."

The dog looked wistfully into Sanders's face, scanning him curiously, timidly putting out his paw and dropping it, as if he had been too bold, and wanted to make some sort of a dumb apology, like a poor relation who has come to spend the day. He had never had any respectable ancestors—none to speak of. You could see that in the coarse, yellow, shaggy hair, like a door mat; the awkward ungainly walk, the legs doubling under him; the drooping tail with bare spots down its length, suggesting past indignities. He was not a large dog—only about as high as a chair seat; he had mottled lips, too, and sharp, sawlike teeth. One ear was gone, perhaps in his puppyhood, when some one had tried to make a terrier of

him, and had stopped when half done. The other ear, however, was active enough for two. It would curl forward in attention like a deer's, or start up like a rabbit's in alarm, or lie back on his head when the girl stroked him to sleep. He was only a kickable, chasable kind of a dog—a dog made for sounding tin pans and whooping boys.

All but his eyes! These were brown as agates, and as deep and clear. Kindly eyes too, that looked and thought and trusted. It was his eyes that first made the girl love him; they reminded her,

him up warm beside her. When the trains passed he would stand up on his hind legs, his paws on the sill, his blunt little nose against the pane, whining at the clanging bells, or barking at the great rings of steam and smoke coughed up by the engines below.

She taught him, too, all manner of tricks. How to walk on his hind feet with a paper cap on his head, a plate in his mouth, begging. How to make believe he was dead, lying still a minute at a time, his odd ear furling nervously and his eyes snapping fun; how to carry a

basket to the grocery on the corner, when she would limp out in the morning for a penny's worth of milk or a loaf of bread, he waiting until she crossed the street, and then marching on proudly before her.

With the coming of the dog a new and happier light seemed to have brightened up the shanty. Sanders himself began to feel the influence. He would play with him by the hour, holding his mouth tight, pushing back his lips so that his teeth glistened, twirling his ear. There was a third person now for him to consult and talk to. "It'll be turrible cold at the cross-in' to-day, won't it, Dog?" or, "Thet's

strange to say, of her father's. She saw too, perhaps unconsciously to herself, down in their depths, something of the same hunger for sympathy that stirred her own heart—the longing for companionship. She wanted, too, something nearer her own age to love.

The dog and the girl became inseparable. At night he slept under her bed, reaching his head up in the gray dawn, and licking her face until she covered

No. 23 puffin' up in the cut: don't yer know her bell? Wonder, Dog, what she's switched fur?" he would say to him. He noticed, too, that the girl's cheeks were not so white and pinched. She seemed taller and not so weary; and when he walked up the cut, tired out with the day's work, she always met him at the door, the dog springing half-way down the slope, wagging his tail and bounding ahead to welcome him. And she would



"SHE TAUGHT HIM, TOO, ALL MANNER OF TRICKS."

sing, too, little snatches of songs that her mother had taught her years ago, before the great flood swept away the cabin and left only her father and herself clinging to a bridge, she with a broken back.

After a while Sanders would coax him down to the track, teaching him to bring back his empty dinner-pail, the dog spending the hour with him, sitting by his side demurely, or asleep in the sentry-box.

All this time the dog never rose to the dignity of any particular name. The girl spoke of him as "Doggie," and Sanders always as "the Dog." The train-men called him "Rags," in deference, no doubt, to his torn ear and threadbare tail. They threw coal at him as he passed, until it leaked out that he belonged to "Sanders's girl." Then they became his champions, and this name and pastime seemed out of place. Only once did he earn any distinguishing sobriquet. That was when he had saved the girl's basket, after a sharp fight with a larger and less honest dog. Sanders then spoke of him, with half-concealed pride, as "the Boss," but this only lasted a day or so. Publicly, in the neighborhood, he was known as "Sanders's yaller dog."

One morning the dog came limping up the cut with a broken leg. Some said a horse had kicked him; some that the factory boys had thrown stones at him. He made no outcry, only came sorrowfully in, his mouth dry and dust-covered, dragging his hind leg, that hung loose like a flail; then he laid his head in the girl's lap. She crooned and cried over him all day, binding up the bruised limb, washing his eyes and mouth, putting him in her own bed. There was no one to go for her father, and if there were, he could not leave the crossing. When Sanders came home he felt the leg over carefully, the girl watching eagerly. "No, Kate, child, yees can't do nothin'; it's broke at the jint. Don't cry, young one."

Then he went outside and sat on a bench, looking across the cut and over the roofs of the factories, hazy in the breath of a hundred furnaces, and so across the blue river where the blessed sun was sinking to rest. He was not surprised. It was like everything else in his life. When he loved something, it was sure to be this way.

That night, when the girl was asleep, he took the dog up in his arms, and wrapping his coat around him so the corner



SANDERS'S YELLOW DOG.

loafers could not see, rang the bell of the dispensary. The doctor was out, but a nurse looked at the wound. "No, there was nothing to be done; the socket had been crushed. Keep it bandaged, that was all." Then he brought him home and put him under the bed.

In three or four weeks he was about again, dragging the leg when he walked. He could still get around the shanty and over to the grocer's, but he could not climb the hill even with Sanders's empty pail. He tried one day, but he only climbed half-way up. Sanders found him in the path when he went home, lying down by the pail.

Sanders worried over the dog. He missed the long talks at the crossing over the dinner, the poor fellow sitting by his side watching every spoonful, his eyes glistening, the old ear furling and unfurling like a toy flag. He missed, too, his scampering after the sparrows and pigeons that often braved the desolation and smoke of this inferno to pick up the droppings from the carts. He missed more than all the companionship—somebody to sit beside him.

As for the girl—there was now a double bond between them. He was not only poor and an outcast, but a cripple like herself. Before, she was his friend, now, she was his mother, whispering to him, her cheek to his; holding him up to the window to see the trains rush by, his nose touching the glass, his poor leg dangling.

The train hands missed him too, vowing vengeance, and the fireman of No. 6, Joe Connors, spent half a Sunday trying



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE."

to find the boy that threw the stone. Bill Adams, who ran the yard engine, went all the way home the next day after the accident for a bottle of horse liniment, and left it at the shanty, and said he'd get the doctor at the next station if Sanders wanted.

One broiling hot August day—a day when the grasshoppers sang among the weeds in the open lot, and the tar dripped down from the roofs, when the teams strained up the hill reeking with sweat, a wet sponge over their eyes, and the drivers walked beside their carts mopping their necks—on one of these steaming August days the dog limped down to the crossing just to rub his nose once against Sanders as he stood waving his flag, or to look wistfully up into his face as he sat in the little pepper-box of a house that sheltered his flags and lantern. He

did not often come now. They were making up the local freight—the yard engine backing and shunting the cars into line. Bill Adams was at the throttle and Connors was firing. A few yards below Sanders's sentry-box stood an empty flat car on a siding. It threw a grateful shade over the hard cinder-covered tracks. The dog had crawled beneath its trucks and lay asleep, his stiffened leg over the switch frog. Adams's yard engine puffing by woke him with a start. There was a struggle, a yell of pain, and the dog fell over on his back, his useless leg fast in the frog. Sanders heard the cry of agony, threw down his flag, bounded over the cross-ties, and crawled beneath the trucks. The dog's cries stopped. But the leg was fast. In a moment more he had rushed back to his box, caught up a crowbar, and was forcing the joint. It did not give an inch. There was but one thing left—to throw the switch before

the express, due in two minutes, whirled past. In another instant a man in a blue jumper was seen darting up the tracks. He sprang at a lever, bounded back, and threw himself under the flat car. Then the yelp of a dog in pain, drowned by the shriek of an engine dashing into the cut at full speed. Then a dog thrown clear of the track, a crash like a falling house, and a flat car smashed into kindling-wood.

When the conductor and passengers of the express walked back, Bill Adams was bending over a man in a blue jumper laid flat on the cinders. He was bleeding from a wound in his head. Lying beside him was a yellow dog licking his stiffened hand. A doctor among the passengers opened his red shirt and pressed his hand on the heart. He said he was breathing, and might live. Then they brought a

stretcher from the office, and Connors and Bill Adams carried him up the hill, the dog following, limping.

Here they laid him on a bed beside a sobbing, frightened girl; the dog at her feet.

Adams bent over him, washing his head with a wad of cotton waste.

Just before he died he opened his eyes,

rested them on his daughter, half raised his head as if in search of the dog, and then fell back on his bed, that same sweet, clear smile about his mouth.

"John Sanders," said Adams, "how in h— could a sensible man like you throw his life away for a damned yellow dog?"

"Don't, Billy," he said. "I couldn't help it. He was a cripple."

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE doings of Jude Fawley may be passed over henceforth till he appears moving as a mere speck through a dusky landscape of some two years' later leafage than had graced his courtship of Arabella and the disruption of his coarse conjugal life with her. He was walking towards Christminster city, at a point a mile or two to the southwest.

He had at last found himself clear of Marygreen and Alfredston; he was out of his apprenticeship, and with his tools at his back seemed to be in the way of making a new start—the start to which, barring the interruption involved in his intimacy and married experience with Arabella, he had been looking forward for about ten years.

Jude would now have been described as a young man with a forcible, meditative, and earnest, rather than handsome, cast of countenance. He was of dark complexion, with dark harmonizing eyes, and he wore a closely trimmed black beard of more advanced growth than is usual at his age; this, with his great mass of black curly hair, was some trouble to him in combing and washing out the stone-dust that settled in it in the pursuit of his trade. His capabilities in the latter, having been acquired in the country, were of an all-round sort, including monumental stone-cutting, Gothic freestone-work for the restoration of churches, and carving of a general kind. In London he would probably have become specialized, and have made himself an "ecclesiastical foliage sculptor"—perhaps a "statuary."

He had that afternoon driven in a cart from Alfredston to the nearest village to the city in this direction, and was now walking the remaining four miles rather

from choice than from necessity, having always fancied himself arriving thus.

The ultimate impulse to come had had a curious origin—one more nearly related to the emotional side of him than to the intellectual, as is often the case with young men. One day while in lodgings at Alfredston he had gone to Marygreen to see his old aunt, and had observed between the brass candlesticks on her mantel-piece the photograph of a pretty girlish face in a broad hat, with radiating folds under the brim like the rays of a halo. He had asked who she was. His grand-aunt had gruffly replied that she was his cousin, Sue Bridehead, of the inimical branch of the family; and on further questioning the old woman had replied that the girl lived in Christminster, though she did not know where, or what she was doing.

His aunt would not give him the photograph. But it haunted him, and ultimately formed a quickening ingredient in his latent intent of following his friend the schoolmaster thither.

He now stood at the top of a long and gentle declivity, and obtained his first near view of the city. Gray-stoned and dun-roofed it lay quiet in the sunset, a vane here and there on its many spires and domes giving sparkle to a picture of sober secondary and tertiary hues.

Reaching the bottom, he moved along the level way between pollard willows growing indistinct in the twilight, and soon confronted the outpost lamps of the town—some of those lamps which had sent into the sky the gleam and glory that caught his strained gaze in his days of dreaming, so many years ago. They winked their yellow eyes at him dubiously, as if, though they had been awaiting him all these years, in disappointment at

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his tarrying, they did not much want him now.

He was a species of Dick Whittington, whose spirit was touched to finer issues than a sordid material gain. He went along the outlying streets with the cautious tread of an explorer. He saw nothing of the real city in the suburbs on this side. His first want being a lodging, he scrutinized carefully such localities as seemed to offer on inexpensive terms the modest type of accommodation he demanded, and after inquiry took a room in a suburb nicknamed Capernaum, though he did not know this at the time. Here he installed himself, and having had some tea, sallied forth, although it was getting late.

It was a windy, whispering; moonless night. To guide himself, he opened under a lamp a map he had brought. The breeze ruffled and fluttered it, but he could see enough to decide on the direction he should take to reach the heart of the place.

After many turnings he came up to the first ancient mediæval pile that he had encountered. It was a college, as he could see by the gateway. He entered it, walked round, and penetrated to dark corners which no lamp-light reached. Close to this college was another, and a little further on another, and then he began to be encircled as it were with the breath and sentiment of the venerable city. When he passed objects out of harmony with the general expression he allowed his eyes to slip over them as if he did not see them.

A bell began clanging, and he listened till a hundred and one strokes had sounded. He must have made a mistake, he thought: it was meant for a hundred.

When the gates were shut, and he could no longer get into the quadrangles, he rambled under the walls and doorways, feeling with his fingers the contours of their mouldings and carving. The minutes passed, fewer and fewer people were visible, and still he serpentine among the shadows; for had he not imagined these scenes through ten by-gone years, and what mattered a night's rest for once? High against the black sky the flash of a lamp would show crocketed pinnacles and indented battlements. Down obscure alleys, apparently never trodden now by the foot of man, and whose very existence seemed to be forgotten, there would jut

into the path porticos, oriels, doorways of enriched and florid Middle Age design, their extinct air being accentuated by the rottenness of the stones. It seemed impossible that modern thought could house itself in such decrepit and superseded chambers.

Knowing not a human being here, Jude began to be impressed with his own isolated personality as with a spectre, the sensation being that of one who walks but cannot make himself seen or heard. He drew his breath pensively, and seeming thus almost a ghost of himself, gave his thoughts to the other ghostly presences with which the nooks were haunted.

During the interval of preparation for this venture, since his wife and furniture's uncompromising disappearance into space, he had read and learnt almost all that could be read and learnt, by one in his position, of the worthies who had spent their youth within these reverend walls, and whose souls had haunted them in their maturer age. Some of them, by the accidents of his reading, loomed out in his fancy disproportionately large by comparison with the rest. The brushing of the wind against the angles, buttresses, and door-jambs was as the passing of these only other inhabitants; the tappings of each ivy leaf on its neighbor were as the mutterings of their mournful souls, the shadows as their thin shapes in nervous movement, making him comrades in his solitude. In the gloom it was as if he ran against them without feeling their carcasses.

The streets were now deserted, but he could not go in on account of these things. There were poets abroad, of early date and of late, from the friend and eulogist of Shakespeare down to him who has recently passed into silence, and that musical one of the tribe who is still among us. Speculative philosophers passed along, not always with wrinkled foreheads and hoary hair, as in framed portraits, but pink-faced, slim, and active as in youth—modern divines sheeted in their surplices, among whom the most real to Jude Fawley were the founders of the religious school called Tractarian—the well-known three, the enthusiast, the poet, and the formularist, the echoes of whose teachings had influenced him even in his obscure home. A start of aversion appeared in his fancy to move them at sight of those other sons of the place—the form in the full-bottomed

wig, statesman, rake, reasoner, and sceptic; the smoothly shaven historian so ironically civil to Christianity; with others of the same incredulous temper, who knew each quad as well as the faithful, and took equal freedom in haunting its cloisters.

He regarded the statesmen in their various types, men of firmer movement and less dreamy air; the accomplished scholar, the able speaker, the hard plodder; the man whose mind grew with his growth in years, and the man whose mind contracted with the same.

The scientists and philologists followed on in his thoughts in an odd, impossible combination—men of meditative faces, lined foreheads, and weak-eyed as bats with constant research; then official characters—such men as Governor-Generals and Lord-Lieutenants, in whom he took little interest; Chief-Justices and Lord-Chancellors, silent, thin-lipped figures, of whom he knew barely the names. A keener regard attached to the prelates, by reason of his own former hopes. Of them he had an ample band—some men of heart, others rather men of head; he who apologized for the Church in Latin; the saintly author of the Evening Hymn; and near them the great itinerant preacher, hymn-writer, and zealot, shadowed by his matrimonial difficulties.

Jude found himself speaking out loud, holding conversations with them, as it were, like an actor in a melodrama with the people on the other side of the foot-lights, and he suddenly ceased with a start at his absurdity. Perhaps those incoherent words of the wanderer were heard within the walls by some student or thinker over his lamp; and he may have raised his head, and wondered what voice it was, and what it betokened. Jude now perceived that, so far as solid flesh went, he had the whole aged city to himself, with the exception of a belated townsman here and there, and that he seemed to be catching a cold.

A voice reached him out of the shade, a real and local voice:

"You've been a-settin' a long time on that plinth-stone, young man. What med you be up to?"

It came from a policeman, who had been observing Jude without the latter observing him.

Jude went home, and to bed, after reading up a little about these people and their

several messages to the world from a book or two that he had brought with him. As he drew towards sleep various memorable words of theirs that he had just been conning seemed spoken by them in muttering utterances, some audible, some unintelligible to him. One voice was that of the Corn Law convert, whose phantom he had just seen as a youth in the quadrangle with the great bell. Jude thought what he might have been saying:

"Sir, I may be wrong, but my impression is that my duty towards a country threatened with famine requires that that which has been the ordinary remedy under all similar circumstances should be resorted to now, namely, that there should be free access to the food of man from whatever quarter it may come.... Deprive me of power to-morrow, you can never deprive me of the consciousness that I have exercised the powers committed to me from no corrupt or interested motives, from no desire to gratify ambition, for no personal gain."

Then the shade of the poet, the last of the optimists:

"How the world is made for each of us!

And each of the Many helps to recruit
The life of the race by a general plan."

Then one of the three enthusiasts he had seen just now, the author of the *Apologia*:

"My argument was....that absolute certitude as to the truths of natural theology was the result of an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities....that probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty might create a mental certitude."

The second of them, no polemic, murmured quieter things:

"Why should we faint, and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die?"

Being familiar with the lines, he may be said to have virtually heard them; likewise those spoken by the phantom with the short face, the genial Spectator:

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of griev-

ing for those whom we must quickly follow."

And lastly a gentle-voiced prelate spoke, during whose meek familiar rhyme, endeared to him from earliest childhood, Jude fell asleep:

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.
Teach me to die...."

He did not wake till morning. The ghostly past seemed to have gone, and everything spoke of to-day. He started up in bed, thinking he had overslept himself, and then said:

"By Jove—I had quite forgotten my sweet-faced cousin, and that she's here all the time!...and my old schoolmaster, too." His words about his schoolmaster had, perhaps, less zest in them than his words concerning his cousin.

CHAPTER XIII.

NECESSARY meditations on the actual, including the mean bread-and-cheese question, dissipated the phantasmal for a while, and compelled Jude to smother high thinkings under immediate needs. He had to get up and seek for work, manual work—the only kind deemed by many of its professors to be work at all.

Passing out into the streets on this errand, he found that the colleges had treacherously changed their sympathetic mien: some were stern; some had put on the look of family vaults aboveground; something barbaric loomed in the masonries of all. The spirits of the great men had disappeared.

The numberless architectural pages around him he read, naturally, less as an artist-critic of their forms than as an artisan and comrade of the dead handicraftsmen whose muscles had actually executed these forms. He examined the mouldings, stroked them as one who knew their beginning, said they were difficult or easy in the working, had taken little or much time, were trying to the arm, or convenient to the tool.

What at night had been perfect and ideal was by day the more or less defective real. Cruelties, insults, had, he perceived, been inflicted on the aged erections. The condition of several moved him as he would have been moved by maimed sentient beings. They were wounded, sore, sloughing off their outer shape in the deadly struggle against years, weather, and man.

The rottenness of these historical documents reminded him that he was not, after all, hastening on to begin the morning practically, as he had intended. He had come to work, and to live by work, and the morning had nearly gone. It was, in one sense, encouraging to think that in a place of crumbling stones there must be plenty for one of his trade to do in the business of renovation. He asked his way to the work-yard of the stone-cutter whose name had been given him at Alfredston, and soon heard the familiar sound of the rubbers and chisels.

The yard was a little centre of regeneration. Here, with keen edges and smooth curves, were forms in the exact likeness of those he had seen abraded and time-eaten on the walls. These were the ideas in modern prose which the lichened colleges presented in old poetry. Even some of those antiques might have been called prose when they were new. They had done nothing but wait, and had become poetical. How easy to the smallest building! how impossible to most men!

He asked for the foreman, and looked round among the new traceries, mullions, transoms, shafts, pinnacles, and battlements standing on the bankers, half worked or waiting to be removed. They were marked by precision, mathematical straightness, smoothness, exactitude; there in the old walls were the broken lines of the original idea—jagged curves, disdain of precision, irregularity, disarray.

For a moment there fell on Jude a true illumination—that here in the stone-yard was a centre of effort as worthy as that dignified by the name of scholarly study within the noblest of the colleges. But he lost it under stress of his old idea. He would accept any employment which might be offered him on the strength of his late employer's recommendation, but he would accept it as a provisional thing only. This was his form of the modern vice of unrest.

Moreover, he perceived that at best only copying, patching, and imitating went on here, which he fancied to be owing to some temporary and local cause. He did not at that time see that mediævalism was as dead as a fern leaf in a lump of coal; that other developments were shaping in the world around him, in which Gothic architecture and its associations had no place. The deadly animosity of contemporary logic and vision towards

so much of what he held in reverence was not yet revealed.

Having failed to obtain work here as yet, he went away, and thought again of his cousin, whose presence somewhere at hand he seemed to feel in wavelets of interest, if not of emotion. How he wished he had that pretty portrait of her! At last he wrote to his aunt to send it. She did so, with a request, however, that he was not to bring disturbance into the family by going to see the girl or her relations. Jude, a ridiculously affectionate fellow, promised nothing, put the photograph on the mantel-piece, kissed it—he did not know why—and felt more at home. She seemed to look down and preside over his tea. It was cheering—the one thing uniting him to the emotions of the living city.

There remained the schoolmaster—probably now a parson. But he could not possibly hunt up such a respectable man just yet—so raw and unpolished was his condition at present, so precarious were his fortunes. Thus he still remained in loneliness. Although people moved round him, he virtually saw none. Not as yet having mingled with the active life of the place, it was largely non-existent to him. But the saints and prophets in the window tracery, the paintings in the galleries, the statues, the busts, the gargoyles, the corbel-heads—these seemed to breathe his atmosphere. Like all newcomers to a spot on which the past is deeply graven, he heard that past announcing itself with an emphasis altogether unsuspected by, and even incredible to, the habitual residents.

For many days he haunted the cloisters and quadrangles of the colleges at odd minutes in passing them, surprised by impish echoes of his own footsteps, smart as the blows of a mallet; the Christminster “sentiment,” as it had been called, eating further and further into him, till he probably knew more about those buildings materially, artistically, and historically than any one of their inmates.

It was not till now, when he found himself actually on the spot of his enthusiasm, that Jude perceived how far away from the object of that enthusiasm he really was. Only a wall divided him from those happy young contemporaries of his, with whom in imagination he shared a common mental life; men who

had nothing to do from morning till night but to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Only a wall—but what a wall!

Every day, every hour, as he went in search of labor, he saw them going and coming also, rubbed shoulders with them, heard their voices, marked their movements. The conversation of some of the more thoughtful among them seemed oftentimes, owing to his long and persistent preparation for this place, to be peculiarly akin to his own thoughts. Yet he was as far from them as if he had been at the antipodes. Of course he was. He was a young workman in a white blouse, and with stone-dust in the creases of his clothes; and in passing him they did not even see him or hear him; rather saw through him as through a pane of glass at their familiars beyond. Whatever they were to him, he to them was not on the spot at all; and yet he had fancied he would be close to their lives by coming there.

But the future lay ahead, after all; and if he could only be so fortunate as to get into good employment he would put up with the inevitable. So he thanked God for his health and strength, and took courage. For the present he was outside the gates of everything, colleges included; perhaps some day he would be inside. Those palaces of light and leading, he might some day look down on the world through their panes.

At length he did receive a message from the stone-mason’s yard—that a job was waiting for him. It was his first encouragement, and he closed with the offer promptly.

He was, indeed, young and strong, or he never could have executed with such zest the undertakings to which he now applied himself, since they involved reading most of the night after working all the day. First he bought a shaded lamp for four and sixpence, and obtained a good light. Then he got pens, paper, and such other necessary books as he had been unable to obtain elsewhere. Then, to the consternation of his landlady, he shifted all the furniture of his room—a single one for living and sleeping—rigged up a curtain on a rope across the middle, to make a double chamber out of one, hung up a thick blind that nobody should know how he was curtailing the hours of sleep, laid out his books, and sat down.

Having been deeply encumbered by marrying, getting a cottage, and buying the furniture which had disappeared in the wake of his wife, he had never been able to save any money since the time of those disastrous ventures, and till his wages began to come in he was obliged to live in the narrowest way. After buying a book or two, he could not even afford himself a fire; and when the nights reeked with the raw and cold air from the meadows, he sat over his lamp in a greatcoat, hat, and woollen gloves.

From his window he could perceive the spire of the Cathedral, and the ogee dome under which resounded the great bell of the city. The tall tower, tall belfry windows, and tall pinnacles of the college by the bridge he could also get a glimpse of by going to the staircase. These objects he used as stimulants when his faith in the future was dim.

Like enthusiasts in general, he made no inquiries into details of procedure. Picking up general notions from casual acquaintance, he never dwelt upon them. For the present, he said to himself, the one thing necessary was to get ready by accumulating money and knowledge, and await whatever chances were afforded to such a one of becoming a son of the University. "For wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence; but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it." His desire absorbed him, and left no part of him to weigh its practicability.

At this time he received a nervously anxious letter from his poor old aunt on the subject which had previously distressed her—a fear that Jude would not be strong-minded enough to keep away from his cousin Sue Bridehead and her relations. Sue's parents, his aunt believed, had gone to London, but the girl remained at Christminster. To make her still more objectionable, she was an artist or designer of some sort in what was called an ecclesiastical shop in the city, which was a perfect seed-bed of idolatry, and she was no doubt abandoned to mummeries on that account—if not quite a papist (Miss Drusilla Fawley was of her date, Evangelical).

As Jude was rather on an intellectual track than a theological, this news of Sue's probable opinions did not much influence him one way or the other, but the clew to her whereabouts was decidedly in-

teresting. With altogether a singular pleasure, he walked at his earliest spare minutes past the shops answering to his great-aunt's description, and beheld in one of them a young girl sitting behind a desk who was suspiciously like the original of the portrait. He ventured to enter on a trivial errand, and having made his purchase, lingered on the scene. The shop seemed to be kept entirely by women. It contained Anglican stationery, texts, and fancy goods—little plaster angels on brackets, Gothic-framed pictures of saints, ebony and other crosses, prayer-books that were almost missals. He felt very shy of looking at the girl at the desk; she was so pretty that he could not believe it possible that she should belong to him. Then she spoke to one of the two older women behind the counter; and he recognized in the accents certain qualities of his own voice; softened and sweetened, but his own. What was she doing? He stole a glance round. Before her lay a piece of zinc, cut to the shape of a scroll, and coated with a dead-surface paint on one side. Hereon she was designing or illuminating, in characters of Church text, the single word

Alleluia.

"A sweet, saintly, Christian business hers!" thought he.

Her presence here was now fairly enough explained, her skill in work of this sort having no doubt been acquired from her father's occupation as an ecclesiastical worker in metal. The lettering on which she was engaged was no doubt intended to be fixed up in some chancel to assist devotion.

He came out. It would have been easy to speak to her there and then, but it seemed scarcely honorable towards his aunt to disregard her request so incontinently. She had used him roughly, but she had brought him up; and the fact of her being powerless to control him lent a pathetic force to a wish that would have been inoperative as an argument.

So Jude gave no sign. He would not call upon Sue just yet. He had other reasons against doing so when he had walked away. She seemed so dainty beside himself, in his rough working-jacket and dusty trousers, that he felt he was as yet unready to encounter her, as he had felt about Mr. Phillotson. And how possible it was that she had inherited the an-

tipathies of her family, and would scorn him, as far as a Christian could, particularly when he told her that unpleasant part of his history which had resulted in his becoming enchained to one of her own sex whom she would certainly not admire.

Thus he kept watch over her, and liked to feel she was there. The consciousness of her living presence stimulated him. But she remained more or less an ideal character, about whose form he began to weave curious and fantastic day-dreams.

Between two and three weeks afterwards Jude was engaged with some more men, outside a college in Old-time Street, in getting a block of worked freestone from a wagon across the pavement, previously to hoisting it to the parapet which they were repairing. All of a sudden, as he lifted, his cousin stood close to his elbow, pausing a moment on the bend of her foot till the obstructing object should have been removed. She looked right into his face with liquid, untranslatable eyes that combined, or seemed to him to combine, keenness with tenderness, and mystery with both, their expression, as well as that of her lips, taking its life from some words just spoken to a companion, and being carried on into his face quite unconsciously. She no more observed his presence than that of the dust motes which his manipulations raised into the sunbeams.

His closeness to her was so suggestive that he trembled and turned his face away with a shy instinct to prevent her recognizing him, though, as she had never once seen him, she could not possibly do so, and might very well never have heard even his name. He could perceive that she was a country girl at bottom, though a later childhood in London and a girlhood here had taken all rawness out of her.

When she was gone he continued his work, reflecting on her. He had been so caught by her influence that he had taken no count of her general mould and build. He remembered now that she was not a large figure; that she was light and slight, of the type dubbed elegant. That was about all he had seen. There was nothing statuesque in her; all was nervous motion. She was bright and living, yet a painter might not have called her handsome or beautiful. But the much that she was surprised him. She was quite a

long way removed from the rusticity that was his. How could one of his cross-grained, unfortunate, almost accursed stock have contrived to reach this pitch of niceness?

From this moment the emotion which had been accumulating in his breast as the bottled-up effect of solitude and the poetized locality he dwelt in insensibly began to precipitate itself on this half-visionary form; and he perceived that, whatever his obedient wish in a contrary direction, he would soon be unable to resist the desire to make himself known to her.

He affected to think of her quite in a family way, since there were crushing reasons why he should not and could not think of her in any other.

The first reason was that he was married, and it would be wrong. The second was that they were cousins. It was not well for cousins to fall in love, even when circumstances seemed to favor the passion. The third, even were he free, in a family like his own, where marriage usually meant a tragic sadness, marriage with a blood-relation would duplicate the adverse conditions, and a tragic sadness might be intensified to a tragic horror.

Therefore, again, he would have to think of Sue with only a relation's mutual interest in one belonging to him; regard her in a practical way as some one to be proud of, to talk and nod to, later on to be invited to tea by, the emotion spent on her being rigorously that of a kinsman and well-wisher. So would she be to him a kindly star, an elevating power, a companion in Anglican worship, a tender friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUT under the various deterrent influences Jude's instinct was to approach her timidly, and the next Sunday he went to the morning service in the Cathedral church to gain a further view of her, for he had found that she frequently attended there.

She did not come, and he awaited her in the afternoon, which was finer. He knew that if she came at all she would approach the building along the eastern side of the great green quadrangle from which it was accessible, and he stood in a corner while the bell was going. A few minutes before the hour for service she appeared as one of the figures walking

along, and at sight of her he advanced up the side opposite, and followed her into the building, more than ever glad that he had not as yet revealed himself. To see her, and to be himself unseen and unknown, was enough for him at present.

He lingered awhile in the vestibule, and the service was some way advanced when he was put into a seat. It was a louring, mournful, still afternoon, when a religion seems a necessity to ordinary practical men, and not only a luxury of the emotional and leisured classes. In the dim light and the baffling glare of the clere-story windows he could discern the opposite worshippers indistinctly only, but he saw that Sue was among them. He had not long discovered the exact seat that she occupied when the chanting of the 119th psalm, in which the choir was engaged, reached its second part, *In quo corriget?* the organ changing to a pathetic Gregorian tune as the singers gave forth,

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?"

It was the very question that was engaging Jude's attention at this moment. What a wicked worthless fellow he had been to give vent, as he had done, to an animal passion for a woman, and allow it to lead to such disastrous consequences; then to think of putting an end to himself; then to go recklessly and get drunk! The great waves of pedal music rumbled round the choir, and, nursed on the supernatural as he had been, it is not wonderful that he could hardly believe that the psalm was not specially set by some regardful Providence for this moment of his first entry into the solemn building. And yet it was the ordinary psalm for the twenty-fourth evening of the month.

The singers went on with the third and fourth parts of the same psalm, *Adhæsit pavimento*:

"My soul cleaveth to the dust: O quicken thou me."

That evidently referred to what he had felt after his evening visit to the milestone and onwards. He wondered if the quickening had come now, and if the quickening influence was this sweet cousin, for whom he was beginning to nourish an extraordinary tenderness.

She was at this time ensphered by the same harmonies as those which floated into his ears; and the thought was a delight to him. She was probably a frequenter of this place, and, steeped body

and soul in church sentiment as she must be by occupation and habit, had no doubt much in common with him. To an impressionable and lonely young man the consciousness of having at last found an anchorage for his thoughts which promised to supply both social and spiritual possibilities was like the dew of Hermon, and he remained throughout the service in a sustaining atmosphere of ecstasy.

Though he was loath to suspect it, some people might have said to him that the atmosphere was blown as distinctly from Cyprus as from Galilee.

Jude waited till she had left her seat and passed under the screen before he himself moved. She did not look towards him, and by the time he reached the door she was half-way down the broad path. Being dressed up in his Sunday suit, he was inclined to follow her and reveal himself. But he was not quite ready; and, alas! ought he to do so, with the kind of feeling that was awakening in him?

For though it had seemed to have an ecclesiastical basis during the service, and he had persuaded himself that such was the case, he could not altogether be blind to the real nature of the magnetism. She was such a stranger that the kinship was affectation, and he said: "It can't be! I, a man with a wife, must not know her!" Still, Sue *was* his own kin, and the fact of his having a wife, even though she was not in evidence in this hemisphere, might, indeed, be a help in one sense. It would put all thought of a tender wish on his part out of Sue's mind, and make her intercourse with him free and fearless. It was with some heartache that he saw how little he cared for the freedom and fearlessness that would result in her from such knowledge.

Some little time before the date of this service in the Cathedral the pretty, liquid-eyed, light-footed young woman, Sue Bridehead, had an afternoon's holiday, and leaving the ecclesiastical establishment, in which she not only assisted but lodged, took a walk into the country, with a book in her hand. It was one of those cloudless days which sometimes occur in Wessex and elsewhere between days of cold and wet, as if intercalated by caprice of the weather-god. She went along for a mile or two, until she came to much higher ground than that of the city she

had left behind her. The road passed between green fields, and coming to a stile, Sue paused there to finish the page she was reading, and then looked back at the towers and domes and pinnacles, new and old.

On the other side of the stile, in the foot-path, she beheld a foreigner, with black hair and a sallow face, sitting on the grass beside a large square board, whereon were fixed, as closely as they could stand, a number of plaster statuettes, some of them bronzed, which he was rearranging before proceeding with them on his way. They were in the main reduced copies of ancient marbles, and comprised divinities of a very different character from those the girl was accustomed to see portrayed, among them being a Venus of standard pattern, a Diana, and, of the other sex, Apollo, Bacchus, and Mars. Though the figures were many yards away from her, the southwest sun brought them out so brilliantly against the green herbage that she could discern their contours with luminous distinctness; and being almost in a line between herself and the church towers of the city, they awoke in her an oddly foreign and contrasting set of ideas by comparison. The man rose and, seeing her, politely took off his cap, and cried "I-i-i-mages!" in an accent that agreed with his appearance. In a moment he dexterously lifted upon his knee the great board, with its assembled notabilities, divine and human, and raised it to the top of his head, bringing them on to her, and resting the board on the stile. First he offered her his smaller wares—the busts of kings and queens, then a minstrel, then a winged Cupid. She shook her head.

"How much are these two?" she said, touching with her finger the Venus and the Apollo—the largest figures on the tray.

He said she should have them for ten shillings.

"I cannot afford that," said Sue. She offered considerably less, and, to her surprise, the image-man drew them from their wire stay and handed them over the stile. She clasped them as treasures.

When they were paid for, and the man had gone, she began to be concerned as to what she should do with them. They seemed so very large now that they were in her own possession, and so very naked.

Being of a nervous temperament, she trembled at what she had done. When she handled them the white pipe-clay came off on her gloves. After carrying them along a little way openly, an idea came to her, and pulling some huge burdock leaves, parsley, and other growth from the hedge, she wrapped up her burden as well as she could in these, so that what she carried appeared to be an enormous armful of green stuff, gathered by a zealous love of nature.

"Well, anything is better than those everlasting church fallals!" she said. But she was still in a trembling state, and seemed almost to wish she had not bought them.

Occasionally peeping inside the leaves to see that Venus's arm was not broken, she entered with her pagan load into the most Christian city in the country by an obscure street running parallel to the main one, and round a corner to the side door of the establishment to which she was attached. Her purchases were taken straight up to her own chamber, and she at once attempted to lock them in a box that was her very own property; but finding them too cumbersome, she wrapped them in a large sheet of brown paper.

The mistress of the house, Miss Fontover, was an elderly lady in spectacles, dressed almost like an abbess; a dab at Ritual, as became one of her business; and a worshipper at the imitation-Roman church of St. Silas, in the suburb of Capernaum before-mentioned, which Jude also had begun to attend. She was the daughter of a clergyman in reduced circumstances, and at his death, which had occurred several years before this date, she boldly avoided penury by taking over a little shop of church requisites and developing it to its present creditable proportions. She wore a cross and beads round her neck as her only ornament, and knew the Christian Year by heart.

She now came to call Sue to tea, and finding that the girl did not respond for a moment, entered the room just as the other was hastily putting a string round the parcel.

"Something you have been buying, Susan?" she asked, regarding the enwrapped objects.

"Yes; just something to ornament my room," said Sue.

"Well, I should have thought I had put enough here already," said Miss Font-

over, looking round at the Gothic-framed prints of saints, the church-text scrolls, and other articles, which, having become too stale to sell, had been used to furnish this obscure chamber. "What is it? How bulky!" She tore a little hole, about as big as a wafer, in the brown paper, and tried to peep in. "Why—statuary? Two figures? Where did you get them?"

"Oh, I bought them of a travelling man who sells casts."

"Two saints?"

"Ye—yes. St. Peter and St.—St. Mary Magdalen."

"Well—now come down to tea, and go and finish that organ-text, if there's light enough afterwards."

These little obstacles to the indulgence of what had been the merest passing fancy created in Sue a great zest for unpacking her parcel, and at bedtime, when she was sure of being undisturbed, she unrobed the divinities in comfort. Placing the pair of figures on the chest of drawers, a candle on each side of them, she withdrew to the bed, flung herself down thereon, and began reading a book she had taken from her box, which Miss Fontover knew nothing of. It was a volume of Gibbon, and she read the chapter dealing with the reign of Julian the Apostate. Occasionally she looked up at the statuettes, which appeared strange and out of place amid the other objects and pictures in the room, and, as if the scene suggested the action, she at length jumped up and withdrew another book from her box—a volume of verse—and turned to the familiar poem,

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean: the world
has grown gray from thy breath!"

which she read to the end. Presently she put out the candles, undressed, and finally extinguished her own light.

She was of an age which usually sleeps soundly, yet to-night she kept waking up, and every time she opened her eyes there was enough diffused light from the window to show her the white plaster figures, standing on the chest of drawers in odd contrast to their environment of text and martyr, and the Gothic-framed picture of what was only discernible now as a Latin Cross.

On one of these occasions the church clocks struck some small hour. It fell upon the ears of another person, who sat bending over his books at a not very dis-

tant spot in the same city. Being Saturday night, the morrow was one on which Jude had not set his alarm-clock to call him at his usually early time, and hence he had staid up, as was his custom, two or three hours later than he could afford to do on any other day of the week. Just then he was earnestly reading from his Griesbach's text. The policeman and belated citizens passing along under the window might have heard, if they had stood still, strange syllables mumbled with fervor within—words that had for Jude an indescribable enchantment; odd sounds something like these:

"All' hemin eis Theos, ho Pater, ex ou ta panta, kai hemeis eis auton."

Till the sounds rolled with reverent loudness, as a book was heard to close:

"Kai eis Kurios Iesous Christos, di ou ta panta, kai hemeis di autou!"

CHAPTER XV.

HE was a handy man at his trade, an all-round man, as artisans in country towns are apt to be. In London the man who carves the boss or knob of leafage declines to cut the fragment of moulding which merges in that leafage, as if it were a degradation to do the second half of one whole. When there was not much Gothic moulding for Jude to run, or not much window-tracery on the bankers, he would go out lettering monuments or tombstones, and take a pleasure in the change of handiwork.

The next time that he saw her was when he was on a ladder executing a job of this sort inside one of the churches—adding the name of a wife to that of her husband on the monument she had erected to his memory. There was a short morning service, and when the parson entered Jude came down from his ladder, and sat with the half-dozen people forming the congregation, till the prayers should be ended and he could resume his tapping. He did not observe till the service was half over that one of the women was his cousin.

Jude sat watching her beautiful hair, her pretty shoulders, and her easy, curiously nonchalant risings, sittings, and genuflections, and thought what a help such a devout Anglican would have been to him in happier circumstances. It was not so much his anxiety to get on with his work that made him go up to the monument immediately the worshippers

began to take their leave; it was that he dared not, in this holy spot, confront the woman who was beginning to influence him in such an indescribable manner. Those three enormous reasons why he as a Christian man must not attempt intimate acquaintance with Sue Bridehead, now that his interest in her had shown itself to be so unmistakably of a sexual kind, loomed as stubbornly as ever. But it was also obvious that man could not live by work alone; that the particular man Jude, at any rate, wanted something to love. Some men would have rushed incontinently to her, snatched the pleasure of easy friendship, which she could hardly refuse, and have left the rest to chance. Not so Jude—at first.

But as the days, and still more particularly the lonely evenings, dragged along, he found himself, to his moral consternation, to be thinking more of her instead of thinking less of her, and experiencing a fearful bliss in doing what was erratic, informal, and unexpected. Surrounded by her influence all day, walking past the spots she frequented, he was always thinking of her, and was obliged to own to himself that his conscience was likely to be the loser in this battle.

To be sure, she was almost an ideality to him still. Perhaps to know her would be to cure himself of this unexpected and unauthorized passion. A voice whispered that though he desired to know her, he did not desire to be cured.

There was not the least doubt that from his own orthodox point of view the situation was growing immoral. For Sue to be the loved one of a man who was licensed by the laws of his country to love Arabella and none other unto his life's end was a pretty bad second beginning when the man was bent on such a course as Jude purposed. This conviction was so real with him that one day when, as was frequent, he was at work in a neighboring village church alone, he felt it to be his duty to pray against his weakness. But much as he wished to be an exemplar in these things, he could not get on. It was quite impossible, he found, to ask to be delivered from temptation when your heart's desire was to be tempted unto seventy times seven. So he excused himself. "After all," he said, "it is not altogether an *erotolepsy* that is the matter with me, as at that first time. I can see that she is exceptionally bright; and

it is partly a wish for intellectual sympathy and a craving for loving-kindness in my solitude." Thus he went on adoring her, fearing to realize that it was human perversity. For whatever Sue's virtues, charms, and ecclesiastical saturation, it was certain that those items were not at all the cause of his affection for her.

On an afternoon at this time a young girl entered the stone-mason's yard with some hesitation, and lifting her skirts to avoid dragging them in the white dust, crossed towards the office.

"That's a nice girl," said Jack Stagg, one of the men.

"Who is she?" asked another.

"I don't know—I've seen her about here and there. Why, yes, she's the daughter of that clever chap Bridehead, who did all the carving at St. Luke's years ago, and went away to London afterwards. I don't know what he's doing now—not much, I fancy."

Meanwhile the young woman had knocked at the office door, and asked if Mr. Jude Fawley was at work in the yard. It so happened that Jude had gone out somewhere or other that afternoon, which information she received with a look of disappointment, and went away immediately. When Jude returned they told him, and described her, whereupon he exclaimed, "Why—that's my cousin Sue!"

He looked along the street after her, but she was out of sight. He had no longer any thought of a conscientious avoidance of her, and resolved to call upon her that very evening. And when he reached his lodging he found a note from her—a first note—one of those documents which, simple and commonplace in themselves, are seen retrospectively to have been pregnant with impassioned consequences. The very unconsciousness of a looming drama which is shown in such innocent first epistles from women to men, or *vice versa*, makes them, when such a drama follows, and they are read over by the purple light of it, all the more impressive, solemn, and, in cases, terrible.

Sue's was of the most artless and natural kind. She addressed him as her dear cousin Jude; said she had only just learnt by the merest accident that he was living in Christminster, and reproached him with not letting her know. They

might have had such nice times together, she said, for she was thrown much upon herself, and had hardly any congenial friend. But now there was every probability of her soon going away, so that the chance of companionship would be lost perhaps forever.

A cold sweat overspread Jude at the news that she was going away. That was a contingency he had never thought of, and it spurred him to write all the more quickly to her. He would meet her that very evening, he said, one hour from the time of writing, at the cross in the pavement which marked the spot of the martyrdoms.

When he had despatched the note by a boy, he regretted that in his hurry he should have suggested to her to meet him out-of-doors, when he might have said he would call upon her. It was, in fact, the country custom to meet thus, and nothing else had occurred to him. Arabella had been met in the same way, unfortunately, and it might not seem respectable to a dear girl like Sue. However, it could not be helped now, and he moved towards the point a few minutes before the hour, under the glimmer of the newly lighted lamps.

The broad street was silent and almost deserted, although it was not late. He saw a figure on the other side, which turned out to be hers, and they both converged towards the cross-mark at the same moment. Before either had reached it, she called out to him:

"I am not going to meet you just there, for the first time in my life! Come further on."

The voice, though positive and silvery, had been tremulous. They walked on in parallel lines, and, waiting her pleasure, Jude watched till she showed signs of closing in, when he did likewise, the place being where the carriers' carts stood in the daytime, though there were none on the spot then.

"I am sorry that I asked you to meet me, and didn't call," began Jude, with the bashfulness of a lover. "But I thought it would save time if we were going to walk."

"Oh—I don't mind that," she said, with the freedom of a friend. "I have really no place to ask anybody into. What I meant was that the place you chose was so horrid—I suppose I ought not to say horrid—I mean gloomy and inauspicious.

....But isn't it funny to begin like this, when I don't know you yet?" She looked him up and down curiously, though Jude did not look much at her.

"You seem to know me more than I know you," she added.

"Yes—I have seen you now and then."

"And you knew who I was and didn't speak? And now I am going away!"

"Yes. That's unfortunate. I have hardly any other friend. I have, indeed, one very old friend here somewhere, but I don't quite like to call on him just yet. I wonder if you know anything of him—Mr. Phillotson? A parson somewhere about the county, I think he is."

"No—I only know of one Mr. Phillotson. He lives a little way out in the country, at Lumsdon: he's a village schoolmaster."

"Ah! I wonder if he's the same! Surely it is impossible. Only a schoolmaster still! Do you know his Christian name—is it Richard?"

"Yes—it is. I've directed parcels to him, though I've never seen him."

"Then he couldn't do it!"

Jude's countenance fell, for how could he succeed in an enterprise wherein the great Phillotson had failed? He would have had a day of despair if the news had not arrived during his sweet Sue's presence, but even at this moment he had visions of how Phillotson's failure in the grand University scheme would depress him when she had gone.

"As we are going to take a walk, suppose we go and call upon him?" said Jude, suddenly. "It is not late."

She agreed, and they went along up a hill, and through some pretty wooded country. Presently the embattled tower and square turret of the church rose into the sky, and then the school-house. They inquired of a person in the street if Mr. Phillotson was likely to be at home, and were informed that he was always at home. A knock brought him to the school-house door, with a candle in his hand, and a look of inquiry on his face, which had grown thin and careworn since Jude last set eyes on him.

That after all these years the meeting with Mr. Phillotson should be of this homely complexion destroyed at one stroke the halo which had surrounded the schoolmaster's figure in Jude's imagination ever since their parting. It created in him at the same time a sympathy with

Phillotson as an obviously much chastened and disappointed man. Jude told him his name, and said he had come to see him as an old friend who had been kind to him in his youthful days.

"I don't remember you in the least," said the schoolmaster, thoughtfully. "You were one of my pupils, you say? Yes, no doubt; but they number so many thousands at this time of my life, and have naturally changed so much, that I remember very few except the quite recent ones."

"It was out at Marygreen," said Jude, wishing he had not come.

"Yes. I was there a short time. And is this an old pupil too?"

"No—that's my cousin.... I wrote to you for some grammars, if you recollect, and you sent them."

"Ah—yes! I certainly do recall that incident."

"It was very kind of you to do it. And it was you who first started me on that course. On the morning you left Marygreen, when your goods were on the wagon, you wished me good-by, and said your scheme was to be a University man and enter the Church; that a degree was the necessary hall-mark of one who wanted to do anything as a theologian."

"I remember I thought all that privately; but I wonder I did not keep my own counsel. The idea was given up years ago."

"I have never forgotten it. It was that which brought me to this part of the country, and out here to see you to-night."

"Come in," said Phillotson. "And your cousin too."

They entered the parlor of the schoolhouse, where there was a lamp with a paper shade, which threw the light down on three or four books. Phillotson took it off, so that they could see each other better, and the rays fell on the nervous little face and affectionate dark eyes and hair of Sue, on the earnest and vivacious features of her cousin, and on the schoolmaster's own maturer face and figure, showing him to be a spare and thoughtful personage of five-and-forty, with a thin-lipped, somewhat refined mouth, a slightly stooping habit, and a black frock-coat, which from continued frictions shone a little at the shoulder-blades, the middle of the back, and the elbows.

The old friendship was imperceptibly

renewed, the schoolmaster speaking of his experiences and the cousins of theirs. He told them that he still thought of the Church sometimes, and that though he could not enter it as he had intended to do in former years, he might enter it as a licentiate. Meanwhile, he said, he was comfortable in his present position, though he was in want of a pupil-teacher.

They did not stay to supper, Sue having to be in-doors before it grew late, and the road was retraced to Christminster. Though they had talked of nothing more than general subjects, Jude was surprised to find what a revelation of woman his cousin was to him. She was so vibrant that everything she did seemed to have its source in feeling. An exciting thought would make her walk ahead so fast that he could hardly keep up with her; and her sensitiveness on some points was such that it might have been misread as vanity. It was with heart-sickness he perceived that while her sentiments towards him were those of the frankest friendliness only, he loved her more than before becoming acquainted with her; and the gloom of the walk home lay not in the night overhead, but in the thought of her departure.

"Why must you leave Christminster?" he said, regretfully.

"Well—I must. Miss Fontover, one of the partners whom I serve, is offended with me, and I with her; and it is best to go."

"How did that happen?"

"She broke some statuary of mine."

"Oh! Wilfully?"

"Yes. She found it in my room, and though it was my property, she threw it on the floor and stamped on it, because it was not according to her taste, and ground the arms and the nose of one of the figures all to bits with her heel—a horrid thing!"

"Too Catholic-Apostolic for her, I suppose. No doubt she called them Popish images, and talked of the invocation of saints."

"No.... No, she didn't do that. She is rather that way herself."

"Ah! Then I am surprised!"

"Yes; but it was for some other reason that she didn't like them. So I was led to retort upon her; and the end of it was that I resolved not to stay, but to get into an occupation in which I shall be more independent."

"Why don't you try teaching again? You once did, I heard."

"I never thought of resuming it; for I was getting on as a designer."

"Do let me ask Mr. Phillotson to let you try your hand in his school. If you like it, and go to a Training College, and become a first-class certificated mistress, you get twice as large an income as any designer or church artist, and twice as much freedom."

"Well—ask him. Now I must go in. Good-by, dear Jude! I am so glad we have met at last. We needn't quarrel because our parents did, need we?"

Jude did not like to let her see how much she had won on him, and went his way to the remote street in which he had his lodging.

To keep his cousin near him was now a desire which operated without regard of consequences, and the next evening he again set out for Lumsdon, fearing to trust to the persuasive effects of a note only. The schoolmaster was unprepared for such a proposal.

"What I rather wanted was a second year's transfer, as it is called," he said. "Of course your cousin would do, personally; but she has had no experience. Oh—she has, has she? Does she really think of adopting teaching as a profession?"

Jude said she was disposed to do so, he thought, and his ingenious arguments on her natural fitness for assisting Mr. Phillotson, of which Jude knew nothing whatever, so influenced the schoolmaster that he said he would engage her, assuring Jude as a friend that unless his cousin really meant to follow on in the same course, and regarded this step as the first stage of an apprenticeship, of which her training in a normal school would be the second stage, her time would be wasted quite, the salary being merely nominal.

The day after this visit Phillotson received a letter from Jude, containing the information that he had again consulted his cousin, who took more and more warmly to the idea of tuition, and that she had agreed to come. It did not occur for a moment to the schoolmaster and recluse that Jude's ardor in promoting the arrangement arose from any other feelings towards Sue than the instinct of co-operation common among members of the same family.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE schoolmaster sat in his homely dwelling attached to the school building, both being modern erections, and he looked across the way at the old house in which his teacher Sue had a lodging. The arrangement had been concluded very quickly. A pupil-teacher who was to have been transferred to Mr. Phillotson's school had failed him, and Sue had been taken as stop-gap. All such provisional arrangements as these could only last till the next annual visit of H. M. inspector, whose approval was necessary to make them permanent. Having taught for some two years in London, though she had abandoned that vocation of late, Miss Bridehead was not exactly an outsider, and Phillotson thought there would be no difficulty in retaining her services, which he already wished to do, though she had only been with him three or four weeks. He had found her quite as bright as Jude had described her; and what master-tradesman does not wish to keep an apprentice who saves him half his labor?

It was a little over half past eight o'clock, and he was waiting to see her cross the road to the school, when he would follow. At twenty minutes to nine she did cross, a light hat tossed on her head, and he watched her as a curiosity. A new emanation, which had nothing to do with her skill as a teacher, seemed to surround her this morning. He went to the school also, and Sue remained governing her class at the other end of the room all day under his eye. She certainly was an excellent teacher.

It was part of his duty to give her private lessons in the evening, and some article in the Code made it necessary that a respectable elderly woman should be present at these lessons when the teacher and the taught were of different sexes. Richard Phillotson thought of the absurdity of the regulation in this case, when he was old enough to be the girl's father; but he faithfully acted up to it, and sat down with her in a room where Mrs. Hawes, the widow at whose house Sue lodged, occupied herself with sewing. The regulation was, indeed, not easy to evade, for there was no other sitting-room in the dwelling.

Sometimes as she figured—it was arithmetic that they were working at—she would involuntarily glance up with a little inquiring smile at him, as if she as-

sumed that, being the master, he must perceive all that was passing in her brain, as being right or wrong. Phillotson was not really thinking of the arithmetic at all, but of her, in a novel way which somehow seemed strange to him as preceptor. Perhaps she knew that he was thinking of her thus.

For a few weeks their work had gone on with a monotony which in itself was a delight to him. Then it happened that the children were to be taken to Christminster to see an itinerant exhibition, in the shape of a model of Jerusalem, to which schools were admitted at a penny a head in the interests of education. They marched along the road two and two, she beside her class with her sunshade, her little thumb cocked up against its stem; and Phillotson behind, in his long dangling coat, handling his walking-stick genteelly, in the musing mood which had come over him since her arrival. The afternoon was one of sun and dust, and when they entered the exhibition-room few people were present but themselves.

The model of the ancient city stood in the middle of the apartment, and the proprietor, with a fine religious philanthropy written on his features, walked round it with a pointer in his hand, showing the young people the various quarters and places known to them by name from reading their Bibles—Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the City of Zion, the walls and the gates, outside one of which there was a little mound like a tumulus, and on the mound a little white cross. The spot, he said, was Calvary.

"I think," said Sue to the schoolmaster, as she stood with him a little in the background, "that this model, elaborate as it is, is a very imaginary production. How does anybody know that Jerusalem was like this in the time of Christ? I am sure this man doesn't."

"It is made after the best conjectural maps, based on actual visits to the city as it now exists."

"I fancy we have had enough of Jerusalem," she said, "considering we are not descended from the Jews. There was nothing first-rate about the place, after all—as there was about Athens, Rome, Alexandria, and other old cities."

"But, my dear girl, consider what it is to us!"

She was silent, for she was easily repressed; and then perceived behind the

group of children clustered round the model a young man in a white flannel jacket, his form being bent so low in his intent inspection of the Valley of Jehoshaphat that he was almost hidden from view by the Mount of Olives.

"Look at your cousin Jude," continued the schoolmaster. "He doesn't think we have had enough of Jerusalem!"

"Ah—I didn't see him!" she cried, in her quick light voice. "Jude—how seriously you are going into it!"

Jude started up from his reverie, and saw her. "Oh—Sue!" he said, with a glad flush of embarrassment. "These are your school-children, of course! I saw that schools were admitted in the afternoons, and thought you might come; but I got so deeply interested that I didn't remember where I was. How it carries one back—doesn't it? I could examine it for hours; but I have only a few minutes, unfortunately, for I am in the middle of a job out here."

"Your cousin is so terribly clever that she criticises it unmercifully," said Phillotson, with good-humored satire. "She is quite sceptical as to its correctness."

"No, I am not—altogether! I hate to be what is called a clever girl—there are too many of that sort now!" answered Sue. "I only meant—I don't know what I meant—except that it was what you don't understand!"

"I know your meaning," said Jude, ardently (although he did not). "And I think you are quite right."

"That's a good Jude—I know *you* believe in me!" She impulsively seized his hand, and leaving a reproaching look on the schoolmaster, turned away to Jude, her voice revealing a tremor which she herself felt to be absurdly uncalled-for by sarcasm so gentle. She had not the least conception how the hearts of both men went out to her at this momentary revelation of feeling, and what a complication she was building up thereby in the future of both.

The model wore too much of an educational aspect for the children not to tire of it soon, and a little later in the afternoon they were all marched back to Lumsdon, Jude returning to his work. He watched the little flock in their clean frocks and pinafores filing down the street towards the country beside Phillotson and Sue, and a sad, dissatisfied sense of being out of the scheme of the

latter's lives had possession of him. Phillotson had invited him to walk out and see them on Friday evening, when there would be no lesson to give to Sue, and Jude had eagerly promised to avail himself of the opportunity.

Meanwhile the scholars and teachers moved homewards; and the next day, on looking on the blackboard in Sue's class, Phillotson was surprised to find upon it, skilfully drawn in chalk, a perspective view of Jerusalem, with every building shown in its place.

"I thought you took no interest in the model, and hardly looked at it?" he said.

"I hardly did," said she. "But I remembered that much of it."

"It is more than I had remembered myself."

"I can't go on with my teaching to-day," she added, presently. "I wish you hadn't told me about the inspector's surprise visits—and that one is imminent! I feel so afraid of his coming in suddenly, and saying, 'Oh, *you* are no good, you stupid girl!' that it quite paralyzes me."

"He won't say that. You are the best teacher ever I had."

The school-inspector was, in fact, at that very time paying "surprise visits" in this neighborhood; and two days later, in the middle of the morning lessons, the latch of the door was softly lifted, and in walked my gentleman, the king of terrors—to pupil-teachers.

To Mr. Phillotson the surprise was not great; like the lady in the story, he had been served that trick too many times. But Sue's class was at the further end of the room, and her back was towards the entrance; the inspector, therefore, came and stood behind her and watched her teaching some half-minute before she became aware of his presence. She turned, and the effect upon her timidity of finding the terrible man close to her was such that she gave a little cry of fright. Phillotson, with a strange instinct of solicitude quite beyond his control, was at her side just in time to prevent her falling from faintness. She soon recovered herself, and laughed; but when the inspector was gone there was a reaction, and she was so white that Phillotson took her into his room and gave her some brandy. She found him holding her hand, and looking so gently at her that she was moved. When she was better she went home.

Jude in the mean time had been wait-

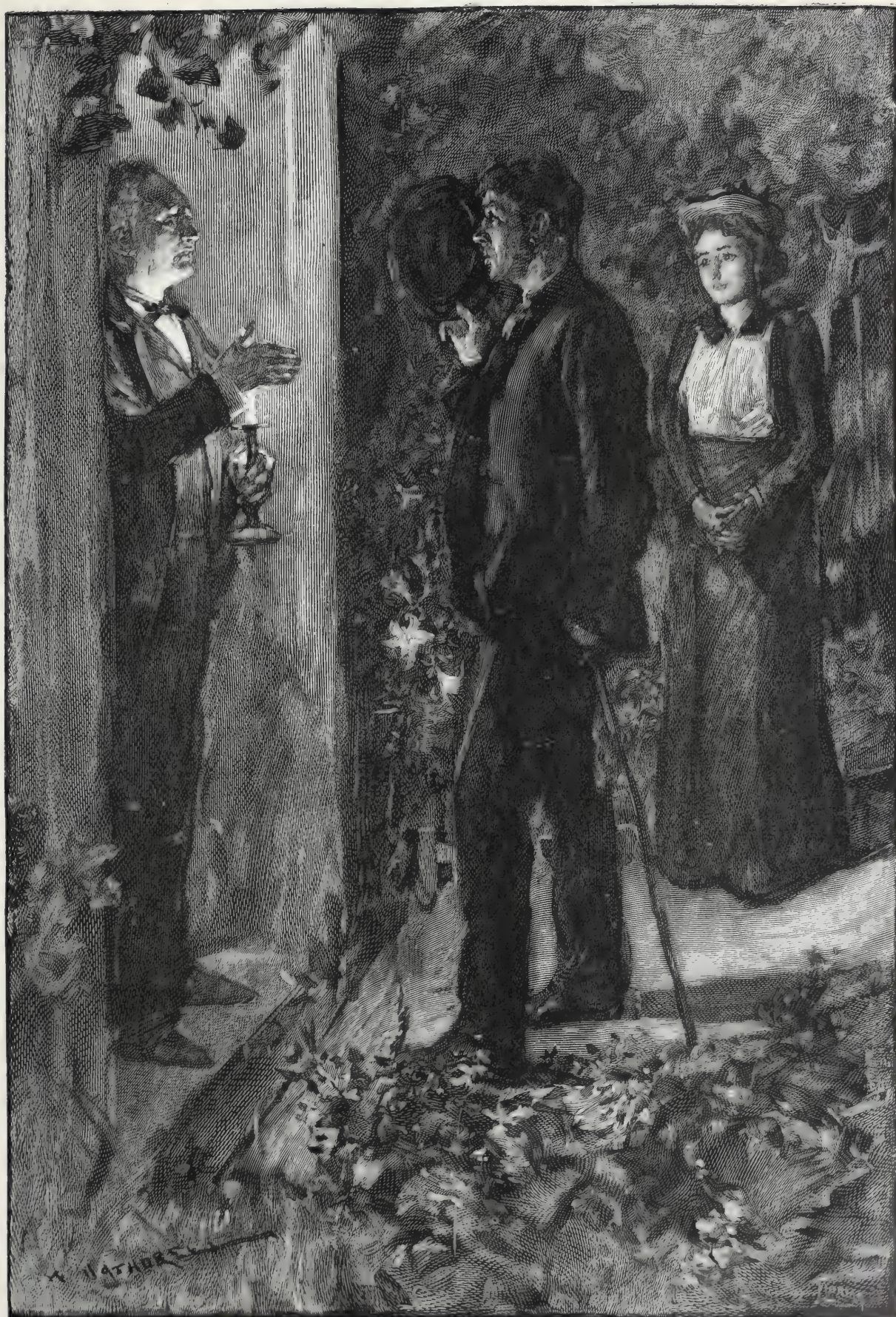
ing impatiently for Friday. On both Wednesday and Thursday he had been so much under the influence of his desire to see her that he walked after dark some distance along the road in the direction of the village, and on returning to his room to read, found himself quite unable to concentrate his mind on the page. On Friday, as soon as he had got himself up as he thought Sue would like to see him and made a hasty tea, he set out, notwithstanding that the evening was wet. The trees overhead deepened the gloom of the hour, and they dripped sadly upon him, impressing him with forebodings—illogical forebodings, for though he knew that he loved her, he also knew that he could not be more to her than he was.

On turning the corner and entering the village, the first sight that greeted his eyes was that of two figures under one umbrella coming out of the vicarage gate. He was too far back for them to notice him, but he knew in a moment that they were Sue and Phillotson. The latter was holding the umbrella over her head, and they had evidently been paying a visit to the vicar—probably on some business connected with the school-work. And as they walked along the wet and deserted lane, Jude saw Phillotson place his arm round the girl's waist, whereupon she gently removed it; but he replaced it, and she let it remain, looking quickly round her with an air of misgiving. She did not look absolutely behind her, and therefore did not see Jude, who sank into the hedge like one struck with a blight. There he remained hidden till they had reached Sue's cottage and she had passed in, Phillotson going on to the school hard by.

"Oh, he's too old for her—too old!" cried Jude, in all the terrible sickness of hopeless handicapped love.

He could not interfere. Was he not Arabella's? He was unable to go on further, and retraced his steps towards Christminster. Every tread of his feet seemed to say to him that he must on no account stand in the schoolmaster's way with Sue. Phillotson was perhaps twenty years her senior, but many a happy marriage had been made in such conditions of age. The ironical clinch to his sorrow was given by the thought that the intimacy between his cousin and the schoolmaster had been brought about entirely by himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

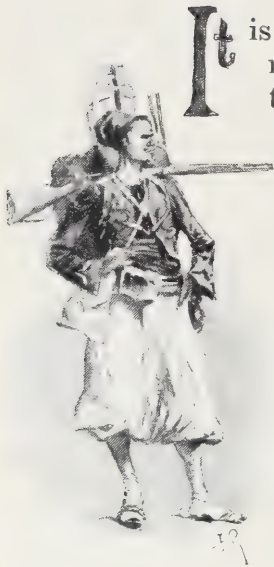


"A KNOCK BROUGHT HIM TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE DOOR."

FRENCH FIGHTERS IN AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.



It is not easy to say how many soldiers follow the tricolor in French Africa, because of the many drafts upon Algerian garrisons on account of expeditions to different quarters of the French globe. But we shall not go far wrong in crediting France with 60,000 men, well armed and well drilled, whose principal

object is to discourage the North African Arabs from a war of independence.

Of these 60,000, the most picturesque portion is the native regiments, whose acquaintance I first made during the Franco-German war. They were all made prisoners or killed before they had much opportunity of seeing France; but they did a great deal of travelling about Germany, and spent many weary months in captivity along the Elbe and the Oder. Such a menagerie had not entered the father-land since 1813, when Cossacks from the far East followed in the wake of the great Napoleon. Germans flocked from far and near to gaze at the Spahis and Turcos whom their brothers and cousins had captured on French battle-fields. Horrible stories were then in circulation regarding these troops. One German told me that he had offered a drink of water to a wounded Turco, and had narrowly missed being stabbed for his pains. It was also related that they prowled about the battle-field after dark, murdering the wounded and cutting off their victims' fingers for the sake of a ring or two. That the French employed such troops against civilized neighbors created in 1870 as much indignation in Germany as did in 1776 the employment of North American Indians by England against her rebellious colonies of the same flesh and blood.

The United States has a native or Ind-

ian question on hand, which is being solved by crowding our two hundred and fifty thousand red men together. These are gradually dying through disease and starvation. They do not enter our army; do not care to become farmers; do not even seek to be herders. The French, on the other hand, enlist their Arabs, at least to the extent of eight regiments, or a number nearly equal to the whole standing army of the United States.

One day I was the guest of a general commanding the chief military division of northern Africa. It is better not to mention names, for people with official responsibilities usually dislike being quoted.

My acquaintance with General — arose, however, through a good mutual friend; and as I was treated with frankness, I have every reason to consider his views of consequence.

"Can you trust these Turcos and Spahis in case of war?" I asked him.

To this he replied by telling a story. That he had once been in the position where he was able to save a great Arab chief from disgrace and beggary. That chief had been friendly with him for many years, and was so overwhelmed by gratitude that he brought the general a costly present.

"I never accept presents from natives," said the general, in parenthesis. "Whoever accepts a present from an Arab loses his authority at once."

The chief was very much chagrined at the general's determination, and sought in vain to alter it. Finally, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion, and with a choking voice, he raised his hand solemnly and said:

"General, you have saved me from dishonor. I owe you all I have. Let me make you a gift more valuable to you than any precious stone. It is one word of advice: *Never trust an Arab—not one—not even ME!*"

With which strange, not to say paradoxical, warning the chief disappeared.

"That happened several years ago," said the general, "but each day I realize more fully the value of that strange gift. The Arab has his nature, which is not yours or mine. He may live twenty years with you; respect and admire you;



*—J. H. P. —
—Paris — Algeria—*

TURCOS, ALGERIA.

serve you faithfully; even spill his blood for you—but all that counts for nothing. The next year he may cut your throat.”

I asked him if he was not satisfied with the progress made towards converting the Arabs to French ways.

“I have never heard of a real Arab converted to Christianity or French civilization. In fact, the Arab remains Arab in spite of all the missionaries in Africa. It makes me smile when I hear of societies organized to convert Jews and Arabs.”

“But then,” I said, “what is to become of this great Franco-African colony if the Arabs are to remain hopelessly hostile?”

“The locomotive and the telegraph are our best allies here. Look at that map;

you see our railway policy—our military policy. We must cut the desert at right angles with the coast; cut off one tribe of Arabs from the other; make their combinations difficult; make ours easy.

“The Arab does not love us—but he is no fool. When he sees a train of cars running daily through his territory he knows that French troops can be massed at any point on that line much more quickly than his own. Where we have railways we have no insurrection.”

I remarked that railways in the desert could hardly be a profitable investment.

“Investment!” said he, with emphasis. “Who cares for the cost when it is a question of national prestige?”

And this is the last word on the subject of colonial expansion. France has an annual deficit on account of her colony here of many millions of francs; she has costly railways climbing through barren mountain passes and terminating in fields of sand; there is no immediate prospect of improvement; the European population is only about half a million, of which only about half are French. Outwardly there is every appearance of prosperity—for handsome public buildings always suggest municipal wealth, and streets full of soldiers suggest that the country is worth all they cost. At bottom, however, I could find little room for encourage-

ment. A few Alsacians had taken up farms in Algeria after the Franco-German war, but in general the whites find farming amongst Arabs very discouraging work. Arabs are much like our North American Indians in their evasiveness. They carry away sheep with the greatest facility; they set fire to hay-stacks without ever being discovered. The white man who settles in the midst of this community cannot sleep secure unless he has paid blackmail to the Arabs about him. This usually consists in hiring one or more of them to patrol his grounds at night. They do not necessarily do any patrolling, but the mere fact that they are being paid so much a month (I was told about forty francs) is sufficient to satisfy the local sense of justice.

One farmer of whom I heard preferred to do without local watchmen. Consequently his stacks were repeatedly fired. He had government police protection, but the firing persisted. At last, worn out with worry, he yielded to the representations of neighbors and employed an Arab at the usual rate.

He discovered by accident that he had employed the very scoundrel who had done all the firing.

The good general said I must look at his troops, so I hunted up Remington, and off we went with his adjutant.

At the door stood a Spahi orderly, straight as a Mohawk, and equally inscrutable. He saluted. The adjutant looked at him a moment, then asked Remington his opinion. "Out of sight," was the answer, in Westernese.

"Listen to me, Mustafa," said the adjutant.

"Oui, mon capitaine," answered the Spahi.

"A great painter has come to paint you—to paint your beautiful burnoose, your silver stirrups, your shining sash, your gorgeous saddle-bags."

The Arab's little eyes twinkled; he held his head still further aloft; he was every inch a soldier.

"Now go dress yourself in your gala—as though for a fantasia. Then come out into the barrack-yard—in one hour."

Mustafa wheeled and disappeared.

"It will take him an hour," said the adjutant, "for it is serious business to an Arab, this dressing up for show. Let us look about."

He took us through the men's sleeping-



OFFICER OF SPAHIS.



THE SPAHI SENTRY.

quarters. Each Spahi had his iron bedstead, and the shelf overhead on which he stacked his saddle and clothing. The saddle is a frightfully heavy affair, weighing at least ten times as much as that used by the American trooper. In fact, the Arab stirrup alone weighs as much as one American saddle. The saddle-tree is excellent, similar to that used in most horsey countries save England. It is the same tree common in Mexico, in the Western States, and notably in Hungary—a tree allowing ventilation, and making sore backs almost impossible. Instead of the blanket, however, which the American trooper folds up under the saddle, the Arabs had half a dozen saddle-cloths of

different colors, looking rather showy when the wind tossed them about, but not a very practical arrangement. The American trooper uses the blanket as a saddle-cloth by day and as a horse-blanket by night. When the weather is hot and the blanket gets saturated, it is a small matter to spread it out and have it dried; or if that is not possible, then at least it can be refolded in such a manner as to present a new surface to the horse's back, and thus make him more comfortable. In parenthesis it may be noted that the German and English cavalry saddles are vastly inferior to the American—if the horse could be heard on the subject.

I had been recently inspecting barracks



Frederic Remington.
Giza, Egypt

AN OFFICERS' CAFÉ.

was a liberal supply of newspapers and books.

"How do black and white get on under the tricolor?"

"Very well," answered the adjutant. "Arabs quarrel amongst themselves, but between them and the French we rarely have any difficulty. The French non-commissioned officers are mainly in technical branches, such as armorers, farriers, saddlers, and the like."

There were six little whitewashed cells to this regiment, which we of course inspected with a shiver, for Remington and I agree in thinking imprisonment the

in Russia, where every room is decorated with many gaudy images of a religious character. The Arab barracks were, by contrast, singularly bare.

"You know, of course," said the French adjutant, "Mohammedans are not image-worshippers. They worship in spirit, and are forbidden the help of pictures."

And, to be sure, I could not find a single picture about their rooms.

"But if that is so," I said, "why does your Spahi Mustafa allow Remington to sketch him?"

"Ah, true enough! But there are exceptions. Now I am a good Catholic, yet I do not always fast as much as I might. By-the-way, will you not take some refreshments?"

We had come to the club-room or canteen of the non-commissioned officers, and were served, as in a café, to some excellent wine of native production. There are many French amongst this grade, and here were several warlike pictures on the wall, most of them depicting deeds of valor done by the French in Africa. A game of billiards was going on; there

most abominable form of cruelty. A thousand times rather have a wholesome flogging than a week of lock-up!

"Our crimes amongst Spahis and native troops generally," said the adjutant, "are very few. Oddly enough, they consist mainly of impertinence to officers—for the Arab is an independent sort of a spirit, and quick to answer back. We treat him very well—spare his feelings, show deference to his religious habits, and accord him privileges which he prizes highly."

"For instance?" said I.

"One instance," said the adjutant, "is his red burnoose, which raises him in the mind of his fellow-Arabs to the rank of a local magistrate. When he leaves the camp my he has to lay aside this robe of honor and at once descend to the level of the ordinary man. And that is why many stay in the army all their lives."

"With his red burnoose on, the Spahi travel to the remotest corner of our long bearing our despatches. He never fears attack even in the remotest part of the desert. Whoever meets him recog-

nizes his badge of authority. When night falls he presents himself before the tent of one of his fellow-Mohammedans and is sure of welcome. His horse is fed, and he himself is taken care of as though in his own encampment. On the morrow he is sped on his way—without money and without price—all because of his red burnoose. *There is the Arab—match him if you can!*"

Even Remington agreed that the cowboy could not do much better than that; and we marvelled that a people with such extraordinary qualities should have made so little of themselves.

"The Arab is trained in a school which teaches him to respect the badge of authority. He is essentially a man of military habits. He obeys without asking questions. If we are in search of an escaped criminal, it is useless for us to send a French official. We send a native with the badge of office, and he never fails to bring back the man we seek. We could not govern Algeria long were it not for this quality in the Arab."

The stables of these Spahis were merely sheds, under which the horses had shelter from sun and the scant amount of rain likely to fall. They were nearly all cream-white, and all of excellent cavalry build—that is to say, their backs were short, and their structure suggested a Gothic arch. Deep chest splendid necks, lots of wind and endurance. Marvellous tales we heard of long-distance races made in very short time. But for every-day purpose the Arab horse has the gift of keeping a species of amble from sunrise to sunset at a rate which covers a prodigious number of miles per day, without tiring the rider

or wearing out the horse. He lives on what he finds in the way of desert-grass, and requires no bed or blanket. He is almost as economical as a bicycle, and vastly more useful in deep sand.

Mustafa now appeared, amidst the admiring glances of his fellows, who ceased polishing their bits and stirrups to admire his gorgeous dress. He had around his head untold yards of camel's-hair fabric of the most delicate texture. Un-



TURCO OFFICERS.

derneath was a gauzy sheet with gold thread run through it—a thing I have always associated with houris and harems. His red burnoose was thrown back over his shoulders, showing beneath another one of most delicate native manufacture, fit for a bridal veil. He had red morocco boots to his knees, stirrups of silver elaborately carved, a sword slipped beneath his thigh, with a handle worthy of a field-

marshal. By his saddle hung a despatch-bag of costly red leather, embroidered in gold and silver to a bewildering extent. His bit was a marvel of carving—and cruelty—and his bridle fit for a Prussian hussar colonel.

All this magnificence fairly took our breath away; and this was only the plain ordinary Spahi private. No prince of our fairyland could have done better. He sat motionless on horseback, conscious of the effect he was producing—or had a right to produce. He carried the regulation carbine of the French cavalry, but otherwise

stop suddenly, throwing his horse back upon his haunches, and now and then the springy animal threw himself high into the air, as though he meant to fly over the stables, and then he would alight on all-fours so lightly that a cat could not have done better. And through all this Mustafa sat as though he were himself the horse; there was not a movement of his muscles that I could detect. His knees and legs never shifted; his head did not move; his face bore the same solemn and proud expression it usually wore. The antics of his ambitious animal moved him apparently as little as though he had been sitting in a Moorish bath listening to the account of it by some equally solemn horseman.

When Mustafa had gratified the pride of his kinsmen, the curiosity of the hated infidel, and had received a big piece of silver wherewith to subscribe for a season ticket of Moorish baths, he cantered back to his stables to receive the congratulations of his dusky tribesmen.

"What sort of soldiers do these Spahis make?" I asked of the adjutant.

"Very good indeed, if they are rightly handled. They have, however, drawbacks in common with the native infantry, the Turcos. They are not as steady as the whites. When firing commences we cannot control them. They rush in headlong like wild animals. They are brave as lions. But if their first furious charge is not successful, they are not easy to bring together again. We have to use great tact in drilling them. We never use corporal punishment; they would not stand it. They are enormously vain, and we make good use of that."

"Do you have difficulty in recruiting?"

"None whatever. Our soldier life is so much to their taste, we have so much campaigning, we give them so much social distinction, that it is easy to see how many strong influences operate to overcome their natural hatred of us. You see the same thing in British India, and I have no doubt you would have equally good results with your North American Indians if you treated them as justly as we do our Arabs."

The Arab, like the Cossack, supplies his own horse and outfit generally, excepting, of course, the military carbine, which is furnished by the government. The pay he receives is ample for his needs, and



A ZOUAVE OFFICER.

might have stepped straight out of *The Thousand and One Nights* for all we could have told.

"Show your horse, Mustafa," said the adjutant, and off pranced Mustafa on his springy Arab. First he trotted at us, then came down at a furious gallop, Remington sketching the while, his face shining with delight. Then Mustafa would



A SPAHI, ALGERIA.

when he has served a series of years he receives a pension, which allows him to return to his tents and live the life of a local grandee to the end of his days.

Why should not our Apaches, our Sioux, and other warlike tribes be treated in this manner? They would thus come in contact with our people—not with corrupt politicians, but with the highest standard of honesty and physical courage any country can show, our officers of the regular army. They would be taught the use of soap and water; they would learn how to protect themselves against disease; they would see other soldiers at work, and learn to respect honest labor; they would see that women may be well treated and yet be useful wives.

“Come and see some Turcos and Spahis out in the field,” said the adjutant.

Off we hurried, through the Moorish gates of the walled city, to the rolling country beyond. Like most walled towns in Africa, it has been taught to anticipate surprises by the enemy, and thus in crossing the threshold of the gateway we were at once in the open country. The field of exercise was unlike any I had previously seen. It was a bit of ground selected apparently because there was no level spot upon or about it. Here were the Turcos, in their loose Zouave dress, scampering over the rough ground at a splendid pace, throwing themselves on the ground, firing, retiring, then rushing forward again, then forming solidly again

and marching away. All their movements were done with a dash and a jaunty elasticity I have not seen surpassed in Germany or Russia. The only troops that equal them in this respect are the Hungarians. Is it that their dress helps them to this ease of motion? The clumsy modern trousers are certainly discarded by all athletes. The Hungarians make their trousers fit close about their calves and ankles, while the Zouave has no more impediment than a modest ballet-girl. I once saw a regiment of Albanians swing about in this manner in Athens. They were all mountaineers, but then they were a small crack corps.

The Spahi, however, interested us most in Africa. For an Arab without his horse does not seem complete, somehow. The Spahis we saw exercising were doing a great deal of the work done by the cadets at West Point, such as slashing at a leather cushion that lies on the ground; slashing at another on a post the height of a man's head; shooting from the saddle, and leaping hurdles. They did this work about as well as the first class at West Point, and no better. The exercises, as a whole, suggested a general military skylark: target-shooting went on at one point, hurdle-racing at another; there was marching and countermarching here and there; while amongst them all there dashed at frequent intervals mounted Spahis, with flying burnouses, acting as though they were surprising an enemy's camp; chasing about in happy carelessness; galloping up to the very edge of a precipice, and then throwing their steeds back upon their haunches with evident delight.

In fact, I cannot imagine an Arab excepting as a creature half Mohammedan, half baby. He looks as profound as a judge, and yet performs the antics of a sailor in the dog-watches. Their little horses are gentle as kittens, yet with an Arab aboard they instinctively feel that they must pretend to be uncontrollable in order to let their master go through all the show of curbing an impetuous animal. The Arab is so dependent upon his horse, and has such a good one, that it is hard for me to conclude that he is wittingly cruel; yet from the amount of curb-and-spur movement I had to see amongst them, I must think that their vanity sometimes gets beyond their better judgment.

II.

Early in the morning we bade farewell to our hospitable hosts of the Sahara garrison, and took our seats on top of the diligence to cross the Atlas. This diligence was to me as strange a thing as a Pullman Vestibule Limited would be to an Arab. There were seven horses, three as wheelers and four as leaders. One long whiffletree served the four leaders. The vehicle was made up of many sections. There was a species of coupé on the first floor front, where the occupants looked out over the horses' backs. Then higher up—something like a mezzanine floor—sat a savage Moor, with flowing burnoose and endless whip, who handled the ribbons with a dexterity delightful to study. By his side sat an equally savage mate, who had a shorter whip. This mate, when not asleep, jumped down from his mezzanine perch, flew about the edges of the twenty-eight hoofs, flogging up and down until he was quite exhausted, when he resumed his top seat, and dreamed of a heaven where horses have thinner skins than on the post-roads over the Atlas.

Above and behind the mezzanine perch was a hood holding four abreast behind a long apron. Here we sat looking out over a parterre of struggling horses and snapping lashes. Behind us stretched the roof of the diligence, piled so high with boxes and bales that I marvelled we did not capsize. As I saw box after box piled upon the deck of the coach I wondered how our seven little horses could drag along on the level, let alone climb high mountains; but these horses did the impossible. Underneath the deck-load of freight was the omnibus portion proper, where a dozen or more Arabs huddled together, and seemed very uncomfortable. Then there was a great boot, where the money and mails were locked up; and beside the door hung a huge iron letter-box, where any one might drop a letter as the whole moved along. It was a very picturesque sight, this huge conglomeration of freight and passengers struggling up through the defiles of the Atlas—at least it was to Remington and me.

The seven little horses were flogged from station to station. They were flogged up hill and down. The Moorish driver flogged his beasts as mechanically as the rest of his kinsmen drum upon a donkey with their heels. When I called his attention to the raw spots, he said, "Yes;

they will get tougher by-and-by." Personally the flogging was very hard work on him, which is obvious from the fact that he had to have an assistant flogger. He did his duty conscientiously as an Arab driver, and would have been most surprised had he been warned by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Arabs we passed on the road, whether on horse or donkey, were likewise mechanically tormenting their beasts. The horsemen kept the sharp edge of their stirrup constantly to the ribs of their mount; the others were beating their donkeys with heavy sticks. It

mattered little where the blows fell, so long as they fell without much interruption. As we passed we were gazed upon with curiosity, but the beating did not cease. The Arab went on beating his beast in an absent-minded way, now on the back, now on the ears, now on the neck, now in the eye. The little donkey took all these things as quite a matter of course. Once I saw a donkey decide to lie down by the side of the road. He began to go round and round in a circle, and kept this up for several turns in spite of the fact that the Arab on his back sought by vigorous clubbing to discourage the attempt. The donkey, however,



OFFICER OF CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

triumphed, and lay down beneath a blizzard of blows.

As he lay, the Arab, with no apparent anger, continued to beat him about the head and ears, to twist his tail, and otherwise express dissatisfaction at his behavior; but the donkey kept on enjoying as well as he could his hard-earned rest. He threw his heels in the air, rolled about on his back, and luxuriated as does a cow in a clover-patch, treating the cudgel blows as so many flies.

Now is it the toughness of the donkey's hide that makes the Arab cruel, or is it

coming to these parts for pleasure. Yet in Oran I read a proclamation warning everybody that they would be heavily fined if they ill-treated their animals. This warning was not merely in French, but in Arabic as well, though it seemed to me that the chief sinners were the Christian cab-drivers of the place.

In the hood of our diligence sat a sergeant of the Foreign Legion, a German, going up to the coast on furlough. It was easy to detect his nationality from his speech, and I asked him where he came from. Of course he said he was an Als-

acian; they all do. By a little good-humored cross-questioning, however, I got his story.

"I am a German from Bremen. I got into trouble with my lieutenant; I was sentenced to close confinement; I ran away aboard a French barque trading to the Mediterranean, and came to Gibraltar. There I heard of the French Foreign Legion, and here I am; perfectly happy."

"But did they not object to your being a German?"

"That is the beauty of the Foreign Legion. They ask no questions. We are of all nations. By-the-way, we had a young American killed this year, down along the western Soudan, in the march against Timbuctoo. He had entered as a private, and had brought it to a captaincy. Of course Frenchmen do not like Germans; but to

Frenchmen I am an Alsatian, and that suits them very well. We have a good many Alsacians like myself here, and we have a pretty good time of it."

"What sort of future have you in the French service?"

"Well, future or no future, the life is one that suits me. I am now sergeant; I may be next year an officer. Last year I was fighting down in the Soudan; next



A REMOUNT SOLDIER.

the Arab's cruelty that makes the hide callous? This question Remington and I discussed at length, but reached no conclusion, save that only in northern Africa could we find a horse sadder-looking than that of the New York "night-hawk" cab. The cruelty to animals about the Mediterranean in general, and here in particular, did much to make us unhappy. Indeed, it is enough to keep me from ever



ZOUAVES DANCING.

year I may be in Siam. We are sent to any part of the world, and do not complain. It is a life full of adventure; the pay is better than in the German army, and the treatment suits me better. The French are getting more and more deeply involved in colonial enterprise requiring troops, particularly in Africa. They cannot spare Frenchmen, and therefore so much the better for us. I am a soldier of fortune; and, after all, are we not all at the same trade?"

A few nights later I went into the gallery at a café chantant of Oran. On the floor was a cancan going on between two Zouaves and two of the Foreign Legion, and the one who kicked the best was the Alsatian from Bremen.

That musical evening is one I shall not soon forget; better by far than the dirty stomach-dance in the Moorish café. The price of admission (50 centimes) included refreshments, and the price was the best evidence that the refreshments or the performance must be bad. In this case both were very bad. But what the stage failed

to provide was furnished most generously by the chasseurs d'Afrique, the Zouaves, and other troops that crowded the lower floor. They knew all the songs better than the painted girls who jiggled about behind the foot-lights; they sang the songs that suited them so heartily that the performers were quite out of it. When they did not like the song they made such an uproar that the orchestra gave up. It was a free-and-easy in the most complete sense, a military go-as-you-please of the most vociferous kind. No one got drunk; there was no rowdyism. Some of the men were going home on the day following, and the rest were celebrating the event—that was all. The only ladies present were so called only by a violent stretch of courtesy. They had no share in the general festivities. It was a soldiers' battle, one uninterrupted shout, laughter, and song from several hundred French throats, commencing at about eight and continuing until near midnight, at which hour I concluded to go home to bed.

"VOX CLAMANTIS."

BY JOHN B. TABB.

O SEA, forever calling to the shore
With menace or caress,—
A voice like his unheeded that of yore
Cried in the wilderness;
A deep forever yearning unto deep,
For silence out of sound,—
Thy restlessness the cradle of a sleep
That thou hast never found.

THE MERRY MAID OF ARCADY.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

MISS POINTDEXTER sat in her hall bedroom in the fourth story of Mrs. Penfold's boarding-house, and looked down upon the street. Her throne was a Vienna bent-wood chair, with aggressive rockers, which she had come to regard as a very nestling-place of comfort, in contrast with the only other chair the room contained—a hard wooden monster of the variety appertaining to suites displayed by emporiums that fit out the sidewalks with their wares, under the label "Chaste and Cheap."

Recently, since Miss Pointdexter had resided, summer and winter, with Mrs. Penfold for ten years, the boarding-house keeper had, in a burst of generosity, furnished her room with one of those sets in highly polished ash, going so far as to substitute for the wooden bedstead one in iron, painted white, with brass knobs and rails.

From the date of this addition to her kingdom Miss Pointdexter had felt the same fluttering complacency that animated her school friend Mrs. Algernon Thorne, of Madison Avenue, when that lady's husband consented to buy the house adjoining their family mansion, throw the two into one, and make over the whole in the best style of the American Renaissance in art.

The substitution of an iron bedstead for the wooden one had not only added full three inches in breadth to Miss Pointdexter's domain, but had imparted to it a note of decoration, of coquetry, of living up to date and fashion, that refreshed agreeably the jaded spirit of the beneficiary. Last, but far from least in the list of Mrs. Penfold's concessions to the

promptings of conscience, had been the new papering of Miss Pointdexter's walls, with a paper at thirty cents the roll, which, it must be admitted, was five cents more than the most grasping imagination of a boarder could have demanded. Miss Pointdexter never knew that her allowance of wall-paper was left over from a first-floor bedroom. To her dying day she cherished the illusion that it was a spontaneous efflorescence of Mrs. Penfold's humanity to a sister long in distress through an environment of chocolate-colored stripes dotted with bunches of pea-green grapes.

The new decoration of her walls revealed to Miss Pointdexter's ravished eyes a pattern of honeysuckles, yellow and coral, on a pale yellow ground. This harmonizing sufficiently with the rather threadbare brown carpet, Miss Pointdexter was fired with ambition to curtain her window. For this purpose she made several furtive visits to the large shops that advertise bargains in such stuffs as she desired. But when one set of lace curtains after another, at seventy-five cents the pair, had been begrudgingly unfolded to her gaze, she came away from them disconsolate. No æsthetic pleasure was possible to be derived from these great sprawling designs of roses and dahlias upon a coarse Nottingham foundation. And the better grades of patterns, the spots and stars and trefoils, must remain upon their shelves out of reach of her little hand and purse.

Although Miss Pointdexter had so long been a dweller in the honeycomb of Mrs. Penfold's two houses filled with board-

ers, she had been born to a more liberal horizon. In the household out of which she came, one of the sayings impressed upon young people was, that whatever Providence ordained for them, whether good fortune or reverse, it should be accepted quietly, not carrying one's affairs to other ears (unless the confidence were sought by those who had a right to know). Miss Pointdexter was no longer a young person, but she often found herself recalling these utterances of dead lips as reverently and simply as she had first received them long years ago, just as, quite unconsciously, when at night she had screwed her fringe of front hair into chrysalids of curls for the morrow, she knelt down by the iron bedstead with brass rails and prayed God to make her a "good girl."

The Pointdexter tradition of silent endurance was, however, infringed upon by its inheritor when Mrs. Berry, the laundress, instead of sending her boy, as usual, with Miss Pointdexter's wash, condescended to mount the third flight of stairs and interpose her own ample person into the space between bed and wall, crushing the rightful occupant into the window.

"Well, I want to know!" Mrs. Berry had remarked, pantingly, placing the palms of her hands, corrugated by repeated immersion into soapsuds, upon her matronly hips; "if this ain't real handsome! It reminds me of one of the bedrooms at Mis' Hall's when I wet-nussed her eldest, the same as was stroke oar at Harvard last year, Miss Pointdexter, and as fine a young man as you'd wish to see; an' did you read about the deebutt of her youngest girl, ma'am, in the *Evening World* o' yesterday? They're real folks, I call 'em; think nuthin' o' spendin' five hundred dollars fur a curtain made o' 'Merican Beauty roses to hang between the foldin'-doors—an' that's the kind o' place I'd be in now if I hadn't listened to Berry, an' set up fur ourselves, an' he takin' to bad habits, or he might 'a' staid coachman to the Four Hundred, i'stead o' lyin' abed in the room over the laundry, an' thumpin' an' bellowin' fur me to come an' wait on him, an' me workin' fur the six of us."

"I wish I had a curtain worth a dollar and fifty cents," said Miss Pointdexter, as she counted out the small sum accruing to Mrs. Berry into that lady's hand. Directly after having given expression to this aspiration, Virginia felt a flush run up into the roots of her hair. What would

the Pointdexter shades say to this revelation of her poverty and unsatisfied yearning, and before a washer-woman, too?

Luckily Mrs. Berry, accustomed to look at such things in the concrete, missed the fine point of Miss Pointdexter's offence against family dicta. Entering into the spirit of the occasion, she declared heartily that it would be a shame to let the room go without the finishing touch of drapery, and proffered to her client the gift of a suddenly remembered pair of dotted muslin curtains with goffered frills, that she had "done up" for a lady who went away to Europe without leaving an address, and had never been heard from since.

"If you think, Mrs. Berry," Miss Pointdexter said, slowly, her brain whirling with the double excitement of the offer and her doubt as to the moral responsibility involved, "that I would do no harm to the curtains by using them—luckily there is a pole and rings—and you would let me pay you what I can afford toward them, with the understanding that if the lady ever comes back you will let me know at once, and that I will then meet the expense of doing them up again"—here she paused, revolving the prudence of this outlay—"I should be most glad, most thankful"—this, again, stuck like a bur in the poor gentlewoman's throat, and was bravely cleared away—"most thankful," she repeated, in a firm voice.

"Law bless your soul, Miss Pointdexter, you nor me ain't never goin' to hear o' that owner again. I can't use 'em, an' there they've been lying by and turnin' yellow these two years, so I guess I'll just have to run 'em through the wash again, anyhow."

"Oh, no!" said Virginia, suavely. She knew she could not afford to have them done up *now*. "A slight tinge of *écru* is really more fashionable than white, Mrs. Berry."

In the watches of the night she awoke to confront this insincerity, and to repent it. But by the next day, when the curtains arrived and were put up by Miss Pointdexter, standing on the top of her chest of drawers, her prickings of conscience made themselves conspicuously less felt. By the time she had scrambled down, pushed the chest of drawers back into its place, and tied the curtains on either side with yellow bows, Miss Pointdexter's moral hardening was accomplished. She almost danced for joy.



"THERE WAS AMONG THEM A GRAY FLANNEL SHIRT."

Diving down to the bottom of a trunk of relics kept under her bed, she fished out of its faintly musty interior one or two belongings of her father—killed on the Confederate side at Appomattox Court House—and turned them over, wondering if she could bring herself to cancel her debt of gratitude to Mrs. Berry by devoting one of these to that lady's suffering liege. There was among them a gray flannel shirt, made by Virginia's mother to put in the kit of her husband when departing for the war after one of his visits home. It had been worn in camp and in battle, and now lay stiffened in the folds of a quarter of a century. When Miss Pointdexter took it out of the chest, under the light of her single gas-burner, she gave the quick gasp that never failed to follow the touch of its soft old texture.

"What it means, who remembers? who cares now?" she said to herself. "Only a few like me here, and in the South thousands that are carrying it to their graves. Soon I may be gone, and when strange hands turn over my things, I couldn't bear to have this held up for laughter because it was kept in the trunk of an old maid. Better part with it now, and little by little I'll find something to do with the rest."

Thus Mr. Berry came into possession of the Confederate flannel shirt, which, to his wife's satisfaction, he took into immediate wear—dying in it, to her equal relief, a month or two later in that same season.

Miss Pointdexter's room was warmed by leaving the door open for the furnace heat of the halls to come in. This method, shared by a young Southerner who oc-

cupied the larger room adjoining, brought the two into an acquaintance that had proved an era in her life. Miss Pointdexter had been known by old boarders to speak of an absent nephew. But he had died in California many years before, and now she spoke of nobody belonging to her to anybody in the house.

When he was away, she would often go into young Alexander's room and tidy his table, rummaging in his drawers for socks with holes and shirts with broken button-holes, which she would mend and restore unknown to the innocent youth, who declared his chambermaid to be a tramp.

Always exquisitely neat in person, Miss Virginia's pale cameo face, with the fine brown hair cut and frizzed above the low brow, the large mild gray eyes, and the mouth that was still a Cupid's bow, often caught the attention of strangers, who would say, "That must have been a pretty woman in her day." But to young Alexander only did her face break into the luminous smile that convinced him she was still more than pretty. He found out that she could laugh, too—laugh with the sudden ringing joy of a school-girl. But that was seldom.

Young Alexander had fallen into the habit of stopping after dinner in the boarding-house parlor to exchange a few words with her; then to tell her of his business and its prospects of advance; then of his increasing social opportunities and introductions to people who made society; finally of his home, his mother and sisters in Carolina. In all of which she sympathized in a manner unusual to her quiet self.

On the evening when Miss Pointdexter sat down in her completely renovated room ("for who would be apt to look down at the carpet," she argued, "on coming in to face such a wall-paper and curtains?") she had turned down the gas, and seated herself in the Vienna bentwood rocking-chair to look out of the window into the street. For some time past her eyes had given her warning they would no longer be trifled with by a single "fish-tail" burner fixed at some distance above them when she sat under it to read or write or sew. A visit to the oculist, so much a matter of course to the well-to-do, was not considered by her. A drop-light and Argand burner, or, what seemed the pitch of luxury, a student's lamp, would cost her a week's board. So

she often sat now in the dark in preference to the boarding-house parlor below. And so sitting, she thought of many things not cheerful.

On the tiny table, squeezed into the recess of the door leading into the adjoining room, lay a new novel lent her by young Alexander that morning—a book read of, heard of, long coveted, the perusal of which would have made her dull evening more eventful and stirring than one spent at dinner and theatre or ball by the sated souls whose carriages rolled continually in her sight up and down the long avenue coated with light snow.

It did not occur to Virginia to begrudge these people their privileges, for she was one of the rare beings "with whom the melodies abide of the everlasting chime." She was well balanced, cheerful by nature, and to-night, especially, she "carried music in her heart" in the consciousness of surroundings that satisfied her æsthetic craving in a fashion consolatory for most other earthly woes. For she was all a woman in this respect, a commonplace woman who likes prettiness and millinery effects. Could she have chosen the vocation that was to eke out her little patrimony into a support in the metropolis, her lot might have been cast in one of those bowers of tinsel beauty where soft-voiced gentlewomen who have seen better days take counsel with their customers about lamp shades, sofa cushions, and favors for the cotillon, or else in an emporium of decorative art, where she could have had the daily solace of handling frost-work embroideries, and linens reft of their threads to be wrought into fine silken spider webs. Miss Pointdexter sighed now and then in gentle envy of those women she knew who could paint the bloated Cupids, Strephons, and Chloes that are seen breaking out in pink, like erysipelas, on a background of ribbed canvas. This seemed to her something one should be born to achieve. On the Pointdexter plantation, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, cutting out garments of cotton domestic for the colored people, and pickling and preserving, had been esteemed a more important part of women's whole duty than the culture of brush and pigment in decoration of unoffending surfaces.

As it was, Virginia had to spend her days in the prosaic atmosphere of an industry established by a blooming young woman of good society for the aid of her

less fortunate sisters. Here she "took in" the plain work sewed at the homes of the workers, and "gave out" the elementary portions of brides' and babies' wardrobes. Sometimes her thirst for pretty things was stayed by the handling of inconceivably fine linen and flannel stuffs, with thread lace for trimming, which she well knew how to appreciate, since no Pointdexter girl was allowed to "come out" into society without a dozen of what the Vicar of Wakefield's ladies would have tranquilly called "shifts," every stitch set by hand, and all garnished with hem-stitched ruffles of linen cambric and real Valenciennes.

But, for the most part, Virginia's days were dull, her associates poorer and with less opportunity for indulgence of taste than herself. She often went for so many hours without smiling that she forgot she had once been called, after the florid fashion of Southern admirers of the belles whom they delight to honor, "The Merry Maid of Arcady."

Arcady was the style and title in former days of the Pointdexter plantation, sold to pay its debts to a prosperous Northern man, who had "restored" it, and changed the name to Belleville; and the feet of the Merry Maid never wandered in that direction now. These things trooped through her mind as she sat in the dark, wishing that she could read young Alexander's book, and chiding herself for wanting anything when her cup was that day so unusually full. A streak of light from the hall fell through the door agape across her wall, and from time to time she looked complacently at her honeysuckles, and thought how well their colors came out. And then Memory, the wizard, carried her back to a certain day when she had sat in an arbor and watched a branch of living honeysuckle sway in the wind of a summer's morning, and parted with the man who had been her promised husband, because she saw that he had gone over to her best friend. Coral honeysuckle and yellow "custard" honeysuckle mingled upon that arbor, built in the shape of a little kiosk, and an established place for flirtations and the like in the annals of Arcady plantation. The crisp clean-cut trumpets of the "coral" stood out against a blue Maryland sky as she looked now, and she could smell the rich breath of the "custard." What's more, she could see the peculiar iris of the young man's eye

as he gravely accepted her dismissal, believing it to be the freak of a spoiled beauty, and questioning her with a full and honest gaze that withdrew unsatisfied by fact.

Virginia had been right. The heart that had wavered away from her soon passed into the keeping of another, and Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Thorne had for years lived and flourished among the elect of society in the great metropolis that also sheltered, not far away from their stately dwelling, the friend of their early youth. Soon after Miss Pointdexter's arrival to try her fortune in New York she had presented herself one morning at the portal of Mrs. Thorne's still unregenerate but sufficiently imposing town house. Recalling the weeks spent by Alida Nesbitt as the guest of Arcady—where she had first arrived a meagre and ill-cared-for school-girl, brought home for the holidays by the generous Virginia to save her from the dulness of life in a dull town under a dull step-mother's control, to come and come again every summer, till, as a pretty graduate of eighteen, she witched away Virginia's lover—it seemed to Miss Pointdexter's simple soul that it was very meet and right for her to make a first call on Mrs. Thorne.

As she had stood wiping her little boots on the Thorne door-mat, Virginia had a curious recollection of once giving the slippers from her own feet that Alida might match a costume and dance in them at a ball. She had often supplemented Alida's scanty wardrobe with gifts from her own, then bounteously supplied with lawn and organdies and tarlatans, when the two were going together upon the round of entertainments of which Arcady in summer was the centre. Virginia even remembered stopping at home from a delightful excursion on horseback, when Algy Thorne was to ride at her bridle rein, to lend Alida the habit with which she had arrived at Arcady unequipped.

How droll and far-away those days seemed now; and what fun she and Alida would have in reviving their host of memories of happy girlhood! Virginia's heart warmed at these thoughts, which seemed to lift her out of the sordid present back into a time that was the crowning-point of her life's gayety and importance. How could she realize that Mrs. Algy had long since passed from the

realm of such homely doings, had put behind her poverty, makeshifts, superfluous recollections, and acquaintances?

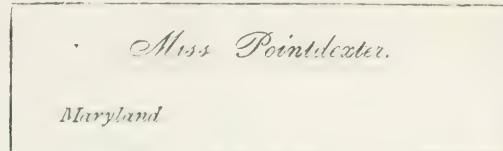
At any rate, when Virginia rang Alida's door-bell, first, it was to receive on the threshold a woful check. The smug footman in his striped canary waistcoat and Burgundy coat and trousers looked at her once, twice, and said he rather thought Mrs. Thorne was "not at 'ome." Virginia, to whom servants were still incidentals, courteously proffered her card, and asked if he would go and see. Whereupon the Burgundy-colored one allowed himself the double impertinence of reading her name and surveying her person, then, comparing notes over his shoulder with an authority in the background, reasserted the announcement, "Not at 'ome."

Virginia went down the high flight of stone steps chilled and mortified in spite of her better judgment. By the time she had reached the street corner she was ashamed of her own annoyance. When she got into a street-car to go to her then distant lodging-place, she had cheered herself with the thought that Alida would find her card, would exclaim in sorrow at having missed her—near luncheon-time, too, when it would have been so nice to keep Virginia, and have a talk about old times—and would at once write or call.

Poor Virginia! She even thought that Mrs. Thorne would call that afternoon; and remained in, ready to receive her friend in the boarding-house parlor, hoping that the old lady who made such queer noises in her throat would keep away from it, for once.

Mrs. Thorne did not call that afternoon, or any afternoon. Nor did she write. True, Virginia's card was found by her when looking over the contents of an India china bowl in search of the address of a man whom she desired to invite, to fill up a vacated place at one of her dinners. (You will at once judge that this was not one of her familiars whom Mrs. Thorne sought in the India china bowl, but a new man, remembered as talking rather well, who might be depended on not to have too many engagements to prevent his coming when summoned late.) How long the card of her early friend had been there Mrs. Thorne had no idea. It had a thumb-mark in one corner, for even the Burgundy-colored ones are not always immaculate at their

extremities. It was made of thinnish pasteboard, and was engraved in a script of forgotten date, as follows:



Over the "Maryland" was pencilled, in Virginia's well-remembered handwriting, the New York address. As Mrs. Thorne read it a surge of recollections swept over her too. The skim of thin ice that Time lays over those emotions we once thought flowers of immortality was for a moment broken. With the poor little shabby card in her hand, and a kind impulse in her heart, she went into her drawing-room to meet some ladies who had come to discuss with her the management of an Assembly they were all to matronize. The card was put down, mislaid, forgotten, remembered again next day, sought, and not found, with almost a feeling of relief that the matter was thus taken out of her hands by accident. In plain fact, Mrs. Thorne asked herself what could she do with Jinny Pointdexter without disillusioning her and wounding her? No doubt the visit had been made long before, and Jinny had left town. At Christmas Mrs. Thorne would buy something really good and pretty, and send it to the last address she had had of Jinny's in the South. But illness came to the house at Christmas, and this good intention, too, went to join the throng of the unfulfilled, and after that, Mrs. Thorne was ashamed, and did nothing at all.

Once or twice, sitting opposite her lord at table, Mrs. Thorne had begun to pave the way to announcing to him the incident which she well knew would annoy him thoroughly, and, like the good wife she was, quailed before the idea of spoiling his after-dinner hour, and bringing his displeasure upon herself. So she never got farther than saying, "Of course you remember Virginia Pointdexter." And he had answered: "I should think I do remember my old sweetheart. What was it they called her down there on the Eastern Shore—'The Merry Maid of Arcady'?" And what have you heard of Miss Jinny lately? Well, I hope! A pity she never married, isn't it?" At this point, Mr. Thorne's eye detecting a mote in his glass of claret, he had called back the

butler to ask if this were surely the Clos Vougeot, and the disclosure of a calamity in the wine-cellar had relegated the old sweetheart to her former land of shades.

Virginia, ten years after these events, had ceased to feel the sting of the earlier sense of neglect from her old friends. Something had happened, she argued, meekly; no doubt Alida had never heard of her call; but still she could not bend the Pointdexter pride to the business of making a new advance. She, like Mrs. Berry, read in the newspapers of the fine doings of her former associates. There were sons grown and at the university, and a young girl about to make her first appearance in society.

"The Merry Maid," as she sat gazing out into the night, wondered if one of these carriages rolling up the snow-covered asphalt might not contain her quondam friends returning from a dinner. She fancied Alida nestling up to Algy inside of it, and talking to him of the beauty, the accomplishments, the prospects, of their intending *débutante*. She wondered what it would be to feel that exquisite throbbing of mother's pride in a young blossom put forth from the parental tree—a fair round creature, of soft hues, with no lines upon her face, no furrows in her soul. Involuntarily she laid her hand on her own heart, as if to still its beatings—for these unseen scions of Algy and Alida had become her dream-children, her romance. Until young Alexander came into her life her fancy had fed itself with the doings of the Thorne boys and girls in most proprietary fashion, and to the exclusion of all other young people.

Young Alexander, charging with the full vigor of two-and-twenty up the third flight of Mrs. Penfold's stairs at half past ten o'clock P.M., saw the light coming out of Miss Virginia's room, and the lone figure sitting wrapped in a shawl in the window. Quietly she came out to meet him, traces of unwonted excitement visible in her face. Under the hall gas he thought he had never seen the "old lady" look so bright and comely.

"I would not go to bed till I'd shown it to you," she said, leading him to the door of her little kingdom.

"And I was hoping you'd be up to get these while they are fresh," he answered, putting into her hand his button-hole posy of double white violets, still

deliciously crisp and fragrant, which she received with pathetic rapture.

"Oh, my dear boy, how could you know there's nothing I love better than white violets!" she exclaimed, softly, although there was upon that floor nobody to disturb. The old gentleman who had the back room snored, and was then snoring like a trooper, and the lady's-maid of the first-floor lodger in the back hall bedroom slept far too well, as her mistress had had occasion to remark.

"I put it in my overcoat when I left the house where I was dining," he said, "and the fresh air brought them out. I thought of you when I found it by my plate. By-the-way, Miss Pointdexter, you ought to know these people I've been with to-night. All you Virginians and Marylanders know one another—"

"As well say that all Chinese and Japanese know one another," she answered. "Who are they?"

"The Algernon Thornes, who live a couple of blocks up the avenue from here. One of the 'successful' Southerners who came to New York just after the war. Old friends of my father's, but I never met them till the other day. This was one of Mrs. Thorne's little dinners, not her grand affairs, and I sat at table next to the girl who is to make a first appearance a fortnight hence."

"Oh, I'm so glad you've met her!" cried Miss Pointdexter, breathlessly.

"You do know them then? That's good, because it won't bore you so much for me to talk to you about them. You know I've told you about this girl and the other that I've met; but this time it's all up with me. I'm gone."

"Isn't she lovely?" said Miss Pointdexter, exultingly.

"Lovely is no word for it," said young Alexander, his eyes shining with fun and earnest.

"To-morrow you shall tell me everything you will," said Miss Pointdexter, giving him a glimpse of her new furnishings to end the colloquy.

"I like their calling her Champe. The way Virginians use surnames for girls is sometimes ridiculous, but this time just right."

"Champe, is it?" queried Miss Pointdexter.

"Yes; didn't you know, or is it something recent their using her middle name?"

"Marian Champe was his mother's name," answered Miss Pointdexter, dreamily; "a famous beauty of the lower James. I remember her portrait; a long neck like a swan, a blue low-cut gown, pearls of course, and one brown curl escaping behind the ear, with brown eyes and arched eyebrows."

"Why, you must be a witch," said young Alexander. "That's just what I've been seeing, blue gown and all, from soup to finish of this evening. She told me her father bought that little string of pearls on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, last year, but they wouldn't let her wear it until now."

"Oh, tell me more," sighed Miss Pointdexter, with parted lips. Then remembering the hour, she dismissed the lad, and shut herself in with his white violets.

From that a fresh crop of sentiment and hope bourgeoned in the old maid's heart. She lay awake wondering if she might not hazard a new attempt to bring herself into relation with the Thornes. A mighty longing to see the sole daughter of their house and home took possession of her and nerved her to the effort. The very next day she penned a neat little note in her fine caligraphy, making no allusion to the past or to the fact that she had been so long a resident of New York, and saying it would give her true pleasure to see Alida and Alida's children in their home. And after the note was dropped into the letter-box at the corner, she went on to her place of business, feeling as if green grass were growing upon Madison Avenue pavements.

This time there was no delay in Mrs. Thorne's acknowledgment of Miss Pointdexter's presence in New York. She came during visiting-hours, which of course were Virginia's working-hours, the following day. One card of hers, with one representing Algernon, was left at Miss Pointdexter's boarding-house. On the lady's card was pencilled: "So sorry to miss you. Do come in to lunch on Thursday, at half past one."

On Thursday, at half past one, Miss Pointdexter was giving out rolls of work to her waiting women, and when later she called at Mrs. Thorne's, the lady was naturally absent upon her rounds of Thursday teas. Then Mrs. Thorne wrote a note, a kind but manifestly perfunctory missive, in which she deplored Virginia's engagements and her own, said

they would fix an early day for dinner, and enclosed a card to Miss Pointdexter for the "At Home," a week distant, when Miss Marian Champe Thorne was to make her bow to her mother's friends.

Before her room had been new papered and her window new hung, in the days when she slept in a painted wood bedstead, not this smart little affair with brass rods and knobs, Miss Pointdexter would not have ventured to think of herself as a possible element of a fashionable New York tea. Now she took it into serious consideration. The chief question was, of course, what this one of the vast army of Eve's self-supporting daughters should wear. Her three-year-old serge, with the new velveteen yoke, and ruffle around the skirt, was dismissed upon its first halting appearance in the line of vision of her mind's eye. Unless Miss Pointdexter of Arcady could go into the world in something at least one-half silk, Miss Pointdexter of Arcady would stay at home.

After hours she visited a large shop in Twenty-third Street, where she had been told frocks were to be had, with a skirt well hung, and the stuff wherewith to fashion a bodice, at a moderate price. Eagerly, tremblingly, moistening her dry tongue as she awaited the answer of the young person from whom she inquired the "moderate" price of one of these inchoate garments, Virginia heard it in dismay. Then, boldly, she went down stairs and inquired the cost by the yard of black moiré antique.

To appreciate her daring, the man whose eye passes over these struggles for vanished gentility must be told that moiré antique is a web of pure silk with a pattern like encroaching waves and glistening side-lights; that it has, or should have, a body and consistency betokening long endurance with continuing suavity; that it "comes high," as the shopman told Miss Virginia, after a glance at her modest figure.

That night she revolved ways and means of getting hold of a sum of money she might spend outright, without regard to her provision for the future. Some time before, young Alexander had merrily told her of his selling to a book-dealer a scarce old edition of "Father Prout," and putting the result into a new frock-coat. Down in the treasure-chest under the old maid's iron bed reposed two or

three calf-bound volumes with fine tooled edges that she had brought with her from the wreck of her father's library at Arcady. That they were valuable she knew, but having, some thirty odd years before, been told by her father that he had rather she would not take them from the shelves, it had not occurred to Virginia to turn over their leaves since. At first she thought of asking young Alexander to dispose of one of these, a French book, profusely illustrated, mellow in tint, and altogether rare and fine; but a feeling that she would not like the boy to receive from her hand what her father had forbidden her deterred poor Miss Pointdexter. She bravely offered it herself, turning aside with a pink flush when the dealer looked it over, although, in truth, it was not so dangerous to morals as many a fashionable novel penned by fairest hands to-day. The book-plate examined, the dealer asked, "This is your own, madam, I presume?"

"My father's," Virginia hastened to say, displaying a card. "As I have never read it, I don't know what it is worth. But you will know."

The dealer did know, and to his credit gave her at least one-half what he also knew he could get for it, before night-fall, from an enthusiastic amateur from whom he had standing orders. Virginia hastened home, having withdrawn for a moment behind a rack of volumes to pin in the bosom of her gown the envelope containing the sum she deemed fabulous.

Here I must record the one evidence of my heroine's unfitness to be a heroine. If a suggestion *did* tickle her conscience that it would be better to put this money aside for emergencies of age and illness, or that she had no right to squander it in dress when others were suffering for want of clothing, Virginia for once in her life turned a deaf ear to the good angel. She resolved to sow one wild oat and be done with it! She bought moiré antique enough for a full gown, and committed it to the hands of a little French woman. Now, a bonnet. "What's a bonnet?" said Miss Pointdexter, dashingly. "Two feathers and a rose." The little French woman had a compatriot—a lesser French woman—who would throw these together for a song. Gloves, five and three-quarters, pale pearl with black stitching, and the old jacket would cover all, and be left in the cloak-room at the house.

While the great affair was pending, Virginia went about her work with a lightness of step, a brightness of face, a joyousness of speech, that surprised those accustomed to her quiet ways. Young Alexander, entering into her affair with zeal, shared her anxiety lest the "second fitting" should reveal some weakness on the untried artist's part, and rejoiced that their common concern proved to be unfounded. "It was the same with my coat," he said, in one of their whispered conferences upon the fourth-floor landing. "The main thing is that your fellow don't pinch you under the arms, you know, and that the tails should be long, but not too long."

"Then you, who go out so much into the world," ventured Miss Pointdexter, while young Alexander expanded under the flattering imputation, "you should know if there is any essential matter to recommend to her. For, truly, she is so determined and talks so fast, I am afraid I have overlooked something I ought to exact."

"There's only one thing I'd tell her to be sure not to miss—a pocket," said the brilliant young Alexander. "Of course, Miss Pointdexter, you are going to let me be your escort to the tea! I want to show you the house a bit, and ask you if you ever saw anything so odd and pretty as a little gold patch in Miss Thorne's hair just where it crinkles on the left side of the parting. You've noticed, of course, that she is the only girl that wears her hair parted, and not chopped off in front: that little white line is as fine and polished as an egg-shell."

Miss Pointdexter here turned the conversation. She could not bring herself to admit that she had actually never seen the fairy about whom the young man daily prattled, and around whom her loving thoughts continually turned like tendrils of convolvulus.

When she found that young Alexander could not leave the office where he was employed downtown in time to do more than "look in" at the Algernon Thorne "tea," Miss Virginia agreed with him to meet her there and bring her home. It was hardly to be expected that *she* could be satisfied with a bird's dip of the beak into this brimming fountain of society, her first social recognition in ten long arid years.

When Miss Pointdexter reached her boarding-house on the eventful afternoon an hour earlier than usual, by especial dispensation of authority, she ran up stairs as lightly as a thistle-down before a summer wind. There on the bed lay the new gown, crisply folded, the new bandbox containing the new bonnet beside it! Blood surged to Miss Pointdexter's head and tingled in her ears—the poor old blue blood, so derided in contemporaneous satire, that had yet done its share to keep the forlorn little gentlewoman's head erect and her heart stanch, in the face of adverse fortune.

It did not seem credible that she, hitherto achieving a new bonnet when the frock was a year behind it, and a new jacket a year later still, should have at once struck the balance of securing a brand-new exterior shell. She shook out the glossy *swishing* folds of the skirt, admired the bodice, took out the trifle miscalled a head-covering, and gloated over them inwardly as a picture-lover does with his Corot or Cazin, a porcelain-collector his hawthorn jar, a book-expert his Elzevir of a first edition. She handled them grudgingly, with sentient finger-tips. She found herself sighing that it was almost a pity to put on her poor frail body objects of art so inspiring, so suggestive. But the toilet achieved, what a transformation it accomplished in the wearer! Even Virginia's modest eyes saw that her little mirror gave back a fashionable dame, one who, she thought, would have been worthy to lie back in the corner of a victoria, or drop in for a cup of tea with no matter who the high-priestess at the tea table. Somebody a day or two since—at this writing it is midwinter—found in the Central Park two dandelions in bloom under a skim of ice. Every year the daring Alp-climber picks fresh edelweiss beneath the snow wreaths, and these fingers have abstracted a lovely bunch of pink glacier-blumen from under an arch of frozen crystal near the summit of Mount Saint Bernard. Miss Pointdexter's sudden expansion of youth and beauty was like these. Her eyes shone, her color came, her whole face and form were instinct with joyous animation. The little looking-glass framed again "The Merry Maid of Arcady."

Looking out of her window, she saw falling a few flakes of snow—a depressing spectacle in view of the fact that she

must proceed on foot to the festal scene. There was no help for it; she must tie up her bonnet in an old brown veil, kilt up her stately trail to walking-length, put on her ugly water-proof, and, her glory thus obscured, flit under a shabby umbrella to her old friend's door. Virginia could have hired a carriage but for the treat she had given herself of sending a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley to the *débutante*.

As she plodded along the slippery, oily street, snow turning to mud as it touched earth, the wind blowing her umbrella rudely, a corner of her new gown escaping to trail on the ground and be gathered up again with difficulty, another woman would have pronounced the game not worth the candle. At the corner nearest Mrs. Thorne's she stood, whipped by the wind, waiting a chance to cross, while carriage and brougham followed each other in slow succession to the awning. Inside these vehicles the faces brought so close to hers wore not at all the hilarious expression to be expected from the possessors of luxurious high-swung vehicles that lift out of the mire and bear so swiftly away from Black Care their fortunate occupants. Haggard, self-sufficient, dull, vulgar, purse-proud; haggard again, again, again; all restless; now a young and unlined face, but even that set with the look of striving after what was not, and with supreme indifference to what was, including little Miss Virginia, who, with the rest of humanity in the streets, stood patiently awaiting the pleasure of fur-caped menials to pass.

At the opera, walking in the streets, driving in the Park, wherever Fashion has her dress-parade, the real man or woman does not show. To behold him or her relaxed into the unpostured self, one must adopt Miss Virginia's attitude toward the favored class.

"Dear, dear," said the little lady to herself, "these can't be the gay folk old Mrs. Parker reads aloud to us about, after breakfast on Sunday mornings at the boarding-house, from that column in the paper that shines in all our eyes!"

When she reached the awning, and pushed her timid way between the broad backs of the footmen lining either side of its opening, the first symptom of stage-fright she had ever known assailed her. It seemed it *was* so formidable to go up those steps under the tunnel of striped canvas, over the red carpet, already sodden

with wet from irreverent feet that had not come in carriages. Nobody noticed her: nobody in New York has time to notice an unfamiliar face: and in this humble fashion Virginia glided across Alida's threshold.

Waved into a cloak-room upon the left of the entranceway, she found the maids all busy, and in a corner, under a Meissonier, she took off her overshoes. A large and supercilious French woman received the bundle composed of Miss Pointdexter's lendings, looking with surprise at the butterfly emerged from a grub. As Virginia followed up the staircase a number of other women, who exchanged little bobbing nods of recognition, and chatted about things seen and things to see, a sense of great desolation took hold of her. In the sea of heads beyond there was not a familiar face. "You will find Mrs. Thorne at the hend of the 'all, madam," mechanically repeated a servant at the top of the stairs. They were in a wide hall, panelled and gilded, and hung with tapestries and living garlands. Virginia, who had somehow thought she might find her lilies-of-the-valley, fruit of true self-sacrifice, in a recognizable place, on a mantel-piece or piano, or the like, and be thanked for them with a smile from her dream-child, felt her little provincial silliness wither at a touch. Such flowers! such numbers, variety, perfume, color—bouquets stacked on every available place—sheafs of lilies, ropes of roses, violets wasting their breath by hundreds; what could be done with them, the brief hour of display over? Oh, the hospitals! the wan or fevered creatures to whose pale hands the touch of one of these ignored roses would bring delight; the dull work-rooms, where young girls comely as any here would conjure poetry and romance on the breath of these hidden violets; the tenement-houses, in whose squalid dusk these unnoticed lilies would shine as fair as the annunciation lilies shone to Mary. And then, drawing a long inhalation of delight, Miss Pointdexter thought of the women like herself, contrasted their joy over the least of this efflorescence with the hurrying indifference of the guests who now jostled by without giving it a glance. Then, confused, charmed, dazzled, a turn of the crowd pushed her before Alida and Alida's girl.

Mrs. Thorne had achieved prosperity and fat. The slim *espiègle* school-girl

was merged into the broad-waisted, full-bosomed matron; the skin had reddened; the flaxen locks were dull and few. Beside her, Virginia looked like a slightly ruffled but still perfect white rose. *How* she looked Virginia never thought; the tide of years rushed back, and she was only Virginia clasping her dear Alida's hand.

Mrs. Thorne did not welcome the little show of emotion Miss Pointdexter could not restrain. What a place for moist eyes, for a trembling voice, above all, for a kiss! In the twinkling of an eye she had drawn back, surveyed her old friend with wonder where she got that well-fitting modish gown, noticed that Virginia's hair had not turned, that her teeth were still good, that she had few if any lines around her mouth.

"So good of you to come," she said, as she said to a hundred and one others there that day. "You must let me present to you my daughter. Champe, Miss Pointdexter is a lady we knew in Maryland once. You have heard us speak of Maryland."

At last Virginia looked into the eyes of her dream-child, and felt her hand. None but her own starved self could tell how she longed to find in the girl what she had lost in the mother. She had a glimpse only of the vision young Alexander had described with, for a young admirer, singular accuracy—this rare young girl, standing in her pink robes against a screen of white azaleas; and immediately new names were called, and the very doleful Maid of Arcady was pushed away. She stood in ambush for a while, behind an orange-tree set in a tub, and looked at the heads of the company rising out of a surging sea of velvet and cloth and silk and fur. No one spoke to her. In the Arcady neighborhood, a friend's guest was a friend; here one must have something more than a new *moiré* antique gown and a place on Mrs. Thorne's invitation list to be recognized. Once or twice, longing to speak, Miss Pointdexter looked with her ready beaming smile into the face of some woman, crushed and imprisoned in her neighborhood, to be met by an absolutely blank stare. And yet the talk, the clack, went on deafeningly. She had never heard so many plans, so much to do, so much fatigue expressed, so many engagements made for future meetings. Yet nobody spoke to her. And it was



"AT LAST VIRGINIA LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF HER DREAM-CHILD."

plain that among these were the charitable stars, the church members, the famous philanthropists of society—for was not all "society" at Mrs. Thorne's?

"It's a perfect menagerie," she heard some one say. "All sets, all sorts; smart people, politicians, artists, literary folk. They've swept up everybody they know with a broom, and won't have to be bothered with 'em again this year."

"Why does any one ever come to teas?" answered the lady addressed. "You know how Dr. Holmes describes them, 'Giggle, gabble, gobble, git.' Early in the season, perhaps, when we've forgotten how awful they are since the year before, we may be excused. But after the first half-dozen of the new season, they become hideous—simply hideous!"

Virginia's feet ached before the human current carried her into the dining-room, where several young girls were officiating over tea and cakes and ices. There in a corner she found an empty chair, and dropped into it. A number of young fellows had come in, and were devoting themselves to the tea-makers, and little heed was taken of those who did not push for their own refection. Never in her life had Miss Pointdexter's hungry soul so longed for a kind word, a smile, a recognizing look; the cup of tea that might have acceptably accompanied it was a secondary consideration. What would it cost one of these pretty, dainty daughters of wealth and fashion to step out of her little narrow place in so-called society and drop a crumb of compassion to the unfriended stranger? Why had not their mothers, who had brought them up with every other accomplishment, taken time to teach them that a gracious courtesy of manner may gild refined gold and paint the lily? In her lonely corner, as these thoughts trooped through her mind, Virginia leaned her face into a mound of bride roses and left two pearly tears upon them.

"Here you are at last!" said a cheerful voice, and young Alexander stood before her. She thought he showed well among the other youngsters, so tall and straight, with his moist golden hair forming into a slight wave on his forehead, his kind eyes, his strong mouth curved into a pleasant smile, a flower in his coat. "I asked Miss Thorne if she saw you, but she wasn't sure. But then, with such a crowd coming up, how could the poor girl know one from another? Tea here, please," he added, beck-

oning a waiter. "I hope you haven't had it."

Miss Pointdexter thought tea would be nectar drunk in such company. She smiled; her face grew radiant. While they were waiting, a gentleman brought an old lady ("One of the war-horses of the smart set," young Alexander whispered slyly in Virginia's ear. "Looks like somebody's cook, don't she?") into the room. At once Virginia saw that her old lover was before her. He distinguished her at a glance, and came over, holding out his hand.

"My wife told me you were in town," he said, courteously. "So good of you to come. And I really think you haven't changed a bit. Don't you think the Hungarians are playing too loud? Shouldn't they be further up the stairs? Ah, Mr. Alexander! glad to see your father's son here. The South is very kind to us to-day. We must see you often, Miss Pointdexter; hope you will be here all winter. Yes, those Hungarians *are* too loud. I must go and have them moved. Good-by. So good of you to come."

"Here's your tea," said young Alexander. "Will you take cream or lemon?"

Virginia did not see the servant at her elbow holding a tray; she was in a sort of wounded maze. She turned quickly, and at the same moment the man moved forward. There was a collision, and tea, sugar, cream, sliced lemon, cakes, ices, and bread-and-butter were swept into Miss Pointdexter's lap, and ran in rivulets or formed in islands all over her new gown.

There was nothing to be done but to get out of the room. Young Alexander, offering ardent sympathy, went with her to the cloak-room, and begged to take her home.

"No; I insist, I *insist*. You sha'n't go back with me when you have only just arrived."

She managed to shake him off, and, hurrying into her old despised waterproof and galoshes and taking her old umbrella, to go away, quite unconscious of the pitying superiority of the maid.

As the front door closed behind her it cut short a wailing strain from the Hungarian band that might well have been the echo of the cry within her heart. The snow fell thicker as the Merry Maid of Arcady pushed her way between the footmen around the awning, and passed out into the night.



A BIT OF SEA-WALL AT PANAMA.

DOWN THE WEST COAST.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

AN "ocean-voyage" which is all ocean hardly earns the appellation; for it denies the kinship of *voyage* and *way*. Neither is it fit to be called a journey, which, by essence as by etymology, is made of days and not of miles; each day of its own, and between each pair of days something different. For that which makes travel is the way-side, and there needs a less word to fit such goings as the five days' jump of the Atlantic, that road without a side. There remains at least one American voyage that is truly a voyage; an ocean-journey with a way-side of changing nights and days, and from day to day of world past world—a neutral strip where even steam and happiness can lock arms. It has even the better of its brother coast-voyage on the other side—that charming journey through the sea of islands—for it has more way-side, and a more variegated one. The west coast is the right-hand side of the continent, as any one can see who will look at a geography right side up; and we shall yet recognize in this long-neglected dexter the full force of its anatomical location

—though unto this day the self-sufficient left hand outscriptures the text, and cares as little as it little knows what the right hand doeth.

The voyage from San Francisco to an equivalent point on the Pacific coast of South America is no six-day matter. On comfortable steamers of ten and twelve knots it takes twenty-seven days. One can come left-handed to Peru in several days less. From New York, Panama is about 1800 miles; from San Francisco nearly twice as far, and more than twice as interesting.

If ever there be extenuating circumstances for a premeditated departure from California, it is for this voyage. On no other side can one step off from the New Hesperides to alight with so little jar. California's dream ends at the State line; but down the west coast the awakening is gradual. It is only from the honey-moon to the after-years—a finding that there are other sides to the tropics than sun and orange blossoms; but for all the realities below, the same sky still.

In October the passenger list of the

Pacific Mail is well filled. The coffee season begins, and the wealthy dons of Central America go now to their crops, *aguantando como puedan* until such time as they may come back to life, otherwise California. Three months of the year suffice to pursue their money; the rest of the time it must better its gait to keep up with them. Here, too, is the blond clerk who has, in the march of German destiny, acquired the daughter of the don, and by her a family and a plantation. A predestined "drummer," carrying brass whither the gold of courtesy is current; a polite gentleman, who has bought the faro monopoly of Guatemala, and is going to till this condensed-coffee plantation; and half a dozen wise "Americans," who have learned the pleasantest way to New York at \$120 for 5200 miles, with board for four weeks—fill the ultimate state-rooms.

The coast of California from the Golden Gate southward gives little hint of the interior. It is largely a barricade of abrupt brown ridges, springing almost from the surf to hide the real California from inquisitive eyes and winds. Nature has spent too much on the garden to have capital left for painting the fence, and it stands the primal pattern which humanity has unconsciously followed in all such lands—Eden hidden behind an adobe wall. Here and there through a crack in the weathered fence a green tendril of a valley creeps. Yonder is a bit of shore with its dark citrus patch; a barren candlestick of a headland, with the white shaft of its light-house; a roadstead flecked with fishers' sails; clouds of sea-birds that snow upon a smelt-ruffled reach of sea.

With dawn of the third day we are at the beginning of the way-side—tying up, at San Diego, to the last wharf with which our steamer will venture upon such familiarities in five weeks, with time to visit that *Arabian Nights* hotel whose site I knew first as sandspit dear at ten dollars the mile; then as sandspit plus auctioneer and buyers of lots to a million dollars; and now as sandspit turned garden, whose chief fruit is one of the finest hotels in America.

San Diego is the last of the United States, but not the least. It is already characteristic as New England—more so, for the New-Englander rules here as not at home. Spain has gone to the wall; and the Yankee, with new wings and

room for them, pervades all. One may half guess the patron saint of Spain set down now in the lap of his namesake daughter, to rub his eyes at the changed face of her, and at her sons, who know not a saddle from a *santo*, and whose only saints ring their own mass. It is the last anachronism. The Spanish spirit is as far to-day from the twenty-five-foot-front idea as in the golden age of Cortes. To its benighted understanding still, money is good for what it will buy, and the object of life is to live.

Face and form are new, but the old names are cherished—with the distortion which is the peculiar Saxon privilege and joy. Four-fifths of all the place names in California are Spanish, and four-fifths of them a Spaniard would not recognize in the mouth of the intruder.

A few hours' stay, and then the city, etched on its tilted sheet of sand, the peninsula and its great hotel, the blue islets of Coronado, fall behind, and our land is the first profile of Baja California—gray-brown arid peaks, featured like those northward, but more careworn and more inhospitable. Presently the Pacific blue overflows them, and we are quite at sea. Two days thus; and on the sixth the mountainous desert wades out again to greet us, and with the last ray of red, the striking front of Cape St. Lucas, southernmost tip of the great peninsula, and outpost sentinel of the Vermilion Sea.

With sunrise of the seventh morning we waken ungrateful to the blankets of bedtime. The step across the gulf's mouth is from the temperate to the tropics—a change of worlds overnight. We are anchoring off Mazatlan. Its turquoise semilune of a bay, symmetrically set between three tall abrupt islands to the north, and three to the south, cuts the very edge of the town, whose adobe turns marble with distance and the sun. On its northern outer island—once stronghold of countless runaway slaves—perches the light-house, 300 feet aloft.

This outpost of the tropics—six leagues south of the tropic of Cancer, and already in sight of the Southern Cross—is the commercially first port of the Pacific coast of Mexico, and the second of the whole republic. It is key to the Gulf of California—or Gulf of Cortes, for its discoverer; or *Mar Bermejo*, for the tinging of its waters by ferruginous rivers—and to an extensive interior of vast potential-

ity. It was port not only for Sinaloa, but for Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango, and even to Zacatecas, until the opening of ports at San Blas and Manzanillo cut it down at home, and San Francisco put a knee in its direct China trade.

For a town founded in 1822 with a few huts, Mazatlan has had its taste of his-

ish-American wheel scores revolutions. Time was that we were spunky too, when our nose was pulled, and Spanish America is boyish as we began. As bad politicians as ours get into office there, and as frequently, but they do not stay as long. There the mugwump votes with a bullet, if the ballot fails to bring down reform;



CIGARETTE-MAKERS, MAZATLAN.

tory. Thrice it has changed its name. It has been several times capital of Sinaloa, and all times a nest of revolution. With seven other sieges, it was stormed by us in 1847, and twice bombarded by Maximilian's fleet. It was his for two years to a day—the only foothold in Sinaloa of the meddlers. The list of governors of Sinaloa since the state was formed (1830) is of more length than breadth, with its incumbents “for ten days,” “for two days,” “for seven days.” Nor shall we gird too flippantly at the “ball-bearing” ease wherewith the Span-

and such misrule as is in any one of our great cities is enough to set him afoot.

Mazatlan is our preface to the new volume, and characteristically ear-marked. Flat-topped, low, compact; cleaned to the ultimate crumb by its dual health department—the vultures of heaven and the donkey carts of the municipality; with fresh light walls, sharp in the *rilievo* of their shade-trap angles (there are no other shadows like those of the adobe) and the darker plumes of palm and plantain; with narrow streets, painfully but eternally *empedradas* with cobbles, deserted on the

side to the sun, alive, but leisurely, on the side to the shade; with picturesque folk of five different bloods, and over all and around all the indescribable atmosphere of New Spain, with all its courtesy and its rest.

The few chief streets of this town of 10,000 are endeared with stringent neatness and with glimpses by cool doorways to wide *patios*. The Spanish-American idea of a dwelling is not met by a box of whatsoever size or sumptuousness. It must be home not only for the family, but for a bit of out-doors as well. Instead of losing that he may dazzle the passer, the transplanted Iberian still takes his lawn into the sitting-room. He builds not behind it, but around it; and every room opens into it, and every inmate can lounge in its freshness secure from unentitled eyes. Its fountain, its foliage, its blessed verandas, are part of the household and not of the street.

Back of these homelike homes, in little tilted alleys, are the *chozas* of the poor; rude apologies to a complacent sky; with careless cane and rushes, and naked babes and laughter, and all the trade-marks of the tropics, where to be poor is not to want.

A prudent New England relative, prone to the warning "money does not grow on every bush," had never been below the United States. Had she known the west coast, the Puritan conscience would have forced her to seek some other saw to lop boyish prodigalities. For here it *does*. Here we begin to realize the common—but at home empty—dream of something for nothing. Bargains in Dollars! Coin Selling out Below Cost! Help yourself to what you Want, and the Cashier will Give you your Money back, and Dollars to Boot! One may dream what our advertisers would do with such a text.

After a cup of heaven's next-last, next-best gift to man—it is worth while to make the voyage to Under-America to find out what coffee really is—I entered a store on the plaza and bought twenty-five excellent cigars for seventy-five cents. The merchant rang my five-dollar gold piece on the counter, and without emotion handed me six silver dollars and seventy-five cents in small silver. Fortunately the Western habit of "always coming down stairs that way" stood by me. He had counted too exhaustively to make any mistake. There was contagion

in this. I went to an opposite store and purchased a box of twenty-five such *excepcionales* as are seldom smoked with us, for two dollars, handing out another half-eagle. The vender counted out and gave me five dollars and fifty cents silver with a pleasant smile. It was hard to leave a spot where one can make a handsome salary simply by spending money. There was but one hard reality. I tempted the national drink for a dime, and got back but ninety cents from my silver dollar. That, however, is easily overcome. All one has to do is to take gold along. Plenty of gold. Then one can revel in swapping dollars for dollars and a half, if one have the mind to withstand prosperity. Some would require a strait-jacket after a few miles on this royal road to fortune.

At San Blas, twelve hours from Mazatlan and 1474 miles from San Francisco, we are boarded in the open roadstead by swart benefactors, each staggering under an Atlas-load of cigars. It is also worth while to get out of the United States now and then for a smoke. Here we buy far better than a ten-cent cigar at two Mexican dollars the hundred; and for *three* "dobes"—or \$2 10 gold—a Reina Victoria in every way preferable to a twenty-five-cent cigar in New York. San Blas is outlet of the famous Tepic tobacco belt, and its poorest smoker enjoys a weed such as not all of us can afford at home. The town, of 2000 people, is undiluted tropics, beset with palm and plantain, parrots and mocking-birds, built of adobe for the rich, and of cane for the rest.

Seven hours of San Blas, and our ocean stage-coach rolls on to new scenes. At morn of the ninth day we are entering the beautiful toy harbor of Manzanillo, with one exception the prettiest *poblacion* of the west coast. This little jewel of the tropics has not over 600 people, but beauty to an independent fortune per capita. Snuggling into the hollows of abrupt and matted hills behind, its front is bent to the perfect curve of the white beach. Its snowy adobes peaked with the ever-adorable red tiles, its ways neat as after the besom of a New England housewife, and "enstoned" (by the Spanish of it) in wonderful patterns of cobble, its massy little church, its sobersides of a custom-house, its blossom of a plaza, its soft air a very distillation of flowers and birds and butterflies, its Italian blueness of a bay—alto-

gether it is an exquisite thing.

At noon on the tenth day our prow suddenly splits the precipitous cliffs. Steering into a blue channel, we leave on the left the isle of La Roqueta—captured in the war of Mexican Independence by the meteoric Galeana—and head straight upon the inland ridges. But timely before them another unforeseen channel opens sharply to the left, and in ten minutes we are at anchor in the second-best harbor on the globe. Sydney is first, but Acapulco is undisputed second. It is the very foot of a stocking—the ankle to sea, the instep to shore, our anchorage in the toe. The peninsula and islands deny whatever wind from seaward, and back of town the abrupt mountains wall off the interior.

The tender green of the unruffled bay is cut in sharp profile by the sombre green of beachless hills, which mock the impotent word “wooded.” They are *woolled*, in a dark mat which seems rather carved than grown, so dense and unyielding is it. On a long narrow strand of the north shore, backed by the dark peaks, ended on the west by low hills, and on the east by the gray old fort, are strung the irregular white beads of the town.

It is five o'clock before the deliberate *visita* is done and the launches dare approach to peddle fruits and infinite shells. We tumble into the first, and are speedily ashore, hurrying through the quaint plaza, with the gray bulk of the church behind, and at one side the picturesque tatters of the market-place. The town is of 5000 souls, compact and bright; a short measure for the legs, but so full of fascinations that the mind has to run to keep up.

From the western ridge, and with the sun's last benediction upon the town below, the view is precious to remember;



GROUP OF NATIVES, ACAPULCO.

and the lens saves all that could be hoped of a picture whose soul is the elusive air. Then, with silver spur to my *portador*—a ten-year-old Cortes, who carries the fifty-pound camera-box on uncomplaining head—back to the foot of the hill in bare time for two characteristic photographs of types. A pool in a rivulet is wash-tub, whereat a score of sturdy supple women in a recreant skirt and *camisa* apiece are correcting their linen; and on a level bench of the slope a horde of children—some in scant raiment and some in naked truth—run their races and fly their kites. The sun has already set, but eagerness for a photograph keeps my groups quiet for the minute-long exposure.

The fort lies just past the eastern tip of the town, and the ramble to and around it on such a tropic night is the crown of all. Away from the more pretentious centre, with its two stories and its *portales*, up a sloping street of ancient cobbles, half tunnel-like under the spread of



THE STREET TO THE FORT.

the gigantic *amates*, whose ten-foot trunks stand in clumsy tiptoe of high-arching roots, with furtive loop-holes between these and the high-peaked cabins to a moonlit bay, and under the shadowy bastions which laughed at Morelos but opened to the first knock of Maximilian—it all is a memory which comes half to be distrusted. It seems too perfect to have been true—such more than moonlight, such angles of shade, such salients of whiteness, such hush and peace and beauty.

The fort crowns a rocky headland, beetling nearly 200 feet above the bay. It is of a style no more valuable than our own “coast defences”; but with its massive masonry, its superannuated draw-bridge and moat, the lay eye may dare be impressed, though the warrior deride. Upon a western re-entrant still gapes the knuckle-mark of French intervention—the one cannon-ball which gave Maximilian the key to the state of Guerrero and the best port in the western hemisphere. The fame of the harbor goes back to Cortes. He was here in 1531, and from here sent the expedition which discovered Sinaloa, and perished there.

Acapulco is the last port of Mexico. The eleventh day shows but a faint blue rim of Oaxaca; and in the evening we

begin the Gulf of Tehuantepec. On the twelfth we have crossed the gulf, and ride day long upon a mill-pond. With dark we come to Ocos, the northernmost portlet of Guatemala, and deposit a few of our coffee-planters, and three hours later reach Champerico for a night's anchorage. We are at this chief coffee-shipping port of the Pacific till five of the next afternoon. The town is petty, the port an open roadstead, with the heavy ground-swell of all this coast; the fine iron pier unapproachable except by the launches, from which passengers and freight dangle up twenty uncertain feet in a big cage. For leagues inland the coast is marsh and miasma; but with higher levels begins the great coffee belt of Guatemala. Coffee-planting is now fairly a “boom” on the west coast, and already overdone. Here, too, is the home of the most magnificent of all birds, the beloved quetzal (*Trogon resplendens*), the national bird of the Coffee Republic. For it is named the important town of Quetzaltenango—*tenango*, “place”—being a favorite ending of town names which retain the Guatemaltecan form, as Mazatenango, Deer-place; Chimaltenango, Shield-place; Huehuetenango, Drum-place, and the like.

Twenty leagues inland from Champerico stands the symmetrical cone of Santa Maria, 12,467 feet above us. There are also Atitlan, with its 11,633 feet; Santa Clara, with 9098; Pacaya, with 8400. Far southeast are seen the twin peaks so tragically associated with the beginnings of Guatemala.

Six hours' sail from Champerico brings us to a night's anchorage in the roadstead of San José de Guatemala, and to an unforgettable sight. Forty miles east the Volcan de Agua and the Volcan de Fuego front us, so far up the sky, so sublimated in the moonlight, as to seem the very

Agua, at an elevation of 4855 feet, and Acatenango and Fuego almost overhang it from the north. Fuego has an altitude of 12,603 feet, and is still alive. Agua is 12,334 feet tall, and Acatenango, 12,890. In figures, this is not overpowering; but our taller Pike and Sierra Blanca seem babies by contrast. Either is hardly more than 8000 feet above any point from which it can be seen. Even great Popocatepetl has but 11,000 feet the better of the high plateau which bears and commands it. But the nearly 13,000 feet of the giant trinity now before us is *net*—from the first foot to the last of those not easily



THE DRAWBRIDGE OF THE FORT AT ACAPULCO.

ghosts of peaks. Better than by day their wraiths recall the fate of Pedro de Alvarado's little capital three centuries and a half ago—how the Volcano of Fire boiled over, and the split Volcano of Water gave up the lake of its dead crater, and wiped from off the slate of humanity the city and its people. Beatriz de la Cueva, Alvarado's young bride, was among the victims, and the conqueror of Central America never recovered from the blow. Relic-seekers still spade up the grave of his city, Antigua. Guatemala, the capital, is on the eastward slope of

realized digits—and the figure they cut in the sky is unaccustomed and awesome. Of the far greater peaks of the upper Andes, not one is seen from the sea at anything like so short range—if ever from the sea at all—and the traveller may safely reckon that between Alaska and Ecuador he will enter no other presence so overtopping as that of the titan triad of Guatemala.

From our eighth way-side halt we move on at sunset of the fourteenth day. At midnight, despite the storm, an uncommonly powerful glass makes out the faint,

high candle of Isalco, the most active volcano of the northern continent, and the only one of Central America in constant eruption, though Fuego and San Miguel are still alive, and Santa Ana scored an outbreak in 1876. Isalco was upheaved in the latter part of the last century. For a long period, ending in 1877, it slept, but since then has been steadily active. It serves as a light-house for this stretch of coast. At one of the morning, as we sailed by, there was a sudden flare as of wet powder on the horizon, and then a fiery lace wrapped the black peak from head to foot, tracing in each ravine its golden thread—like nothing so much as a skeleton grape leaf laid on charcoal and smitten with sudden flame from an invisible blow-pipe.

Isalco is forty miles inland from Acapulco, whence its eruptions every seven minutes are fascinating. Between that port and La Libertad stretches the most beautiful coast of Central America, the famous "Balsam Coast" of Salvador. The so-called "Peru balsam" (*Toluifera balsamica*) is found nowhere else, and takes its popular name from the fact that in old times the Spanish crown—anxious to hide the real source of this precious

gum—had it covertly shipped to Peru, and thence exported to Europe as a Peruvian product.

Twelve hours from San José puts us off La Libertad—the best its tiny republic boasts in the way of a seaport. It is the front door of San Salvador, and forty muleback miles from the capital. Over the hills, behind its two pinched streets, rosy cumuli puff up momentarily through the rain-washed morning air, like the smoke rings of an inconceivable locomotive. Each rises far aloft in a knotted club of vapor, breaks off, and floats away eastward, still upright, to be followed directly by another. It is the smoke of Isalco's torments.

San Salvador, though by far the smallest of the five Central American republics—having less than half the area of even Costa Rica, and not one-sixth that of Nicaragua—is the most prosperous and the most thickly populated. It has 780,000 inhabitants—three times as many as Costa Rica, nearly as many as Nicaragua and Honduras put together, and more than half as many as Guatemala, which has almost five times the area. Besides balsam, sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, rice, and precious woods, it is a chief producer of indigo. Its crop goes to Germany, France, and England; hardly any to the United States.

This is our last stop before Panama, 850 miles ahead, while we have covered 2628. We pass the ports of Nicaragua and Costa Rica at a distance; the coasting steamers will attend to them. The sixteenth and seventeenth days pass the Wet Coast. Here it would sooner rain than not, and for ten months of the year follows its head. Sharks and porpoises, and orange-and-black snakes, and sober turtles, are our constant companions.

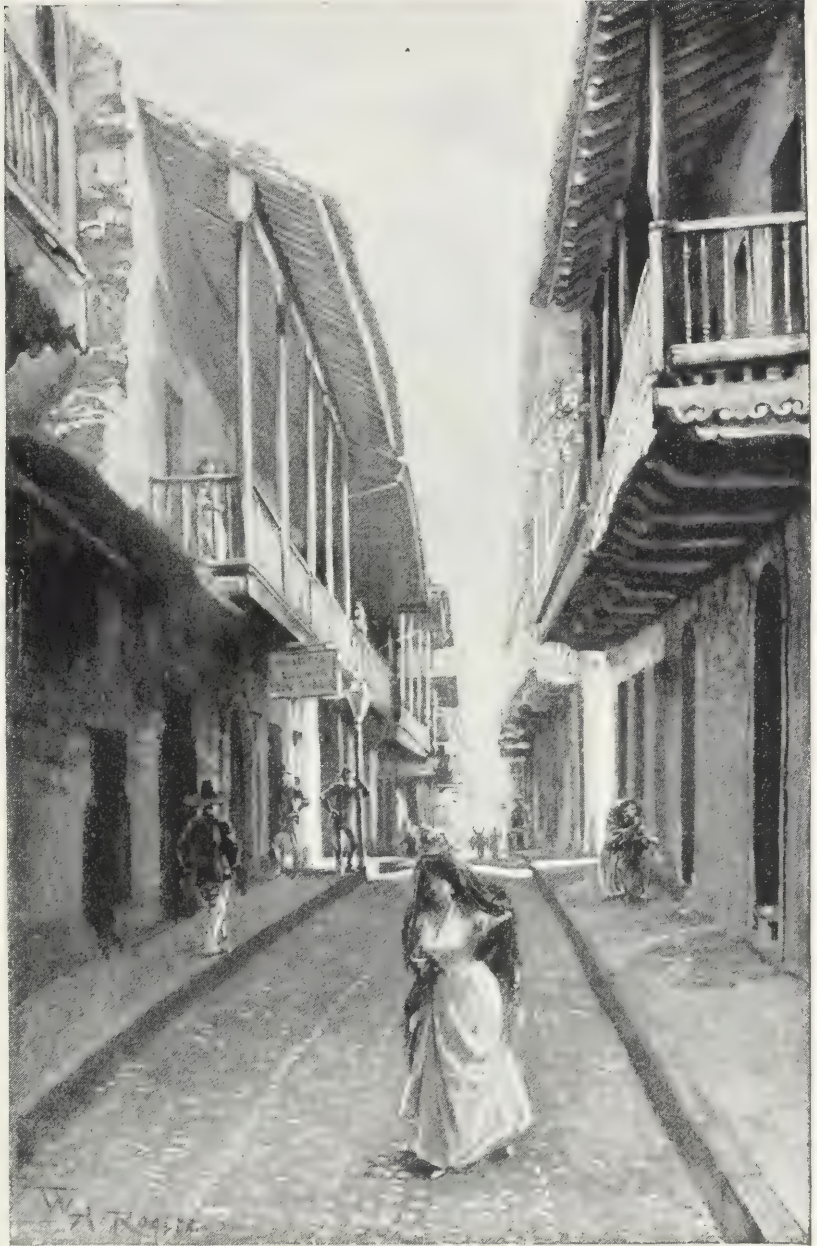
At noon of the eighteenth day we are well up the Gulf of Panama, and off the Isle of Taboga, home of the most perfect pineapple—and an addendum grave outside the neighboring cemetery of French millions. Here stands the vast



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL, ACAPULCO.

hospital of the Panama Canal Company, stricken with the death it so multitudinously ministered unto. The soul of enterprise has gone out from it—as from all that giant body—and the shell falls to the swift decay of the tropics. As for the canal, so few workless seasons have sufficed to undo the millions; and if the enterprise ever be resumed (which is more than doubtful), it will have to begin again at the a b c of its infinite alphabet.

Of Panama it is not useful to write at length. Since the tide of De Lesseps went out, there is not much more than stagnation. The population is now 12,000. There are many picturesquenesses, already enough described, and associations of history and its true romance not quite so finally disposed of. The ruins of the old town, six miles from the new, recall the supreme heroism and the ultimate infamy of the New World—the gulf between Pizarro in 1533 and Morgan in 1668. By what sentimental jugglery have we kept the buccaneers aloft? There is not, in the history of all the Americas, another page so damning black and vile. Yet one may still find pretentious volumes which gravely compare these pirates, who wallowed in the blood of women, babes, and priests of God, whose only law was license, and whose only after-thought debauchery, with those Spanish world-openers who laid in the very trenches of conquest the sure corner-stone of law and order, morality, education, and religion. At this day and date one wearies of the insular singsong of “Spanish barbarities in America.” History is old enough to know better, and we to put off the innocence of shouting “stop thief!” in unison with the most interested party.



A STREET IN PANAMA.

Thus far with our kindly stage-coach of the Pacific Mail, which has given us taste, since California, of one territory and six states of Mexico, and the five Central American republics. From San Francisco to New York by the Isthmus—5200 miles, and nearly four weeks' accommodations—is the cheapest travel open to North America, as it is certainly the most interesting.

From Panama south there are two lines, non-competing, and an excellent through steamer leaves weekly. The first two days are out of sight of land. Forty-four hours from Panama we slip over the equator, and on the morning of the third day spy the coast which gave Pizarro his



A BALSA IN THE RIVER, GUAYAQUIL.

first ray of hope after the incomparable sufferings of the Colombian swamps. This is in northern Ecuador, between Esmeraldas and Manta. The ancient gem beds are lost, and the region where Alvarado found so many hundreds of great emeralds on his march to Quito now yields gold and silver extensively, but no precious stones. It is still crude, and absolutely primitive tribes remain in the jungles of the coast.

Guayaquil, chief port and second city of Ecuador, is 840 miles from Panama, forty miles up the Guayas River, but still on tide-water. From mid-stream it is a pretty sight, the long slight curve of its walled water-front enlivened below by a huddle of tropical small craft, and above by the white ranks of its characteristic architecture. Here the Spanish Idea bows its lowest to the earthquake, with "After you, sir." The lower stories are of adobe, the upper of scantling frame lathed with split bamboo and plastered. In front the whole upper story projects generously, thereby gaining to itself a jalousie full of windows, and giving to its inferior a deep shaded sidewalk *portal*. Thus one may quarter the whole city, always shaded from that tropic sky except at street cross-

ings. Two-story mule-cars drawl along the principal streets. Square rods of the chocolate nut, drying in the sun, usurp the pavement, and wheeled travel goes around without a protest, while the front sidewalks are drifted deep with picturesque venders and their wares.

This city of 40,000 souls fully merits its ill repute for heat, pestilence, and earthquakes. The seismic "belt," which begins with the end of the United States, has its buckle in Ecuador, and thence southward tapers again, though not rapidly, for Peru is no stranger to *temblores* of the first magnitude. Guayaquil, on the edge of the greatest of volcanic centres, has suffered sorely. But even thus far from the sea the great peaks are almost never seen. Personal inspection of the Pacific coast of South America gives one to understand how much more visible are the Andes through the atmosphere of a reference library in New York than through their own. For the closet traveller the giant peaks politely march coastward twenty to fifty leagues to colonize his paper voyage with sights never seen by the veteran of twenty years' coasting. In truth, the backbone of the southern continent is hardly more distinguished

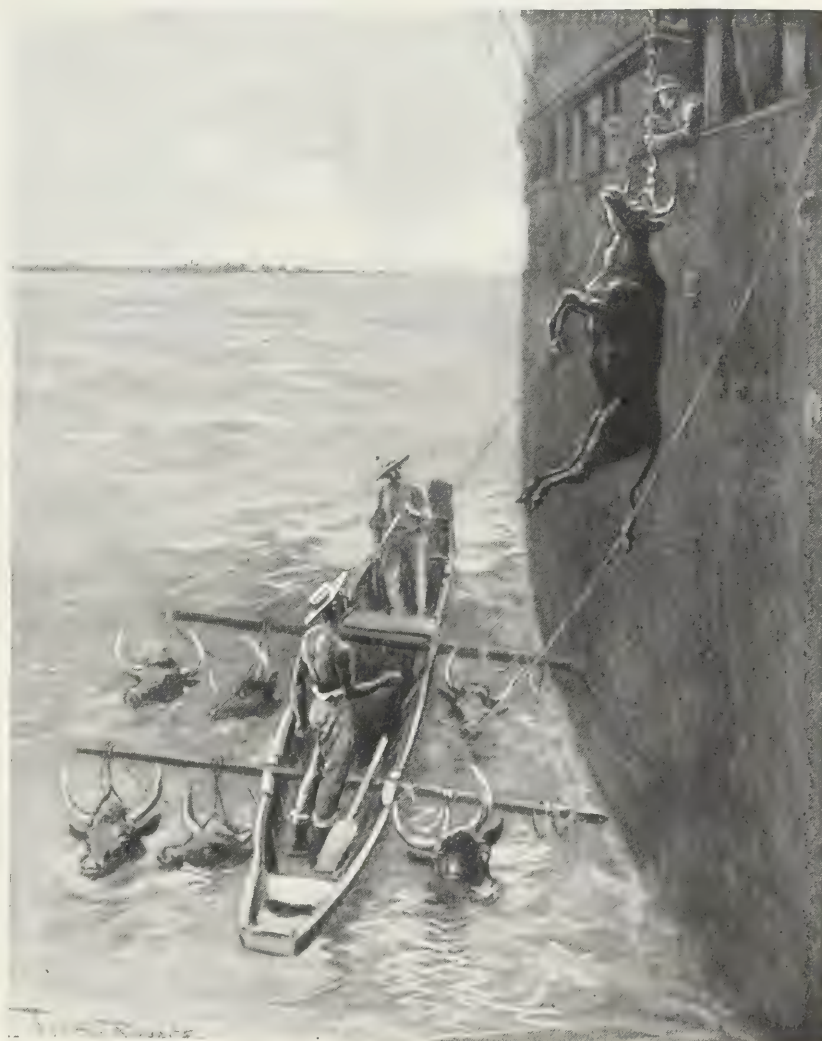
by the enormous height of its scattered vertebræ than by the infallible vapors which curtain them from the passer on the Pacific. Now and then some finger of the wind pokes through the veil, and lets see the fleeting hint of a blue Presence behind; but the rent is repaired as quickly as made. Until Chile, where the chain edges toward the coast, the great mountains are so far inland that the sight would not be impressive even if the horizon were ever clear enough to expose them to the sea. For a view of the Andes one must go inland—back of the fog curtain. Were it not for this obstacle great Chimborazo should be magnificently visible from Guayaquil, being but eighty miles away and four perpendicular miles higher; but sometimes for years at a stretch the vision is balked. I had come to doubt, but at last, on the 17th of July, 1893, we had a wholly unspeakable view of Chimborazo from Guayaquil for nearly two hours—with glasses. The commodore of the P. S. N., after twenty years' coasting, has never seen the peak yet.

The most picturesque bit of Guayaquil is along the narrow winding way at the foot of the Peñas, a ledgy hill which ends the city on the north. Here are some really charming residences, and much the handsomest view of the city is from the bluff above them.

Characteristic as the city itself is the motley throng afloat at the mole—the country delegation. Given a few logs of the buoyant *balsa* wood, lashed with *lianas*; a few bamboos planted upright in the cracks to support a *toldo* of banana fronds; still easier of achievement, a family garnished with monkeys and parquets; and for ballast and larder a few

tons of plantains, oranges, mangoes, pine-apples, and the like, and the current will furnish the only factor lacking for a successful junket to the city.

Tropic fruit is here at its cheapest and best, and we take on a deck-load for the less-favored south. Another process of lading is even more interesting than the *hormiguillo* of the fruit-launches. An attenuated canoe, thirty feet long and



SHIPPING STEERS AT GUAYAQUIL.

three feet beam, hollowed from one log, with stout outriggers, comes sweeping down the fall of the twenty-foot tide with a mystery—solved only when it belays alongside. This crank craft is swimming six steers, lashed by horns and tails to the outriggers, and with no more above-water than their noses and a strip of spine. The donkey-engine drops its hooked chain down the side; the two agile boatmen unleash a bullock, throw a



CATHEDRAL AT GUAYAQUIL.

loop around its horns, and hook in the chain. "*Jale!*" shouts the craning mate; and with a snort of steam and clank of chain the astonished brute comes dangling up to the hatch, swung by its horns. This method of hoisting, which prevails all down the coast, is safer than the more familiar sling, and for the racers of the pampas is quite as comfortable.

With the cattle we acquire a full steerage of *paisanos*. No class travels more liberally handicapped. Each lounges upon or by a very mound of fruit, pottery, and crates of paroquets. Each has also the alforja—that amiable and all-admitting saddle-bag valise of Spanish America. Each has the portable bed of a rush mat, and other mitigations of the night.

A few hours out of the Gulf of Guayaquil we pass Tumbez, the northernmost port of Peru. Here Pizarro found his first "city" of adobe, and was greatly impressed by it; but the place has fallen away, and now only coasters stop there. It is the beginning of the wonderful ruins of Peru. All the way down from here every valley has its aboriginal remains.

Five days and 1040 miles from Panama we reach Paíta, fit introduction to the inhospitable coast of Peru, and a very fair sample of that vast reach of desert whose rare and hidden oases deluge us with coffee, sugar, rice, and alcohol here, at Eten, Pacasmayo, and Salaverry. On the ninth day we are at last in the still harbor of Callao, 1550 miles from Panama, and knocking at the front door of Peru.

LOVE'S NOT DEATH'S SLAVE.

BY LILLA CABOT PERRY.

LOVE'S not Death's slave, and fears not his undoing
Life is of all Love's foes most pitiless;
And custom tarnishes what in the wooing
Seemed all the heart's desire of happiness.

Death is Love's friend: it sets a holy seal
On all the past that never can be broken;
Its beautifying touch knows to reveal
On lips long silent eloquence unspoken.

THE H'YAKUSHO'S SUMMER PLEASURES.

BY SEN KATAYAMA.



THE h'yakusho is the Japanese land-owner, and while he is land-owner he tills his own soil. His lands may be limited, or he may own thousands of acres, but he is—a h'yakusho. He ranks in social order next to the military class, and the insignia or coat of arms which he has probably treasured traces the history of his family back to some honored office in days of old, or perhaps to some great castle where his fathers lived, which is now only a story told by his aged grandsire.

His ideal, and often his real, home is in the midst of the purple-robed, snow-tipped mountains, in the cozy, sheltered valley where the rain falls softly and the winds are but breezes; where Nature's beauty is seldom storm-rent; where the brook runs murmuring beside his cottage, and then down among the magnolias and the live-oaks where the path goes on to the village. He loves Nature for her beauty, and she rewards him with gladness. He finds in her favors in all seasons a more perfect pleasure, a more complete recreation, than he could win by any art of his own. And now it is summer, and she is lavish in her gifts.

With the first bright smile of day he finds the clinging morning-glory climbing round the eaves of his cottage to delight him with its beauty. It is all the more beautiful since with the first warmth of sunlight the sweet flower must wither and die. But the Japanese poet tells us that the spirits of the dewdrops protect the dainty blossom until the advancing hosts of sunbeams drive them away. Then they must leave it to its fate. Then, when the sun has gone to rest, the dew-sprites re-

turn; and when the dawn has come again the morning-glory has renewed its beauty. Seeing it there with the dewdrops in its embrace, the h'yakusho smiles upon it; and with joy in his heart he goes down toward the meadow—down the path where the azaleas, white and cream and crimson, smile up at him as they nestle there in the grass under the drooping branches, and yonder the wistarias are clothing the trees and shrubs with their clinging beauty. Down here in the meadow, as he cuts his morning bundle of grass for his oxen, he must have a care for the daisies and the peonies and the lilies, and for the half-hidden violets. When he goes down along the river-bank and the border of his rice-field, he finds springing up from the moisture the rich ayamè, the naya-cinth, with its blossoms of white, and of purple and white and gold. At its side the dainty sweet-flag grows. Every one loves the sweet-flag. It is given a place of honor on the fifth of Ayamenotsuki, the month of the beautiful ayamè. That is the feast-day set apart for the young boys of the land for the celebration of rites to protect them from Oni, the god who comes down from the heavens to devour them. But Oni fears the sword-blade leaves of the sweet-flag, so that day its leaves are everywhere. They are upon the festal table; they hang in festoons about the house, and all along the eaves. Boys wear them tied around their heads, with the white scraped fragrant roots pro-





THE ANNUAL HARVEST FESTIVAL.

jecting like two horns from their foreheads. So, and with the noise of bamboo horns, they frighten away the ogre-god. For he fears horned men, and he dares not enter a house where so many swords hang from the eaves. Hence, when the h'yakusho sees that modest sweet-flag, he smiles in love to it growing there among the ayamès. The flowers are with him all through the day, and they are clothed with a new beauty because he loves them.

In the sultry days of summer the h'yakusho works only in the morning, and in the late afternoon, when the air has been cooled by the daily thunder-shower, when the dew and the rain are clinging to the refreshed flowers and leaves, and when the birds sing sweetest. As he works he hears the *suzumushi*, the cricket, singing like a tiny bell. When the sultry hours of noon come on, the cicada sends his hoarse song from the tree-tops. Then the land-frog, *amagayel*, begins his warning, "It is time to go home," for the thunder-shower is coming. When he hears the songs that greet him everywhere, he must sing back to those that sing to him. So he always sings at his

work, and it is usually some song of love, like this:

"My love is as a moon three days old, for I see
her for a moment only,
As she walks under the pines, when twilight
falls."

He fits to his song a fast or a slow tune, according to the nature of his work. If he is chopping, he keeps time with the slow swing of his axe. If he is grinding, he sets the mill whirling to the fast time of his music.

When the sun has sunk behind the western mountains and the cool moist shadows are creeping up the eastern slopes, he goes with his wife and child to visit the rice plants. The mother shows her child how the water rolls its crystal drops from the depths below to the slender drooping leaves, leaving them scattered there. For she shakes them off, and at once they have come again. And how could those fairy drops have gathered there so soon unless they had rolled up from where the stalks touch the water below?

The h'yakusho has been watching yonder glory of light still kissing the eastern

mountain-peaks, until, as the sun sinks lower, its light illumines only the clusters of cumulus cloud hovering over the mountain, and they shine with a silvery whiteness. Then from the setting sun is reflected down a light of delicate pink, shading with the coming evening to deepest crimson, and then to darkening gray. And the brightening stars call him to behold the beauty of night. He feels an exhilaration that takes away the weariness of the day. He looks upon his growing rice plants, not to estimate how many yen (dollars) they will bring him, but with admiration and with joy in their freshness and beauty.

Whatever his task, the h'yakusho finds in it recreation—in Nature's beauty, in her music, in the responsiveness of his own soul.

In the evening he will sit with his family and guests upon the porch at the front of his cottage, or on the *suzumidai*, cool seats, in the beaten court. Some of the young men will sing operatic songs or bits of musical drama, while the rest sit and listen, mingling with the pleasure of the music the delight that always comes with evening. As the evening advances, you can see in the distance the dancing torch-lights along the brooks and rice-fields. They are the lights of a fishing party. For after the heat of the day the fish come out from their retreats to cool themselves in the evening water, and in their lazy movements they are easy captives.

Fishing, indeed, is one of the h'yakusho's chief sports in summer, and many are the devices that he uses—the hook, the net, the bow, and the gun. A favorite scheme is to put into the water during the heat of the day chinai fruit and nobunoki leaves, both astringents. When their juice has permeated the water the fish leap about in pain, and then are easily taken. If he is fishing in the large streams he uses an ingenious net, the *to-ami* (the throwing-net). It is circular, and about twelve feet in diameter. Heavy leads are fastened to the cord that forms the circumference, and a strong line is attached to the slightly bagging centre. He folds it upon his arm and throws it from a boat, or sometimes from the shore, in such a way that it is spread out flat as it strikes the water where the fish are gathered eating from the ball of boiled rice and barley that he threw in a mo-

ment earlier. As the leads sink they pull down the net like a dome; and when it is pulled up by the line at the centre the leads are drawn together by their own weight before they can leave the bottom, thus imprisoning the greedy fish.

But there is one season in summer when the h'yakusho comes into closest touch with Nature in her robes of night. It is when the *hotaru*, the fire-flies, come. Then, as evening falls, you can see their flashing lanterns along the brooks and the moist lowlands; and you can watch the children in their delight catching those tiny fragments of an unknown star as they rest upon the rushes, and then imprisoning them in little cages of gauzy transparent silk. In a little earth at the bottom of the cage they planted a millet seed, and it has grown to a sprout of an inch or so, and there is a tiny basin of water beside it. In such a cage the fire-fly will be the children's delight for several days.

Of an evening some one will make up a party of the villagers and go to a beautiful river or lake on a *hotaru-gari* (a fire-fly excursion). They will take a lunch and spend the evening there, seeing Nature at her best, and bringing back a store of joy. Their lunch they take to the *azumaya*, a little open rustic house with floor of bamboo, with a railing around it, and with a quaint thatched roof supported on four posts; and it always overlooks some pretty water scene. There they spread their dainties—saké (rice wine), takenoko (bamboo shoots cooked with a rich sauce), rice cakes, pickles of many sorts, sweetmeats, and a host of good things that taste can suggest and skill produce. When they have finished their feasting they stroll in groups to the railing and watch the flashing of the fire-flies and their multiplied reflections on the water below. With such a scene as this before him, the Japanese poet has sung of the fire-fly as the burning heart of a disappointed lover:

"When darkness comes, know, as you see the fire-fly,

That like it my heart ever burns for thee."

The fire-fly excursion gives to the young people the best of opportunities of enjoying each other's society. The most bashful girl may converse then without fear of exposing her blush; for the fire-fly gives only light enough to enable one to see another's outline—or perhaps to catch

a smile. As the evening advances, a moon that is just beginning to wane comes tardily up over the eastern mountains, and sends down her soft light through the slight haze upon scenes that are perfect in their beauty as they creep out of the shadow of the mountains. Through the leaves the light steals down, and soon below there is a crystal mirror afloat upon the water. With the rising of the moon everything is changed. The attention is lifted from the faint flashing of the *hotaru* to the scenes that the moon reveals. In the sky are a few strokes of wandering cloud that seem to have strayed from to-day's thunder-storm. Past the beautiful clusters of cloud flies a solitary cuckoo, sending down his sweet and sorrowful voice, sending through the listeners a thrill of longing. But the rising of the moon has told the company that it is time to go home. Two by two, hand in hand, they go—leisurely along the river-bank, under the bamboos whispering in the rising night wind.

When the rice plants are in bloom and the early fruits are ripening, the h'yakusho enjoys his leisure with the confidence of a bountiful harvest. Now the breezes are cooler, the days are shorter, morning and evening are lovelier. Then in the lengthening evenings is the paradise of youths and maidens. The air is full of music—soft sweet voices singing, and the melody of the samisen. This is the season of the *odori*—the open-air dance. It is held in the temple court, or in the court of a private house, either always decked with gorgeous lanterns. If it is held at a private house, the lanterns always bear the insignia of the family. But if it is held at the temple, there is used, with others, a sort of lantern whose history is as old as the *odori* itself. It is the *toro*, "a light in a basket"; and it is dedicated to the god of the temple at which the *odori* is held. It is round, square, or rectangular, chiefly the last, about a foot square by two feet long, with its sides of white paper inscribed with comic pictures and poems and comic gems of history. And there is always one larger *toro*, about two feet square by five feet long. On one side is the name of the god to whom it is dedicated, while the other is reserved for several poems of from fifteen to thirty-one syllables each; these poems give a keen interest in the pretty "light in the basket," for they have been

composed by youths of the village, and their fellows have competed with them for the honor they have received. The thought of the poems is like this:

"I looked upon the deutzia that blooms by the
fence down by the woodman's cottage,
And wondered if an untimely snow had fallen
upon it."

A still more beautiful one is this:

"Into the evening dew, that rolls up on the green
blade of the tall-grown grass in Mushashi
Meadow,
The summer moon comes stealthily and takes
up her dwelling."

Endless are the forms of the *odori*, and many are too complicated for the village youths. The most common and easiest form is the *yotsubioshi*, the dance of four beats; it is always the dance that opens an evening. Then follow various dances, fast and slow, and with music set to any words the chorister may choose. The *ondotori*, the chorister, stands in the midst of the dancers, who follow him in song, and who dance in a ring around him, each keeping time with clapping hands and flying feet. The dancers are always youths and maids, never older or married people; for they sit upon the porches, watching with pleasure and listening. In this meeting of young men and women there may be shyness, but there is never awkwardness, for they have no tedious superficial form of etiquette, and they have associated freely since childhood.

When the evening is nearly spent, the dancers entertain their older guests with refreshments, and then ends the evening with the *yotsubioshi*, to which, as a finish, the chorister always sings the comic musical drama of *The Marriage of the Monkeys*. It is now not more than midnight—no, not that; it is only eleven o'clock, only the h'yakusho does not need a clock, for he can tell the time from the stars. But now it is time for the dancers to leave, group by group, by their various roads. They have stored up all the joy of the evening, the delight of the music and of the motion of the dance, the mild flush of the little saké they drank.

The paths are clothed in the shadows of the pine-trees, and as they hear the sighing of the wind through the branches they think that it is the music of angels. And when they come to their homes, each sinks into a sleep that is blessed by visions of beauty and feeling of gladness.

A DOMESTIC INTERIOR.

BY GRACE KING.

IF it were not a shame, as many friends rather extravagantly declared, it was an inutility, and a risky experiment, the addition of another baby to the family—that is, when one considered the number of babies already and the difficulty of providing for them.

“Thank God it’s a boy, anyway!” said the mother, who seemed to be casting around in her mind for arguments to fortify her position, apparently against some interior enemy, for in New Orleans there is anything but a prejudice against large families. “When one thinks what women have to go through in this world! Eh, Olympe?”

Olympe, who had extended her official duties to scrubbing the floor, was now pulling out the drawers of the bureau preparatory to arranging their contents. It was an operation evidently very much needed, and one that the invalid seemed to take infinite pleasure in, looking on with a luxurious expression in her eyes—a strange expression for them.

The sashes were all up and the blinds stretched wide open, letting in plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

Olympe held up an irregular scrap of calico, trying to make it out.

“Oh, that’s Titite’s sleeve! Where did you find it, Olympe? I have looked for it over and over and over again. How could it have come into that drawer? And just to think I had to buy more stuff for another one!”

Olympe smoothed it out and laid it aside.

“What disorder! what disorder! That’s right! Just take out all the drawers and empty them on the floor, and begin from the beginning. Who knows what you will not find in them! Oh, that bottom drawer! That is a horror! I am sure I have not put that in order since—since, in fact—since the last time you were here, when Titite was born; and then you arranged it for me. You remember? You can open that if you like; I believe it’s a little bundle of lace, scraps from the good times when we trimmed our clothes with real Valenciennes. Oh, that! You recognize that! Yes, that is from Alfred’s babyhood, a piece of his rattle; his mother gave it to me. Of course some of the children broke it, and lost the other part.

What a jumble! Alfred will not believe his eyes when he sees those drawers in order. He would know what has happened just from that.”

The voice was a little weak, but the spirit was recovering to its old, strong, indomitable, almost defiant standard. There was already not much look of invalidism about her; on the contrary, a cheeriness of arrival; and the pale face lying on the pillow was rested, young and pretty as it had not been for weeks. Olympe had combed out the thick black hair and plaited it. It lay long and straight outside the covering to the elevation made by the knees.

Besides the baby and the clean floor, the room had quite a different air from yesterday, when Olympe entered it on a run, as it were. It was only the small front room of a cheap rented house, but it had vast opportunities for disorder and discomfort in it. The great stately rosewood furniture seemed crouching in it like huge animals in a narrow cage trying not to touch one another.

“Ah! That is Alfred’s shirt! I put it there to mend. He threw it down in a temper yesterday morning; no buttons on it, of course, and the collar and cuffs ravelled. The truth is, I forgot it. It seems to me I am always forgetting the most important things. You will find everything in my work-basket. Can you not find the work-basket? It ought to be in the room somewhere. Did you look under the bed? Well, then, I have left it downstairs. But, of course, you carry everything in your pockets! What! You wear spectacles? I did not notice them before! That’s a fine pair, with real gold rims. Of course you are twice as old as I, and I begin to feel the need of them. I would put them on, but there is always something else to buy. And then Alfred would make fun of them; he would tease the life out of me. It is strange, he is ten years older than I, and he does not look my age. No one would give him more than thirty-two or thirty-three. He says it’s his spirit. I tell him it’s the *grain du diable* in him that saves him from so much. But he is spoiled! I tell him every day, Alfred, my friend, you are suffering now for the want of those whippings which Olympe saved you from when you

were a baby, threatening to run away with you if any one dared correct you. I promise you no one shall reproach my boys with spoiling. Whenever I think of Alfred I give Paul, Louis, Edgar, and Tom an extra touch. Alfred is spoiled to this day! Yes, that's all the matter with the shirt—the buttons and the raveling. It is absurd his wearing those shirts; everybody else wears false collars and cuffs, but he says if he wears a shirt at all he must wear it like a gentleman; and always to this day it must be of linen. I tell him he ought to thank God that I am not like him, for I would have had to live without chemises years ago."

The result of the search through the drawers was a hillock of socks on the floor. Gathering them in her apron, Olympe began examining the heels and toes.

"Oh! If you think he is going to wear a darned sock, you have forgotten your baby; but they will do for the boys next winter. Thank Heaven! it is getting warm now, and they will be able to go barefooted for a good long time."

The quadroon nurse answered with monosyllables, a nod, or a smile to the running commentary of the invalid, who from time to time dropped off into a little sleep, always awaking with an alert smile and something to say on her lips.

A little running footstep was heard in the hall, a fumbling at the door-knob outside, and the well-known "Mamma! mamma!" The knob was hard of turning, and the "Mamma!" grew appealing.

"Come in, Tom! Open the door! Push hard! Harder! That's it."

The little three-year-old ran eagerly across the room, and tried to climb up on the bed.

"Olympe will help you up! Don't be in such a hurry! There, now! Come and lie down by mamma, and go to sleep."

But this desirable programme was frustrated, for there were other footsteps hurrying down the narrow hall, other heads pushing through the open door. In they all came in a lump, all six of them, from the eldest, of twelve, to the last, or rather, since yesterday, the one before the last—dirty-faced, hair uncombed, and all the rest of it, of course.

"Let them all come in, Olympe. Why not? Here! This side, by me! Hush! the baby's sleeping. Ouf! What dirty faces to kiss! Paul, you have been after

crayfish again! I smell the gutter mud on your hands. Pooh, take them away! A gentleman with dirty hands to come and kiss a lady! Go! Wash them well with soap. Maybe Olympe will let you wash them there, and put on them a drop of that delicious cologne she brought mamma. That's it! And Lili too! All of you get washed and perfumed, and then come and kiss mamma. Oh, Lou-loute, you had better not cry. Olympe is coming after you."

The nurse without ceremony scrubbed faces and hands and combed hair, shaking, scolding, and threatening generously those who did not submit gracefully, putting, with infinite precaution against over-waste, the precious drop of cologne-water on the place selected by the aspirant after mature deliberation. Lucie came running into the room.

"Angèle, you have not let them come in here! Olympe, why didn't you drive them out? Ah, torments! Didn't I tell you you should not come into this room? Didn't I forbid you to come up stairs even? Didn't you promise?"

Lucie's face was red with heat from the stove, her hair dropping from loss of pins. In stature she was not more than a child herself, and a pale, delicate child at that. Her small features were entirely inadequate to express all the indignation she tried to make them convey. She had to use head, hands, and shoulders as reinforcement. She was much younger than her sister, whom she resembled very closely—all to her English, which did not have the great purity and harmonious enunciation which came from the ancient days of luxury and of an English tutor.

"Tom came first!" screamed one-half of the children, while the others vociferated, "We wanted to look at the little baby!" pressing against the bed and jostling one another to get closer view of the mystery.

The mother made a sign to her sister. "Let them alone. Indeed they do not hurt."

"Olympe shall take the baby home again. You hear, Olympe? You take the baby home to-night, and give it to somebody else. The children here do not deserve it; they are too naughty. Rushing in here as soon as my back is turned, and while I am cooking their dinner for them."

Olympe vowed and declared that the

baby should be taken away, not that night, but that very moment, in the basket she had brought it in, unless they behaved like little Christians; grimly putting her covered basket right there, where they could see it, and shrink from it, for it was their mortal terror.

"It's you, Angèle; you spoil them so; you know you ought to be more careful."

"Bah! I am perfectly well. I never felt better in my life."

"Yes, but—"

"Do not—I beg of you—do not talk to me as if I were an invalid—one of those detestable, affected, nervous, die-away, no-account invalid women."

"But the baby's sleeping; they might—"

"Thank God, I never had a baby in my life that a noise disturbed!"

She could not keep down a startled expression as the children jostled her bed.

"They do not know it hurts. How should they? They have hardly had a pain in their lives. What have you for dinner?"

"A little grillade for Alfred. For us, red beans and rice."

"That's good! They like it so much, they will eat plenty. You will make Alfred comfortable again to-night in your room?"

"Yes; but I will not put any of the children to sleep with him again. They kick like mules. I will take two with me." She turned to go.

"Lucie." In a whisper. "And Alfred's shirt for to-morrow?"

"Oh! Olympe took it out of my hands. She has already washed it. I suppose she will iron it this evening. And now, little torments," she called out, authoritatively, "come down stairs to your dinner!"

In their zeal to obey, and rescind the terrible sentence hanging over them, the children made such haste that they overran one another in the hall, and went down the stairs as if they were indeed mules, and each provided with four feet to stamp with.

The mother smiled. "What a hubbub! Did you ever hear anything like them? I tell Alfred that I am the one married woman in the city who can afford to die without jealousy. They would kill a step-mother in a month. What is it?" as the nurse came to the bed. "Oh yes! They have tumbled things, and trodden down the pillows. Ah, that is so good!" as

Olympe beat up the pillows and shook out the sheets and sprinkled eau sédative around. "I tell you, Olympe, it is the only time in my life now when I feel like a lady, when you come to nurse me. How good that is! When I shut my eyes, I can imagine I am the Empress Eugénie!"

Submitting to the ministrations of the nurse with infantile abandon, and murmuring always, "how good, how good," she allowed herself to be soothed into complete quietude. The shutters were closed, and the room, as rooms will, under skilful nurses, lent itself to that sympathetic charm in which even the furniture takes on a tender aspect, and looks caressingly, while it unfolds those little memories which nothing holds so well as furniture, and lets out so well on the atmosphere to refresh the heart.

The baby awoke, cried, and was put to the breast. And then another long silence—another ocean for thoughts and dreams to drift in.

Lucie followed the children down stairs, through the hall and dining-room, into the little closet of a kitchen. It was warm enough from the fire in the stove. She uncovered the pot of red beans, and stirred them to see that they had not consumed their gravy during her absence. The fragrant, appetizing steam arose like a genius of good cheer; the children clustering around opened their mouths suavely, like little gourmets, as they were bound to be from blood and birthplace.

The rice, on the contrary, had been left open that it might dry. It had swelled and risen to the very surface of the pot, the pointed grains standing out stiff and firm like a coral reef. The young girl clasped the long black iron handle; it strained her wrists to lift the pot; she hurried with it to the table, calling "Get out of the way! Get out of the way!" and poured it out in the large open dish, with satisfaction. It opened and piled and rose like a beautiful white cloud, or like a rolling, spreading exhalation of mist; in fact, it was what rice should be when it is properly cooked. Then there was a scramble and a crash, and the dish for the red beans fell to the floor, broken. What a calamity! No wonder Lili began to cry, sobbing more and more bitterly as the other children gathered silently around her. She was intelligent enough to know what she had done, and was afflicted only by what her own un-

aided mind suggested. Had she seen her aunt's face it would have gone still worse with her.

"Another!" Lucie exclaimed. "It is the devil!" she continued to herself. "No one else could do such things." Aloud: "Hush, Lili, mamma might hear you!"

"It is—it is—the only deep one left," bemoaned the guilty one.

One brother patted her shoulder, another picked up the fragments and hurried them out of sight, and a little sister tried to get at her face with a frock end for handkerchief.

"Bah!" said Lucie to herself. "After all, it is only china! We might just as well! If it only saves five cents, that is something!"

She left the kitchen for a moment. When she returned, the children gazed at her awe-struck, and Lili wailed louder and more piteously than ever, for the aunt held in her hands the beautiful china punch-bowl, the monopolistic ornament not only of the parlor but of the whole house, all golden and blue outside, with Bacchus and Cupid, and loves, fauns, satyrs, and bacchantes dancing in fixed hilarity and jollity around the rim—and flowers and grapes—indeed, they never yet had come to the end of all the beauties discoverable in that bowl. Lucie rinsed it out with hot water.

"But don't cry so, Lili. It was not your fault entirely. It would have happened to any one. Besides, it must have been already cracked, *chérie*." She tilted the pot of beans and poured them out into the grand receptacle, twisting her face expressive of the weight on her wrists. "Now get out of my way again!" she warned. They kept far enough away this time. "There, now to the table!"

The table was covered with one of those cloths of kaleidoscopic vulgarity and ugliness which manufacturers have invented to goad refined people out of poverty. On it was placed the motley service in use, which to a domestic archaeologist would furnish as interesting data as the domestic utensils dug from Indian mounds. From the blue-bordered initialed Sèvres saucer reserved for baby, the descent from fortune could be traced through the various diminishing porcelains until bottom was touched by specimens of new stone-ware. The battered silver hung on still from the first, the glass from the latest and cheapest period.

But after Lucie had put two spoonfuls of rice and four of red beans into each plate there was an appetitive grace dispensed over all, which needed not the recommendation of any service whatever. Lucie checked a demonstration of over-eagerness: "Remember—remember at least that you are ladies and gentlemen."

Whether needed or not, the admonition was heeded, and, indeed, had all the plates been of original Sèvres, and the guests of original wealth, the decorum could not have been improved upon. The accident of the dish, too, cast a gloom over the usual high spirits of the children, and the sadness made them interesting as well as handsome; for they were all handsome; not a plain face among them.

Lucie fed the baby in her lap, and so had to eat her dinner alone, after dismissing the children to play on the banquette. "But remember, no running around, and no visiting, or penitence and catechism all day to-morrow." What with the cooking and serving, and smelling the red beans so long, it really seemed to her she had been eating them for three hours; so when the actual fact arrived, she found that her appetite had been more than satisfied. She ate some of the rice alone, leaning her head on her hand and thinking, moving her eyebrows—a kind of mimic gesticulation she could not help when thinking, although she had been warned that it would in the end wear wrinkles into her forehead.

There was always something before her to be thought through—difficulties of different sizes and thicknesses. If it were said that every week in her thinking life had furnished a great difficulty, and every day innumerable small ones, it would be no exaggeration; and if, great and small, they were said to represent pecuniary difficulties, it would be no misstatement. Troubles, like streams, flow into the greatest hollows, and here the great gulf of life was money lack.

With the last mouthful of rice, she arose and began removing dishes and plates from the table, walking slower and slower, without any effort to conceal her fatigue. She replaced what her brother-in-law called "that damn monstrosity" by a white cloth, a large napkin, upon which she managed to collect a tolerably presentable service. The fire had to be maintained in the stove to keep the dinner hot, and there were only two sticks of

wood remaining from the last picayune's worth, and the coffee was yet to be made.

"If I make his coffee now, it will not be fit to drink when he comes in; if I let the fire die out, I shall not be able to kindle it again with these two pieces of wood." Just exactly what her face had been expressing while she was eating! Olympe coming in, the dilemma was explained to her, and she, to whom no dilemmas existed except those of the flesh, undertook to solve it if Lucie would go up stairs and replace her with the invalid.

As Lucie went up stairs she heard that disagreeable noise, the grinding of the coffee-mill.

"If Alfred should come in now and hear that! I should have attended to it before!"

She passed into her sister's room and threw herself in the rocking-chair.

"I shall run if I hear Alfred come! If he should catch me dressed this way! Pyrotechnics!"

Her violent desire was to throw herself on the bed and go to sleep: the excitement of yesterday, a poor night, and the day's work seemed all in one weight on her eyelids: but violent desires were the first things in life she had learned to control.

The windows were all open again, and the fresh air now coming in with the twilight.

"I was thinking," began Angèle from the bed, "how different it used to be in papa's time; whenever he had a child named after him it was a fifty-dollar cup immediately, and a handsome present every birthday afterwards—that was his rule; now—"

"Oh, now!" interrupted Lucie. "The poor god-parents do more than the rich. The rich are not to be complimented into generosity. They hate to spend money." . . .

"Except on themselves. . . . Look at Paul's godfather—never a present! . . . I think it is a holy, a divine thing to have a large family . . . but . . . money is necessary to maintain it!"

"Because we have no money, are we to allow that to interfere with our whole life?"

"That is true!" . . .

"You and Alfred—you have your golden days to look back upon; but with me, and your children, the past and the present, it is all one."

"Yes, that is an advantage too for

you. . . With me and Alfred. . . ." And the vast hollow that received the difficulties of the family received also the conversation, for conversation in a family always runs through the furrows made by the difficulties of life—the conversation, that is, of women during the intimate evening hour. It is not a conversation that enlightens the mind or eases the heart. And the twilight deepened, and with it the shadows over the heart. And night came on, as usual, with its double measure of darkness and helplessness.

There was one more irruption of children into the room. Then bustle, and bed for them; and afterwards bed for all, except Olympe, who slept on a pallet on the floor.

At twelve, or perhaps between twelve and one, the street door opens, and a clear, frank, resonant footfall is heard in the hall and up stairs, and a clear, resonant voice breaks with it into the invalid's chamber. Full of talk, excited, and always a little gay at that hour, a trail of the brilliant illumination and noise of the club always seems to accompany Alfred. Ah! what the women care to know of the outside world they can hear now—politics, business, opera, gossip, chit-chat, bon-mots, mimicry, burlesque—and told with a verve; in fact, it takes an hour to work off all the stimulus wine has given to tongue and brain. It is not the evening hours that send gloom over Alfred's heart.

How well he talks! It is true no one at the club can talk like him. No wonder they will never let him off for any entertainment—the Governor, the Chief Justice, all the big-wigs, and the rich ones, who have brains for money, but none for the enjoyment of it. Ah! those rich ones! They are the ones to provoke his wit!

Lucie hears it all from her bed. This midnight entertainment goes into her regular programme for the twenty-four hours. She can see him, so immaculate in his dress and style, sitting on the side of the bed, his face aglow; and Angèle, looking at him, her face aglow too—the children and god-parents forgotten; and Olympe, walking around the room pretending to do something for the baby, her face also aglow; for he was indeed, as they all said, God on His throne to her.

And then, when he finally comes to the end of his impetus—he could have gone on until daylight had he been at the club—night begins again in the house.

ART IN GLASGOW.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

ONCE fashion sent the artist to Rome for inspiration; to-day it establishes him in Paris; to-morrow, for all one knows, London or New York may be appointed his headquarters. And yet, change as it may, there is one thing of which fashion is ever certain: only in the recognized art centre of the moment is the artist thought capable of studying with intelligence or working with enthusiasm. Where there is no artistic atmosphere, there his talent, it is supposed, must wither, his genius decay.

But art is and always has been independent of fashion. An artist, if feeble, may succumb to uncongenial influences; if, however, he have within him a germ of individuality, his surroundings will be exactly what he chooses to make them for himself. It is with the village of Barbizon, and not the studios of Paris, that the great French romantic movement is associated. And now it is from Glasgow, and not from the Scottish Academy and schools of London, that modern British art has received its strongest impetus; it is to Glasgow one now looks for that art's most brilliant achievement. This is the more extraordinary since a town pledged to commerce and manufacture would seem the last place likely to inspire the artist or encourage his art. In Barbizon, if there was nothing to stimulate, at least there was as little to stifle, artistic feeling. According to Ruskinian theory, however, Glasgow, like the English Birmingham, like the American Pittsburg, should prove art's bitterest enemy. Perhaps, after all, it is because it is so commonplace and commercial, not even the near Highlands and Sir Walter Scott redeeming it from prose, that a special interest is felt in the school of artists which has arisen in its grimy, smoky midst.

The strength of this school may not yet be generally appreciated. Indeed, whoever has studied the art of Great Britain during the last ten years only in the Royal Academy has necessarily remained in ignorance of two out of the three leading factors in its development. For in the last decade, as has happened before, it is outside the Academy that there has been greatest activity and greatest growth.

In Burlington House, whether in the Academical ranks or the annual exhibitions, the changes have been scarce perceptible. But among the younger men something very like a revolution has been brought about in aims and methods and standards. This is due mainly to three distinct movements.

First of all there are the Newlyn men, settled in the fishing-town on the Cornish coast, who have worked with such technical accomplishment that for a while their fundamental sympathy with Academical creeds and tendencies was overlooked. Then, in London, there is the New English Art Club, beginning as the much-needed asylum of all the more independent of the younger generation, but gradually restricting itself to the little inner circle who at one time called themselves London Impressionists. And lastly, there are the Glasgow men.

It is but five or six years since the intelligent English critic was predicting that if this half of the century were to produce a master in Great Britain, he would come from one of these three groups. To-day Newlyn has, for all practical purposes, been merged into the Academy, for if the Newlynite learned in Paris how to use the brush with dexterity and knowledge, he never swerved from his allegiance to Academical ideals. In the New English Art Club art is still so tentative, so experimental, that it can exert but a negative influence, that so far it has evolved but the accomplished student and disciple. It is true that Mr. Sargent is a member, but this really proves as little as his election to the Academical ranks. It is an accident that he belongs to the New English Art Club, just as it is that he now figures as Associate of the Royal Academy. He gives distinction to the two bodies, but cannot be identified with either. The painters of the Glasgow school have not, on the one hand, sacrificed artistic effect to commercial ambition or popular puerility; while, on the other, they have developed a very decided style, which is at once distinguished and individual.

Glasgow, it must be remembered, always has had artistic aspirations. An Academy of Art, destined, it is true, to be



‘FISHERMEN.’—BY A. ROCHE.

short-lived, was founded there, improbable as it may seem, even before there was a Royal Academy in London. Later on new schools were established, galleries opened, and pupils to be trained and artists to exhibit followed in good time. But until within the last fifteen or twenty years Glasgow and art not only were supposed to be as the poles apart, but the idea that it could be otherwise had never entered into the mind of artist or art-lover.

It was about 1880 that the great change began, modestly and unnoticed at first, as is the case with all important movements. A few young painters, by accident one might say, met in the schools and studios: Mr. Guthrie, who had been working by himself in London simply because he had thought life and surroundings there would prove more congenial; Mr. Macgregor, who had been at the Slade School in London; Mr. Walton, who had studied for a while in Dusseldorf, and when back in Glasgow again had gone to the school there for prac-

tice, perhaps, rather than training. They shared many sympathies, their aims were the same, and these they were striving to attain by the same means. Gradually they found more was to be gained by working together; there was much each could teach the others. For instance, Mr. Macgregor, with whom drawing had never been a strong point, had already revealed in his work that fine sense of color now felt to be a gift in the whole school. Indeed, in those early days his was the most potent influence, even though, since then, he may not have undertaken or achieved work so ambitious in scope as many of his friends. As time went on there were other men to identify themselves with the little group: Mr. Lavery and Mr. Paterson, fresh from Paris and its studios; Mr. Roche, Mr. Macauley Stevenson, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Hornel, the last two, who owe all their instruction to Glasgow, being in their work the most typical of the school and its methods.



"SPRING'S DELAY."—BY JAMES PATERSON.

In smoky, busy Glasgow these men, among themselves, lived a life that suggests Paris rather—that is, Paris in the Montmartre and Montparnasse quarters, or else Concarneau or Barbizon or Pont-Aven, or any of the French villages that, at one time or another, have served as artists' settlements. They were always meeting in each other's studios, always talking about their work, consulting, studying, experimenting. A new picture started by one man was an event for them all; a picture finished was a direct challenge for their combined criticism. The artist living in London or New York has for friends artists of a dozen and more schools and standards. But the Glasgow men—it might be more correct to say the few artists in that town now known as the Glasgow men; plenty of other painters live and work there—have had a far better opportunity for the exclusiveness in which at first lay their strength. It was not possible to live and paint in such close companionship without borrowing one from the other, perhaps unconsciously. And thus, while each was working out his own special scheme, while each had his own little game to play, all were

developing certain characteristics in common. The individual was strengthened in his individuality, the group formulated a style peculiar to all, and it is in this possession of a style that they differ so entirely from the Newlynites* and the New English Art Club; it is this that gives them the right to be called a school. In a word, while now each says what it is in him to say, all speak the same language. So that a show of their work does not confuse by a dozen or a hundred conflicting devices and experiments, as does the usual modern exhibition; it has, instead, something of the dignity and repose which spring from unity in style and intention, and which constitute the great charm of any collection of old work, of the Umbrian or Venetian, the Dutch or English School, as the case may be, even when no one example of exceptional genius is included. If of late the Glasgow men have begun to separate, one or two leaving their native town for London or elsewhere, it matters little: the principles

* The Newlynites, I admit, have a certain trick of handling in common, but this hardly constitutes a style, any more than their preference for the same class of subjects.

that guide them are far too deeply rooted to be shaken by separation.

The tendencies or qualities so conspicuous in their work could not well be accounted for if the influences brought to bear upon them from the outside were

and Monticelli. From the French and Dutch Romanticists came the influence that was to prove a most powerful factor in the shaping of their standard, the forming of their style. For it so happened that long before Englishmen had realized



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAN HAMILTON.—BY JOHN LAVERY.

ignored. Alone, they might have freed themselves from the Academical yoke. But their own effort unaided could scarce have led to the same results. Probably their emancipation was made all the easier because they had before them excellent models. If their belief in Scott Lauder, the then accepted leader in Glasgow, failed, it was because they transferred their faith to Corot and Troyon, to Millet

the existence of the great French landscape school and its Dutch offshoot, there were few collectors in Scotland who did not own one or more canvases by the most distinguished painters of the Romantic movement. It is strange how close the sympathy between France and Scotland has always been. Just as it is revealed in the old Scotch architecture, so it has found expression in the modern

Scotchman's delight in all that is best and greatest in French art. Some of the finest Corots and Monticellis and Troyons are owned by Scotchmen. In the Glasgow and Edinburgh galleries of Mr. Angus, the picture-dealer; in private collections such as those of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Reid and Mr. Maxwell; in the Edinburgh and Glasgow International Exhibitions of 1886 and 1888—the Glasgow men had every chance to see and study the work which appealed to them most strongly.* And not only did they study

their will be the first name to spring to their lips. And having worshipped at his shrine, it was natural that they, too, turned to the artists under whose spell, at one time, he also had been: the debt all, but more especially Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel, owe to the Japanese cannot be overestimated. Moreover, when they set out upon their career, there were two Scotchmen already working on very much the same lines: Mr. McTaggart, who is slightly known outside of Scotland, but who is an artist of unmistakable origi-



LANDSCAPE.—BY W. G. MACGREGOR.

it to good purpose, but having once recognized and acknowledged their legitimate leaders, they had the sense not to wander astray after false gods. I do not mean that Barbizon was the sole influence to which they proved responsive. Mr. Whistler has always been their prophet; it was through their energy and persistence that his Carlyle was at last bought by the Glasgow Corporation; if you ask who have been their masters, Mr. Whis-

* The enormous number of French and Dutch pictures owned in Scotland at this time may be realized by consulting Mr. W. E. Henley's Catalogue of the Edinburgh Exhibition, published in 1888.

ter's will be the first name to spring to their lips. And having worshipped at his shrine, it was natural that they, too, turned to the artists under whose spell, at one time, he also had been: the debt all, but more especially Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel, owe to the Japanese cannot be overestimated. Moreover, when they set out upon their career, there were two Scotchmen already working on very much the same lines: Mr. McTaggart, who is slightly known outside of Scotland, but who is an artist of unmistakable origi-



PORTRAIT OF MISS WILSON.—BY J. GUTHRIE.

with its beauty. They have sought, not to tell a story, but to fill a certain space beautifully and harmoniously. The Glasgow men, like the Newlynites, began by acquiring a sound technique and entire command of their medium, so that there was no danger of their failing, as Rossetti failed, from lack of technical training; but better still, and here unlike the Newlynites, they based their style upon a sound convention, for they honored the poetry of paint above sentimental anecdote, above photographic realism.

It was impossible, even in London, that so vigorous and independent a movement should be long ignored; though, as was to be expected, the Academy evinced no great eagerness to give the Glasgow men the prominence they deserved. A few introduced themselves by exhibiting with the New English Art Club. But the first time they came to the fore as a

distinct school, or group, was in 1890, in the last Grosvenor exhibition. Sir Edward Burne-Jones and the Primitives had seceded to the New Gallery; the "greenery-yallery" phase being exhausted, every one wondered what new card the Grosvenor would find to play to justify its own existence. When the show opened it seemed as if Sir Coutts Lindsay had been keeping his best trumps in reserve. It could not be denied by the very critics who were loudest in condemnation that never before had the Grosvenor held such a remarkable and interesting exhibition. The Glasgow men, to all intents and purposes, monopolized the walls; other exhibitors were cast hopelessly into the background. And whatever might have been the signs of immaturity in much of the work, if the collection did not include one painting that promised to remain a masterpiece for all time, there was no mis-

taking the force of the painters or the distinction of their style. I have been told by one Glasgow man that if he were asked to define the characteristics by which the canvases of his school might be recognized he would find it difficult to comply. But to the outsider this exhibition made it clear that a refined sense of color, a right appreciation of values, and a true feeling for the decorative quality in a picture were the foundation of the artistic creed of the little group who were closing the Grosvenor's career with such brilliancy.

Here, indeed, are the articles of faith to which each has found it possible to subscribe without risk of swamping his personality in an empty formula.

And the impression made by the Grosvenor exhibition is that given by every show they have held within the last four years. It was also in 1890, I think, that in the Goupil Gallery Mr. Lavery's most important work was collected. Not long after, Dowdeswell's opened with a marvellous series of pastels by Mr. Guthrie. In the Munich International Exhibition of 1891, if the British section was by far the most interesting, it was wholly and entirely owing to Glasgow. Some of these pictures were shown in Chicago. But almost all were skied, and, if I remember rightly, to not one was a medal awarded. But then it was said at the time that the hanging of the British section was arranged beforehand in London, and one cannot but wonder if the awards were arranged as well. The Paris *Salons*, for some little time past, have been glad to place their walls at the service of painters so long ignored at the Academy. And the new Grafton Gallery has continued the excellent policy of the old Grosvenor.

Black-and-white reproductions can suggest but feebly the color upon which the chief charm of their pictures depends. But black and white cannot disguise decorative arrangement, or rhythm of line and form. To study Mr. Guthrie, the strongest perhaps of the group, is to know that he cannot paint a portrait without at least seeking to carry out a well-conceived harmony of color, to present a stately decoration. He is the artist, not the photographer, and therefore is never content to offer a mere likeness. In his many portraits, exhibited in London and Paris, he may not always have succeed-

ed, but in his least successful his effort is still artistic, while his triumphs have far more than outbalanced his failures. The portrait of Miss Wilson is characteristic; it reveals his grasp of character, his technical skill, and the strength of his decorative instinct; unfortunately in the reproduction color is necessarily lost.

Art is as seldom subordinated to nature in his landscapes as in his portraits. One large canvas, called "Midsummer," may be taken as a fair example of his out-door work. It is a study of sunlight falling through foliage on three women who sit drinking tea under the trees in a garden. Here, as the object has been to record a certain effect of light and atmosphere, realistic rendering is indispensable; and yet, in the very play of the flickering sunlight and the cool green shadows, accurate as it is, he has managed to suggest a balanced design, an artistic scheme.

To speak in detail of Mr. Lavery and Mr. Walton would be to repeat much which I have just said of Mr. Guthrie. Both paint portraits and landscapes; both are concerned with color and values and decorative beauty. Sometimes in Mr. Lavery's canvases there is a more marked tendency to frank realism, partly due, it may be, to his choice of subjects. For certainly "Tennis," the picture bought by the Munich Gallery, and "Croquet," have less of harmonious arrangement than his beautiful "Ariadne," who stands a graceful figure against a stretch of blue sea; or than the landscape, hanging this summer in the Champ de Mars, which records an incident in the life of Queen Mary, but lingers in the memory rather because of the beauty of the long line of armed men winding across the moorland, of the rhythmic grace of the low hills on the horizon. I have seen many of Mr. Walton's landscapes, but not one which does not attract by charm of color and dignity of composition. There is a serenity about his work which shows him to be more nearly allied—different as are his methods and effects—to a Wilson or a Claude than to the modern *Pointilliste* or *Vibriste*. Not a blue stream runs across his canvas but to good decorative purpose; not a silvery Corot-like tree breaks the line of river or meadow-land but helps to perfect the harmony of the design. And so likewise is it with Mr. Melville, who, as I have said, has identified himself with the school. His portraits are

decorations, usually more daring than Mr. Guthrie's or Mr. Lavery's or Mr. Walton's; his landscapes are so many arrangements in color strikingly brilliant and clever. Glasgow cannot boast of an artist of greater originality.

It is as landscape-painters that Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Roche have won their reputation. Water-color is Mr. Macgregor's favorite medium. If his achievement be less in actual amount of production than that of his fellow-artists, it must not be forgotten that without him perhaps there would have been no school or group—that is, without him the chief source of Glasgow's present artistic strength and influence might have been missing. In delicate pastorals Mr. Paterson's talent finds expression; on his hill-sides and under his trees sheep browse as in an idyl of Theocritus; and if, in feeling and treatment, he seems to come closer to Corot than the others, no one will find that a fault in him. With Mr. Roche the decorative intention is more obvious. His landscapes one might think decorations designed for a definite place, not pictures whose decorative quality refers solely to the canvas upon which they are painted.

It would be repetition to dwell at length upon the work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, first known as etcher, but now no less distinguished as painter; of four men still more recently admitted into the fold—Mr. T. Millie Dow, with whom flowers, either by themselves or in a landscape, are always motives for delicate harmonies, Mr. Gauld* and Mr. Macauley Ste-

* Since my article was written news has reached me of the death of Mr. Gauld, who was still at the very beginning of his career, but gave promise of becoming one of the most distinguished of the group.



PORTRAIT.—BY A. MELVILLE.

venson, who find themes mostly among green pastures, and Mr. Kennedy, usually very modern in subjects, recording his impressions of soldiers and railway stations; or of Mr. Crawhall, the son of Charles Keene's intimate friend and constant correspondent, a brilliant young Impressionist whom all have joyfully accepted as one of themselves, though he has no legitimate claim upon Glasgow.

Of Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel I have waited to speak until the last. It is unavoidable thus to associate them, because they have worked together, not merely in the sense in which the others have worked together, but often on the same canvas. They are looked upon as the

most typical of the group, as, indeed, they are, and it would be misleading to dismiss them with a word. To explain the nature of their style and aims may mean to fall again into repetition, since theirs are the characteristics of all the group. The difference is that with them the decorative tendency is more deliberately emphasized. This fact, however, it is important to recognize. For, if they have carried to the extreme, if they have exaggerated, as it were, the Glasgow conventions, it follows that in their work both the merits and the faults of the entire school will be at once most pleasantly and unpleasantly accentuated. Their great virtue, then, is the brilliancy and splendor of color that struck one in the "Druids" of the Grosvenor exhibition, that make one look forward to the results of their visit to Japan, from which country they are just returning. Again, they impress by the admirable manner in which they turn nature to decorative uses. But, as their failures have shown, just another touch, and the splendor of

their color verges upon brutality; just a trifle more elaboration in arrangement and less deference to nature, and design degenerates into a bizarre pattern or mosaic puzzle, ingenious, but so mannered as to be almost grotesque; and true art is never eccentric.

When I have said this I have explained the dangers which now and then threaten to be the undoing of the Glasgow school: mannerism or affectation on the one side, forced effects of color upon the other. In these respects certain critics more than once have thought to find cause for severity. However, since to counteract this tendency there is the restraint and sobriety which Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Walton and Mr. Paterson display, reason to predict disaster hardly seems immediate. It may be that the school's masterpiece still rests with the future. The great thing is that there exists a school from which the masterpiece may come; and the wonder that to Glasgow the grimy, Glasgow the commercial, belong the honor and the glory.



"THE ENCHANTED WOOD."—BY T. M. DOW.



BY JULIAN RALPH.

LOVE IN THE BIG BARRACKS.

THE scene and time of this sketch are New York city to-day, and though the side lights that fall upon it may seem to pertain to the Middle Ages, they are modern to our tenement population—or at least are survivals, like love itself. Little Elsa Muller was just such a girl as brings my lady her new gown, in a box nearly as big as herself, from Mantilini's. Did it ever occur to my lady that this little burden-bearer was a being with a heart, a capacity for loving, a head full of romantic notions—hints of all that was in my lady's head and heart once upon a time? Yank Hurst, whom Elsa loved with the blind idolatry of a heart surrendered, was a stereotyper in a newspaper office—a mechanic of the swaggering, impudent type that my lady sees sometimes when something about her house is out of repair. For him madame tosses a glance at her hair in the glass and smooths out her dress before she goes down to see him. This she does for every man who comes, to be sure, but that suggests the point that all men are human, and that love and sentiment and romance are as much at home in Forsyth Street as on Fifth Avenue. Jake, who loved little Elsa more than he had words to tell, is precisely the man my lady sees out of the tail of her eye through the dining-room windows when he brings the morning's ice.

Elsa, a dressy, black-haired midget of about seventeen, lived at home, with eight others, in a four-roomed back flat in the

Big Barracks tenement. The first room, looking out through the fire-escape into the court, was the sitting-room. It had a carpet, which was a rarity, and a folding-bed, which was a startling innovation. Then there were two dark rooms, one with two beds and room to squeeze between them, and the other with one bed—for Jake, the boarder. Last of all came the kitchen, containing a stove, a pine table, chairs, and the water-pail, to be filled at the faucet for four families, in the hall. A small window opened into a shaft designed to furnish air and light, but also serving to convey profanity, obscenity, and gossip from window to window for ten families. In the sitting-room bed slept Elsa's father and mother and their youngest baby. In the double-bedded room slept Elsa and four younger children. Only one room was carpeted, but in appointments and in liberality of elbow-room that was an exceptionally comfortable flat.

Jake, the ice-man, was an orphan, who had boarded with the Mullers ever since his father paid his way when, with Elsa, he skipped "slow-poker," "pepper-salt," and "double Dutch" in Tompkins Square on Saturdays. That shows what a gentle soul was Jake's, for most tenement boys herd by themselves, and don't play with the girls after they can walk. They have a boy-and-man language of their own—"de chin dat shows dey're tough"—a lingo all made up of slang and profanity. This the girls avoid. Some that are called "tough girls" talk like the

boys, but they are all so disreputable that their fashion has not only frightened all the other girls into proper speech, but it is reacting on the tough girls and exterminating their kind. They are as marked as if they had been branded. So the shop-girls became, and remain, the exemplars of a nice fashion in girls' speech. They study the fine ladies whom they wait upon. They cultivate soft low tones and gentle exclamations and good grammar, as far as that can be picked up in disconnected fragments, for their ears are quick and sensitive. In the shops they even cry "Carsh; heah, carsh," to summon the cash-girls, and they use the broad *a* at other times. But only those carry it out of doors who are "heads of departments," buyers, fitters, and cloak-models—ambitious country-bred girls who live in boarding-houses. The tenement girls would be guyed beyond endurance if they put on such airs. Many married tenement women use what language comes to their tongues when excited, so that from men, boys, and women the sensitive ears of the tenement girls continually hear far different speech from that which they use.

Jake and Elsa's father were bound by a tie common to thousands in our foreign quarters. They came from the Rhenish Palatinate, and belonged to the Pfaelzer Union Club, which met in a Forsyth Street beer-hall, and had lots of fun and beer once a month, a ball every winter, and a target-shoot in the spring. At the monthly meetings there were fines for talking politics, for having boy babies, and (very heavy ones) for girl babies. The ball reflected true democracy, because the Pfaelzer folk were of all fortunes; and the rich chemist's wife and the big jeweller's family, a police captain's kith and kin and a brewer's folks, all met and danced with the poorer folk like members of one family. At the spring target-shoot, marking the coming of the new wine and first sausages in the fatherland, the best marksman was crowned King and the first markswoman became Queen. But always the great joy was in the gossip about boyhood days in the Rhenish villages and vineyards—days and places grown poetic through distance.

On six mornings in the week Jake and Elsa rose early, Jake to go to the stable for his team, and Elsa to go to the dress-maker's to baste and put in pockets and

run errands. They met in the kitchen. Elsa brewed tea for both, and each went to the cupboard and sliced off bread and buttered it with the same knife. They ate on their feet, as tenement folk take most meals; for though a husband and wife may sit down in shirt sleeves and apron—separately or together, as may happen—most tenement folk know but one formal meal. That is Sunday's dinner. And even on that occasion some boys will eat and retire before the others have finished, and some of the girls will lounge in the street doorway till hunger sends them up to help themselves from the closet or table without sitting down.

Jake loved Elsa with a dull patient yearning, but she regarded him as the same brotherlike appendage he had always seemed. It was Yank Hurst that she loved with her whole soul, tenderly, deeply, ardently. Yank had come to live in the Big Barracks a year before, and Elsa was the first girl he knew there. He joined the Pinochle Club at Rag Murphy's, on the corner below, and when the club gave its picnic at Wendel's Park he invited her to go with him. He must have been a good workman, for he was prosperous and outdressed his companions; but he was not a good man. He was empty-headed and loud-mouthed—the kind of a fellow who is a bully until some one kicks him, and who knows everything until he meets a man who knows one thing. But Elsa saw in him the first handsome fellow who had singled her out to pay her court.

They went to what they called "the pickernick," and danced, and swung in the scups, and bowled, and had ice-cream and Frankfurters. Toward dusk Mose Eisenstone, the Senator from the most thickly populated district in America, in which the Big Barracks stands, came to the park, and spent twenty-five dollars setting up several kegs of beer and "cigars all 'round." Yank Hurst drank too much free beer, and began to show the effects of it. Elsa was obliged to fight him until they went home, as so many tenement girls have to do to protect themselves. A few lose both innocence and virtue before they know they have them; but the great majority become wise as serpents, and quite as savage when they are assailed.

"Shall I kiss you, Elsa?" That was how Yank began his nonsense, before twenty of the Pinochle Club men.

"Don't bother to try it," she replied; "I've got trouble enough."

After a time they found themselves away from the lights, among the trees, and they kissed a great deal. In private that was romantic, and there was no harm in it, Elsa thought; but presently she found her limit of amiability passed, and she fought till her beau came back to his senses. This happened several times that night, but Elsa was too young to judge the case shrewdly, and too proud of being with her first adult beau. Besides, only death itself could make her other than a girl of strong character and upright life. She had not expected to fight so often and so savagely, but the entire situation was just as novel. Once she screamed—because of her sex rather than her danger—and she was chagrined and vexed to see Jake run up and hurl Yank twenty feet with a mere jerk of his elbow. Hurst slunk back, and whined that he "wasn't doin' nartin'"; but Elsa told her champion she "wisht he'd leave her be; he was always minding her business."

"Scream again," said Jake, "and I'll sew a button on dat feller's face."

Many a happy summer evening Elsa spent with Yank. The places where they walked and chattered are the lovers' haunts of the downtown tenement folk, such as it is too bad to dismiss with mere enumeration—the flirtation end of Second Avenue, with its swarm of happy promenaders; the bottom of Broadway, down to Battery Park to hear the music on Friday nights; and the breezy East River wharves, where the abundant lovers dance and sing to the music of a mouth-organ in the hands of some boy genius who knows the dance tunes of last season and the street songs of the moment—these were some of their haunts. But the Big Barracks roof was in high favor. There the Barracks girls flaunted their sweethearts in each other's faces; and Elsa thought she had the best of the competition.

Elsa fell more and more in love, and

Yank less and less. She had a way of saying, "Certainly, when we're married," a dozen times of an evening. Her words seemed to suggest that she was trying to trap him into a serious relationship—he who never was serious except in his vices. So he drifted from her, and nights came when she stood at the Barracks doorway and he was on the roof with Cordelia Angeline Mahoney, of the floor above the Mullers'. Some girl was sure to drop down to the door and chat long enough to tell Elsa who was on the roof, when



JAKE, THE ICE-MAN.

Elsa went to her bedroom and cried, oh, so convulsively. Very soon Yank Hurst and Cordelia Angeline were acknowledged to be one another's "best feller" and best girl, and Elsa was consumedly miserable. She was so visibly wretched that her jilting became the talk of the tenement and Mantilini's shop, and her chum, Rosie Mulvey, chided her for "making a holy show of herself." In the kindest ways Jake tried to cheer and amuse her; but him she treated as if no

degree of insensibility and unkindness expressed her dislike for him. He endeavored to distract her mind, instead of divining that to brood over her misery was her only joy. From being a cheerful, normal girl, she became a prey to morbid thoughts, and even ungentle schemes. She knew Cordelia Angeline Mahoney very well. Like most tenement girls, Cordelia had a little store of pictures of elegant women stylishly dressed, among them being several of actresses in scant dresses and no dresses at all—the costumes of pages. But, unlike most girls, Cordelia Angeline had attempted to vie with such women—about whose clothes and beauty most good girls only dream—and had paid an extra dollar to a Grand Street photographer to be photographed in the tights and trunks with which more than one east-side photographer ministers to the weakness of the vainest customers who come. Cordelia Angeline had given one of these pictures to Elsa, who took it reluctantly, and then hid it—as young girls do with a possession that brings a guilty feeling—in the one place that was hers alone, a little locked box containing *Napoleon's Oracle and Dream Book*, two or three gushing love-poems cut from newspapers, a valentine, a lock of Rosie Mulvey's hair, the white-bead necklace she wore at confirmation, and the wreckage of several rings and pins broken or worn out.

After deep reflection—mainly upon how she should get the picture to Yank Hurst—she took the guilty portrait out of her box. She determined to write upon it a sentence that should guide his mind to a proper view of a girl who would have such a picture taken—her view, of course. First she wrote under the picture, "*A Bowery Actress*," but she drew a line through the words, leaving them just as legible as at first. She turned the photograph over and wrote on the back, "*No Good girl Would—*" She stopped, then drew a very thin line through those words. At last triumphantly she wrote: "*C.A.M. Stuck on her Shape!*" When Jake came in she smiled so sweetly, and took such affectionate pains to make up a good supper for him, that the silly fellow fancied the reward for all his love and patience had come. But Elsa was disingenuous. She was working up to the point of getting Jake to bribe Yank's little brother to put the photograph on Yank's bed, and never

tell how it came there. Useless trouble of Elsa's, because Jake would have done anything she asked, and because when Yank opened the paper and saw the photograph he simply grinned with the mischievous light of a satyr's eyes in his beadlike optics. After that Yank Hurst was more attentive to Cordelia Angeline, and little Elsa was more wretched, and Jake was more puzzled and anxious to please her.

Elsa lived neck-deep in superstition, and when she agitated the general pool its waves submerged her. Everybody she knew was superstitious—the Irish, the Germans, the Jews, the Slavs—just as much so as Chop Suey, the neighboring laundryman, who burned perfumed punk at night to keep evil spirits away. The weather, the days of the week, the dropping of scissors, the leaves in the teacups, the pins on the floor, the antics of cats and dogs, everything was more or less cabalistic in the minds of the women who dropped in to drink beer or tea with Elsa's mother. So it was with her girl friends and the women at Mantilini's. In her heart-sickness she naturally turned first to *Napoleon's Oracle*, but it told her her dreams meant riches, which did not interest her; meant illness, which she did not fear; meant that her lover was Jake, for whom she did not care; or that her enemy was short and red-haired, whereas Cordelia Angeline Mahoney was tall and a brunette. At Madame Mantilini's she heard of a book called *Black Art*, which she found no trouble in buying. It told her how to cause an enemy to die, how to test a person's love, how to bewitch a person, how to invoke the terrible "seven curses" that afflict a generation unborn—and hundreds of such wonders. But it recommended the use of herbs of which she had never heard, the slaying of cats, the broiling of rabbits' tongues and dogs' livers, and a multitude of things that witches may do and do with, but not honest young girls. One receipt she thought of copying to send, in a disguised hand, to Yank. It read: "To test a sweetheart: Rub the sap of a radish in her hand. If she does not resist she is worthy to be a wife." But she did not copy it. She was no coward. The photograph of her rival, Cordelia, that she had sent in that way, she knew could be readily traced to her, and yet of sending that she remained ashamed ever afterward.

She had been to more than one fortune-teller's when her heart was free and light, but only for fun. Now she went to one in earnest, taking with her Rosie Mulvey, of the Big Barracks. She went to Madame Starr, in Avenue A, and was shown into a room in which feeble spirit-lamps were burning under heavy globes, one blood-red and one green. By their faint light the fortune-teller moved about like a shadow. Her confederate sat with Rosie Mulvey in an anteroom, and easily led the girl to tell all that the madame needed to know about the cause of Elsa's coming. A pack of cards was shuffled, and worked unsatisfactorily, and Elsa was asked to rub the pack with a half-dollar, after which the madame retired, ostensibly to read the cards, in reality to meet the confederate and learn the client's story. The room was flooded with electric light as Madame Starr, re-entering, pressed the necessary but hidden button. The cards again failed, she said. They guided her to where a thin dark man entered Elsa's life and left it. There they stopped. For a silver dollar the madame would enter the trance state, and describe the heart and thoughts of this man. Elsa paid the money, the room became dark, and the woman, after a creepy interval of silence, began to chant a mixture of fact and shrewd guess-work, which to Elsa seemed little short of supernatural divination. The gist of it was that the thin dark man was in the toils of a designing woman—tall, with ebon tresses—but he truly loved Elsa, to whom he was powerless to return. Elsa must secretly administer a love-potion to the thin dark man; but it would not work its charm save on her luckiest day, which came



"SHALL I KISS YOU, ELSA?"

once a year. She must come again for the philter, which would cost ten dollars, and then any astrologer would determine for her which day was her luckiest.

Ten dollars could not be taken from the family treasury for a young girl's romantic nonsense, though Elsa's mother had spent twenty dollars to have a German seer make her last baby boy brave and proof against poison and bad luck by writing *Paz Zap Paraz* on the baby's forehead in the blood of a bear cub from the Black Forest. Elsa could spend only three dollars for a philter, and her quest for one at that price busied her for a fortnight. She got it at last, in Ninth Av-

enue, of a West-Indian negro, who wore a wig made of the tail ends and head ends of small snakes, that stuck out all over it like wisps of devils' hair. He said she must wear only one garment, and steal into her lover's room and put the love-potion in his food without the knowledge of any blood-relation of his.

In another week Elsa was able to employ an astrologer to read her stars and fix her luckiest day. It proved to be September 28th, and the choicest minute of it was the first one, at sharp midnight of September 27th. So Elsa at last had her way clear to regain her recreant lover with the potent aid of the stars, the gods, and the devils.

As she would need the help of the despised but submissive Jake on the momentous day, then three weeks off, Elsa began to be very gracious to him, so that presently she had the heart to ask him to be sure to be at her service on the fateful midnight. "Sure; why not, yet?" was his ready answer. Her plan was to put the love-charm in certain edibles which Yank, who was a newspaper stereotyper, had said his mother always left out for him in the kitchen, against his home-coming at two o'clock in the morning. She must enter his flat by means of the fire-escape ladders that reached up to it, two floors above her own home. The night came, and, barefooted, she stole out with Jake. Him she sent ahead to see that the way was clear, and then she ran up, and sent him down to watch below. She succeeded in finding Yank's supper of baked beans and cold tea, and in sprinkling both with the powder. But just as she returned to the fire-balcony a noise in the Hurst flat startled her. She leaped forward, slipped on something unsteady, and fell down the ladder-way, a dozen or fifteen feet, upon her back on the under balcony. She was unconscious when Jake tenderly carried her into their own flat. Returning consciousness found her screaming with the pain.

Some rich young philanthropists, who maintained a charity hospital near by, tried a plaster coat to straighten and heal her back, but the torture it caused obliged them to strip off the plaster before it had hardened. So she lay and moaned for weeks. The old women who sat with her mother every afternoon in the sitting-room brought tidings of the exhibition in

an uptown church of two small bits of the bones of a mediæval saint, to touch which relics with faith was to be cured of any ailment. Elsa would have to make a novena, or nine days' prayer, to obtain the miraculous relief. But the girl was strangely indifferent to this chance of recovery. The truth was that since Yank Hurst had not come to tell her of his love, she did not long to be cured. She preferred to die. Before she could be brought to begin her novena the sacred relics were removed to a distant city. But in the mean time a priest had come, and brought a little book prescribing the formula of a novena to the Blessed Virgin—"Our Lady of Perpetual Help," she was beautifully called. Elsa read this by snatches, and was greatly impressed by the statement that the Blessed Virgin denies absolutely nothing that is asked of her with perfect faith. A new idea, a new hope, came to Elsa. She sent for the priest, and most adroitly cross-examined him to have him confirm, if possible, the hope that a suppliant might make the novena for any boon whatsoever. The good man, fancying her burdened by some weighty sin, urged her to obtain pardon through confession, and make the novena afterwards for restoration of her health.

"But please tell me," she urged, "can I make a novena for anything I want, even money?"

"You certainly can, my child," said the good priest.

Then into her eyes came a new light, and to her heart a great joy. She visibly rallied strength and patience. She was permitted to make the novena at home, before a picture of the Virgin, and on the ninth day she was carried to church to complete the devotion. Throughout the ceremony she kept but one sentence on her lips, and on her mind but one thought, and neither was a prayer for health.

Back again in bed, she beckoned to Jake, and whispered: "I've prayed for him to come—for Yank. Do you think he will?" And Jake replied, "Sure; why not, yet?"

Then he went to the Pinochle Club, over Rag Murphy's café, where he was heartily liked, and Yank had not one warm friend. In a voice louder than he intended to use, before all the fellows, he poured upon Yank a talk so earnest, and so divided into pleading and threats of



"A NOISE IN THE HURST FLAT STARTLED HER."

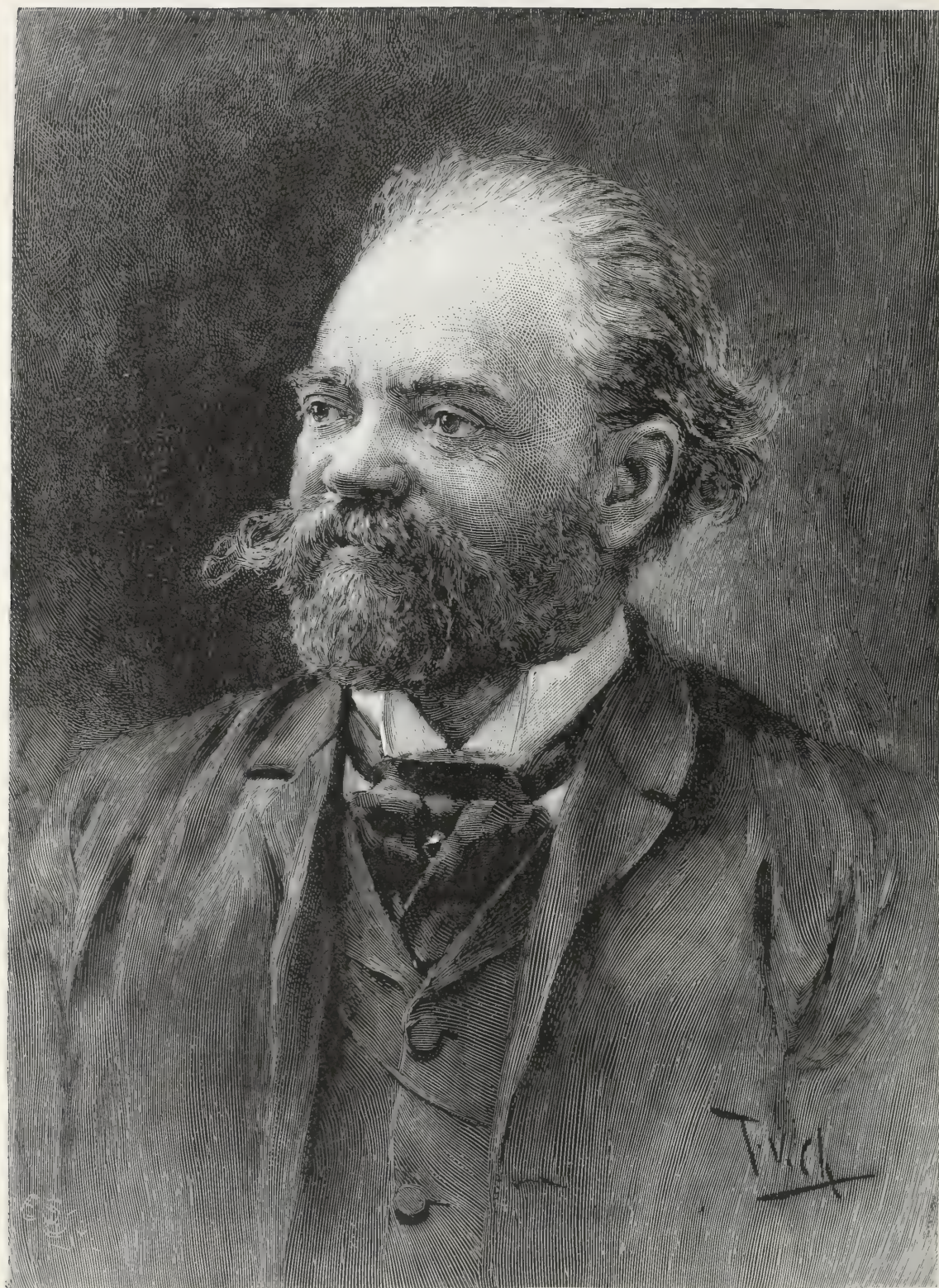
physical violence, that the stereotyper forgot to swagger.

"Stuck on me that bad?" he exclaimed. "Done herself putting love-stuff in me grub? The hell you say! Go 'n' see her? Why wouldn't I?"

He called on Elsa straightway, and because of his humanity—or because Jake's

threats rung in his ears—he spoke to Elsa so that she all but swooned with joy. It required very little more than his presence to do that.

She died next day, with her eyes upon a broad beam of sunlight that fell full and gloriously on the lithograph before which she had made her novena.



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18¹⁷/₁₁ 94

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

BY ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

IT is a difficult task at best for a foreigner to give a correct verdict of the affairs of another country. With the United States of America this is more than usually difficult, because they cover such a vast area of land that it would take many years to become properly acquainted with the various localities, separated by great distances, that would have to be considered when rendering a judgment concerning them all. It would ill become me, therefore, to express my views on so general and all-embracing a subject as music in America, were I not pressed to do so, for I have neither travelled extensively, nor have I been here long enough to gain an intimate knowledge of American affairs. I can only judge of it from what I have observed during my limited experience as a musician and teacher in America, and from what those whom I know here tell me about their own country. Many of my impressions therefore are those of a foreigner who has not been here long enough to overcome the feeling of strangeness and bewildered astonishment which must fill all European visitors upon their first arrival.

The two American traits which most impress the foreign observer, I find, are the unbounded patriotism and capacity for enthusiasm of most Americans. Unlike the more diffident inhabitants of other countries, who do not "wear their hearts upon their sleeves," the citizens of America are always patriotic, and no occasion seems to be too serious or too slight for them to give expression to this feeling. Thus nothing better pleases the average American, especially the American youth, than to be able to say that this or that building, this or that new patent appliance, is the finest or grandest in the world. This, of course, is due to that other trait—enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of most Americans for all things new is apparently without limit. It is the essence of what is called "push"—American push. Every day I meet with this quality in my pupils. They are unwilling to stop at anything. In the matters relating to their art they are inquisitive to a degree that they want to go to the bottom of all things at once. It is as if a boy wished to dive before he could swim.

At first, when my American pupils were new to me, this trait annoyed me, and I wished them to give more attention to the one matter in hand rather than to everything at once. But now I like it; for I have come to the conclusion that this youthful enthusiasm and eagerness to take up everything is the best promise for music in America. The same opinion, I remember, was expressed by the director of the new conservatory in Berlin, who, from his experience with American students of music, predicted that America within twenty or thirty years would become the first musical country.

Only when the people in general, however, begin to take as lively an interest in music and art as they now take in more material matters will the arts come into their own. Let the enthusiasm of the people once be excited, and patriotic gifts and bequests must surely follow.

It is a matter of surprise to me that all this has not come long ago. When I see how much is done in every other field by public-spirited men in America—how schools, universities, libraries, museums, hospitals, and parks spring up out of the ground and are maintained by generous gifts—I can only marvel that so little has been done for music. After two hundred years of almost unbroken prosperity and expansion, the net results for music are a number of public concert-halls of most recent growth; several musical societies with orchestras of noted excellence, such as the Philharmonic Society in New York, the orchestras of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Seidl, and the superb orchestra supported by a public-spirited citizen of Boston; one opera company, which only the upper classes can hear or understand; and a national conservatory which owes its existence to the generous forethought of one indefatigable woman.

It is true that music is the youngest of the arts, and must therefore be expected to be treated as Cinderella, but is it not time that she were lifted from the ashes and given a seat among the equally youthful sister arts in this land of youth, until the coming of the fairy godmother and the prince of the crystal slipper?

Art, of course, must always go a-begging, but why should this country alone, which is so justly famed for the gener-

osity and public spirit of its citizens, close its door to the poor beggar? In the Old World this is not so. Since the days of Palestrina, the three-hundredth anniversary of whose death was celebrated in Rome a few weeks ago, princes and prelates have vied with each other in extending a generous hand to music. Since the days of Pope Gregory the Church has made music one of her own chosen arts. In Germany and Austria princes like Esterhazy, Lobkowitz, and Harrach, who supported Haydn and Beethoven, or the late King of Bavaria, who did so much for Wagner, with many others, have helped to create a demand for good music, which has since become universal, while in France all governments, be they monarchies, empires, or republics, have done their best to carry on the noble work that was begun by Louis the Fourteenth. Even the little republic of Switzerland annually sets aside a budget for the furtherance of literature, music, and the arts.

A few months ago only we saw how such a question of art as whether the operas sung in Hungary's capital should be of a national or foreign character could provoke a ministerial crisis. Such is the interest in music and art taken by the governments and people of other countries.

The great American republic alone, in its national government as well as in the several governments of the States, suffers art and music to go without encouragement. Trades and commerce are protected, funds are voted away for the unemployed, schools and colleges are endowed, but music must go unaided, and be content if she can get the support of a few private individuals like Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber and Mr. H. L. Higginson.

Not long ago a young man came to me and showed me his compositions. His talent seemed so promising that I at once offered him a scholarship in our school; but he sorrowfully confessed that he could not afford to become my pupil, because he had to earn his living by keeping books in Brooklyn. Even if he came on but two afternoons in the week, or on Saturday afternoon only, he said, he would lose his employment, on which he and others had to depend. I urged him to arrange the matter with his employer, but he only received the answer: "If you want to play, you can't keep books. You

will have to drop one or the other." He dropped his music.

In any other country the state would have made some provision for such a deserving scholar, so that he could have pursued his natural calling without having to starve. With us in Bohemia the Diet each year votes a special sum of money for just such purposes, and the imperial government in Vienna on occasion furnishes other funds for talented artists. Had it not been for such support I should not have been able to pursue my studies when I was a young man. Owing to the fact that, upon the kind recommendation of such men as Brahms, Hanslick, and Herbeck, the Minister of Public Education in Vienna on five successive years sent me sums ranging from four to six hundred florins, I was able to pursue my work and to get my compositions published, so that at the end of that time I was able to stand on my own feet. This has filled me with lasting gratitude towards my country.

Such an attitude of the state towards deserving artists is not only a kind but a wise one. For it cannot be emphasized too strongly that art, as such, does not "pay," to use an American expression—at least, not in the beginning—and that the art that has to pay its own way is apt to become vitiated and cheap.

It is one of the anomalies of this country that the principle of protection is upheld for all enterprises but art. By protection I do not mean the exclusion of foreign art. That, of course, is absurd. But just as the State here provides for its poor industrial scholars and university students, so should it help the would-be students of music and art. As it is now, the poor musician not only cannot get his necessary instruction, in the first place, but if by any chance he has acquired it, he has small prospects of making his chosen calling support him in the end. Why is this? Simply because the orchestras in which first-class players could find a place in this country can be counted on one hand; while of opera companies where native singers can be heard, and where the English tongue is sung, there are none at all. Another thing which discourages the student of music is the unwillingness of publishers to take anything but light and trashy music. European publishers are bad enough in that respect, but the American publishers

are worse. Thus, when one of my pupils last year produced a very creditable work, and a thoroughly American composition at that, he could not get it published in America, but had to send it to Germany, where it was at once accepted. The same is true of my own compositions on American subjects, each of which hitherto has had to be published abroad.

No wonder American composers and musicians grow discouraged, and regard the more promising condition of music in other countries with envy! Such a state of affairs should be a source of mortification to all truly patriotic Americans. Yet it can be easily remedied. What was the situation in England but a short while ago? Then they had to procure all their players from abroad, while their own musicians went to the Continent to study. Now that they have two standard academies of music in London, like those of Berlin, Paris, and other cities, the national feeling for music seems to have been awakened, and the majority of orchestras are composed of native Englishmen, who play as well as the others did before. A single institution can make such a change, just as a single genius can bestow an art upon his country that before was lying in unheeded slumber.

Our musical conservatory in Prague was founded but three generations ago, when a few nobles and patrons of music subscribed five thousand florins, which was then the annual cost of maintaining the school. Yet that little school flourished and grew, so that now more than sixfold that amount is annually expended. Only lately a school for organ music has been added to the conservatory, so that the organists of our churches can learn to play their instruments at home, without having to go to other cities. Thus a school benefits the community in which it is. The citizens of Prague in return have shown their appreciation of the fact by building the "Rudolfinum" as a magnificent home for all the arts. It is jointly occupied by the conservatory and the Academy of Arts, and besides that contains large and small concert-halls and rooms for picture-galleries. In the proper maintenance of this building the whole community takes an interest. It is supported, as it was founded, by the stockholders of the Bohemian Bank of Deposit, and yearly gifts and bequests are made to the institution by private citizens.

If a school of art can grow so in a country of but six million inhabitants, what much brighter prospects should it not have in a land of seventy millions? The important thing is to make a beginning, and in this the State should set an example.

They tell me that this cannot be done. I ask, why can't it be done? If the old commonwealths of Greece and Italy, and the modern republics of France and Switzerland, have been able to do this, why cannot America follow their example? The money certainly is not lacking. Constantly we see great sums of money spent for the material pleasures of the few, which, if devoted to the purposes of art, might give pleasure to thousands. If schools, art museums, and libraries can be maintained at the public expense, why should not musical conservatories and playhouses? The function of the drama, with or without music, is not only to amuse, but to elevate and instruct while giving pleasure. Is it not in the interest of the State that this should be done in the most approved manner, so as to benefit all of its citizens? Let the owners of private playhouses give their performances for diversion only, let those who may, import singers who sing in foreign tongues, but let there be at least one intelligent power that will see to it that the people can hear and see what is best, and what can be understood by them, no matter how small the demand.

That such a system of performing classic plays and operas pleases the people was shown by the attitude of the populace in Prague. There the people collected money and raised subscriptions for over fifty years to build a national playhouse. In 1880 they at last had a sufficient amount, and the "National Theatre" was accordingly built. It had scarcely been built when it was burned to the ground. But the people were not to be discouraged. Everybody helped, and before a fortnight was over more than a million had been collected, and the house was at once built up again, more magnificent than it was before.

In answer to such arguments I am told that there is no popular demand for good music in America. That is not so. Every concert in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Washington, and most other cities, no doubt, disproves such a statement. American concert-halls are

as well filled as those of Europe, and, as a rule, the listeners—to judge them by their attentive conduct and subsequent expression of pleasure—are not a whit less appreciative. How it would be with opera I cannot judge, since American opera audiences, as the opera is conducted at present, are in no sense representative of the people at large. I have no doubt, however, that if the Americans had a chance to hear grand opera sung in their own language they would enjoy it as well and appreciate it as highly as the opera-goers of Vienna, Paris, or Munich enjoy theirs. The change from Italian and French to English will scarcely have an injurious effect on the present good voices of the singers, while it may have the effect of improving the voices of American singers, bringing out more clearly the beauty and strength of the *timbre*, while giving an intelligent conception of the work that enables singers to use a pure diction, which cannot be obtained in a foreign tongue.

The American voice, so far as I can judge, is a good one. When I first arrived in this country I was startled by the strength and the depth of the voices in the boys who sell papers on the street, and I am still constantly amazed at its penetrating quality.

In a sense, of course, it is true that there is less of a demand for music in America than in certain other countries. Our common folk in Bohemia know this. When they come here they leave their fiddles and other instruments at home, and none of the itinerant musicians with whom our country abounds would ever think of trying their luck over here. Occasionally when I have met one of my countrymen whom I knew to be musical in this city of New York or in the West, and have asked him why he did not become a professional musician, I have usually received the answer, "Oh, music is not wanted in this land." This I can scarcely believe. Music is wanted wherever good people are, as the German poet has sung. It only rests with the leaders of the people to make a right beginning.

When this beginning is made, and when those who have musical talent find it worth their while to stay in America, and to study and exercise their art as the business of their life, the music of America will soon become more national in its character. This, my conviction, I know

is not shared by many who can justly claim to know this country better than I do. Because the population of the United States is composed of many different races, in which the Teutonic element predominates, and because, owing to the improved methods of transmission of the present day, the music of all the world is quickly absorbed by this country, they argue that nothing specially original or national can come forth. According to that view, all other countries which are but the results of a conglomeration of peoples and races, as, for instance, Italy, could not have produced a national literature or a national music.

A while ago I suggested that inspiration for truly national music might be derived from the negro melodies or Indian chants. I was led to take this view partly by the fact that the so-called plantation songs are indeed the most striking and appealing melodies that have yet been found on this side of the water, but largely by the observation that this seems to be recognized, though often unconsciously, by most Americans. All races have their distinctively national songs, which they at once recognize as their own, even if they have never heard them before. When a Tsech, a Pole, or a Magyar in this country suddenly hears one of his folk-songs or dances, no matter if it is for the first time in his life, his eye lights up at once, and his heart within him responds, and claims that music as its own. So it is with those of Teutonic or Celtic blood, or any other men, indeed, whose first lullaby mayhap was a song wrung from the heart of the people.

It is a proper question to ask, what songs, then, belong to the American and appeal more strongly to him than any others? What melody could stop him on the street if he were in a strange land and make the home feeling well up within him, no matter how hardened he might be or how wretchedly the tune were played? Their number, to be sure, seems to be limited. The most potent as well as the most beautiful among them, according to my estimation, are certain of the so-called plantation melodies and slave songs, all of which are distinguished by unusual and subtle harmonies, the like of which I have found in no other songs but those of old Scotland and Ireland. The point has been urged that many of these touching songs, like those of Foster,

have not been composed by the negroes themselves, but are the work of white men, while others did not originate on the plantation, but were imported from Africa. It seems to me that this matters but little. One might as well condemn the Hungarian Rhapsody because Liszt could not speak Hungarian. The important thing is that the inspiration for such music should come from the right source, and that the music itself should be a true expression of the people's real feelings. To read the right meaning the composer need not necessarily be of the same blood, though that, of course, makes it easier for him. Schubert was a thorough German, but when he wrote Hungarian music, as in the second movement of the C-Major Symphony, or in some of his piano pieces, like the Hungarian Divertissement, he struck the true Magyar note, to which all Magyar hearts, and with them our own, must forever respond. This is not a *tour de force*, but only an instance of how much can be comprehended by a sympathetic genius. The white composers who wrote the touching negro songs which dimmed Thackeray's spectacles so that he exclaimed, "Behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity!" had a similarly sympathetic comprehension of the deep pathos of slave life. If, as I have been informed they were, these songs were adopted by the negroes on the plantations, they thus became true negro songs. Whether the original songs which must have inspired the composers came from Africa or originated on the plantations matters as little as whether Shakespeare invented his own plots or borrowed them from others. The thing to rejoice over is that such lovely songs exist and are sung at the present day. I, for one, am delighted by them. Just so it matters little whether the inspiration for the coming folk-songs of America is derived from the negro melodies, the songs of the creoles, the red man's chant, or the plaintive ditties of the homesick German or Norwegian. Undoubtedly the germs for the best of music lie hidden among all the races that are commingled in this great country. The music of the people is like a rare and lovely flower growing amidst encroaching weeds. Thousands pass it, while others trample it under foot, and thus the chances are that it will perish

before it is seen by the one discriminating spirit who will prize it above all else. The fact that no one has as yet arisen to make the most of it does not prove that nothing is there.

Not so many years ago Slavic music was not known to the men of other races. A few men like Chopin, Glinka, Moniuszko, Smetana, Rubinstein, and Tschaikowski, with a few others, were able to create a Slavic school of music. Chopin alone caused the music of Poland to be known and prized by all lovers of music. Smetana did the same for us Bohemians. Such national music, I repeat, is not created out of nothing. It is discovered and clothed in new beauty, just as the myths and the legends of a people are brought to light and crystallized in undying verse by the master poets. All that is needed is a delicate ear, a retentive memory, and the power to weld the fragments of former ages together in one harmonious whole. Only the other day I read in a newspaper that Brahms himself admitted that he had taken existing folk-songs for the themes of his new book of songs, and had arranged them for piano music. I have not heard nor seen the songs, and do not know if this be so; but if it were, it would in no wise reflect discredit upon the composer. Liszt in his rhapsodies and Berlioz in his *Faust* did the same thing with existing Hungarian strains, as, for instance, the Racokzy March; and Schumann and Wagner made a similar use of the Marseillaise for their songs of the "Two Grenadiers." Thus, also, Balfe, the Irishman, used one of our most national airs, a Hussite song, in his opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, though how he came by it nobody has as yet explained. So the music of the people, sooner or later, will command attention and creep into the books of composers.

An American reporter once told me that the most valuable talent a journalist could possess was a "nose for news." Just so the musician must prick his ear for music. Nothing must be too low or too insignificant for the musician. When he walks he should listen to every whistling boy, every street singer or blind organ-grinder. I myself am often so fascinated by these people that I can scarcely tear myself away, for every now and then I catch a strain or hear the fragments of a recurring melodic theme that sound like

the voice of the people. These things are worth preserving, and no one should be above making a lavish use of all such suggestions. It is a sign of barrenness, indeed, when such characteristic bits of music exist and are not heeded by the learned musicians of the age.

I know that it is still an open question whether the inspiration derived from a few scattering melodies and folk-songs can be sufficient to give a national character to higher forms of music, just as it is an open question whether national music, as such, is preferable. I myself, as I have always declared, believe firmly that the music that is most characteristic of the nation whence it springs is entitled to the highest consideration. The part of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony that appeals most strongly to all is the melody of the last movement, and that is also the most German. Weber's best opera, according to the popular estimate, is *Der Freischütz*. Why? Because it is the most German. His inspiration there clearly came from the thoroughly German scenes and situations of the story, and hence his music assumed that distinctly national character which has endeared it to the German nation as a whole. Yet he himself spent far more pains on his opera *Euryanthe*, and persisted to the end in regarding it as his best work. But the people, we see, claim their own; and, after all, it is for the people that we strive.

An interesting essay could be written on the subject how much the external frame-work of an opera—that is, the words, the characters of the personages, and the general *mise en scène*—contributes towards the inspiration of the composer. If Weber was inspired to produce his masterpiece by so congenial a theme as the story of *Der Freischütz*, Rossini was undoubtedly similarly inspired by the Swiss surroundings of William Tell. Thus one might almost suspect that some of the charming melodies of that opera are more the product and property of Switzerland than of the Italian composer. It is to be noticed that all of Wagner's operas, with the exception of his earliest work, *Rienzi*, are inspired by German subjects. The most German of them all is that of *Die Meistersinger*, that opera of operas, which should be an example to all who distrust the potency of their own national topics.

Of course, as I have indicated before, it is possible for certain composers to pro-

ject their spirit into that of another race and country. Verdi partially succeeded in striking Oriental chords in his *Aïda*, while Bizet was able to produce so thoroughly Spanish strains and measures as those of *Carmen*. Thus inspiration can be drawn from the depths as well as from the heights, although that is not my conception of the true mission of music. Our mission should be to give pure pleasure, and to uphold the ideals of our race. Our mission as teachers is to show the right way to those who come after us.

My own duty as a teacher, I conceive, is not so much to interpret Beethoven, Wagner, or other masters of the past, but to give what encouragement I can to the young musicians of America. I must give full expression to my firm conviction, and to the hope that just as this nation has already surpassed so many others in marvellous inventions and feats of engineering and commerce, and has made an honorable place for itself in literature in one short century, so it must assert itself in the other arts, and especially in the art of music. Already there are enough public-spirited lovers of music striving for the advancement of this their chosen art to give rise to the hope that the United States of America will soon emulate the older countries in smoothing the thorny path of the artist and musician. When that beginning has been made, when no large city is without its public opera-house and concert-hall, and without its school of music and endowed orchestra, where native musicians can be heard and judged, then those who hitherto have had no opportunity to reveal their talent will come forth and compete with one another, till a real genius emerges from their number, who will be as thoroughly representative of his country as Wagner and Weber are of Germany, or Chopin of Poland.

To bring about this result we must trust to the ever-youthful enthusiasm and patriotism of this country. When it is accomplished, and when music has been established as one of the reigning arts of the land, another wreath of fame and glory will be added to the country which earned its name, the "Land of Freedom," by unshackling her slaves at the price of her own blood.

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OUDEYPORE, THE CITY OF THE SUNRISE.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

THE little station at Chitor, asleep in the noonday glare, seemed more akin to a caravansary in the desert than to the noisy and bustling railway centres further up the line. Only the station-master, whom it is correct to address as baboo, whether he may have any right to that title or not, and whose brown, spectacled visage was surmounted by a black velvet cap, the telegraph clerk, clad in a long white cotton garment, and the sepoy on guard at the freight-house, were present at our arrival. Across the railway track, which still rang with the reverberation of the departed train, arose, some distance away, a long wooded and bushy ridge, crowned with the level line of gray walls and towers of Chitor, the ancient capital of Meywar. The slender silhouettes of the two Towers of Victory, which alone rose above the level sky-line, were so far off that one could only divine their exquisite sculpture by the irregularity of their outlines.

From the platform of the station only three other buildings were visible in all the vast and undulating half-desert landscape which stretches away westward to the line of purple hills in the direction of Oudeypore, seventy-two miles away. I had expected to find a letter or telegram from that city, with some information as to means of conveyance, not having then learned that telegrams or other messages had to be sent by "dâk post," or by special runners, in the absence of either telegraph or railway connecting the Rajpootana-Malwa line with the remote capital. The baboo in charge of the station said that nothing had been received; and having directed Motee to find some coolies and follow on with the luggage convey, I wandered off along the sandy track in the direction of the dâk bungalow, the last of the three buildings seen from the platform. Although it was the middle of January, the noonday sun, slightly veiled by haze, and with the addition of the reflected glare from the sandy and weedy waste about us, already began to be somewhat oppressive. The question of transport was speedily solved by meeting half-way to the bungalow an old and battered victoria, with a pair of brisk

horses, a turbaned driver, and "syce." Upon the arrival of Motee with the coolies they deposited the luggage by the road-side, and we plunged at once into an animated discussion with the driver as to price and other preliminaries, for, as I had supposed, the conveyance belonged to the Maharana of Oudeypore. Just as we had come to an understanding about the price, the opportune arrival of the postmaster with a telegram (brought by a runner), to the effect that the carriage had been sent for us, and that there was nothing to pay, settled the matter at once. An elaborate "tiffin" is not to be had in a dâk bungalow at short notice, and we were only too glad to find the usual bill of fare, "sudden death" (which title refers to the untimely end of the chicken which had been alive when we reached the house), bread, potatoes, and jam, with whiskey and tepid soda. When the horses had been fed, and the baggage piled into the vehicle and corded together, leaving barely space on the back seat to accommodate the writer and the tiffin-basket, we drove briskly off in the teeth of a strong south wind and in the glare of the afternoon sun, over rolling uplands, toward the hazy line of far-off hills. There were spots of rich cultivation at intervals, with clumps of wild date-palms, and dense, wide-spreading banyans, sheltering the rare villages and way-side shrines; either a tank or a pool of water at these oases invariably reflected a patch of amber-tinted western sky beyond the dark trees. At each village we changed horses, which gave one an opportunity of walking on in advance—always a relief after the cramped confinement of the carriage.

Groups of camels which were browsing among the sparse undergrowth by the road-side ambled clumsily away at our approach, and we often met whole families of villagers toiling along the dusty track in tented bullock carts.

Somewhere along the road the mail-carrier, that mediæval ancestor of the modern postman, met us on his way from Oudeypore. He carried his small letter-bag suspended from a lacquered stick, on the end of which hung a little cluster of bells, and he was preceded by his protector, a wiry youth, armed with a drawn

cimeter. There is but little danger, however, to be feared on this road, most of the tigers having been slain by the royal sportsman, and there are no brigands, so that one may travel alone more safely here than in Europe, and the cimeter is only an emblem of authority.

When the burning after-glow had deepened into twilight, it became impossible to resist the feeling of drowsiness engendered by the strong dry wind and the monotonous movement of the carriage, in spite of the increasing chill of the night air.

At midnight I was awakened, either by the cold or by the sudden cessation of motion. Behind the carriage the men, wrapped in their frieze ulsters, such as are worn by the sepoy infantry, were squatting over a blazing fire of dry leaves, which quickly smouldered as the supply was exhausted, and again flashed up fitfully with each armful of the damp, earthy-smelling fuel, suddenly revealing the grotesque sculpture and pillared porticos of a little group of half-ruined temples. It was quite cold—40° Fahrenheit at least. We reached at last a gap in a line of hills, which might have been of any height in the darkness, and halted at a towering gateway. The huge doors, which swung open, moved by invisible warders, were studded with long iron spikes and hooks, which have survived from the days when fortress gates were so protected as a defence against the battering power of mailed elephants. On either side of the flanking towers high crenellated walls climbed the hills and disappeared in the gloom. There were still nine miles before us, but the thickening trees and temple spires showed that we were nearing the capital, and finally we drew up at the *dâk* bungalow, and with noise and clamor aroused the sleeping khansamah.

II.

Oudeypore.—Even the first impression is agreeable, and has a fresh charm after the monotonous levels of the Punjaub, which lie far enough to the north to have the chill, at least, of a northern November. From the bungalow the ground slopes down on either side into a valley ringed about with bushy hills. Rounded tree-tops cut off the view here and there, and little temples or shrines, some black and weather-stained, others gleam-

ing white, nestle in their shadows. Upon arriving in a native state, one's first proceeding is always to call on the Resident, and it is but a short walk from the bungalow to the Residency. From the entrance, guarded by an armed sentinel, the driveway winds upward among flower beds, and through checkered light and shadow, to a white house which stands on a low hill. The tall columns of the portico give it something of the character of an Italian villa, but the white domes of the little pavilions or "*chartris*" which flank the terrace add the local color of India: the verandas, half hidden by striped "*dhurries*" and awnings, are partly covered, like the little hexagonal pavilions, with great masses of violet-purple bougainvilleas. From the long drawing-room, which traverses the house, a matchless vista is seen through the open glass doors at either end: through one the sunshine streams in over the gay parterres of flowers which deck the terrace; and beyond the other door, which opens on to a deep veranda, answering the purpose of a conservatory, there is a delightful confusion of light and color, of polished white columns, seen through a tangle of trailing vines and broad glistening leaves of fan-palms, of scarlet and violet and orange blooms, of patches of sunlit lawn and great trees, and then the towering white castellated palace of the Maharana, a mile away. On all sides the view is bounded by the circle of lovely wooded hills, steeped in sunshine, which shut in this happy valley from the busy world, and shut out the telegraph, the railway, and the automatic distributor.

Although I had intended to take up my quarters permanently in the bungalow, it seemed like a bit of quite superfluous self-denial to decline the cordial hospitality of the Resident, which was meant to be accepted; and indeed my resolution to lead a life of hermitlike seclusion, a prospect which looked far less seductive from this point of view, was easily broken. At Oudeypore, as at many other capitals of native states, everything seems to be the property of the reigning prince: there is not a carriage for hire, nor a boat on the lake; and if one only desires to stay a day or two in the travellers' bungalow, he must, as a matter of form, ask permission of the state, which will be granted through the Resi-

dent. But as the hospitality of the state is willingly extended to visitors armed with proper credentials, there is usually no difficulty about obtaining conveyances and a place to sleep in. One of the first evidences that the authorities were hospitably inclined was the arrival of a smart victoria, with driver and syce in scarlet liveries, all to be kept at the Residency during the length of my stay.

Oudeypore is a white city. Not only the pavilions, kiosks, and arcades which rise from the shores of the lake, but the lower walls of the great palace, the island palaces, and the town itself, are positively dazzling with whitewash.

A fellow-countryman whom I met on the road, whose name is everywhere known as an authority on Indian art, said that he had been greatly disappointed in Oudeypore, mainly because the whitewasher's brush had given it the semblance of a whited sepulchre. With all deference to his taste and judgment, I found the prevailing color to be rather agreeable than otherwise, and to have an enhanced value from its setting of dark foliage, so often relieved by brilliant masses of flowering vines.

The whitewash is not used in order to hide baseness of material, for most of the architecture is solidly built of the dark red sandstone of the country, purely Hindoo in style, abounding in colonnades with dentilated arches, and with richly sculptured brackets upholding the horizontal eaves: white, with its luminous reflections and cool shadows, is far more restful to the eye than the dull brick color of the stone beneath.

The warmer tone of the marble, where it appears in the upper parts of the palace and in the inner courts of the island pleasure-houses, gains in value from its rarity. In going through the town for the first time one cannot fail to be impressed by its bright and generally attractive aspect. A drawbridge across the moat gives access to the great gateway studded with spikes; beyond this is a court-yard surrounded by high walls and guarded by soldiers. Here we enter the broad sandy road which leads to the main bazar. The continuous rows of shops are sheltered behind wide verandas and in the shadow of projecting eaves, which are supported by square Hindoo columns, shaped like the more ancient columns in the temples of Chitor, and by sculptured



MAIL-CARRIER AND GUARD.

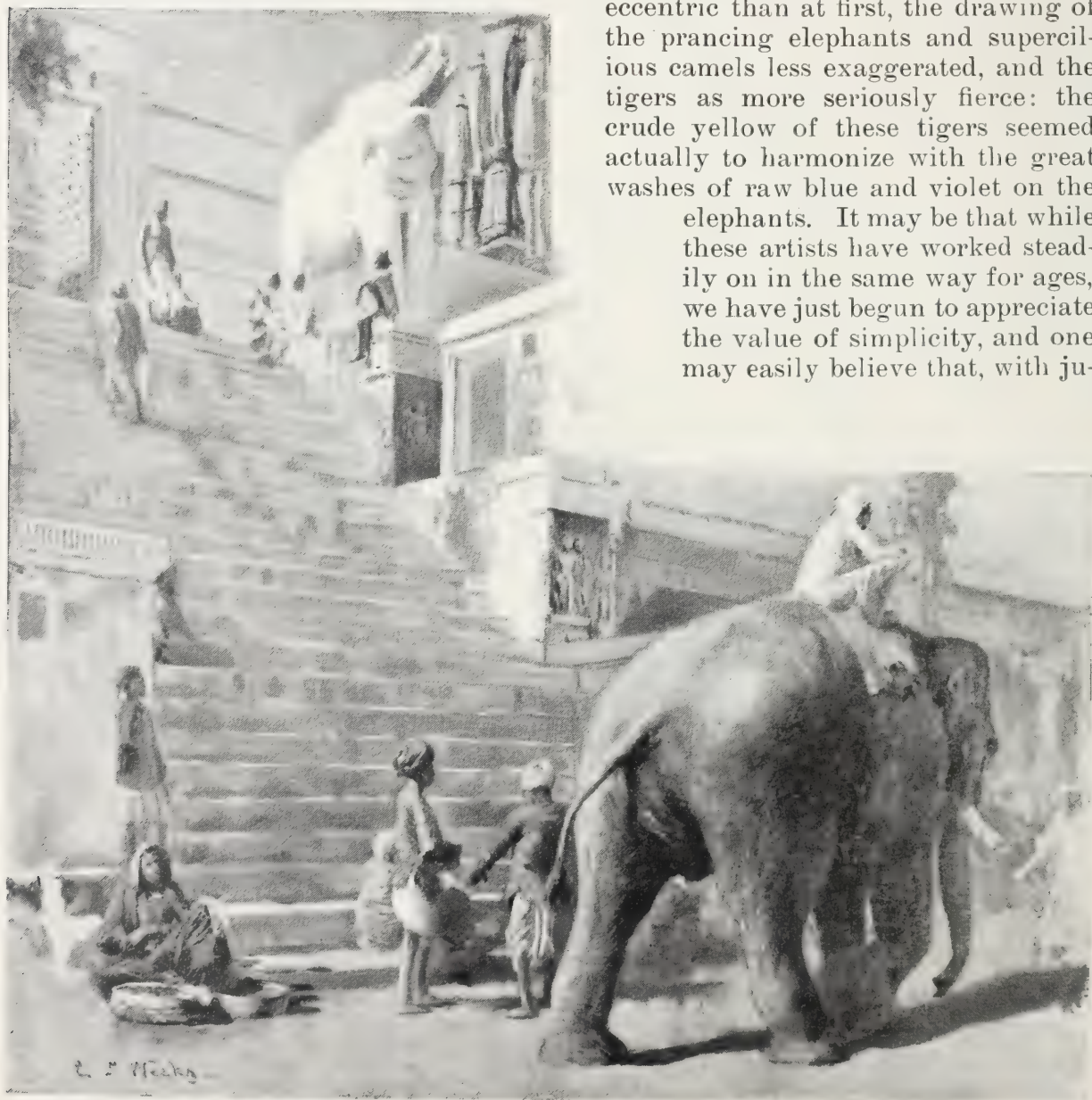
brackets or consoles. Behind these colonnades there is an ever-changing play of reflected light, and the patches of crude or half-effaced painting on the inner walls have an added value from the warm white which prevails. Even the costumes of the men are of the universal tone, varied by the scarlet and gold lace of turbans, and the costumes of the court retainers, while the embroidered shawls and skirts of the women are of every imaginable hue, so that these brilliant flashes of color in the passing crowd, together with the gaudy dyes displayed around the shop doors, toned by the luminous obscurity of the shadow, all unite in producing an impression at once sparkling, joyous, and festal. A long flight of steps leads up to the door of a temple, which is guarded by two elephants with uplifted trunks, carved in stone, and posted one on each side. From this elevated perch they seem to be saluting the living elephants as they pass in the street below, and, like the temple, they too are whitewashed. There is another temple further on, where the sculptured friezes of fighting elephants, probably reproductions of those at Chitor, retain the natural tawny color of the stone. The busiest corner of the bazar is at the intersection of another long street with this main artery, and here stands a modern clock-tower, of striking and original design,

and quite in harmony with the architecture around it. Instead of keeping straight on to the trifolia gateway and the precincts of the palace, if we turn to the right, where the street ascends a slight rise, we shall enter a quarter of handsome houses, many of which belong to court retainers. There is not much exterior ornament about them, save for the projecting brackets and latticed windows, which are not as delicately wrought as in many other cities of Rajpootana, but the broad spaces of blank white wall are decorated with great mural paintings, wherein elephants, with much vigor of action, and prancing camels, some of which seem to be throwing their heads upward as if to incommode their riders, are depicted

as large as life. The Hindoo artist is not quite as happy in rendering the action of the horse; and as to his anatomy, there seems to be a tacit agreement that much of it is to be left to the imagination.

When I first saw these frescoes, or, rather, similar ones in other cities, they seemed grotesque and barbaric, although not lacking in a certain amount of decorative force. Whether these examples were really better, or whether, since it has become the fashion to borrow the ideas of the early Primitives and to express them in a manner more primitive still as to technique, we have learned to accept many things in art which we could not have understood before, it would be somewhat difficult to determine. But of one

thing I am certain, that these decorations impressed me as being much less eccentric than at first, the drawing of the prancing elephants and supercilious camels less exaggerated, and the tigers as more seriously fierce: the crude yellow of these tigers seemed actually to harmonize with the great washes of raw blue and violet on the elephants. It may be that while these artists have worked steadily on in the same way for ages, we have just begun to appreciate the value of simplicity, and one may easily believe that, with ju-



STEPS OF THE TEMPLE.



STREET AND PAINTED HOUSES.

dicious initiation into the mysteries of the artistic "cuisine" of to-day, many of these village Giottoes might find themselves quite "in the movement."

III.

The great white palace, which is the key-note and the dominant feature of the landscape, and which so fascinates the eye when first seen in the morning light rising above the tree-tops against the background of mountains, gains in interest as we approach it. There is so much of it that the eye cannot grasp all at once, but is first bewildered by its vast extent, and then confused by the multitude of interesting details, and not until

one has seen it from the lake or from one of the island palaces can he form an idea of the mass as a whole. From the landward side, and from the city, the most imposing approach is through the first gate at the end of the long bazar, where one enters the outer precincts and stands in front of the "trifolia," or triple-arched gateway, which is in itself a noble structure, placed high upon rising ground, commanding the entrance to the long terrace in front of the castle walls, and crowned by open and delicately fashioned cupolas, connected with each other by a white wall or curtain of transparent stone lattice-work. Above this gateway soars the great white fabric, airy, unreal, and fantastic as a dream, stretching away

in a seemingly endless perspective of latticed cupolas, domes, turrets, and jutting oriel-windows, rising tier above tier, at a dizzy height from the ground. A single dark tree spreads its branches above the walls of the topmost court, at the very apex of the pile.*

Seen in the morning light, with the sunshine slanting obliquely across the dazzling white of the lower walls, and accentuating the balconied windows, while it leaves the trifolia gateway and whole masses of the palace in shadow—a shadow full of mellow reflections and the azure of the sky—it has the coloring of a great cumulus cloud, and seems hardly more material.

It was not by this gate, however, that we entered the palace for the first time, but we followed the carriage drive at the very opposite end, passing under the round gray towers of the new wing, not yet finished, and which will probably embody in its interior decoration the choicest examples of South Kensington and Chippendale art.

By this route, which winds past the towers by a sort of ascending ramp, we enter a narrow garden, where the glass globes of electric lamps rise among the flower beds and low shrubbery. Here stands a detached white building, like a modern bungalow of superior architecture, with broad, open doors. The first apartment is a sleeping-room of generous dimensions, which is furnished entirely with glass and crystal; the furniture, tables, arm-chairs, mantel ornaments, even the bed itself and the "punkah" frames, as well as the great chandeliers and lustres, are all of glittering cut glass. A long dining-room opens out of this first chamber; one end of it, used as a billiard-room, has a bay-windowed recess overlooking the garden. Some full-length

portraits hang on the walls, among which is one of the late Maharana, by the English painter Prinsep. On the floor above are suites of sleeping-rooms, furnished according to the latest English ideas of comfort. The most charming feature of this palace is the little marble belvedere perched on the low garden wall overlooking the lake. From the principal entrance it is hardly more than a step across the gravelled walk and the prim flower beds to the little pavilion with slender and fragile arches of white marble upholding the canopy. Two hundred feet below, at a rough estimate, lies the blue lake, fringed with green, surrounded by gardens, the palm-tufted islands, each with its gleaming white palace, and always the same horizon of lonely hills.

We reached the more distant and ancient part of the palace, which is so impressive when seen from the trifolia gate, after a short drive along the connecting walls and towers, from the great terrace on the landward side. This long expanse of gravel, often used as a parade-ground, with a line of arcaded structures for the stabling of horses and elephants, standing on its extreme verge above the town, is built upon tiers of arches, resting on the rocky ridge below.

Beyond the gateway by which we enter this wing of the palace we reach a small court-yard by a few steps upward, and are confronted by a huge and portentous image of Vishnu, enshrined in a niche, and daubed with red paint: bedecked with yellow flowers, but stern and aggressive of aspect, he watches over this part of the palace as if to repel the invasion of latter-day philistines. A strange old figure, which might claim kinship with the image in the niche, comes hobbling out to meet us; his forehead is decorated with a brush-mark of yellow paint, he has a long white mustache, faded yellow garments, and carries a curved "tulwar." His general "make-up" gave him the aspect of a fakir of some sort, but he proved to be a superannuated captain of the palace guards, and the janitor of this particular quarter. A few steps higher we come to another court, with a dark hall on one side, entered from an open gallery with low eaves upheld by sculptured consoles. In this hall the dead Ranas are laid in state. The steep and narrow stairways, the angular, winding, and dimly lighted passages of solid masonry, faced

* Ferguson, in his *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, says of this palace: "It has not unfrequently been compared with the castle at Windsor, and not inaptly, for both in outline and extent it is not unlike that palace, though differing wonderfully in detail and in situation. In this latter respect the Eastern has the advantage of the Western palace, as it stands on the verge of an extensive lake, surrounded by hills of great beauty of outline, and in the lake are two island palaces, the Jug Navas and Jug Munder, which are more beautiful in their class than any similar objects I know of elsewhere. It would be difficult to find any scene where art and nature are so happily blended together and produce so fairylike an effect. Certainly nothing I know of so modern a date equals it."



CASTLE OF THE RANAS OF OUDEYPORE.



A TILED WINDOW IN THE PALACE.

with polished "chunar,"* dingy with age and use, which lead us from one marvel to another, seem strangely out of keeping with the grandeur of a palace, where one would expect to find at least one monumental staircase. But the young Rajpoot who is guiding us through the labyrinth is well up in the history of his country, and explains that this structure, like most others of the same epoch, is so built for defence against possible invasion. For most of these narrow stairs and dark winding passages will admit only one at a time, and the invaders must perforce enter in single file. By one of the passages we came to a balcony overlooking a court-yard where "durbars" are sometimes held. Red awnings roof in the court below, and the dim light which pervades the place filters through a range of latticed windows on the same level as

* Chunar is a sort of cement or stucco of fine texture, and capable of such a high degree of polish that it is often used as a substitute for marble.

the balcony where we stand. In the centre of this line of windows and latticed arches a marvellous projecting oriel of blue glass overhangs the court: the slender column supporting the canopy, and the brackets or consoles which uphold the entire structure, and which are shaped like peacocks, are all of glass and crystal, vivid ultramarine blue and pale green in their prevailing tints. Descending to the level of the court-yard we find at each end an arcaded recess, each with a fountain set in the wall. These two fountains are alike: a shell-shaped basin projects from the wall, above which stands in the arched recess a gorgeous blue and green peacock, pre-Raphaelite in fidelity of color and design, and of the same glittering crystal as the balcony above. When we ascend again to the line of the upper balconies we con-

tinue on through a long range of small chambers, each commanding by its projecting bay-window a view of the terrace below and a vast sweep of landscape, the snow-white domes and flat terraces and temple spires among green tree-tops of the city which sleeps beneath us, and on all sides the far-reaching horizon of faint purple hills. One of these balconies within and without, as well as the little chamber to which it gives light, is covered with old Dutch tiles, in which blue prevails. Seen from the terrace below, this blue window makes a pleasing note of color in the endless expanse of white. Another room is walled with dull glass in long straight slabs, in horizontal, vertical, and zigzag, zebra-like bands; on the walls are little portraits of old monarchs and men of state, painted on rice paper, and resembling the work of the older Japanese painters. Beyond this long range of apartments, of which no two are alike, we come to a

marble court-yard open to the sky, and not unlike that at Secundra, where the tomb of Akbar is placed. A small garden in the centre is enclosed by a low lattice of white marble, and a solitary coconut-palm, which can be seen from all the surrounding country, rears its golden plumes high above the palace walls. The marble here is tawny with age. From this court opens a summer sleeping-room of the Maharana, which is truly original; it is a large square hall, of which the only visible material is marble. A row of columns separates it from the court, and the other three sides, save for the supporting piers or columns, have transparent walls of that delicate stone tracery peculiar to India. In the centre there is a tank of water, and from the tank rises a sort of island platform, with low trellis-work around it, and slender columns supporting a dome. This is the bed where royalty sometimes sleeps on hot summer nights, in the spring-time, or in "monsoon weather," when kept in town by

pressure of affairs. The island couch and the bridge connecting it with the mainland or floor, as well as the broad expanse of pavement, are of the same polished white marble. Perched on the very summit of the castle, every chance breeze must draw through it from the outer court, or through the latticed walls. From the balconies one may look directly down on the broad backs of elephants chained to a low wall, and busily engaged in powdering themselves with dust. Here the elephant fights take place, and the great brutes are made to charge at each other from opposite sides of the wall. In one of the preceding courts there is a curious example of glass inlay. On either side of a very small window the wall is decorated with life-sized figures in groups, and trees resembling the weeping-willows worked by our grandmothers in the funeral "samplers" of their day. The figures are clothed in a nondescript fantastic costume, between the Rajpoot costume and the fashion of European dress in the days



CASTLE AND PALACE FROM ACROSS THE LAKE—MORNING.

of the First Empire, and the subjects seem to be episodes of courtship conducted in a highly jovial and eccentric manner.

From the upper windows a series of curious structures is visible, standing in a row along the wall near the trifolia gate. They consist of carved Hindoo arches supported by stone columns, and from the apex of each arch hangs a gigantic pair of scales. They are called "torans," and were built by successive Maharanas, who were in the habit of weighing themselves on the day of their accession to the throne, or upon other festal occasions, against their weight in gold, in rupees or in other valuables, and the plunder was afterward distributed among the priests and the inferior castes.

.... The goal of one of our pilgrimages to the town was the state school situated in this quarter. It seemed to be an event for both masters and pupils, for one of the company was a statesman whose temporary retirement was just then the chief topic of the London press; but of this I was not aware at the moment. An amusing episode for this impromptu school committee was a dialogue in English between two Hindoo youngsters of eleven or twelve, in which one represented Alexander the Great and the other personified Socrates. They were watched with breathless solicitude, and egged on, when their enthusiasm seemed to flag, by the English teacher, a turbaned Mussulman, to whom we were afterwards introduced by Mr. Fateh Lal, who had been his pupil. A class of young men from fifteen to twenty were well up in the higher mathematics, and the visiting committee wisely abstained from any very searching examination. In the primary section below, a class of little Hindoo girls had already commenced their English grammar. I may here note, what I have remarked elsewhere in India, the unexpected and sometimes startling precocity of the young in matters intellectual.

As we leave this quarter the street descends a steep hill between tall houses, and at the bottom we come to another three-arched gateway, which is an extension of a palace belonging to some branch of the reigning family. Above the arches a long latticed gallery connects the structure with the main body of the palace. All this upper portion is ornamented with frescoed designs, and in places with an inlay of blue glass, having the effect of

tiles. Passing under the arches, we emerge from the shadow into a dazzle of light; from the broad platform of old and yellow marble, well polished by the constant friction of bare feet, a few low steps lead down to the blue water of the Pichola Lake. On one side a white wall ending in a little temple cuts off the view; the dancing reflection of the sun in the water is thrown up in long rippling waves of light into the shadow of the eaves. The view down the lake on the other side is unsurpassed in India. A long perspective of white palaces, with many domes and oriel-windows, with solid masses of dark foliage rising from the water here and there, reaches to the great supporting walls of the Rana's castle, and at this point the lake opens out into greater width; its horizon of gardens and hills beyond is interrupted only by the fantastic silhouettes of the island palaces, which seem to float between water and sky; it is as if the elusive mirages which we had so often seen on our way across the white salt deserts of Persia, and which had always melted into thin air, had at last become materialized here. As we stand on the steps and look across the water in front of us, which is like a narrow river at this point, we see other temples among dark trees, all in the shadow, and there are also little garden pavilions, with steps descending to the water, and sometimes with graceful arcaded galleries overhanging it. Just now the platform behind us and the steps are crowded with women and young girls, babies and children, all either bathing or washing their brazen water-jars, chattering, gossiping, laughing, or lying about in the genial afternoon sunshine of January, and not at all in a hurry to finish their work or to go home. Under and through the white arches an endless throng of these gracefully draped, swaying figures, in scarlet, in crimson and dull gold, in faded reds and warm blues, carrying on their heads the great vases of glittering metal, is continually passing to and from the wet and glistening steps. The golden afternoon haze is beginning to soften the white of the walls, but tomorrow morning, when this side is in shadow, we shall see exactly the same mellow glow on the opposite side, and the difference between morning and afternoon is quite too intangible to express with any painter's medium. A boat



THE MARBLE STEPS—PICHOLA LAKE.

with a numerous crew is waiting at the landing, and having settled ourselves comfortably among the cushions, we are pushed off from the shore, and steer for the island of "Jug Navas," which is the nearest of the larger islands, and seems to be the more material. Just as we leave the steps an elephant emerges slowly from the gloom of the arch and comes down to the water; his "mahout" has no need to guide him with heel or prong; he knows well where the water is, and when he reaches the steps, he first puts one foot cautiously down, and tries the lower step, and then solidly plants the other fore foot with equal deliberation. He has taken the same precaution many times before, and will not fail to do so the next time. Having assured himself of his present safety, he proceeds to suck

on the steps, and the drinking elephants, is mirrored below, and until the prow cuts the glassy surface, it seems at times like passing over a white cloud.

IV.

The low wall of an island kiosk hides a garden court; and as the boat glides past the open door we see for a moment the glossy foliage of the orange-trees, and the tessellated pavement, strewn with little glass lamps which are used to illuminate the islands during the great festival of the "Holi." A few more strokes of the oars and we pass into the shadow of the island palace of "Jug Navas," a shadow broken by long shafts of sunlight which slant through the low arches of the arcade, and through open balconied windows overhanging the water.* Through these open-

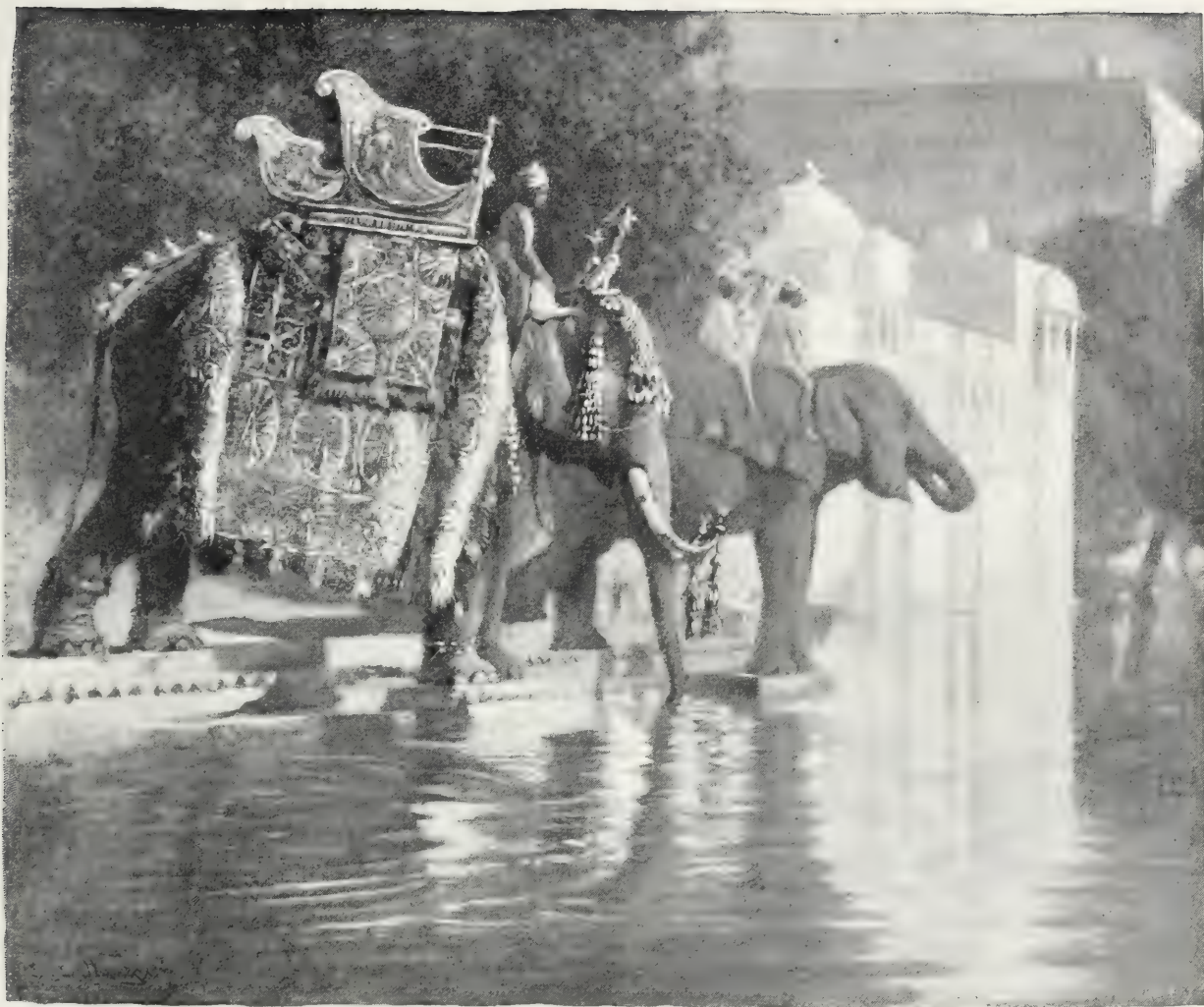


ON THE ISLAND OF JUG NAVAS—SUNSET.

up the water through his long flexible filter. As the boat moves down the lake towards the islands, the glow and power of the white light thrown back from the vast and towering expanse of blank wall from which the Rana's palace soars upward against the deep blue of the sky, and from the white city at its side, is almost too much for the eyes. All this white, streaked in places with the golden green of the hanging terraced gardens, and the scarlet and multicolored figures

ings, and between the interstices of the intricate vinelike lattices, there are glimpses of tangled foliage touched with golden light, where the sun pierces the green transparency of banana leaves, or the drooping fronds of cocoanut-trees, and high above all rises a slender-stemmed

* The Pichola Lake is artificial, like the three other lakes in the neighborhood. The "Jessamund" or Dehbor Lake, some miles away, is the largest artificial lake in the world, being twelve miles in length by nine in breadth.



ELEPHANTS DRINKING—PICHOLA LAKE.

fan-palm. A few of the window lattices are filled in with stained glass, and across them are etched the flickering shadows of long leaves which sway and shiver with every breath of wind. The domes which rise above the outer wall are tipped with great pear-shaped knobs of crystal or of emerald-green glass which flash like jewels against the dark foliage. Evidently the place was not intended to be imposing or grandiose in its architectural effect, but it certainly impresses one as a delightful medley of cool and dimly lighted retreats, opening suddenly on to terraces or into bright gardens, watered by tortuous channels confined by low parapets of chunar with great central tanks choked with lotus leaves; and of dark winding passages and steep and narrow stairways, whence one emerges out of the gloom, after knocking his knees on the steps or his head against the roof, into the blinding outer light with some new vista before him. As a hot-weather retreat no more

perfect spot could be imagined, and the exquisite little vignettes of calm lake and mountain seen through the arched windows, framed by long swaying palm leaves, together with the subdued, monotonous lapping of the water against the walls, and the dry rustling of the great leaves, all combine to create an atmosphere of repose, of tranquil and indolent forgetfulness. One of the most inviting little nooks is an oblong bathing-tank, surrounded by white chunar walls with marble arcades, and quite open to the sky. We enter at one end upon a narrow platform, and in the centre of it rises a steep inclined plane of highly polished white marble, edged by a narrow border of inlaid blue glass; the top of this slope is reached by a narrow stairway, and from this elevated station the amber-hued fair bathers were wont to slide down into the water, doubtless with the same chorus of shrieks which is heard from the "montagnes russes" or Switchback Railway when the fête at

Neuilly is in progress. At the opposite end of the tank a low open-work parapet of marble fences off a portion of the platform, probably reserved for royalty. Upon either side a series of arches opens into the cool halls, with various little cushioned retreats beyond. From the wall of one of the rooms projects a curved shallow basin, which forms the base of a niche, ornamented with glass mosaic, and it is so contrived that it may perform the office of a bath, or at least provide a cool place to sit in of a hot afternoon. There is little other furniture but a few brocaded arm-chairs and sofas ranged against the wall, and heavy portières shut out the light of the court. Another little detail seemed quite peculiar to this palace: the high white walls which shut in the tank from the other buildings have spear-head battlements along the top, and the interstices between them are filled with stained glass. A small room, which is entered from a higher level, is unique and decidedly artistic in its decoration. Two narrow spaces on each side of a door are filled by portraits frescoed on the walls—one of them is a seated life-size portrait of the late Maharana, and the other may have represented his queen or some favorite of the day. These royalties are depicted with the fairest of English complexions, but they would have been far more decorative with their own golden-brown skins, no darker in reality than the tint of a sunburnt European.

This decorated boudoir opens from a larger sleeping-room sometimes used by the Maharana; the light from the water below the windows is thrown up through the closed Venetian blinds, and reflected on the walls and ceiling. The furniture is evidently designed and carved by native artisans after European models, and the most striking feature of the room is an enormous mirror, with a frame of carved black wood, reaching from the ceiling nearly to the floor; it is, in reality, a door which when opened discloses a small room two feet higher than the sleeping-room, and in its marble floor there are rows of little star-shaped orifices which send up jets of water upon the pressure of a spring. This is another device against the hot spring-time, when a wet marble is more inviting than the dry hot linen or silk of a couch. This island of Jug Navas has its modern palace, with rooms which recall the Trianon at Versailles, with Empire furniture,

maps, and pictures on the walls, and a well-lighted drawing-room overlooking the lake and the gardens. With this exception most of the little palaces in this island were built during the reign of the Maharana Jugat Singh II. in the last century, and the whole island, according to Rousselet, covers a surface of one hundred and sixty "ares anglais."*

The larger island of Jug Munder presents the most fascinating silhouette when seen either from the public gardens, along the shore beyond the new wing of the great palace, or from the lake at sunset. It is not easy to find words in which to express either its beauty of color or its grace of outline, for it embodies more completely than any landscape I have yet seen that intangible charm of the tropics.

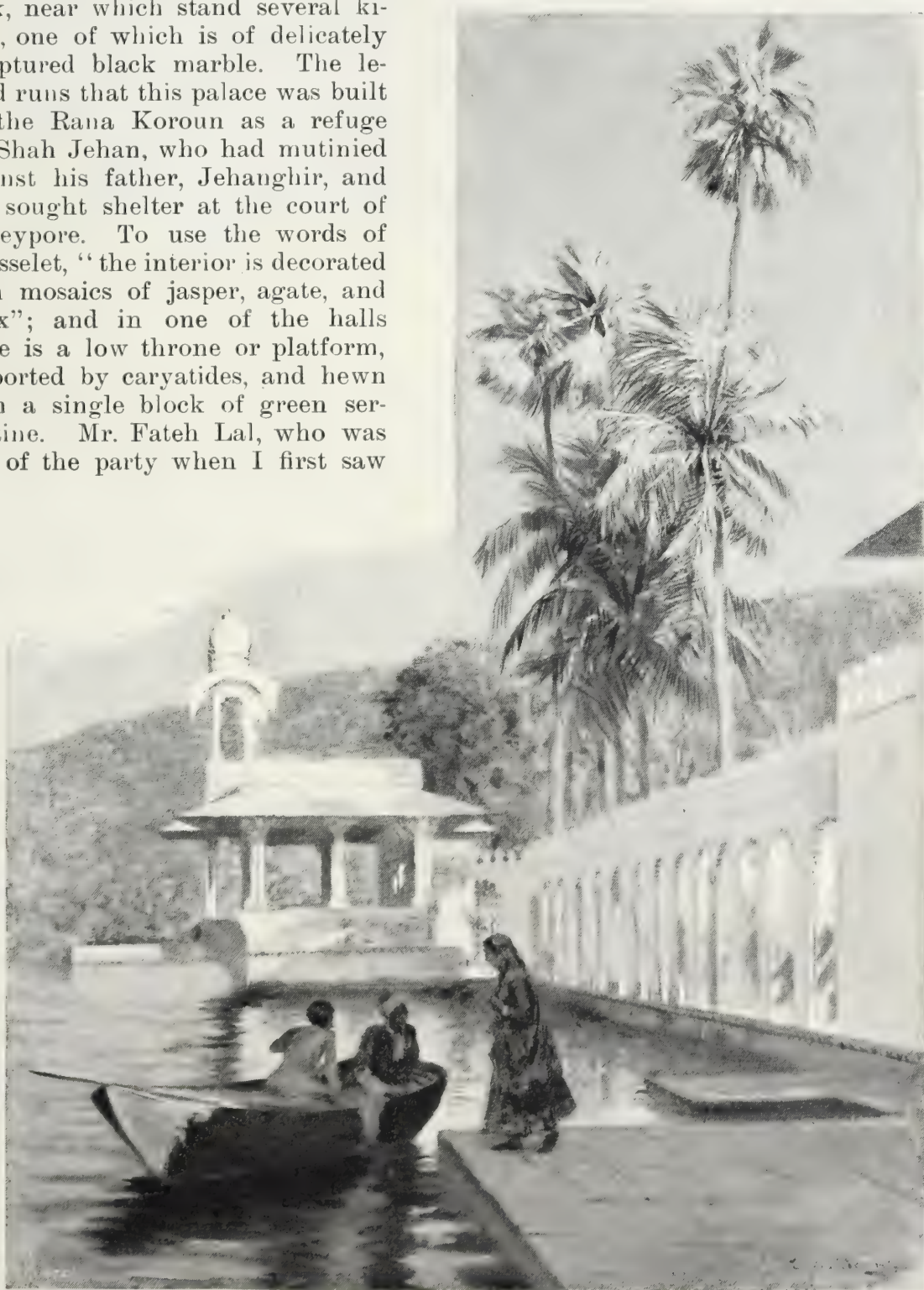
At sunset when the water, unbroken by a single ripple, repeats the glow of the sky, the island is the one dark note in all the expanse of pale rose, save for the purple range of hills on the mainland beyond. Over the low line of arches and domes and white garden walls, which repeat the cool azure tint of the sky above, rise the dusky and massive crowns of ancient mango and banyan trees, and high above them towers a fringe of graceful fan-palms and cocoanuts. But few of the slender stems are straight, and the others lean across them at various angles. From the landing-place they rise up in a compact bouquet, and from any point of view they are picturesque and altogether satisfactory. On one side of the landing-place there is a long row of stone elephants with upraised trunks which stand with the feet in the water. When we enter the open gate we find ourselves in a long court, and the palace, which with its dependencies occupies the greater part of the island, rises on our right. It is architecturally more imposing than any structure on the other island, and the tawny yellow hue of its domes and upper stories contrasts pleasantly with the white below.

The great oblong court above which rises this simple and stately façade would make an ideal *mise en scène* for some Eastern drama by Sardou. To qualify it as theatrical might seem disparaging, and yet one cannot see it without thinking of the theatre, or rather of the opera, and longing to see it peopled with a crowd of courtiers and attendants, and a glittering ballet of Nautch girls. Close

* An are is about 119.6 square yards.

to the water-gate there is a low platform, a throne, and a domed canopy above it, all of white marble. A long checkered expanse of pavement extends in front of us as we stand there, flanked on the right by the palace, on the left by huge old trees, and the lofty palms which we saw from the water. They rise from thickets of banana leaves which hide the lake. At the opposite end, near the entrance of the palace, there is a broad tank, near which stand several kiosks, one of which is of delicately sculptured black marble. The legend runs that this palace was built by the Rana Koroun as a refuge for Shah Jehan, who had mutinied against his father, Jehanghir, and had sought shelter at the court of Oudeypore. To use the words of Rousselet, "the interior is decorated with mosaics of jasper, agate, and onyx"; and in one of the halls there is a low throne or platform, supported by caryatides, and hewn from a single block of green serpentine. Mr. Fateh Lal, who was one of the party when I first saw

this palace, said that there is good authority for the belief that here Shah Jehan first conceived the idea of the precious mosaic with which his architects decorated the matchless Taj-Mahal and many of the imperial palaces erected during his reign. Here also were sheltered the English refugees from the garisons of Neemuch and Indore during the



ON THE ISLAND OF JUG MUNDER.

mutiny of 1857. When I made my last visit to the island in order to finish a sketch, my wish to see it as a spectacular background was realized, although the performance did not take place in the great inner court. On one side of the landing there is an extensive area of pavement, one corner of which is filled by a group of great trees and a tangled thicket of bananas, separated from the platform by a low stone lattice; a temple-

spots of white, until it resembled nothing so much as a glowing parterre of geraniums. When, by a common impulse, they all rose and moved towards the boats, there was an indescribable tumult of color, which seemed to culminate when the great barges floated slowly out, crowded with their scarlet and crimson freight, all in the shadow of the tall trees, into the long white reflections, shot across with azure and violet from the sky, and beyond rose the palace walls and hanging gardens of the white city.

V.

No better spot could be found than this city in which to observe the ways of high-caste native life. As I remember the resplendent personages who came to make brief visits of ceremony or to pay their respects to some passing notability of official or diplomatic rank, the glittering bravery of their attire, and the elaborate trappings of their horses, the inimitable twist of their blue-black beards, and the deferential grace of their "salaams," carefully graded to the correct degree, the melancholy truth is borne in upon me that the "dude" of Western descent is, after all, but a crude and unfinished production. When arrayed in his court dress, and mounted on his horse caparisoned with corresponding splendor, the Rajpoot noble is decorative to a dazzling degree. One toilet which I had the opportunity of studying in detail might be termed a "symphony" in white, relieved by color sparingly

used, and by the sparkle of gems. The wearer of this costume, who appeared thus attired on state occasions only, was a young man of twenty, and sat his horse like a white statue. A long-skirted tunic or frock of white muslin, close-fitting white trousers, and a rose-colored turban with a broad band of gold lace and tall flashing plume of dark heron feathers and gold filigree were the salient points. Other accessories were the sword-belt, crossing his breast and encircling his waist, of dark green velvet, richly worked with unalloyed gold, and thickly studded with emeralds, rubies, and brilliants; a transparent yellow shield of rhinoceros hide, with knobs of black and gold enamel; a sash of stiff gold lace, with a crimson thread running



BOY DECORATING IDOL WITH FLOWERS.

like edifice, with sculptured columns supporting a low flat roof, stands on the extreme verge, and between the columns there is a view of the shining water and the wooded hills beyond. One of the great state barges, with high bow and poop, like the old Greek galleys, was anchored at the steps, surrounded by a fleet of smaller craft, and the passengers—a crowd of holiday-making women and children from the great palace across the water, accompanied by their male attendants and servants—were all seated on the pavement. A long shaft of sunlight streamed through the open gateway of a garden behind, falling upon the sitting groups, kindling into vivid scarlet the prevailing reds of their costumes, touching the flashing ornaments and the rare



ON THE ISLAND OF JUG MUNDER—AT THE LANDING.

through the gold; bracelets of the dainty workmanship known as Jeypore enamel thickly jewelled, which he wore on his wrists and arms; and there were strings of dull, uncut stones about his neck. The skirts of his tunic were pleated with many folds, and stood stiffly out, like the skirts of a "première danseuse" in the ballet; and when he mounted his horse a servant on each side held them so that they might not be crushed. Four valets had charge of this costume, and it took them some little time to array their master. The trappings of the horse were scarcely less elaborate; his neck was covered on one side with silver plates, and his mane, which hung on the other side, was braided, and lengthened by black fringes relieved by silver ornaments. White yaks' tails hung from beneath the embroidered saddle cover on both sides; and his head, encased in a headstall of white enamelled leather and silver, topped with tall aigrettes, was tied down by an embroidered scarf in order to give his neck the requisite curve.

The every-day dress of this gentleman was far more quiet in tone; but he seldom appeared twice in the same turban, which was of quite a different shape from that worn with the state costume, being small and closely folded, and it constantly varied in color.

One of the most striking and characteristic faces belonged to an officer of high

rank who called at the Residency in the company of the Maharana's brother, and it may be described as typifying, like a composite photograph, the higher Rajpoot race. This face, when seen in profile, closely resembled the type of the Assyrian warriors and courtiers on the bass-reliefs of Nineveh: there was the same straight line of the forehead and nose, and the long narrow eye, with full projecting eyeball, which appears in the bass-reliefs to be



THE MAHARANA.



RAI MEHTA PANNA LAL, PRIME MINISTER.

either out of drawing, or to be greatly conventionalized, but which probably rendered the leading race characteristics with a certain degree of accuracy. This modern prototype of the Assyrian wore his jet-black beard horizontally trained to follow the upward twist of his curled mustaches, and his tunic or kuftan, of purple silk embroidered with a palm-leaf design in dull gold, fitted him so tightly as to accentuate the rotundity of his person, as he was, to draw it mildly, inclined to fulness of habit. Could we look back a few centuries, not to go farther than the Norman conquest, we should undoubtedly find this long-eyed, black-bearded gentry living in much the same fashion as to-day, and wearing the same elaborate and glittering costumes, which have not changed in any essential particular since the days of Tamerlane.

We find them to-day living in much the same fashion as in those days; going out to hunt with trains of vassals—"shikar coolies" is the correct term now—or sleeping away the long hot hours of the day in the wind-swept upper retreats of their lofty palaces; but with this difference, that in those days their periods of luxurious idleness were relieved by periods of fierce warfare, of hard riding, and cattle-lifting border forays. Now that these dissipations are no longer to be had, and a paternal government relieves them of the

necessity of staying at home to guard their territories from the encroachments of jealous neighbors, they may, by way of contrast and compensation, pack their trunks with English outfits and sail for Brindisi. Laying aside the dress and the ways of their caste for a time, they may astonish the idlers at Vichy or Homburg with fêtes which will be described at length in the *Gil Blas*, become the lions of a London season, or, if their appetite for social distinction craves newer fields, even Newport will not close its doors to them. Notwithstanding the bejewelled daintiness of their attire, which might seem to imply a certain degree of effeminacy, many of them are experts with a boar spear or an express rifle. The present Maharana is said to be an adept in the slaying of tigers. Throughout his dominions they are preserved for his own sport, and he frequently exposes himself to considerable personal risk, having determined apparently to leave very few for his successor. The royal emblem of Oudeypore is the Rising Sun, and its rulers have always styled themselves "children of the sun," as they claim descent from the great luminary himself. Says Rousselet in his *Inde des Rajahs*: "The poorest Rajpoot of our day, thanks to the genealogy of his clan, may trace his origin back to the point from which it separates from the principal trunk, and beyond that to the common beginning, which, according to the most authentic traditions, goes back at least fifteen centuries. And with what pride he points out that his order is unstained by any misalliance with the Moguls!" Mr. Fateh Lal Mehta, the young son of the Prime Minister or "Dewan," who has written a guide-book in English to Oudeypore, says: "The ruling chief is considered to be the direct representative of Rahma, from whom was descended Kanaksen, who was the founder of the Oudeypore family, about 144 A.D. . . . No state in India made a more courageous or more prolonged resistance to the Mahommedans than Oudeypore. It is the boast of the family that they never gave a daughter in marriage to any of the Mahommedan emperors. They belong to the Sesodia sect of the great Gehlot clan, often called the nobles of the Rajpoots."

The present Maharana is entitled Maharana Dhiraz, Maharana Sahib Shree—Fateh Sing ji Bahadur, G.C.S.I. He is given

a salute of nineteen guns, "but the late ruler," says Mr. Fateh Lal, "was entitled to a personal salute of twenty-one guns." Like other Indian princes, he has a standing army, but it is not at present on a war footing, and does not therefore represent the available strength of his province.

While the present régime lasts they will continue to be in a measure the arbiters of their own destinies, but abundant evidence is not wanting to show that

are being hemmed in and surrounded on all sides by its advancing lines; some of them are already kindled into action, and it is but a question of time with the others.

VI.

In order to visit Chitor it is customary to petition for an elephant to cover the short distance between the dâk bungalow near the railway station and the



IN THE BAZAR, OUDEYPORE.

their conservatism in these matters of externals is being surely and insidiously undermined; that many of them now prefer the modern luxury of their renaissance or rococo villas, furnished and upholstered by some firm on the Boulevard des Capucines, to the steep winding passages and latticed "miradors" of the moated palace, and the dashing tandem to the lacquered palanquin or gilded howdah of the traditional elephant. Nowhere in the world does there exist a more progressive country than the "New India," or one where existing conditions change more rapidly. Already these little feudal states

great hill fort. But as the elephant is exasperatingly slow, and the distance is short, the writer preferred to walk. In the perfect weather physical exertion of any sort was a luxury, and particularly after the lazy life of Oudeypore. The only drawback to one's perfect peace of mind was the reflection that many people in India have a belief that this exercise derogates from the dignity of a European, and natives cannot yet understand why one should walk when he can by any possibility ride.

As we set out in the morning an elephant passes us ploughing majestically



FATEH LAL MEHTA, OF OUDEYPORE, IN COURT DRESS.

through the low bushes, but we do not want him, and we shall arrive at the summit of the ridge by a short-cut much sooner, although Motee casts longing glances at his comfortable back. There is one wide river to cross, spanned by a stately but dilapidated bridge, which begins far inland, and there is also a shorter way by which we cross the shallow river-bed on stepping-stones. On the road beyond we pass an itinerant juggler with a couple of trained monkeys; he had halted by the stone parapet, and was endeavoring to teach his unwilling pupils some new trick. Near the road-side there is a collection of black tents, which are peopled with other vagabond gypsies with other trained monkeys.

And then we straggle up through the main bazar of a little town at the very foot of the steep wooded bluff; and here begins the rocky path, which we follow, to the great discomfort of Motee, until it intercepts the paved causeway leading up

to the gates of Chitor. There are several gateways before we reach, after many angular turns, the great portal at the summit, called the "Ram Pol"; it is enriched with sculpture, and long processional friezes of horses and elephants are wrought along the base of the round towers and the stone platforms on either side. Here there is a guard of the Maharana's soldiers uniformed in yellow "karkie drill." Beyond this gate there is a little village among the trees and débris of temples, and then we enter at once, by paths overgrown with jungle and briers, the precincts of the deserted capital.

By a route which ascends sharply on the right we reach the ruins of the Rana's palace; although only the roofless walls have been left standing, and nothing remains of the

original pile but a hollow shell, one may still form a fairly just idea of its former extent. Several tiers of square projecting bay-windows rise one above the other, each window having two columns supporting its roof; and they are almost the exact counterparts of the windows in the mosques of Ahmedabad, built of the same tawny stone, and having similar designs in the narrow courses or bands of ornamental stonework which relieve the plain wall surfaces. There are no curves in this early (or late) Hindoo architecture; everything is square and angular, but at the same time it is far from being heavy in its general effect. The great horizontal limbs of ancient trees protrude through the windows and reach over the upper battlements. Although this edifice is known as the palace of the Rana Khoubou, he is now believed to have added only a few portions. One of the most interesting groups of temples stands almost on the extreme

verge of the high ridge, whence one may look far away over the cloud-flecked plains towards the distant hills of Oudeypore. One feels that the storms of many monsoons have beaten directly upon them, for the trees on the bluff are low and twisted by the wind, and the walls which face the west, with the interstices of the sculpture, are inky black, while the friezes of statuettes in high relief gleam like yellow ivory against black velvet. In some places one has to force his way through a tangle of briars and undergrowth to get a nearer view of them. As in all Hindoo work of that epoch, the human figure is more or less conventionalized, but in one temple, the finest of this group, nature is interpreted with less formality, and with greater realism of detail. These long friezes of statuettes which girdle the exterior walls for the most part represent dancing "bayaderes" or "Nautch girls," turning and twisting, and gracefully writhing in postures which could hardly be rivalled by the professional contortionists of to-day, and they triumphantly show that not a phase of the "serpentine dance," that latest revival of the choregraphic art, was unknown to them. Some of these ladies, costumed like the Nautch girls of to-day, when they beguile the native amateur with dance and song, seem to be making merry at the expense of the spectator, and might well have exasperated the sombre "moollahs" of Akbar's day. At all events, they convey in a subtle way the vivid impression that the faith of the Hindoos was not morbidly ascetic.

The great Tower of Victory, which is the principal landmark of Chitor, stands near these temples, but farther back from the bluff. It appears to have suffered but



JUGGLER WITH MONKEYS ON THE ROAD TO CHITOR.

little from time and fanaticism, and it is still beautiful and complete as a work of art. The nine stories which make up its height are covered within, as well as on the outside, with sculptured figures, and square bay-windows project just enough from each story to diversify the outline; an open gallery with colonnade supports the modern dome at the summit. This tower was erected to commemorate the victory of the Rana Khoubou, over Mahmud, Sultan of Malwa, in 1439, and according to Ferguson, "it is a pillar of victory, like that of Trajan at Rome, but in infinitely better taste as an architectural object than the Roman example."



FRIEZE OF ELEPHANTS AT CHITOR.

THE PRINCESS ALINE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Part XX.

"THE course of true love certainly runs smoothly with you," said Miss Morris, as they seated themselves at the table. "What is your next move? What do you mean to do now?"

"The rest is very simple," said Carlton. "To-morrow morning I will go to the Row; I will be sure to find some one there who knows all about them—where they are going, and who they are seeing, and what engagements they may have. Then it will only be a matter of looking up some friend in the Household or in one of the embassies who can present me."

"Oh," said Miss Morris, in the tone of keenest disappointment, "but that is such a commonplace ending! You started out so romantically. Couldn't you manage to meet her in a less conventional way?"

"I am afraid not," said Carlton. "You see, I want to meet her very much, and to meet her very soon, and the quickest way of meeting her, whether it's romantic or not, isn't a bit too quick for me. There will be romance enough after I am presented, if I have my way."

But Carlton was not to have his way; for he had overlooked the fact that it requires as many to make an introduction as a bargain, and he had left the Duke of Hohenwald out of his considerations. He met many people he knew in the Row the next morning; they asked him to lunch, and brought their horses up to the rail, and he patted the horses' heads, and led the conversation around to the royal wedding, and through it to the Hohenwalds. He learned that they had attended a reception at the German Embassy on the previous night, and it was one of the secretaries of that embassy who informed him of their intended departure that morning on the eleven-o'clock train to Paris.

"To Paris!" cried Carlton, in consternation. "What! all of them?"

"Yes, all of them, of course. Why?" asked the young German. But Carlton was already dodging across the tan-bark to Piccadilly and waving his stick at a hansom.

Nolan met him at the door of Brown's Hotel with an anxious countenance.

"Their Royal Highnesses have gone,

sir," he said. "But I've packed your trunks and sent them to the station. Shall I follow them, sir?"

"Yes," said Carlton. "Follow the trunks and follow the Hohenwalds. I will come over on the Club train at four. Meet me at the station, and tell me to what hotel they have gone. Wait; if I miss you, you can find me at the Hôtel Continental; but if they go straight on through Paris, you go with them, and telegraph me here and to the Continental. Telegraph at every station, so I can keep track of you. Have you enough money?"

"I have, sir—enough for a long trip, sir."

"Well, you'll need it," said Carlton, grimly. "This is going to be a long trip. It is twenty minutes to eleven now; you will have to hurry. Have you paid my bill here?"

"I have, sir," said Nolan.

"Then get off, and don't lose sight of those people again."

Carlton attended to several matters of business, and then lunched with Mrs. Downs and her niece. He had grown to like them very much, and was sorry to lose sight of them, but consoled himself by thinking he would see them a few days at least in Paris. He judged that he would be there for some time, as he did not think the Princess Aline and her sisters would pass through that city without stopping to visit the shops on the Rue de la Paix.

"All women are not princesses," he argued, "but all princesses are women."

"We will be in Paris on Wednesday," Mrs. Downs told him. "The Orient Express leaves there twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, and we have taken an apartment for next Thursday, and will go right on to Constantinople."

"But I thought you said you had to buy a lot of clothes there?" Carlton expostulated.

Mrs. Downs said that they would do that on their way home.

Nolan met Carlton at the station, and told him that he had followed the Hohenwalds to the Hôtel Meurice. "There is the Duke, sir, and the three Princesses," Nolan said, "and there are two German

"A MAN WAS TALKING."



gentlemen acting as equerries, and an English captain, a sort of A.D.C. to the Duke, and two elderly ladies, and eight servants. They travel very simple, sir, and their people are in undress livery. Brown and red, sir."

Carlton pretended not to listen to this. He had begun to doubt but that Nolan's zeal would lead him into some indiscretion, and would end disastrously to himself. He spent the evening alone in front of the Café de la Paix, pleasantly occupied in watching the life and movement of that great meeting of the highways. It did not seem possible that he had ever been away. It was as though he had picked up a book and opened it at the page and place at which he had left off reading it a moment before. There was the same type, the same plot, and the same characters, who were doing the same characteristic things. Even the waiter who tipped out his coffee knew him; and he knew, or felt as though he knew, half of those who passed, or who shared with him the half of the sidewalk. The women at the next table considered the slim, good-looking young American with friendly curiosity, and the men with them discussed him in French, until a well-known Parisian recognized Carlton in passing, and hailed him joyously in the same language, at which the women laughed and the men looked sheepishly conscious.

On the following morning Carlton took up his post in the open court of the Meurice, with his coffee and the *Figaro* to excuse his loitering there. He had not been occupied with these over-long before Nolan approached him, in some excitement, with the information that their Royal Highnesses—as he delighted to call them—were at that moment "coming down the lift."

Carlton could hear their voices, and wished to step around the corner and see them; it was for this chance he had been waiting; but he could not afford to act in so undignified a manner before Nolan, so he merely crossed his legs nervously, and told the servant to go back to the rooms.

"Confound him!" he said; "I wish he would let me conduct my own affairs in my own way. If I don't stop him, he'll carry the Princess Aline off by force and send me word where he has hidden her."

The Hohenwalds had evidently departed for a day's outing, as up to five

o'clock they had not returned; and Carlton, after loitering all the afternoon, gave up waiting for them and went out to dine at Laurent's, in the Champs Elysées. He had finished his dinner and was leaning luxuriously forward, with his elbows on the table, and knocking the cigar ashes into his coffee-cup. He was pleasantly content. The trees hung heavy with leaves over his head, a fountain played and overflowed at his elbow, and the lamps of the fiacres passing and repassing on the Avenue of the Champs Elysées shone like giant fire-flies through the foliage. The touch of the gravel beneath his feet emphasized the free, out-of-door charm of the place, and the faces of the others around him looked more than usually cheerful in the light of the candles flickering under the clouded shades. His mind had gone back to his earlier student days in Paris, when life always looked as it did now in the brief half-hour of satisfaction which followed a cold bath or a good dinner, and he had forgotten himself and his surroundings. It was the voices of the people at the table behind him that brought him back to the present moment. A man was talking; he spoke in English, with an accent.

"I should like to go again through the Luxembourg," he said; "but you need not be bound by what I do."

"I think it would be pleasanter if we all keep together," said a girl's voice, quietly. She also spoke in English, and with the same accent.

The people whose voices had interrupted him were sitting and standing around a long table, which the waiters had made large enough for their party by placing three of the smaller ones side by side; they had finished their dinner, and the women, who sat with their backs toward Carlton, were pulling on their gloves.

"Which is it to be, then?" said the gentleman, smiling. "The pictures or the dressmakers?"

The girl who had first spoken turned to the one next to her.

"Which would you rather do, Aline?" she asked.

Carlton moved so suddenly that the men behind him looked at him curiously; but he turned, nevertheless, in his chair and faced them, and in order to excuse his doing so, beckoned to one of the waiters. He was within two feet of

the girl who had been called "Aline." She raised her head to speak, and saw Carlton staring open-eyed at her. She glanced at him for an instant, as if to assure herself that she did not know him, and then, turning to her brother, smiled in the same tolerant, amused way in which she had so often smiled upon Carlton from the picture.

"I am afraid I had rather go to the Bon Marché," she said.

One of the waiters stepped in between them, and Carlton asked him for his bill; but when it came, he left it lying on the plate and sat staring out into the night between the candles, puffing sharply on his cigar, and recalling to his memory his first sight of the Princess Aline of Hohenwald.

That night, as he turned into bed, he gave a comfortable sigh of content. "I am glad she chose the dressmakers instead of the pictures," he said.

Mrs. Downs and Miss Morris arrived in Paris on Wednesday, and expressed their anxiety to have Carlton lunch with them, and to hear him tell of the progress of his love-affair. There was not much to tell: the Hohenwalds had come and gone from the hotel as freely as any other tourists in Paris, but the very lack of ceremony about their movements was in itself a difficulty. The manner of acquaintance he could make in the court of the Hôtel Meurice with one of the men over a cup of coffee or a glass of bock would be as readily discontinued as begun, and for his purpose it would have been much better if the Hohenwalds had been living in state with a visitors' book and a chamberlain.

On Wednesday evening Carlton took the ladies to the opera, where the Hohenwalds occupied a box immediately opposite them. Carlton pretended to be surprised at this fact, but Mrs. Downs doubted his sincerity.

"I saw Nolan talking to their courier to-day," she said, "and I fancy he asked a few leading questions."

"Well, he didn't learn much if he did," he said. "The fellow only talks German."

"Ah, then he has been asking questions!" said Miss Morris.

"Well, he does it on his own responsibility," said Carlton, "for I told him to have nothing to do with servants. He has too much zeal, has Nolan; I'm afraid of him."

"If you were only half as interested as he is," said Miss Morris, "you would have known her long ago."

"Long ago?" exclaimed Carlton. "I only saw her four days since."

"She is certainly very beautiful," said Miss Morris, looking across the auditorium.

"But she isn't there," said Carlton. "That's the eldest sister; the two other sisters went out on the coach this morning to Versailles, and were too tired to come to-night. At least, so Nolan says. He seems to have established a friendship for their English maid, but whether it's on my account or his own I don't know. I doubt his unselfishness."

"How disappointing of her!" said Miss Morris. "And after you had selected a box just across the way, too. It is such a pity to waste it on us." Carlton smiled, and looked up at her impudently, as though he meant to say something, but remembering that she was engaged to be married, changed his mind, and lowered his eyes to his programme.

"Why didn't you say it?" asked Miss Morris, calmly, turning her glass to the stage. "Wasn't it pretty?"

"No," said Carlton—"not pretty enough."

The ladies left the hotel the next day to take the Orient Express, which left Paris at six o'clock. They had bidden Carlton good-by at four the same afternoon, and as he had come to their rooms for that purpose, they were in consequence a little surprised to see him at the station, running wildly along the platform, followed by Nolan and a porter. He came into their compartment after the train had started, and shook his head sadly at them from the door.

"Well, what do you think of this?" he said. "You can't get rid of me, you see. I'm going with you."

"Going with us?" asked Mrs. Downs. "How far?"

Carlton laughed, and coming inside, dropped on to the cushions with a sigh. "I don't know," he said, dejectedly. "All the way, I'm afraid. That is, I mean, I'm very glad I am to have your society for a few days more; but really I didn't bargain for this."

"You don't mean to tell me that *they* are on this train?" said Miss Morris.

"They are," said Carlton. "They have a car to themselves at the rear. They



MARCERON (E.). *Portrait de M. Morton Carlton.*

"BY A FRENCH ARTIST."

only made up their minds to go this morning, and they nearly succeeded in giving me the slip again; but it seems that their English maid stopped Nolan in the hall to bid him good-by, and so he found out their plans. They are going direct to Constantinople, and then to Athens. They had meant to stay in Paris two weeks longer, it seems, but they changed their minds last night. It was a very close shave for me. I only got back to the hotel in time to hear from the concierge that Nolan had flown with all of my things, and left word for me to follow. Just fancy! Suppose I had missed the train, and had had to chase him clear across the continent of Europe with not even a razor—"

"I am glad," said Miss Morris, "that Nolan has not taken a fancy to *me*. I doubt if I could resist such impetuosity."

The Orient Express, in which Carlton and the mistress of his heart and fancy were speeding toward the horizon's utmost purple rim, was made up of six cars, one dining-car with a smoking-apartment attached, and five sleeping-cars, including the one reserved for the Duke of Hohenwald and his suite. These cars were lightly built, and rocked in consequence, and the dust raised by the rapid

movement of the train swept through cracks and open windows, and sprinkled the passengers with a fine and irritating coating of soot and earth. There was one servant to the entire twenty-two passengers. He spoke eight languages, and never slept, but as his services were in demand by several people in as many different cars at the same moment, he satisfied no one, and the complaint-box in the smoking-car was stuffed full to the slot in consequence before they had crossed the borders of France.

Carlton and Miss Morris went out upon one of the platforms and sat down upon a tool-box. "It isn't as comfortable here as in an observation-car at home," said Carlton, "but it's just as noisy."

He pointed out to her from time to time the peasants gathering twigs, and the blue-bloused gendarmes guarding the woods and the fences skirting them. "Nothing is allowed to go to waste in this country," he said. "It looks as though they went over it once a month with a lawn-mower and a pruning-knife. I believe they number the trees as we number the houses."

"And did you notice the great fortifications covered with grass?" she said. "We have passed such a lot of them."

Carlton nodded.



"And did you notice that they all faced only one way?"

Carlton laughed, and nodded again. "Towards Germany," he said.

By the next day they had left the tall poplars and white roads behind them, and were crossing the land of low shiny black helmets and brass spikes. They had come into a country of low mountains and black forests, with old fortified castles topping the hills, and with red-roofed villages scattered around the base.

"How very military it all is!" Mrs. Downs said. "Even the men at the lonely little stations in the forests wear uniforms; and do you notice how each of them rolls up his red flag and holds it like a sword, and salutes the train as it passes?"

They spent the hour during which the train shifted from one station in Vienna to the other driving about in an open carriage, and stopped for a few moments in front of a café to drink beer and to feel solid earth under them again, returning to the train with a feeling which was almost that of getting back to their own rooms. Then they came to great steppes covered with long thick grass, and flooded in places with little lakes of broken ice; great horned cattle stood knee-deep in this grass, and at the villages and way-stations were people wearing sheepskin jackets and waistcoats covered with silver buttons. In one place there was a wedding procession waiting for the train to pass, with the friends of the bride and groom in their best clothes, the women with silver breastplates, and boots to their knees. It seemed hardly possible that only two days before they had seen another wedding party in the Champs Elysées, where the men wore evening dress, and the women were bareheaded and with long trains. In forty-eight hours they had passed through Republics, Principalities, Empires, and Kingdoms, and from spring to winter. It was like walking rapidly over a painted panorama of Europe.

On the second evening Carlton went off into the smoking-car alone. The Duke of Hohenwald and two of his friends had finished a late supper, and were seated in the apartment adjoining it. The Duke was a young man with a heavy beard and eye-glasses. He was looking over an illustrated catalogue of the Salon, and as Carlton dropped on the

sofa opposite, the Duke raised his head and looked at him curiously, and then turned over several pages of the catalogue and studied one of them, and then back at Carlton, as though he were comparing him with something on the page before him. Carlton was looking out at the night, but he could follow what was going forward, as it was reflected in the glass of the car window. He saw the Duke hand the catalogue to one of the equerries, who raised his eyebrows, and nodded his head in assent. Carlton wondered what this might mean, until he remembered that there was a portrait of himself by a French artist in the Salon, and concluded it had been reproduced in the catalogue. He could think of nothing else which would explain the interest the two men showed in him. On the morning following he sent Nolan out to purchase a catalogue at the first station at which they stopped, and found that his guess was a correct one. A portrait of himself had been reproduced in black and white, with his name below it.

"Well, they know who I am now," he said to Miss Morris, "even if they don't know me. That honor is still in store for them."

"I wish they did not lock themselves up so tightly," said Miss Morris. "I want to see her very much. Cannot we walk up and down the platform at the next station? She may be at the window."

"Of course," said Carlton. "You could have seen her at Buda-Pesth if you had spoken of it. She was walking up and down then. The next time the train stops we will prowl up and down and feast our eyes upon her."

But Miss Morris had her wish gratified without that exertion. The Hohenwalds were served in the dining-car after the other passengers had finished, and were in consequence only to be seen when they passed by the doors of the other compartments. But this same morning, after luncheon, the three Princesses, instead of returning to their own car, seated themselves in the compartment adjoining the dining-car, while the men of their party lit their cigars and sat in a circle around them.

"I was wondering how long they could stand three men smoking in one of the boxes they call cars," said Mrs. Downs. She was seated between Miss Morris and Carlton, directly opposite the

Hohenwalds, and so near them that she had to speak in a whisper. To avoid doing this, Miss Morris asked Carlton for a pencil, and scribbled with it in the novel she held on her lap. Then she passed them both back to him, and said, aloud: "Have you read this? It has such a pretty dedication." The dedication read, "Which is Aline?" And Carlton, taking the pencil in his turn, made a rapid sketch of her on the fly-leaf, and wrote beneath it: "This is she. Do you wonder I travelled four thousand miles to see her?"

Miss Morris took the book again, and glanced at the sketch, and then at the three Princesses, and nodded her head. "It is very beautiful," she said, gravely, looking out at the passing landscape.

"Well, not beautiful exactly," answered Carlton, surveying the hills critically, "but certainly very attractive. It is worth travelling a long way to see, and I should think one would grow very fond of it."

Miss Morris tore the fly-leaf out of the book, and slipped it between the pages. "May I keep it?" she said. Carlton nodded. "And will you sign it?" she asked, smiling. Carlton shrugged his shoulders, and laughed. "If you wish it," he answered.

The Princess wore a gray cheviot travelling dress, as did her sisters, and a gray Alpine hat. She was leaning back, talking to the English captain who accompanied them, and laughing. Carlton thought he had never seen a woman who appealed so strongly to every taste of which he was possessed. She seemed so sure of herself, so alert, and yet so gracious, so easily entertained, and yet, when she turned her eyes towards the strange, dismal landscape, so seriously intent upon its sad beauty. The English captain dropped his head, and with the pretence of pulling at his mustache, covered his mouth as he spoke to her. When he had finished he gazed consciously at the roof of the car, and she kept her eyes fixed steadily at the object toward which they had turned when he had ceased speaking, and then, after a decent pause, turned her eyes, as Carlton knew she would, towards him.

"He was telling her who I am," he thought, "and about the picture in the catalogue."

In a few moments she turned to her

sister and spoke to her, pointing out at something in the scenery, and the same pantomime was repeated, and again with the third sister.

"Did you see those girls talking about you, Mr. Carlton?" Miss Morris asked, after they had left the car.

Carlton said it had looked as though they were.

"Of course they were," said Miss Morris. "That Englishman told the Princess Aline something about you, and then she told her sister, and she told the eldest one. It would be nice if they inherit their father's interest in painting, wouldn't it?"

"I would rather have it degenerate into an interest in painters myself," said Carlton.

Miss Morris discovered, after she had returned to her own car, that she had left the novel where she had been sitting, and Carlton sent Nolan back for it. It had slipped to the floor, and the fly-leaf upon which Carlton had sketched the Princess Aline was lying face down beside it. Nolan picked up the leaf, and saw the picture, and read the inscription below: "This is she. Do you wonder I travelled four thousand miles to see her?"

He handed the book to Miss Morris, and was backing out of the compartment, when she stopped him.

"There was a loose page in this, Nolan," she said. "It's gone; did you see it?"

"A loose page, miss?" said Nolan, with some concern. "Oh, yes, miss; I was going to tell you; there was a scrap of paper blew away when I was passing between the carriages. Was it something you wanted, miss?"

"Something I wanted!" exclaimed Miss Morris, in dismay.

Carlton laughed easily. "It is just as well I didn't sign it, after all," he said. "I don't want to proclaim my devotion to any Hungarian gypsy who happens to read English."

"You must draw me another, as a souvenir," Miss Morris said.

Nolan continued on through the length of the car until he had reached the one occupied by the Hohenwalds, where he waited on the platform until the English maid-servant saw him and came to the door of the carriage.

"What hotel are your people going to stop at in Constantinople?" Nolan asked.

"The Grande-Bretagne, I think," she answered.

"That's right," said Nolan, approvingly. "That's the one we are going to. I thought I would come and tell you about it. And, by-the-way," he said, "here's a picture somebody's made of your Princess Aline. She dropped it, and I picked it up. You had better give it back to her. Well," he added, politely, "I'm glad you are coming to our hotel in Constantinople; it's pleasant having some one to talk to who can speak your own tongue."

The girl returned to the car, and left Nolan alone upon the platform. He exhaled a long breath of suppressed excitement, and then gazed around nervously upon the empty landscape.

"I fancy that's going to hurry things up a bit," he murmured, with an anxious smile; "he'd never get along at all if it wasn't for me."

For reasons possibly best understood by the German ambassador, the state of the Hohenwalds at Constantinople differed greatly from that which had obtained at the French capital. They no longer came and went as they wished, or wandered through the show-places of the city like ordinary tourists. There was, on the contrary, not only a change in their manner towards others, but there was an insistence on their part of a difference in the attitude of others towards themselves. This showed itself in the reserving of the half of the hotel for their use, and in the haughty bearing of the equerries, who appeared unexpectedly in magnificent uniforms. The visitors' book was covered with the autographs of all of the important people in the Turkish capital, and the Sultan's carriages stood constantly before the door of the hotel, awaiting their pleasure, until they became as familiar a sight as the street dogs, or as cabs in a hansom-cab rank.

And in following out the programme which had been laid down for her, the Princess Aline became even less accessible to Carlton than before, and he grew desperate and despondent.

"If the worst comes," he said to Miss Morris, "I shall tell Nolan to give an alarm of fire some night, and then I will run in and rescue her before they find out there is no fire. Or he might frighten the horses some day, and give me a chance to stop them. We might even wait until we reach Greece, and have her carried off by brigands, who would only give her up to me."

"There are no more brigands in Greece," said Miss Morris; "and besides, why do you suppose they would only give her up to you?"

"Because they would be imitation brigands," said Carlton, "and would be paid to give her up to no one else."

"Oh, you plan very well," scoffed Miss Morris, "but you don't *do* anything."

Carlton was saved the necessity of doing anything that same morning, when the English captain in attendance on the Duke sent his card to Carlton's room. He came, he explained, to present the Prince's compliments, and would it be convenient for Mr. Carlton to meet the Duke that afternoon? Mr. Carlton suppressed an unseemly desire to shout, and said, after a moment's consideration, that it would. He then took the English captain down stairs to the smoking-room, and rewarded him for his agreeable message.

The Duke received Carlton in the afternoon, and greeted him most cordially, and with as much ease of manner as it is possible for a man to possess who has never enjoyed the benefits of meeting other men on an equal footing. He expressed his pleasure in knowing an artist with whose work he was so familiar, and congratulated himself on the happy accident which had brought them both to the same hotel.

"I have more than a natural interest in meeting you," said the Prince, "and for a reason which you may or may not know. I thought possibly you could help me somewhat. I have within the past few days come into the possession of two of your paintings; they are studies, rather, but to me they are even more desirable than the finished work; and I am not correct in saying that they have come to me exactly, but to my sister, the Princess Aline."

Carlton could not withhold a certain start of surprise. He had not expected that his gift would so soon have arrived, but his face showed only polite attention.

"The studies were delivered to us in London," continued the Duke. "They are of Ludwig the tragedian, and of the German Prime Minister, two most valuable works, and especially interesting to us. They came without any note or message which would inform us who had sent them, and when my people made inquiries, the dealer refused to tell them from whom they had come. He had been ordered to forward them to Grasse, but on

learning of our presence in London, sent them direct to our hotel there. Of course it is embarrassing to have so valuable a present from an anonymous friend, especially so for my sister, to whom they were addressed, and I thought that, beside the pleasure of meeting one of whose genius I am so warm an admirer, I might also learn something which would enable me to discover who our friend may be." He paused, but as Carlton said nothing, continued: "As it is now, I do not feel that I can accept the pictures; and yet I know no one to whom they can be returned, unless I send them to the dealer."

"It sounds very mysterious," said Carlton, smiling; "and I am afraid I cannot help you. What work I did in Germany was sold in Berlin before I left, and in a year may have changed hands several times. The studies of which you speak are unimportant, and merely studies, and could pass from hand to hand without much record having been kept of them; but personally I am not able to give you any information which would assist you in tracing them."

"Yes," said the Duke. "Well, then, I shall keep them until I can learn more; and if we can learn nothing, I shall return them to the dealer."

Carlton met Miss Morris that afternoon in a state of great excitement. "It's come!" he cried; "it's come! I am to meet her this week. I have met her brother, and he has asked me to dine with them on Thursday night; that's the day before they leave for Athens; and he particularly mentioned that his sisters would be at the dinner, and that it would be a pleasure to present me. It seems that the eldest paints, and all of them love art for art's sake, as their father taught them to do; and, for all we know, he may make me court painter, and I shall spend the rest of my life at Grasse painting portraits of the Princess Aline, at the age of twenty-two, and at all future ages. And if he does give me a commission to paint her, I can tell you now in confidence that that picture will require more sittings than any other picture ever painted by man. Her hair will have turned white by the time it is finished, and the gown she started to pose in will have become forty years behind the fashion!"

On the morning following, Carlton and Mrs. Downs and her niece, with all the tourists in Constantinople, were placed in

open carriages by their dragomans, and driven in a long procession to the Seraglio to see the Sultan's treasures. Those of them who had waited two weeks for this chance looked aggrieved at the more fortunate who had come at the eleventh hour on the last night's steamer, and seemed to think these latter had attained the privilege without sufficient effort. The ministers of the different legations—as is the harmless custom of such gentlemen—had impressed every one for whom they had obtained permission to see the treasures with the great importance of the service rendered, and had succeeded in making every one feel either especially honored or especially uncomfortable at having given them so much trouble. This sense of obligation, and the fact that the dragomans had assured the tourists that they were for the time being the guests of the Sultan, awed and depressed most of the visitors to such an extent that their manner in the long procession of carriages suggested a funeral cortège, with the Hohenwalds in front, escorted by Beys and Pashas, as chief mourners. The procession halted at the palace, and the guests of the Sultan were received by numerous effendis in single-button frock-coats and freshly ironed fezzes, who served them with glasses of water, and a huge bowl of some sweet stuff, of which every one was supposed to take a spoonful. There was at first a general fear among the Cook's tourists that there would not be enough of this to go round, which was succeeded by a greater anxiety lest they should be served twice. Some of the tourists put the sweet stuff in their mouths direct and licked the spoon, and others dropped it off the spoon into the glass of water, and stirred it about and sipped at it, and no one knew who had done the right thing, not even those who happened to have done it. Carlton and Miss Morris went out on to the terrace while this ceremony was going forward, and looked out over the great panorama of waters, with the Sea of Marmora on one side, the Golden Horn on the other, and the Bosphorus at their feet. The sun was shining mildly, and the waters were stirred by great and little vessels; before them on the opposite bank rose the dark green cypresses which marked the grim cemetery of England's dead, and behind them were the great turtle-backed mosques and pencil-like minarets of the two cities,

and close at hand the mosaic walls and beautiful gardens of Constantine.

"Your friends the Hohenwalds don't seem to know you this morning," she said.

"Oh yes; he spoke to me as we left the hotel," Carlton answered. "But they are on parade at present. There are a lot of their countrymen among the tourists."

"I feel rather sorry for them," Miss Morris said, looking at the group with an amused smile. "Etiquette cuts them off from so much innocent amusement. Now, you are a gentleman, and the Duke presumably is, and why should you not go over and say, 'Your Highness, I wish you would present me to your sister, whom I am to meet at dinner to-morrow night. I admire her very much,' and then you could point out the historical features to her, and show her where they have finished off a blue and green tiled wall with a rusty tin roof, and make pretty speeches to her. It wouldn't hurt her, and it would do you a lot of good. The simplest way is always the best way, it seems to me."

"Oh yes, of course," said Carlton. "Suppose he came over here and said: 'Carlton, I wish you would present me to your young American friend. I admire her very much.' I would probably say: 'Do you? Well, you will have to wait until she expresses some desire to meet you.' No; etiquette is all right in itself, only some people don't know its laws, and that is the one instance to my mind where ignorance of the law is no excuse."

Carlton left Miss Morris talking with the Secretary of the American Legation and went to look for Mrs. Downs. When he returned he found that the young Secretary had apparently asked and obtained permission to present the Duke's equerries and some of his diplomatic confrères, who were standing now about her in an attentive semicircle, and pointing out the different palaces and points of interest. Carlton was somewhat disturbed at the sight, and reproached himself with not having presented any one to her before. He was sure now that she must have had a dull time of it; but he wished, nevertheless, that if she was to meet other men, the Secretary had allowed him to act as master of ceremonies.

"I suppose you know," that gentleman was saying as Carlton came up, "that when you pass by Abydos, on the way to Athens, you will see where Leander swam

the Hellespont to meet Hero. That little white light-house is called Leander in honor of him. It makes rather an interesting contrast—does it not?—to think of that chap swimming along in the dark, and then to find that his monument to-day is a light-house, with revolving lamps and electric appliances, and with ocean tramps and bridges and men-of-war around it. We have improved in our mechanism since then," he said, with an air, "but I am afraid the men of to-day don't do that sort of thing for the women of to-day."

"Then it is the men who have deteriorated," said one of the equerries, bowing to Miss Morris; "it is certainly not the women."

The two Americans looked at Miss Morris to see how she received this, but she smiled good-naturedly.

"I know a man who did more than that for a woman," said Carlton, innocently. "He crossed an ocean and several countries to meet her, and he hasn't met her yet."

Miss Morris looked at him and laughed, in the safety that no one understood him but herself.

"But he ran no danger," she answered.

"He didn't, didn't he?" said Carlton, looking at her closely and laughing. "I think he was in very great danger all the time."

"Shocking!" said Miss Morris, reprovingly; "and in her very presence, too." She knitted her brows and frowned at him. "I really believe if you were in prison you would make pretty speeches to the jailer's daughter."

"Yes," said Carlton, boldly, "or even to a woman who was a prisoner herself."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, turning away from him to the others. "How far was it that Leander swam?" she asked.

The English captain pointed out two spots on either bank, and said that the shores of Abydos were a little over that distance apart.

"As far as that?" said Miss Morris. "How much he must have cared for her!" She turned to Carlton for an answer.

"I beg your pardon," he said. He was measuring the distance between the two points with his eyes.

"I said how much he must have cared for her! You wouldn't swim that far for a girl."

"For a girl!" laughed Carlton, quickly. "I was just thinking I would do it for fifty dollars."

The English captain gave a hasty glance at the distance he had pointed out, and then turned to Carlton. "I'll take you," he said, seriously. "I'll bet you twenty pounds you can't do it." There was an easy laugh at Carlton's expense, but he only shook his head and smiled.

"Leave him alone, captain," said the American Secretary. "It seems to me I remember a story of Mr. Carlton's swimming out from Navesink to meet an ocean liner. It was about three miles, and the ocean was rather rough, and when they slowed up he asked them if it was raining in London when they left. They thought he was mad."

"Is that true, Carlton?" asked the Englishman.

"Something like it," said the American, "except that I didn't ask them if it was raining in London. I asked them for a drink, and it was they who were mad. They thought I was drowning, and slowed up to lower a boat, and when they found out I was just swimming around they were naturally angry."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't bet with me," said the captain, with a relieved laugh.

That evening, as the Englishman was leaving the smoking-room, and after he had bidden Carlton good-night, he turned back and said: "I didn't like to ask you before those men this morning, but there was something about your swimming adventure I wanted to know: Did you get that drink?"

"I did," said Carlton—"in a bottle. They nearly broke my shoulder."

As Carlton came into the breakfast-room on the morning of the day he was to meet the Princess Aline at dinner, Miss Morris was there alone, and he sat down at the same table, opposite to her. She looked at him critically, and smiled with evident amusement.

"'To-day,'" she quoted, solemnly, "'the birthday of my life has come.'"

Carlton poured out his coffee, with a shake of his head, and frowned. "Oh, you can laugh," he said, "but I didn't sleep at all last night. I lay awake making speeches to her. I know they are going to put me between the wrong sisters," he complained, "or next to one of those old ladies-in-waiting, or whatever they are."

"How are you going to begin?" said Miss Morris. "Will you tell her you have followed her from London—or from New York, rather—that you are young Lochinvar, who came out of the West, and—"

"I don't know," said Carlton, meditatively, "just how I shall begin; but I know the curtain is going to rise promptly at eight o'clock—about the time the soup comes on, I think. I don't see how she can help but be impressed a little bit. It isn't every day a man hurries around the globe on account of a girl's photograph; and she *is* beautiful, isn't she?"

Miss Morris nodded her head encouragingly.

"Do you know, sometimes," said Carlton, glancing over his shoulders to see if the waiters were out of hearing, "I fancy she has noticed me. Once or twice I have turned my head in her direction without meaning to, and found her looking—well, looking my way, at least. Don't you think that is a good sign?" he asked, eagerly.

"It depends on what you call a 'good sign,'" said Miss Morris, judiciously. "It is a sign you're good to look at, if that's what you want. But you probably know that already, and it's nothing to your credit. It certainly isn't a sign that a person cares for you because she prefers to look at your profile rather than at what the dragomans are trying to show her."

Carlton drew himself up stiffly. "If you knew your *Alice* better," he said, with severity, you would understand that it is not polite to make personal remarks. I ask you, as my confidante, if you think she has noticed me, and you make fun of my looks! That's not the part of a confidante."

"Noticed you!" laughed Miss Morris, scornfully. "How could she help it? You are always in the way. You are at the door whenever they go out or come in, and when we are visiting mosques and palaces you are invariably looking at her instead of the tombs and things, with a wistful far-away look, as though you saw a vision. The first time you did it, after you had turned away I saw her feel to see if her hair was all right. You quite embarrassed her."

"I didn't—I don't!" stammered Carlton, indignantly. "I wouldn't be so rude. Oh, I see I'll have to get another confidante; you are most unsympathetic and unkind."

But Miss Morris showed her sympathy later in the day, when Carlton needed it sorely; for the dinner towards which he had looked with such pleasurable anticipations and loverlike misgivings did not take place. The Sultan, so the equerry informed him, had, with Oriental unexpectedness, invited the Duke to dine that night at the Palace, and the Duke, much to his expressed regret, had been forced to accept what was in the nature of a command. He sent word by his equerry, however, that the dinner to Mr. Carlton was only a pleasure deferred, and that at Athens, where he understood Carlton was also going, he hoped to have the pleasure of entertaining him and making him known to his sisters.

"He is a selfish young egoist," said Carlton to Mrs. Downs. "As if I cared whether he was at the dinner or not! Why couldn't he have fixed it so I might have dined with his sisters alone? We would never have missed him. I'll never meet her now. I know it; I feel it. Fate is against me. Now I will have to follow them on to Athens, and something will turn up there to keep me away from her. You'll see; you'll see. I wonder where they go from Athens?"

The Hohenwalds departed the next morning, and as their party had engaged all the state-rooms in the little Italian steamer, Carlton was forced to wait over for the next. He was very gloomy over his disappointment, and Miss Morris did her best to amuse him. She and her aunt were never idle now, and spent the last few days of their stay in Constantinople in the bazars or in excursions up and down the river.

"These are my last days of freedom," Miss Morris said to him once, "and I mean to make the most of them. After this there will be no more travelling for me. And I love it so!" she added, wistfully.

Carlton made no comment, but he felt a certain contemptuous pity for the young man in America who had required such a sacrifice. "She is too nice a girl to let him know she is making a sacrifice," he thought, "or giving up anything for him, but *she* won't forget it." And Carlton again commended himself for not having asked any woman to make any sacrifices for him.

They left Constantinople for Athens one moonlight night, three days after the

Hohenwalds had taken their departure, and as the evening and the air were warm, they remained upon the upper deck until the boat had entered the Dardanelles. There were few passengers, and Mrs. Downs went below early, leaving Miss Morris and Carlton hanging over the rail, and looking down upon a band of Hungarian gypsies, who were playing the weird music of their country on the deck beneath them. The low receding hills lay close on either hand, and ran back so sharply from the narrow waterway that they seemed to shut in the boat from the world beyond. The moonlight showed a little mud fort or a thatched cottage on the bank fantastically, as through a mist, and from time to time as they sped forward they saw the camp-fire of a sentry, and his shadow as he passed between it and them, or stopped to cover it with wood. The night was so still that they could hear the waves in the steamer's wake washing up over the stones on either shore, and the muffled beat of the engines echoed back from either side of the valley through which they passed. There was a great lantern hanging midway from the mast, and shining down upon the lower deck. It showed a group of Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in strange costumes, sleeping, huddled together in picturesque confusion over the bare boards, or wide-awake and voluble, smoking and chatting together in happy company. The music of the tizanes rose in notes of passionate ecstasy and sharp unexpected bursts of melody. It ceased and began again, as though the musicians were feeling their way, and then burst out once more into shrill defiance. It stirred Carlton with a strange turbulent unrest. From the banks the night wind brought soft odors of fresh earth and of heavy foliage.

"The music of different countries," Carlton said at last, "means many different things. But it seems to me that the music of Hungary is the music of love."

Miss Morris crossed her arms comfortably on the rail, and he heard her laugh softly. "Oh no, it is not," she said, undisturbed. "It is a passionate, gusty, heady sort of love, if you like, but it's no more like the real thing than burgundy is like clear cold good water. It's not the real thing at all."

"I beg your pardon," said Carlton, meekly. "Of course I don't know any-

thing about it." He had been waked out of the spell which the night and the tizanes had placed upon him as completely as though some one had shaken him sharply by the shoulder. "I bow," he said, "to your superior knowledge. I know nothing about it."

"No; you are quite right. I don't believe you do know anything about it," said the girl, "or you wouldn't have made such a comparison."

"Do you know, Miss Morris," said Carlton, seriously, "that I believe I'm not able to care for a woman as other men do—at least as some men do; it's just lacking in me, and always will be lacking. It's like an ear for music; if you haven't got it, if it isn't born in you, you'll never have it. It's not a thing you can cultivate, and I feel that it's not only a misfortune, but a fault. Now I honestly believe that I care more for the Princess Aline, whom I have never met, than many other men could care for her if they knew her well; but what they feel would last, and I have doubts from past experience that what I feel would. I don't doubt it while it exists, but it never does exist long, and so I am afraid it is going to be with me to the end of the chapter." He paused for a moment, but the girl did not answer. "I am speaking in earnest now," he added, with a rueful laugh.

"I see you are," she replied, briefly. She seemed to be considering his condition as he had described it to her, and he did not interrupt her. From below them came the notes of the waltz the gypsies played. It was full of the undercurrent of sadness that a waltz should have, and filled out what Carlton said as the music from the orchestra in a theatre heightens the effect without interrupting the words of the actor on the stage.

"It is strange," said Miss Morris. "I should have thought you were a man who would care very much and in just the right way. But I don't believe really—I'm sorry, but I don't believe you do know what love means at all."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said Carlton. "I think I know what it is, and what it means to other people, but I can't feel it myself. The best idea I ever got of it—the thing that made it clear to me—was a line in a play. It seemed to express it better than any of the love-poems I ever read. It was in *Shenandoah*."

Miss Morris laughed.

"I beg your pardon," said Carlton.

"I beg yours," she said. "It was only the incongruity that struck me. It seemed so odd to be quoting *Shenandoah* here in the Dardanelles, with these queer people below us and ancient Troy on one hand—it took me by surprise, that's all. Please go on. What was it impressed you?"

"Well, the hero in the play," said Carlton, "is an officer in the Northern army, and he is lying wounded in a house near the Shenandoah Valley. The girl he loves lives in this house, and is nursing him; but she doesn't love him, because she sympathizes with the South. At least she says she doesn't love him. Both armies are forming in the valley below to begin the battle, and he sees his own regiment hurrying past to join them. So he gets up and staggers out on the stage, which is set to show the yard in front of the farm-house, and he calls for his horse to follow his men. Then the girl runs out and begs him not to go; and he asks why, what does it matter to her whether he goes or not? And she says, 'But I cannot let you go; you may be killed.' And he says again, 'What is that to you?' And she says: 'It is everything to me. I love you.' And he makes a grab at her with his wounded arm, and at that instant both armies open fire in the valley below, and the whole earth and sky seem to open and shut, and the house rocks. The girl rushes at him and crowds up against his breast, and cries: 'What is that? Oh, what is that?' and he holds her tight to him and laughs, and says: '*That?* That's only a battle—you love me.'"

Miss Morris looked steadfastly over the side of the boat at the waters rushing by beneath, smiling to herself. Then she turned her face towards Carlton, and nodded her head at him. "I think," she said, dryly, "that you have a fair idea of what it means; a rough working-plan at least—enough to begin on."

"I said that I knew what it meant to others. I am complaining that I cannot feel it myself."

"That will come in time, no doubt," she said, encouragingly, with the air of a connoisseur; "and let me tell you," she added, "that it will be all the better for the woman that you have doubted yourself so long."

"You think so?" said Carlton, eagerly.

Miss Morris laughed at his earnestness, and left him to go below to ask her aunt to join them, but Mrs. Downs preferred to read in the saloon, and Miss Morris returned alone. She had taken off her Eton jacket and pulled on a heavy blue football sweater, and over this a reefer. The jersey clung to her and showed the lines of her figure, and emphasized the freedom and grace with which she made every movement. She looked, as she walked at his side with her hands in the pockets of her coat and with a flat sailor hat on her head, like a tall handsome boy, but when they stopped and stood where the light fell full on her hair and the exquisite coloring of her skin, Carlton thought her face had never seemed so delicate or fair as it did then, rising from the collar of the rough jersey, and contrasted with the hat and coat of a man's attire. They paced the deck for an hour later, until every one else had left it, and at midnight were still loath to give up the beautiful night and the charm of their strange surroundings. There were long silent places in their talk, during which Carlton tramped beside her with his head half turned, looking at her and noting with an artist's eye the free light step, the erect carriage, and the unconscious beauty of her face. The captain of the steamer joined them after midnight, and falling into step, pointed out to Miss Morris where great cities had stood, where others lay buried, and where beyond the hills were the almost inaccessible monasteries of the Greek Church. The moonlight turned the banks into shadowy substances, in which the ghosts of former days seemed to make a part; and spurred by the young girl's interest, the Italian, to entertain her, called up all the legends of mythology and the stories of Roman explorers and Turkish conquerors.

"I turn in now," he said, after Miss Morris had left them. "A most charming young lady. Is it not so?" he added, waving his cigarette in a gesture which expressed the ineffectiveness of the adjective.

"Yes, very," said Carlton. "Good-night, sir."

He turned, and leaned with both elbows on the rail, and looked out at the misty banks, puffing at his cigar. Then he dropped it hissing into the water, and stifling a yawn, looked up and down the

length of the deserted deck. It seemed particularly bare and empty.

"What a pity she's engaged!" Carlton said. "She loses so much by it."

They steamed slowly into the harbor of the Piræus at an early hour the next morning, with a flotilla of small boats filled with shrieking porters and hotel-runners at the sides. These men tossed their painters to the crew, and crawled up them like a boarding crew of pirates, running wildly about the deck, and laying violent hands on any piece of baggage they saw unclaimed. The passengers' trunks had been thrown out in a heap on the deck, and Nolan and Carlton were clambering over them, looking for their own effects, while Miss Morris stood below, as far out of the confusion as she could place herself, and pointed out the different pieces that belonged to her. As she stood there one of the hotel-runners, a burly greasy Levantine in pursuit of a possible victim, shouldered her intentionally and roughly out of the way. He shoved her so sharply that she lost her balance and fell back against the rail. Carlton saw what had happened, and made a flying leap from the top of the pile of trunks, landing beside her, and in time to seize the escaping offender by the collar. He jerked him back off his feet.

"How dare you—" he began.

But he did not finish. He felt the tips of Miss Morris's fingers laid upon his shoulder, and her voice saying, in an annoyed tone, "Don't; please don't." And, to his surprise, his fingers lost their grip on the man's shirt, his arms dropped at his side, and his blood began to flow calmly again through his veins. Carlton was aware that he had a very quick temper. He was always engaging in street rows, as he called them, with men who he thought had imposed on him or on some one else, and though he was always ashamed of himself later, his temper had never been satisfied without a blow or an apology. Women had also touched him before, and possibly with a greater familiarity; but these had stirred him, not quieted him; and men who had laid detaining hands on him had had them beaten down for their pains. But this girl had merely touched him gently, and he had been made helpless. It was most perplexing; and while the custom-house officials were passing his luggage, he found himself rubbing his arm curious-

ly, as though it were numb, and looking down at it with an amused smile. He did not comment on the incident, although he smiled at the recollection of his prompt obedience several times during the day. But as he was stepping into the cab to drive to Athens, he saw the offending ruffian pass, dripping with water, and muttering bitter curses. When he saw Carlton he disappeared instantly in the crowd. Carlton stepped over to where Nolan sat beside the driver on the box. "Nolan," he said, in a low voice, "isn't that the fellow who—"

"Yes, sir," said Nolan, touching his hat gravely. "He was pulling a valise one way, and the gentleman that owned it, sir, was pulling it the other, and the gentleman let go sudden, and the Italian went over backwards off the pier."

Carlton smiled grimly with secret satisfaction.

"Nolan," he said, "you're not telling the truth. You did it yourself." Nolan touched his cap and coughed consciously. There had been no detaining fingers on Nolan's arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS GAMBLING?

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

THE people of the State of New York at the last election incorporated into their organic law a provision forbidding any kind of gambling within their borders.*

The immediate provocation of this extraordinary restriction in the organic law, for which, I believe, there is no precedent in this or any other country, was the recent passage of what is commonly known as the Ives pool law, which not only sanctioned betting and pool-selling on race-tracks, but made the State share in the profits of the business. By the terms of this law the racing associations were taxed five per cent. upon their net receipts. But, to disguise the infamy of such a partnership, and to propitiate the legislators from the rural districts, the law provided that the revenues from this unhallowed source should be annually disbursed by the State Agricultural Society "for prizes for improving the breed of cattle, sheep, and horses at the various county fairs throughout the State." The same act suspended the operation of the provisions of the Penal Code against this sort of gambling "during the number of days in each

year during which said races are hereby authorized."

When this anti-gambling amendment was resisted in the convention on the ground that it was a matter with which the Legislature ought to deal, the answer was made with great force and effect that the Legislature could not be trusted with this subject, inasmuch as, instead of using its power to discourage gambling, it had recently, and for the first time since the prohibition of lotteries some seventy years ago, not only authorized and formally encouraged one of the most pernicious and insidious modes of gambling, but had suspended for that purpose the operation of penalties which previous Legislatures had provided against it. This reasoning proved conclusive with a large majority of the convention, and no doubt had great weight with the people at the election. As the sporting class had proved too powerful for the Legislature, they approved of the Constitutional Convention going to its rescue.

By the terms of this amendment the Legislature is commanded "to pass appropriate laws to prevent offences against any of the provisions of this section."

Any appropriate legislation under this section must start with a definition of the offence it is required to prevent. It must clearly define, and for that purpose determine, what constitutes "gambling." In this task the Legislature will derive no assistance from the delegates of the convention—for the question was not raised in that body—very little from judicial decisions, and still less from the lexicogra-

* The ninth section of the first article of the new Constitution reads as follows:

"SECTION 9.—No law shall be passed abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government, or any department thereof; nor shall any divorce be granted otherwise than by due judicial proceedings; nor shall any lottery or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State; and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offences against any of the provisions of this section."

phers. The precise significance of that word has now become a practical question involving vast interests, material as well as moral, in the wise solution of which our legislative bodies and our tribunals of justice are likely to be more or less occupied for many years, unless it is to be regarded as a mere ethical effusion of the convention, to be gradually devitalized by the judiciary, and trampled under the feet by successive Legislatures, as the anti-gambling acts which already figure in our Penal Code have hitherto been.

It is a subject in which the people have a supreme interest, and as they are to select the legislators and judges who are to deal with it, it is of the greatest importance that their minds should be promptly trained to it, and that they should have clear ideas about it, and as early as possible. Now let us see, if we can, what the convention must be presumed to have meant by the word "gambling," and how far it is a question of morals or of conscience, and how far a justiciable offence.

I.

Among the deities who occupied a more or less conspicuous place in the Pantheon of pagan Greece, and later of pagan Rome, was the goddess Fortuna. Ancus Martius has the credit of having first introduced her worship into Rome, where Plutarch, with prophetic vision, tells us that the goddess, on entering, folded her wings as a token that she had come to stay.

It was her special function to look after events to which no other deity seemed to be giving attention, events which seemed to obey no law, to have no rational cause, which seemed as liable to be something else as what they were, and the work or sport of what the Greeks call *Tuche*, or Luck.

There was a goddess Fortuna, potent or latent, for nearly every class of incidents in human life the results or bearing of which the devotee could not pretend to foresee. When the Emperor Antoninus Pius was on his death-bed he designated Marcus Aurelius as his successor, and at the same time ordered the golden statue of Fortuna to be moved to the young man's apartment, where it continued to be kept, as we would say, "for luck." Horace invoked the aid of *Fortuna rapax*, rapacious fortune, for Cæsar when he was setting out on his expedition to

Britain. He also modestly attributed his own high rank among poets to the same divinity, which had wrested the crown from another's head to place it on his own.

Fortuna is about the only deity of the ancient mythology whose altars still smoke. Her worship has kept pace with the increase and diffusion of the human race. She is now worshipped under the various names of Fortune, Luck, Chance, Accident, Fate, Hazard, Opportunity, etc., all over the world, and quite as devoutly as she was ever worshipped in ancient Greece or Rome.

The propensity to treat the events of human life as accidental or the sport of chance was never more nearly universal than it is to-day. Never was so large a proportion of the fruits of human industry suspended upon the supposed propitiation of this heathen goddess. There is scarcely any form or product of human skill or toil which does not, at some time or in some way, contribute to the making or the marring of the fortunes of the gamester. All the staple products of the soil and every variety of incorporated wealth are bought and sold continually upon the chance of a rise or fall in their price, without reference to their intrinsic values.

It was proved before a committee of the New York Legislature, some ten years ago, that between the years 1879 and 1882 the cash sales of wheat at the New York Produce Exchange amounted to \$244,737,000, while the option sales, embracing what are known on change as "puts" and "calls," "long" and "short," "futures" and "straddles," amounted to \$1,154,267,000. This last enormous sum represents exclusively the stakes of gamblers at the Produce Exchange alone, in a single city, and on a single agricultural product, during a period of only three years. It was also in proof that this form of gambling was carried on in oats, in barley, and in other cereals, and to a very large extent in pork and lard, and in pretty much all staple products. It was also shown that the amount thus staked upon the course of the market in Milwaukee was fully as much as, and in Chicago was probably double, the amounts staked in New York. When to this we add the sums staked upon the fluctuations of the market at the Stock, Cotton, Mining, and other exchanges, we find that the amount

bought and sold on an average every three years will fall but a little, if at all, short of the assessed value of the entire property of the nation.

Two United States Senators were deputed as a special committee to visit New Orleans only two or three years ago to investigate the condition of the market for cotton, with special reference to the practice of dealing in futures, and the effect of the practice upon the prices of that staple. Their investigations developed the fact that 52,000,000 bales of cotton were dealt in on the New York exchange during the cotton season of 1892, and 16,000,000 bales on the New Orleans exchange, 68,000,000 in all, while there were but seven and three-quarter million bales of cotton grown in the entire country, and of these only 419,000 bales were shipped to New York.

Gaming at private houses, in the social and domestic circle, in clubs and coffee-houses, on the speed of horses and on athletics, while representing perhaps less considerable sums of money lost and won, embraces a much more considerable number of people of every age and sex among its devotees. It is unhappily becoming one of the favorite recreations and excitements of many of our young gentlemen in college, even of lads at school, of the newsboy—in fact, I know of no class or order of society which it has not infected.

I fear that the recent craze for football is largely due to the same instincts and proclivities which conduct so many to the dice and faro tables. Some of our institutions of learning seem to be conducted on the theory that the foot instead of the head is the seat of the brain. At a recent intercollegiate football match it was rumored, and I have not heard it denied, that over \$40,000 was staked upon the result of the game by the collegians themselves.

The disastrous consequences, in a worldly point of view, of this propensity to prey upon our fellow-creatures are as familiar to all the world as sickness or death. No one has reached years of discretion who has not heard of the anxiety and anguish which it brings into families; of the blighted hopes, the ruined fortunes, poverty, degradation, crime, and suicides of which it has been in all ages the prolific parent. And yet civilization seems thus far to have exerted no more

influence in arresting its ravages than in taming the leopard, or in converting the hole of the asp into a repair for children; and reformers of all denominations have agitated, legislated, and denounced it for centuries, but with as little apparent influence upon it as upon the weather. Unhappily there are those of the clergy, and among them no inconsiderable percentage, some too of high rank in their profession, who not only profess their inability to see anything wrong in gambling, but who systematically avail themselves of its fascinations to secure the means of propagating the gospel. In the Old World the churches are largely supported by lotteries, while with us aleatory devices of some kind constitute a feature of nearly every church fair of all sects and denominations.

This country was startled only a year or two since by the report that one of the sovereign States of our Union had become so completely entangled in the meshes of lottery gamblers that the Federal government was obliged to interpose with its strong arm to restore to the crippled State its imperilled sovereignty.

Upon the completion of the cathedral on Fifth Avenue in New York a fair was projected. Religious zeal and curiosity attracted vast crowds during the days and evenings that it lasted. The New York *Evening Post* gave a sketch of what one of its staff witnessed at the gaming-table on one of these evenings. Referring to the scene, the reporter asked the Rev. Doctor McGlynn if there was no harm in that. He is reported to have said in reply:

“Well, I suppose, as a matter of taste, such games might perhaps have been dispensed with. But it is at best a question of taste. You may say, of course, that those boys will acquire a love for gambling, and will be tempted hereafter to visit objectionable places. But the danger in their case is remote. As for their act, it is innocent in itself; it is done in a church, and, it is to be presumed, with their own money—money given them for the purpose. Now surely it is not wrong to do an innocent act; it is not wrong to go to church and do it; it is not wrong to do it with your own property. So far as ulterior consequences are concerned, why, suppose somebody should object to our taking a glass of wine together because we might acquire an unfortunate taste for liquor and become drunkards, or because our example might lead others to become drunkards? That would be voted the highest height of fanaticism in many countries. In

this country, where there is so much drunkenness, it is doubtless well for many persons to practise total abstinence. But it wouldn't follow from that, would it, that you and I shouldn't take a friendly glass of wine? You see,' continued the good father, 'if cathedrals are to be built we must have money to build them with. They are good things; they are centres of religion, distributors of charity, exponents and promoters of what beautifies and renders lovelier our lives. But in this country you can't levy money by law for erecting them; you can't send a sheriff around and distrain people's goods. So, as we can't force money out of people, we must coax it out of them, and in this process of coaxing the church winks at some things that confessedly are not among the most approved means of sanctification.'"

When ecclesiastical dignitaries see no harm in gambling, and deliberately encourage it in their flock as an appropriate means of sustaining the Church, it is not surprising that the habit finds imitators and apologists in every class of human society. "When the abbot throws the dice," says Luther, "the whole convent will play."

The difficulty which well-disposed people have experienced in discerning the ethical distinction between putting one's money on a wheel of fortune, or underwriting a policy of insurance, or in buying shares in a corporation or a cargo of wheat in expectation of a remunerative advance in their values, has no doubt contributed to make gamblers of thousands who would be shocked to be called gamblers, for it is a noteworthy fact that the prejudice of the world against gambling and gamblers is so unanimous that a man must be very degraded who would not resent the imputation of being called one. That gaming sooner or later exerts a weakening and demoralizing influence upon character few are bold enough to deny. All who have seen much of it concede that the habit is one not to be encouraged, and most of us have a perception that there is vice in it somewhere, but precisely where the vice begins or ends is not so apparent. If gaming be a vice, what is the formula by which we differentiate it from legitimate commerce?

Before proceeding to offer what I consider an answer to this question, let it be borne in mind that the dividing lines between vice and virtue in all the transactions of life are very indefinite to human vision. We should none of us often agree

with our neighbors entirely about the course they conscientiously pursue in dealing with many of the incidents of their daily life—with their wives, with their children, with their neighbors, with the public; and if thoroughly conscientious ourselves, we shall be sometimes surprised to find how many things we have allowed ourselves to do or permit which, lenient judges of our own conduct as we all may be presumed to be, we are unable to recall with unqualified satisfaction.

The chief obstruction to the discernment and recognition of the dark side of gaming results from the popular and almost universal impression that the fate of the game depends upon Chance or Luck, upon the chimera whom the Romans called Fortuna, and that this goddess was just as likely to enrich one of the players as the other, and was incapable of feeling any partiality for one more than for another. The gamester deals his cards, never doubting that his chances of winning are at least as good as his adversary's. This theory of chance is a great delusion, and must be dispelled before the organic mysteries of gambling can be disclosed.

There is no such thing as chance. What we commonly term chance or luck is simply a mode of expressing our ignorance of the cause or series of causes of which any given event is the inevitable sequence.

No result can take place without a cause, and every proximate cause must operate in obedience to the exercise of some will. To say that anything can be or subsist by chance is equivalent to saying that it can be and subsist without an adequate cause, which is absurd. It is equally absurd to suppose that anything can be or subsist except through the exercise of some will. But every exercise of a will includes or implies, consciously or unconsciously, the presence of a good or bad motive. There is nothing in the universe less accidental than the turn of a card, nor are any acts of our lives more inexorably providential than our gains or losses at the gaming-table.

"The lot is cast into the lap," said the wise man, "but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

"*Quem poetæ fortunam, nos Deum appellamus*"—whom the poets call Fortuna, we call God—wrote the saintly Melancthon. The man who "drew a bow

at a venture and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness" no doubt attributed the result, when he became aware of it, to chance; but the king, when borne dying from the field, could hardly have failed to recall the warning of the prophet.

It is a melancholy illustration of the prevalence of Fortune-worship in the most enlightened countries of Christendom that we have no words in popular use to express the occurrence of events that exclude the idea of their being fortuitous. We say, "When did that happen?" or "How did it happen?" "We chanced to be talking together when," etc.—in all these cases using the word chance or happen for occur. Even the learned Dr. Paley could not divest himself of the idea that chance was one of the substantive factors in the operations of nature. "In the human body, for instance," he wrote, "the operation of causes without design may produce a wen, a wart, a mole, a pimple, but never an eye. Amongst inanimate substances, a clod, a pebble, a liquid drop might be; but never was a watch, a telescope, an organized body of any kind, answering a valuable purpose by a complicated mechanism, the effect of chance."

It seems to us now almost incredible that a divine of high rank in the Christian Church could at any time within the present century have seriously put forth in print the doctrine that a pebble or a drop of water or a wen was less complicated, less incomprehensible, bore less evidences of design or purpose, was more entirely beyond the reach of the finite mind to understand or reproduce, than a watch or an eye, or that the pebble, the drop, and the wen might be the result of chance, while the eye and the watch could only be the result of design.

Prince Bismarck, in the course of some remarks which he made at a reception given him at Jena in the summer of 1892, is reported to have used these words:

"It has been often said that I have had extraordinary luck in politics. That is true, and I can only pray that the empire may always have chancellors and ministers who shall have luck. Every one does not have it. My predecessors did not have it. I hope my successor will some day be received by you as you have received me, who am no more anything."

It seems very modest in the Prince to ascribe his eminence in the world to luck or fortune, and the world in general will be disposed to agree with him that if born at a different period of German history his might never have proved the name to conjure with that it has been. But in what sense can any one event of our lives be more a matter of fortune or luck or chance than another, every event being but a link in the chain of causes reaching up to the *Causa Causans*, and every cause being necessarily proportioned, and precisely proportioned, to the event? If it was luck that made the Prince a prominent instrument in the unification of Germany, and which clothed him with the robes of a chancellor of the empire, what but the same blind goddess has made him, in his own language, "no more anything"? The triumph of the German arms at Sedan had no more to do with covering him with imperial honors than with stripping him of them.

Historians have dwelt upon the first Napoleon's good fortune in coming to maturity at a moment when France had been distracted by revolution; but when, a young officer of twenty-seven years, he persuaded his barefooted legions to follow him over the Alps by telling them that there was an abundance of shoes in Italy, was he not just as definitely on his way to St. Helena as to Austerlitz or to Lodi? His nephew no doubt thought himself a child of Fortune when he felt the imperial crown settling on his head. Would he have taken the same view had he foreseen Sedan and Wilhelmshöhe, and the place reserved for his name in history? Bacon was thought most lucky by his contemporaries in being elevated to the highest honors to which a British subject can aspire. Did they think so when the circumstances under which he was deprived of them transpired?

In each of these cases what seemed luck upon Prince Bismarck's theory led to humiliation and disaster. Any biographical dictionary swarms with similar cases, the explanation of which cannot be found in any of the attributes of Prince Bismarck's goddess of Fortune.

III.

Assuming, then, as we must, that nothing can happen by chance, that every event is but a link in a chain that leads up to the Creator and Maintainer of all

things, let us now see, if we can, what constitutes the distinction between innocent recreation and vicious gambling.

The highest standard of duty which the human race has accepted, theoretically at least, was once thus formulated by our Saviour:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets."—Matthew, vii. 12.

I speak of this standard as of practically universal acceptance, quite irrespective of its Divine sanction, because no sane person would wish to wrong another if certain that he would simultaneously and inevitably be wronged in the same degree. We never deliberately wrong another except for some personal gratification or supposed advantage to ourselves. Even those who lead the most irregular and sinful lives are always prompt to discern and resent a wrong perpetrated by another, and to appeal to the tribunals of justice or of public opinion to right them. Whatever may be our own shortcomings, we all feel ourselves entitled to insist that others shall do right by us, and do not hesitate to invoke the sympathy of our neighbors whenever we think this measure has not been meted unto us. In so far, therefore, as our conduct is at variance with this standard of reciprocal duty, we sin; we join those weak-kneed disciples of the Saviour who turned back and walked no more with Him. Any principle or purpose which antagonizes this golden rule is necessarily an infernal principle or purpose, and expresses precisely what, in theological language, is designated by the words *Satanic* or *devilish*. When a man takes his seat at the gaming-table with the single and controlling purpose of winning money or some other value from his adversary—of the gamblers who think that they are not embraced in this class I will speak presently—his object is to get his adversary's money without rendering any equivalent for it. Upon this fell purpose all the energies of his nature are for the time concentrated. It is because his purpose and animating principle is precisely antipodal to the golden rule that he is indulging not only a vice, but, of all the vices to which men are addicted, one the tendencies of which are the most depraving and morally deforming. A habit the tendency of which is to exclude from the

heart all consideration for a fellow-creature rapidly and of necessity dries up all humane sensibilities and affections. With its victim no ties of blood and friendship, no obligations of honor or duty, can long remain sacred. He gradually falls under the dominion of influences not only antagonistic to, but exactly the opposite of those by which human society can be made enduring—the *Satanic* nadir to the *Christian* zenith. Can this be said so unqualifiedly of any other vice or criminal propensity?

As a rule, gamblers, before they have adopted gambling as a business or profession, resent the imputation that they play for money; they merely risk their money to give more interest to the game; and yet who ever heard of two men playing at any game of chance with the understanding that what either won should belong to the loser, or should be shared with him?—which is what they would at least sometimes if not always do if they had no special interest in the stakes.

Even the pious Wilberforce was not equal to such an exhibition of heroic virtue. Like most young gentlemen of his age, he was more or less addicted to gambling. Pitt and he frequented *Goostrees*, then a fashionable resort of the London *jeunesse dorée*.

"We played a good deal at *Goostrees*," he tells us, "and I well remember the intense earnestness which he [William Pitt] displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them forever."

It was by this vice, the filial biographers of Wilberforce tell us, that he was most nearly ensnared. A brief diary of this period records more than once the loss of £100 at the *faro* table. He was weaned from it in a most characteristic manner:

" 'We can have no play to-night,' complained some of the party at the club, 'for St. Andrew is not here to keep bank.'"

"Wilberforce said, 'Mr. Bankes' (who never joined himself), 'if you will keep it I will give you a guinea.'"

"The playful challenge was accepted, but as the game grew deep, he rose the winner of £600. Much of this was lost by those who were only heirs to future fortunes, and who could not therefore meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured

him of a taste which seemed but too likely to become predominant."^{*}

Unfortunately for their hero, his biographers were unable to add that Wilberforce promptly restored his winnings, the most obvious way of relieving the pain that gave him so much annoyance.

No one probably fully realizes how completely he is capable of being reduced to the level of a beast of prey till he has contracted this passion. Cavour was no common man as the world goes. He was a man of large capacities, and proved at times to have been animated by the highest and noblest impulses. He was called his country's savior and benefactor, Italy's Washington, and yet he tells us that one night at a gaming-table half his fortune depended upon his calling or not calling a card. The appearance of some drops of sweat on the brow of his antagonist decided him to call. That revelation of anxiety, which no amount of self-control sufficed to suppress, that involuntary appeal to his sympathy, to his forbearance, to his humanity, instead of producing the results which it ought to have produced upon the heart and mind of a Christian, or even of a man of ordinary sensibility, seemed to have produced precisely the contrary effect, and to have planted in his breast the instinct of the hyena.

The literature of every age abounds in convivial poetry. Human genius has done its utmost to dignify the pleasures of intemperance in eating and drinking, and has labored for centuries to confound the distinction between lust and love. These and kindred weaknesses have their votaries and champions, and among the ancients had their divinities. But when did gambling ever have a public champion or friend? What poet has ever celebrated the agonizing suspense over the dice-box or the wheel of fortune? I cannot call to mind one sentence in the literature of any tongue intended to exalt, or even to countenance, the pleasures of the gaming-table. Neither did I ever hear of a confirmed gambler who did not deplore his obsession by this habit, and who was not disposed to dissuade all save those he wished to prey upon from contracting it.

Many people fancy they indulge in games of chance for amusement merely; they are unwilling to admit that the

^{*} *Life of Wilberforce*. By his sons. Vol. I., p. 18.

money they hazard has anything to do with the pleasures of victory or the pain of defeat. This is a delusion. If they are really indifferent to the stake, why do they play for stakes? It adds to the interest of the game, they will reply; but why, and how? It adds to the interest of the game simply because to the pleasure our vanity receives from the triumph of our skill is added the value of what we win, and in a corresponding degree are we pained when we lose. *Ex hominum quæstu facta fortuna est dea*—it is the greed of men that made a goddess of fortune. The first Lord Lytton, who knew as well as most men the animating spirit of that class of society in his own country which can best afford to be indifferent to losses and gains at the gaming-table, in one of his romances refers to the pretence current among fashionable people that they do not care to win, and he distinctly pronounces it a delusion. No one, he says, sits down to play for money, however insignificant the amount of the stake, without desiring to rise up a winner.

The desire to acquire what is another's without paying for it is the gambler's demon; he wishes to enjoy what is not his by any proper title—what he has neither earned, bought, nor received as a gift. Such a principle of action is inexorably at war with the Divine economy. The moment a man comes under the influence of those principles, and allows himself to be governed by them, that moment he becomes an ally and then a slave of the evil one. By degrees all moral distinctions disappear, and in the progress of time he reaches a condition of moral atrophy when he would shrink from no crime, and not infrequently—more frequently than any other class of corresponding numbers—takes refuge from himself and the world in self-destruction. Every gambler is a potential suicide. The strongest argument that has ever been used for suppressing gaming by legislative interference has been its tendency to provoke self-destruction. The voluntary deaths from gambling at Nice have risen as high as a hundred in a single season.

God, the source of all life, is Love, and the extinction of love in any human heart is the extinction of life. When every emotion and aspiration and energy of our being is concentrated in the one single desire to do to others precisely the oppo-

site of what we most wish done to ourselves, what resource is left, when that insane desire fails of gratification, but suicide? All taste for and delight in anything which contemplates in the slightest degree the welfare of others, all love, having become extinct, what has the gambler left to live for when, in the sportsman's phrase, "he is down in his luck"?

The Turks have a proverb to the effect that "whatever we give away is ours." In other words, in giving to others, our character has appropriated and assimilated the value of the gift. On the other hand, what we get for which we have rendered no equivalent is not ours. We have done nothing to make it such. This sterility of unearned wealth is well expressed in the old Italian proverb that "what is won over the devil's back is lost under his belly." Hence gamblers are proverbially unthrifty and improvident. The wealth they acquire seems to carry with it the curse denounced by the prophets against all votaries of fortune:

"Thus saith the Lord, as the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, destroy it not, for a blessing is in it, so will I do for my servant.... But ye that forsake the Lord, that forget my holy mountain, *that prepare a table for Fortune, and that fill up mingled wine unto Destiny*; I will destine you to the sword and ye shall all bow down to slaughter; because when I called ye did not answer, when I spake ye did not hear, but ye did that which was evil in my eyes, and chose that wherein I delighted not."—Isaiah, lxxv. 8–11.

A fearful illustration of this great truth, to which the world is unhappily still most blind, occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia. I give it as reported to me by one of her responsible citizens:

"Some time in the '30's or '40's, when lotteries were legal in Pennsylvania, a German from the neighborhood of Lancaster came to Philadelphia, and dropping in at one of the numerous offices for the sale of tickets, which flourished in the neighborhood of Third and Chestnut (afterwards the centre of stock-brokers' business, and known as the 'Barbary Coast'), he invested \$1 in a ticket, which, to his ultimate undoing, drew a prize of \$1000. Being of a frugal mind, though on pleasure bent, he reinvested \$5 in another ticket, which he deposited in the lining of his hat, and proceeded to get drunk on the balance. Trying to get back to learn his fortune, he wandered off in the wrong direction, travelled down to the river, stumbled over the dock-log, fell in,

and was drowned. Coming to the surface in good time, he was fished out, and the coroner proceeded to sit on him. When his hat, which had staid on his head, was taken off, the lottery ticket was discovered, and it was found upon inquiry to have drawn the grand prize of \$10,000. His heirs were communicated with and got the money. They consisted of a wife and two sons, who celebrated their good fortune by driving to Lancaster and getting 'boiling drunk.' In this condition the boys quarrelled over the distribution of the money, and finally one struck the other and killed him. Having still sense enough to be overwhelmed with horror at what had occurred, the mother and surviving son jumped into their wagon and hurried home. On the road, in the darkness, and in their still maudlin condition, they attempted to cross a bridge, but instead drove over the edge, and were drowned. The money descended to an uncle, who had been up to this time an honest cobbler in Philadelphia. He, like the others, knew no better way of celebrating what he called his good fortune than by getting drunk, and remaining so for six months, at which time he died of *delirium tremens*, and what was left of the moneys escheated to the State, which, I fear, did not do her much good, for I find that it was not a great many years after this that Pennsylvania attempted to repudiate her debt.... Whether there is any connection between lotteries and repudiation I do not know, except that both show a low public tone."

IV.

Let me here anticipate the question which is no doubt formulating in the reader's mind: Does not this view assume that all business involving risk—and there is none without it—is sinful? Does not the farmer gamble upon the uncertainties of the weather, the cost of labor, and the state of the market at harvest-time? Is not all marine, life, fire, and accident insurance gambling? When we buy the securities of a corporation in the hope and expectation that they may increase in value, or even continue to yield their present revenue, is not that gambling? May I not join my family in an innocent game of sixpenny whist or billiards? Were the delegates to the convention which adopted this amendment gamblers when they distributed their seats by lot? Were the disciples of Jesus gamblers when, by the same process, they selected a successor to Judas?

The answer to these questions is very obvious. One may do any and all these things—nay, one may take any risks, one may play at any game and for any

amount one pleases—*providing* his interest in the result does not indispose him to do unto others as he would have them do to him. There may be no essential difference in an ethical point of view between staking a thousand pounds upon a faro table and staking it upon a railway venture or the purchase of a farm or a life policy. Nine people out of ten, when they for the first time accept an invitation to join in a game of whist or poker, have no more suspicion of the passions they may be about to nurse than the maid of sixteen when she engages in her first flirtation. The result in all these cases depends upon their action when they do discover the sinister passion that is brooding—whether they go on or make a timely retreat. The taste for play may be a trial of our faith, and one of the innumerable means under Providence for making us aware of our weaknesses and unhallowed propensities. Like all other tastes, it may be used and it may be abused. In every event of our lives we are taking a risk. We can lay no plan, plot no scheme, with any absolute assurance of the result. The events of our lives are all adjusted to our spiritual condition at each particular moment of our existence, and are continually changing, because the spiritual plane on which we live is constantly changing with every increment or diminution of our knowledge of good and evil. It is by the constant adjustment of the resisting power of our environment by a merciful Providence to our natural inclination to evil that the equilibrium between these contending spiritual forces is maintained, by which the perfect freedom of our will is assured to us, so that we can never become so good or so bad as not to be entirely capable of choosing the good or the evil, the right or the wrong, of herding with the sheep or with the goats.

No person is enticed to the gambling-table or driven from it, no one wins or loses a penny at the gaming-table, any more than in any legitimate business, who would have any occasion to congratulate himself had the result of his play been different, who has not received at the hands of Providence the very kindest treatment that he was capable at the moment of receiving. By changing himself every man may always change his environment, but nothing is more certain than that every man's actual environ-

ment, the gambler's no less than the Pope's, is better for him at any given time than any other would have been.

"I also will choose their delusions," said the Lord to the idolatrous Jews, "and will bring their fears upon them, because when I called none did answer, when I spake they did not hear; but they did evil before mine eyes, and chose that in which I delighted not."

Our delusions and our fears come upon us at the gaming-table, as elsewhere, but they do not come by chance. To pretend that they do is to make the word of God of no effect, and to close our eyes and heart to all the lessons of experience.

"O Lord, I know," says the prophet Jeremiah, "that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man to direct his steps."

The gambling-table may prove as effective a means of grace as the communion table, and thousands have first been made aware by its fascinations of their own moral weaknesses, of which before they had no suspicion.

Pope was rarely more happily inspired than when he wrote the following familiar lines, a most felicitous amplification of a profound Chinese proverb, that the good God never smites with both hands.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good."

During his residence at Ludlow Castle, while fitting for the university, Richard Baxter, the eminent divine, had an experience singularly pertinent to the topic under consideration, of which his biographer gives a curious account:

"The best gamester of the house undertook to teach him to play. The first or second game was so nearly lost by Baxter that his opponent betted a hundred to one against him, laying down ten shillings to his sixpence, and at the same time telling him there was no possibility of his winning but by getting a certain cast of the dice very often. No sooner was the money down than Baxter had every cast that he wished; so that before a person could go three or four times around the room the game was won. This so astounded him that he believed that the devil had command of the dice, and did it to entice him to play, in consequence of which he returned the ten shillings, and resolved never to play more."*

Baxter no doubt interpreted his success correctly. At the moment of his trial,

* Ormes's *Life of Baxter*, p. 6.

which it would be blasphemous to treat as accidental, he was spiritually conditioned to take alarm at success, and hence success was accorded to him. Such cases are no doubt much more common than is generally supposed, though, for obvious reasons, are rarely recorded, and all tend to confirm the great truth that all the incidents of our lives are adjusted to our spiritual conditions by some mysterious law which no mortal can comprehend, but which mercifully sends what the world calls prosperity to one, destitution or privation to another, and both for the common purpose of leading us in freedom to put our trust in God, and not in Fate or Fortune. "The rich and poor meet together," saith the wise man. "The Lord is maker of them all."

In his *Christian Directory*, Baxter admits that gaming for money may be lawful upon the following conditions:

"If you do not make the game itself bad by any accident.

"If your wager be laid for sport and not for covetousness (striving who shall get another's money and give them nothing for it).

"And if no more be laid than is suitable for the sport, and the loser does well and willingly pay, not otherwise, because you may not turn a sport to covetousness."

In other words, if the player never allows his heart to be poisoned by a desire to do to another what he would not wish done to himself, his play would be innocent. I apprehend, however, that there would soon be very little gambling in the world, unless that word acquired a very different meaning from the one which now attaches to it, if those conditions were rigorously complied with, and the gamester rose from the table the moment he experienced a symptom of the Satanic obsession. "Ye shall not see my face," said Joseph to his brethren who were sent by their father down into Egypt for corn, "except your brother be with you." So to those who ask if one cannot sometimes play at games of hazard, so called, without sin, my answer is the same as Joseph's—"Yes, if your brother be with you." But how seldom he is, and how brief his stay at the gaming-table!

V.

A man's moral standards cannot be weakened in one particular without being weakened in all. Every sin is only one way of doing to others what you

would not have them do to you. In the eyes of Infinite Wisdom the difference between a murder for a pocket-book and taking dishonorable advantage of a man's ignorance in a trade, between highway robbery and appropriating privileges, honors, and rewards to which we are not entitled, between adulterating the truth for another in order to feed our own prejudices or passions or vanity and any other more profligate form of adultery, is morally but as the difference between growth and maturity, between youth and manhood, between a ripe apple and a rotten one. The one is but the matured and logical development of the other, unless arrested by a resolute self-consecration to a new and higher life.

The little selfish traits which more or less infest all hearts, but which are the controlling impulse of the gamester, may be likened to the lion's cubs: they are playful as kittens, but if allowed to mature, become the terror of communities. A man's character, like a chain, has the strength only of its weakest link: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all." I do not know if it makes much difference to what one he deliberately surrenders, knowing it to be wrong, for in any case it is astonishing how soon other virtues cease to have their accustomed value in his eyes. But there is no class of transgressors who seem to degenerate so rapidly as the gambler. How soon he ceases to be animated by any of those emotions which chiefly dignify human nature! In how brief a space he gets to prefer the companionship of his class to any other! Unless the good God gives him the grace, as in Baxter's case, to see whither he is tending, there is no crime of which he may not become capable. The world is still talking of a disgraceful scene enacted at a gaming-table in an English country house, to which the Crown Prince of England gave a painful notoriety by his presence. One of his intimate and habitual associates was detected in the act and convicted of cheating at a card party which the Prince himself had organized, and at which the offender was the Prince's guest. When his foul play had been officially established, rumors welled in from all directions that cheating at play was an old infirmity of his, and so generally known that his fellow-officers in the army avoid-

ed playing with him. The extraordinary and instructive feature of this part of the story is, not that his comrades declined to play with him, but that they never reproached him nor warned society against him until the warning had ceased to have any importance. Can any other reason for such tolerance be assigned than that his gambling associates were more distrustful of his skill than of his morals; that their own sense of the heinousness of foul play had become more or less seriously dulled? It is difficult to conceive of a habitual gambler so constituted as to continue to regard cheating at cards with the same opprobrium after contracting the habit as before. There is too little difference in the controlling impulses of the habitual gambler and those of the convicted cheat to make either a severe censor of any kind of immorality. We are all more or less familiar with the feeling of *camaraderie* which sometimes binds together men widely separated from each other by birth, social rank, and education, who have a common weakness of any sort. No one given to drink would ever think of denouncing, though he might remonstrate with, his comrade for indulging in intoxicants to what he thought an excess, still less do anything to encourage his reform. A corresponding strain of fellow-feeling prevents the gambler from judging the blackleg harshly, or informing against him. The bud never quarrels with the full-blown flower, nor the grub with the dragon-fly.

VI.

From what has been said it is obvious that gambling is a moral rather than a political disorder; that it is as difficult to determine when the sin begins as when a man's effort to acquire property degenerates into covetousness, or his interest in the gentler sex degenerates into lust. It is clear that all gaming is not immoral any more than all kissing or all money-getting is immoral, though both may conduct to criminal excesses. Where the immorality begins is known only to the Searcher of hearts. It is a question of conscience. Human governments have long ceased to claim jurisdiction over the motives of men, simply from the impossibility of ascertaining them, and hence the practical disregard by courts and police of the stringent laws against gam-

bling, which have been for years on the statute-books of most, if not all, the States. It is to be feared the like fate awaits this amendment, for its literal enforcement would strike as serious a blow at the individual liberty of every citizen as if the Constitution were to limit or define the precise amount of atmospheric air which each person was to consume every twenty-four hours. We thought we had accomplished a great reform when we forbade the sale of lottery tickets many years ago, but no one now pretends that it checked gaming at all; it simply drove it into new channels. The Legislatures of many States have been trying for three-quarters of a century to make the sale of alcoholic drinks a crime, but what has it all accomplished? Were intoxicants ever so universally used as now? It is practically impossible to make men feel that they have not an inherent right to eat and drink what they please, and to spend or waste their money and health as they please. When the Legislature undertakes to frame a law for the enforcement of this anti-gambling amendment, it will find itself confronted with the necessity of seriously abridging individual liberty, or of adding to our Penal Code a new series of laws which no one is going to respect.

It can and should repeal the Ives pool bill, and cease drawing a revenue from a vice it condemns, so that gambling shall have no countenance from the State.

It should also lay its heavy hand upon all who make it their business or calling to provide houses, tables, dens, or any facilities for gaming, from which they are to derive a revenue. In the exercise of such a power the Legislature would be little likely to interfere with the proper liberty of the individual, and pretty certain to discourage, to a very considerable extent, the vice which now goes by the name of gambling, by rendering its instruments criminal and infamous. Such a law might, in some degree, substantially perhaps, re-enforce those reformers who are endeavoring to avail themselves of loftier agencies to extinguish the inclination to gamble. The proper and only radical cure is to educate people to be ashamed to prey upon each other in this way; but a law making criminal all who live by facilitating and encouraging others in the vice may prove an important ally of the pulpit and the press in resisting the spread of the most demoralizing of all demoralizing propensities.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

IT is time for scientists, alienists, and psychological investigators to make a careful study of the phenomena of the Yellow literary atmosphere. It is generally agreed that it is a sign of degeneration, like the phosphorescent light from decaying vegetable matter, but we need to get at the causes behind this appearance in order to prevent the spread of the infection. The manifestation is not new. For a long time the "yellows" in peach-trees has puzzled the pomologists. The cause of the disease has never been discovered. The trees thrive and bear fruit for years, but after a time, with no outward mark of disease, fruitage fails, and the whole orchard has to be uprooted and burned. We say that the trees are struck with the "yellows," but what the "yellows" is no one can tell. The only thing we know is that we must have a new planting, and that in the same soil the new trees will do well. Fruit-growers are learning to spot the trees that are struck, and remove them from the orchard before the infection spreads. Perhaps investigation would enable the public to weed out in the same manner the authors struck with the yellows before a whole literary era is tainted.

There are those who always see close relations between nature and man, who think that this manifestation began with the now famous Yellow Days. This spectral phenomenon excited a great deal of interest. For days the whole atmosphere was opaque and yellow; the sky was no longer blue; the horizons were veiled in half-luminous haze; the sun appeared only as a copper ball. All vegetation took on a pale yellow tinge, and the whole earth appeared as if it were getting ready for the judgment-day. It was an uncanny condition, and many regarded it as both a moral symbol and a warning to a world grown effete and decaying, dying in an unwholesome beauty, like a dissolute mackerel. But science then stepped in to reassure us. The phenomenon was due wholly to dust and impurity in the atmosphere. The sun was not dying; the atmosphere was not really changed; the disease was

not organic. The sickly aspect was owing to the presence of impure particles of matter diffused about us by local causes. The wind had brought from another continent the stifling output of a volcano, or, from nearer, the smoke of burning forests, or the dust of dry plains and powdered fields. Locally we experienced a day of aerial stagnation, and at length the fresh breezes of heaven and the cleansing saltiness of the oceans relieved us of the temporary nightmare. The present "yellows" in literature is only a local infection of dust and impurity spread by our modern facilities of communication.

The Yellow literature is not new. There have always been diseased people seeking notoriety by reason of their maladies. As long ago as 1843, Thoreau, temporarily banished from the world of Concord to an outlook on Staten Island over a steaming town, observed this incipient phenomenon. In the volume of his *Familiar Letters*, so intelligently edited by Mr. Sanborn, there is a passage commenting on the eccentricities of a literary friend and his fraternity, whose draught, offered to the world, might have been hinted at in the phrase of Emerson:

"Love drinks at the fountain
False waters of thirst."

Thoreau says of them: "They want faith, and mistake their private ail for an infected atmosphere; but let any one of them recover hope for a moment, and right his particular grievance, and he will no longer train in that company. To speak or do anything that shall concern mankind one must speak and act as if well, or from that grain of health which he has left. This 'Present' book, indeed, is blue, but the hue of its thought is *yellow*. I say these things with the less hesitation because I have the jaundice myself; but I also know what it is to be well."

The last sentence is in the way of a scientific observation, and enables us to "diagnose" the present English complaint. London has a bad attack of the Literary Jaundice. It seems to be infectious, but, considered atmospherically, its appearance in our Western sky is only a diffusion of impure particles in the atmosphere.

And as a mental affair it is too self-conscious to be called a natural phenomenon. The sociologist takes little note of it, because he regards it as an affected pose. It easily shifts its hue, to gain notoriety, from yellow to a sickly painted green. And it is a sophisticated and not an innocent pose. The clever Oscar Wilde (the name has become typical) is not a fool, any more than Mr. Beardsley is an artist. He privately said that he was not when in this country, making this confidence to a select few, and desiring that the impression should not become public. Going about in fantastic raiment, in stained-glass attitudes, with affected speech, bearing a lily in his hand, was only a method of gaining notoriety. It was the position of the late lamented Mr. Barnum, also a very able man, who said that the people wished to be humbugged. Mr. Barnum would have covered himself with green carnations if that would have advertised his show. And perhaps Mr. Wilde knows his public equally well. On any other supposition it is not easy to account for the present yellow atmosphere of London. It is, however, local. We can easily imagine that to a Londoner, dwelling in an opaque fog, all the world seems to have a sickly yellow cast. And no doubt there are idiots all over the world who get their fog and their fashions from London, and think they love the yellow literature of a few decadent spirits because it is the momentary atmosphere of London. For London is the greatest and most fascinating of all capitals. Where everything is so limited by fog, the imagination has a great chance to play. But let the dwellers in that great monetary and æsthetic-stricken centre take courage. Let them look up and abroad out of the enveloping haze. The sun is still shining, and the great winds are blowing over the globe, and the literary atmosphere of the world is still fresh and wholesome, and there are healthy orchards elsewhere, in spite of the local "yellows" of the wall-trained peaches.

II.

The Study has no desire to add to the bulk of writing and of speculation about an American literature, nor even to assail the general belief that we already have an American literature—that is to say, that the Colonial period is long passed out of, and that we are as inde-

pendent in our literature as we are in our politics, and as many people think we should be in our financial and commercial conditions. That the United States has contributed to the stock of genuine literature of the world there is no doubt. A half-dozen authors might be named whose books are universally recognized as belonging to literature. Surely we have set afloat essays, poems, fiction, histories, upon that great stream of time where the works of the imagination and of scholarship take their chances of immortality with the works of all time and all peoples in the longer or shorter voyage. We can confidently say more than this. We can say that much of this work has a new and distinctly American color and quality. But when we attempt to go farther than this we raise the very difficult distinction, from a cosmopolitan point of view, between the American and the great body of British, or, as foreigners say, of English literature. This distinction is often difficult to make. It has often happened lately that a book by a new British writer has been thought by British readers to be of American origin. Usually the local color determines, so that we in America and they in England have no difficulty in placing a new or anonymous book. But how is it with a foreigner who is familiar with the peculiarities neither of England nor America? If he is set, as a student, at English literature, he has frequently no way of telling whether the author he is reading is British or American. For instance, when there was published, many years ago, in Paris, an edition of the works of Washington Irving as a "British Classic," the Russian or the Italian reader was likely to be misled. And the same might be said of many of the works of Lowell, Longfellow, and others. The great world foreign to the English-speaking race no doubt regards the American as simply a branch of the great English river of literature. When, therefore, we speak of American literature is it not with a recognition of the fact that it is not a characteristic national literature, as is the Spanish, or the French, or the Italian, or the Russian? The other great races of the globe, conglomerate in nationalities, have a point of view of life different from ours; their morals are different, conscience acts differently, and the result is a literary expression *sui generis* and foreign

to each other. We say that passion is the same, that human nature is the same in all. That is true, and that is the common point of sympathy in all literatures. But there is a distinction deeper than the accident of local color, of geographical difference, and when we speak of Russian literature as different from British, we mean something other than when we speak of American literature as different from British. Language, of course, has much to do with the character of literary expression, but when we translate the works of all other literatures into our own faithfully, there still remains the quality that stamps one as Russian, another as French, another as Japanese. In our best English versions of the Old Testament we recognize an Orientalism, and know that it could not be the product of an Occidentally trained national mind. A disinterested critic from the planet Mars—if Mars is sophisticated enough to have critics—would have no difficulty in setting apart the works of the Spaniard, the Italian, the Russian, and so on, but he would be puzzled to draw the line between the British and the American. And yet we quarrel about it, and assert the difference like next of kin in the inheritance of property.

And yet it is not a fanciful supposition that there will be some time an American literature as distinct from the British as the Roman was from the Greek. The reason for this is in the nature of things, that every great nation, and every nation with a marked character—even if it be as small as Iceland—must have a characteristic national expression. And if we pursue this idea further we are bound to feel that we cannot yet guess what in our case that expression will be, because the American nation is not yet made. It is in process of formation. And the present spectacle of it is the most wonderful and interesting that the world has yet seen. We have here as yet only partially assimilated all the diverse peoples and tongues of the globe. We began with comparatively few, and those to a certain extent kin, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Dutch, with a little seasoning of Huguenot and others. The first great addition was African, which was strictly held in solution till 1865. But our doors were wide open, and have been for a century, and diverse races from all the world have flocked in by the hundreds of thousands

and propagated into the millions. With the doors still open, it has been for over half a century a great struggle for assimilation, and a struggle under new political conditions, and under ideas of government foreign to the great incoming masses. We have faith that the political lines laid down will hold, and that the social conditions will be what the poets have dreamed of the development of a new humanity; but no prophet yet has arisen who can predict what the American people will be when it is formed into one sympathetic nationality, as alike and sympathetic as in the typical Briton in little England. The elements are so diverse that at times the assimilation seems hopeless. We thought we had our hands full with all the mother nations, and the hitherto insoluble problem of the African; but when we add to these the swarms of Italians, of Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, of Russian Jews, with a liberal sprinkling of Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, Turks, and Armenians; when in the east side of New York newspapers are published in as many different languages as there are peoples—we begin to apprehend the magnitude of the problem.

But even this is not the most singular aspect of our experiment. All, or nearly all, other nations in civilization are conglomerate, made up of separate tribes, and generally of pretty distinct developments. What we call the English is a very mixed race, made up of Danes, Britons, Celts, Angles, Saxons, Normans, and has been almost a thousand years in process of assimilation. It is so of every other civilized people which has sharply defined national traits and characteristics. Our peculiarity is not that we are to fuse distinct nationalities, but that we are to fuse them at a higher plane of civilization than any like fusion has taken place before. The other assimilations into nationalities have taken place on a much lower and nearer the barbaric plane. All the races meeting here, except the African, are the products of a highly developed civilization in its own kind. The assimilation is consequently more difficult and more interesting, and the product should be more important.

It is not asserted that we have gathered here the best products of all the other civilizations, but actual representatives of them; for civilization is represented by its decadence as well as by its finest develop-

ment, and the point is that it is in all cases a fixed development. The lowest of the various nations that come to us are the fruits of long evolution. We have here perhaps a meeting of vices as well as of virtues, and of diverse moral conceptions of life, but not a meeting of barbarians. Rather a coming into contact and friction of highly developed civilization in a struggle for the mastery.

This is the fact that makes the spectacle interesting and doubtful, but also hopeful. And while we cannot predict what the result will be, we expect that it will be something new in the way of a nation, and something of the highest importance in the history of the world. If we believe in a Divine Providence we can see why a vast continent was held virgin while experiments were made in human development the world over—a ground for the great experiment of the mingling of civilizations. Every one has something valuable to contribute. The Italian who is now digging up our streets and building our railways is the inher-

itor of ages of artistic instinct. We might run through the list of all the nationalities represented here and find something necessary in the flower of the better civilization we expect. And all the discoveries of modern science are helpers to a more rapid assimilation than any other nation has yet experienced.

There is some encouragement in this speculation. We can have patience in the evolution. We can have faith in ourselves. And we can be sure that if the distinct nation is finally evolved here which the signs indicate, it will have some time as distinct a literary expression as any other nation ever had. We need not bother ourselves whether it will be a feminine or a masculine expression, or whether it will be realistic or idealistic. Nor need we expect that it will be grander than Isaiah or Homer or Shakespeare, for it can only be the product of the limited human mind, which is always the same; but it will be national, and the man from Mars would have no difficulty in recognizing an American note.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 11th of December.—The steamship *St. Louis* of the American Line was launched at Philadelphia November 12th, with imposing ceremonies.

The third session of the Fifty-third Congress met at Washington December 3d. The President's message favored free ships and the increase of the army to its full legal strength of 25,000 men, recommended the construction of additional battle-ships and torpedo-boats, urged that coal and iron be put on the free list, and that differential duties be taken from refined sugar.

The funeral of the Czar Alexander III. took place November 19th with stately ceremonies in the Fortress Cathedral at St. Petersburg. The marriage of the Czar Nicholas II and the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt took place November 26th.

The Japanese troops captured Port Arthur November 21st, after two days' desperate fighting.

The new Reichstag building in Berlin was formally opened December 5th. William II. read the address from the throne. It declared in favor of repressive legislation against socialists, and eulogized the late Czar as a co-laborer for peace.

DISASTERS.

November 14th.—The British ship *Culmore* foundered off the Yorkshire coast. Twenty-two persons were drowned.

November 26th.—Earthquake shocks during two

days destroyed several villages in Sicily and southern Italy.

OBITUARY.

November 16th.—At Princeton, Rev. Dr. James McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, aged eighty-three years. At Boston, Robert Charles Winthrop, ex-United States Senator and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, aged eighty-five years.

November 17th.—At New York, Rev. Dr. William Greenough Thayer Shedd, aged seventy-four years.

November 18th.—At Paris, Francis Magnard, director of the *Figaro*, aged fifty-seven years.

November 20th.—At Peterhof, Russia, Anton Gregor Rubinstein, the composer, aged sixty-four years.

November 22d.—At Baltimore, William Thompson Walters, art-collector, aged seventy-four years.

November 25th.—At Paris, Jean Victor Duruy, statesman and historical writer, aged eighty-three years.

November 27th.—At Varzin, Princess Johanna Frederika von Bismarck, aged seventy years.

November 30th.—At Atlanta, United States Senator Joseph E. Brown, aged seventy-three years.

December 4th.—At Jersey City, ex-Governor Leon Abbett, aged fifty-eight years.

December 7th.—At Paris, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, promoter of the Suez and Panama canals, aged eighty-nine years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

SIXTEEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHILE the journalist deftly dealt with the lobster *à la* Newburg, as it bubbled in the chafing-dish before him, the deep-toned bell of the church at the corner began to strike twelve.

"Give me your plates, quick," he said, "and we'll drink Jack's health before it's to-morrow."

The artist and the soldier and the professor of mathematics did as they were told; and then they filled their glasses.

The journalist, still standing, looked the soldier in the eye, and said: "Jack, this is the first time The Quartet has met since the old school-days, ten years ago and more. That this reunion should take place on your birthday doubles the pleasure of the occasion. We wish you many happy returns of the day!"

Then the artist and the mathematician rose also, and they looked at the soldier, and re-

peated together, "Many happy returns of the day!"

Whereupon they emptied their glasses and sat down, and the soldier rose to his feet.

"Thank you, boys," he began; "but I think you have already made me enjoy this one birthday three times over. It was yesterday that I was twenty-six, and—"

"But I didn't meet you till last night," interrupted the journalist; "and yesterday was Sunday; and I couldn't get a box for the theatre and find the other half of The Quartet all on Sunday, could I?"

"I'm not complaining because yesterday was my real birthday," the soldier returned, "even if you have now protracted the celebration on to the third day—it's just struck midnight, you know. All I have to say is, that since you have given me a triplicate birthday this time, any future anniversary will have



LOST AGAIN.

to spread itself over four days if it wants to beat the record, that's all." And he took his seat again.

"Well," said the artist, who had recently returned from Paris, "that won't happen till we see 'the week of the four Thursdays,' as the French say."

"And we sha'n't see that for a month of Sundays, I guess," the journalist rejoined.

There was a moment of silence, and then the mathematician spoke for the first time.

"A quadruplex birthday will be odd enough, I grant you," he began, "but I don't think it quite as remarkable as the case of the lady who had no birthday for sixteen years after she was born."

The soldier and the artist and the journalist all looked at the professor of mathematics, and they all smiled; but his face remained perfectly grave.

"What's that you say?" asked the journalist. "Sixteen years without a birthday? Isn't that a very large order?"

"Did you know the lady yourself?" inquired the soldier.

"She was my grandmother," the mathematician answered. "She had no birthday for the first sixteen years of her life."

"You mean that she did not celebrate her birthdays, I suppose," the artist remarked. "That's nothing. I know lots of families where they don't keep any anniversaries at all."

"No," persisted the mathematician. "I meant what I said, and precisely what I said. My grandmother did not keep her first fifteen birthdays because she couldn't. She didn't have them to keep. They didn't happen. The first time she had a chance to celebrate her birthday was when she completed her sixteenth year—and I need not tell you that the family made the most of the event."

"This a real grandmother you are talking about," asked the journalist, "and not a fairy godmother?"

"I could understand her going without a birthday till she was four years old," the soldier suggested, "if she was born on the 29th of February."

"That accounts for four years," the mathematician admitted, "since my grandmother was born on the 29th of February."

"In what year?" the soldier pursued. "In 1796?"

The professor of mathematics nodded.

"Then that accounts for eight years," said the soldier.

"I don't see that at all," exclaimed the artist.

"It's easy enough," the soldier explained. "The year 1800 isn't a leap-year, you know. We have a leap-year every four years, except the final year of a century—1700, 1800, 1900."

"I didn't know that," said the artist.

"I'd forgotten it," remarked the journalist. "But that gets us over only half of the difficulty. He says his grandmother didn't

have a birthday till she was sixteen. We can all see now how it was she went without this annual luxury for the first eight years. But who robbed her of the birthdays she was entitled to when she was eight and twelve? That's what I want to know."

"Born February 29, 1796, the Gregorian calendar deprives her of a birthday in 1800," the soldier said. "But she ought to have had her first chance February 29, 1804. I don't see how—" and he paused in doubt. "Oh!" he cried, suddenly; "where was she living in 1804?"

"Most of the time in Russia," the mathematician answered. "Although the family went to England for a few days early in the year."

"What was the date when they left Russia?" asked the soldier, eagerly.

"They sailed from St. Petersburg in a Russian bark on the 10th of February," answered the professor of mathematics, "and owing to head-winds they did not reach England for a fortnight."

"Exactly," cried the soldier. "That's what I thought. That accounts for it."

"I don't see how," the artist declared; "that is, unless you mean to suggest that the Czar confiscated the little American girl's birthday and sent it to Siberia."

"It's plain enough," the soldier returned. "We have the reformed calendar, the Gregorian calendar, you know, and the Russians haven't. They keep the old Julian calendar, and it's now ten days behind ours. They celebrate Christmas three days after we have begun the new year. So if the little girl left St. Petersburg in a Russian ship on February 10, 1804, by the old reckoning, and was on the water two weeks, she would land in England after March 1st by the new calendar."

"That is to say," the artist inquired, "the little girl came into an English port thinking she was going to have her birthday the next week, and when she set foot on shore she found out that her birthday was passed the week before—is that what you mean?"

"Yes," answered the soldier; and the mathematician nodded also.

"Then all I have to say," the artist continued, "is that it was a mean trick to play on a child that had been looking forward to her first birthday for eight years—to knock her into the middle of next week in that fashion!"

"And she had to go four years more for her next chance," said the journalist. "Then she would be twelve. But you said she hadn't a birthday till she was sixteen. How did she lose the one she was entitled to in 1808? She wasn't on a Russian ship again, was she?"

"No," the mathematician replied; "she was on an American ship that time."

"On the North Sea?" asked the artist.

"No," was the calm answer; "on the Pacific."

"Sailing east or west?" cried the soldier.

"Sailing east," answered the professor of mathematics, smiling again.

"Then I see how it might happen," the soldier declared.

"Well, I don't," confessed the artist.

The journalist said nothing, as it seemed unprofessional to admit ignorance of anything.

"It is simple enough," the soldier explained. "You see, the world is revolving about the sun steadily, and it is always high noon somewhere on the globe. The day rolls round unceasing, and it is not cut off into twenty-four hours. We happen to have taken the day of Greenwich or Paris as the day of civilization, and we say that it begins earlier in China and later in California; but it is all the same day, we say. Therefore there has to be some place out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean where we lose or gain a day—if we are going east, we gain it; if we are going west, we lose it. Now I suppose this little girl of twelve was on her way from some Asiatic port to some American port, and they stopped on their voyage at Honolulu. Perhaps they dropped anchor there just before midnight on their February 28, 1808, thinking that the morrow would be the 29th; but when they were hailed from the shore, just after midnight, they found out that it was already March 1st."

As the soldier finished, he looked at the mathematician for confirmation of his explanation.

Thus appealed to, the professor of mathematics smiled and nodded, and said: "You have hit it. That's just how it was that my

grandmother lost the birthday she ought to have had when she was twelve, and had to go four years more without one."

"And so she really didn't have a birthday till she was sixteen!" the artist observed. "Well, all I can say is, your great-grandfather took too many chances. I don't think he gave the child a fair show. I hope he made it up to her when she was sixteen—that's all!"

An hour later The Quartet separated. The soldier and the artist walked away together, but the journalist delayed the mathematician.

"I say," he began, "that yarn about your grandmother was very interesting. It is an extraordinary combination of coincidences. I can see it in the Sunday paper with a scare-head—

"SIXTEEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY!"

Do you mind my using it?"

"But it isn't true," said the professor.

"Not true?" echoed the journalist.

"No," replied the mathematician. "I made it up. I hadn't done my share of the talking, and I didn't want you to think I had nothing to say for myself."

"Not a single word of truth in it?" the journalist returned.

"Not a single word," was the mathematician's answer.

"Well, what of that?" the journalist declared. "I don't want to file it in an affidavit—I want to print it in a newspaper."



A SURE SIGN.

"Are you superstitious, Mr. Spiffkins?"

"Well—I think it bad luck to be run over by a cable-car."

PEGASUSES TO HIRE.

If the public doesn't know it, I would say
I'm the Boss Mechanic Poet of the day.

In the briefest space of time
I can write a bit of rhyme
Full of melody sublime—
All for pay.

I am not content with one Pegasus.
I've a stable full to run. Serious
Or in comic harness, they
Can be hitched up any day—
Some are roan, and some are gray—
To my 'bus.

For I keep a 'bus, you see; it is best.
I can hitch up two or three Pegs abreast.
For if, like 'most all the others
Of my poetizing brothers,
I rode horseback, there'd be bothers
Without rest.

If you want a valentine, come to me.
I've a Peg that in that line you should see.
He can distance any steed
That was ever known for speed—
'Less, perchance, he's off his feed—
Three in three.

I've a dappled Pegasus; he's a pet.
He's the most industrious I've seen yet.
He can gallop through a sonnet
On a hero or a bonnet
In a jiffy—and upon it
You can bet.

There's another in the stable that is great.
On his hind legs he is able to gyrate
Till his rider gets so crazy
He can write a verse so hazy
He'll be dubbed a very daisy
Laureate.

But I've wearied of the pen, don't you see.
There are such a lot of men in poetry.
Hence I'm going to retire,
And my stable is for hire.
If to laurels you aspire,
Come to me.

A MEAN TRICK.

PATRICK was one of those witty sons of the Celtic isle whose amusing sayings had entertained many transatlantic travellers.

One day, when the steamer was about leaving port, Patrick received the order to haul in a long cable that dragged astern. Patrick jumped to the task cheerfully enough, and hauled away contentedly. But the excessive length of the cable taxed his patience.

"I wonder what's become of the end of this ould cable, anyhow?" And finally, growing more impatient, he growled out: "Faith, it's no use hauling away at the baste uv a cable. Some devil's cut the end off uv it."

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

"WAAL—er—hem!—children," began Colonel Handy Polk, the well-known real-estate, loan, and insurance agent of Oklahoma, who had wandered into a Sunday-school, and been invited by the superintendent to address the children, "I didn't come yere with the expectation of makin' a speech, but now that I've been called on, I'll say a few words on the—er—ah—beauties of honesty and—er—truth. Honesty is the best policy. Alwers be honest, children, and alwers be truthful. As—er—er—What's-his-name truly said, an honest man is the—er—er—noblest work of God. And a truthful man is better than—er—ah—many sparrers. Alwers remember that, children. If everybody was honest, what a different world this would be! But, alas! they hain't. Instead, the generality of mankind in—er—general is forever tryin' to git the better of the—er—er—generality of mankind in—er—ah—general, so to speak. From this we should learn—should learn, as it were, to—er—be honest. But I'll tell you a little story to sorter illustrate my meanin'. Once on a time thar was a boy whose parents were poor but honest, and tried to raise him up in the—er—way he should go. But he wouldn't obey 'em, and seemed to take delight in doin' wrong. He began stealin' little things when he was no higher than the table, and 'peared to prefer to lie when the truth would have done jest as well, or even better. He grew worse and worse as time passed on, and by the time he had grown to be a man he had become a regular out and out scoundrel. He made a business of swindlin', lyin', and cheatin', and seemed to glory in his shame. And what do you suppose became of him? I ask you, children, whur do you reckon he is at now?"

And the Colonel's innocent hearers answered, in one voice,

"He now stands before us!"

TOM P. MORGAN.

A MIXED PRAYER.

At the advanced age of five Marjorie developed an extraordinary liking for prayers. She had been taught not only "Now I lay me," but also the Lord's Prayer, and then at her request a codicil had been added, praying that "papa and mamma and all my relations" might be protected during the night. She said the prayers just before going to bed, in the morning, and her mother often heard snatches of them as the little girl went about her doll's affairs during the day.

It was no doubt partly owing to this familiarity with her prayer, but largely to drowsiness, that one night the sleepy little girl electrified her listening mother by hastily cutting short the Lord's Prayer and ending up the ceremony with, "Deliver me from evil, and—all my relations."

Her father said she was a philosopher, but that she ought to have added relations-in-law.



AVENUE AMENITIES.

MRS. DE STYLE. "I like this dress, but it doesn't match my complexion."

MRS. VAN SNAPPY. "Oh, that's but a trifle; you can alter your complexion to suit."

A DESERVING PENSIONER.

TOLD BY THE OLD SOLDIER.

I NEVER could understand what James McGibney wanted along of bein' in our troop of mounted rangers, for a more completely busted-up man than him I never did see. He had a wooden leg and a cork leg, and a glass eye which didn't match the real eye, so you couldn't tell which was which; wore false teeth, and an auburn wig with fifty-one gray hairs in it. He was all scarred up, and you couldn't tell his age any more'n a rabbit; but he said he was forty-seven, and had been puttin' three gray hairs in his wig every year since he was thirty. Some said he had been blowed up, and some said he had been friz in a Minnesoty blizzard; and the story was around that he had been married three times, and that each mother-in-law kep' on livin' with him after the dear departed was gone, until he had collected all three of 'em. He could stay on a horse, though he couldn't walk very fast, so our Captain enlisted him, and sent a notice to the papers as how a veteran of the battle of Waterloo was a member of Troop A, First Colorado Ranger Cavalry.

We was ordered to Texas early in the spring of 1863, and McGibney went with us as first sergeant—an office he warn't in no way fitted for, and which I wanted. Mac was a good feller, though, and played a good game of cards, and we all liked him; but when him and me and the Captain, Jack Smoke, Bill Gasheit, and Jonas G. Smalls, was surrounded by hostile Injuns in a cañon where we was on a scout, and our horses was previously stampeded by the same Injuns while we was havin' a game of seven-up by the spring, I couldn't see why the Captain wanted us to carry McGibney with us as we tried to climb up the cañon-side, gittin' us all ketched, 'stid of one. But the Captain said he see we was all goin' to git ketched anyway, and as McGibney owed him and Smoke a good deal of money lost at cards, he didn't want to git separated from him, especially as all the Injun tribes we knowed anything about was at peace with the whites, and these fellers would probably let us go.

The Injuns soon captured us, and we was taken off through the mountains for several miles, till we come to an old village of adobe houses surrounded by a high wall, and the door of the biggest house was opened, and we was thrown in. It was all dark in there, but the settin' sun blazed in through the door and shone for a moment on a little blue image bound with silver, hangin' high up against the wall, and we knowed right off that it was the Great Turquoise God, and we was captives of the mysterious Injun tribe we had heard about who worshipped the Great Turquoise God and et their captives. We was all doomed—all but McGibney. They couldn't eat him any more'n a stake-driver.

We never slept a wink that night, and see the first streaks of mornin' light as they come

strugglin' in through two little winders high up in the walls. After we had breakfast the Captain got up on my shoulders and looked out of the winders. On one side was the village, and the savages runnin' around. The other winder looked beyond the village wall, which formed one side of the buildin' we was in, and not far off was a big river, and nobody in sight but a single guard under the winder. The winders was fastened with flimsy little iron rods stuck in the dried mud of the adobe.

"I'll tell you what," said the Captain; "if I could git them rods out, we could all git through the winder."

"We'd have trouble in gittin' McGibney through," said I.

"I could break the rods, but the guard would hear me," said the Captain. "If I only had something to dig the ends out with; but them Injuns have took all our knives."

"If you'll take me along with you when you go, I'll git you out," said McGibney; and he passed up his false teeth, and the Captain soon had the bars loose, though he wore the teeth all out doin' it.

"Let's git the Turquoise God; it will bring in a good deal of money," said Jonas G. Smalls; but the light was so dim we couldn't see it, and we couldn't waste time boostin' men up all around the walls of that big room.

"Here," said McGibney; and he passed his glass eye up to the Captain, who put it in the winder so it reflected the light and sent a ray along the walls, and we see the Great Turquoise God, and Jonas G. Smalls put it in his pocket, and we was ready to go. Unfortunately, McGibney's glass eye rolled off the winder-sill and got smashed on the floor.

"But there's that there guard to deal with," said Gasheit. "We forgot about him."

"Here," said McGibney; "just unscrew my wooden leg and knock him on the head with it."

Which same the Captain done, breakin' the wooden leg and the Injun's head both to once; and we all got out of the winder and sneaked down to the river. We see a boat on the other side, but we couldn't none of us swim any more'n a rabbit, and we didn't know what to do. But McGibney spoke up and said, "Unscrew my cork leg, and swim over on it and git the boat"; and Jonas G. Smalls done it, though he forgot to bring the cork leg back with him when he came with the boat, and we dassent go back for it. We went kitin' down the river at a great rate, and was jest gittin' encouraged when we heard yells, and there was a dozen Injuns cavortin' down the side of the river a quarter of a mile back. We paddled as hard as we could, but the bullets zipped around us pretty lively, and we was scared. Jest then we come to a curve in the river and some rapids. Close in to shore near the head of the rapids was a big dead tree, with its roots hangin' out over the water, covered with vines. Jest as soon as we was around the curve, and

out of the Injuns' sight for a minute, McGibney steered the boat for the tree.

"Jump out and stand in behind the vines," said he. We done so; he tipped over the boat, took off his wig and put it in the water with a chunk of wood under it; and when the Injuns come in sight, there was the boat tipped over in the rapids, and what looked to be a human head floatin' beside it. They kep' shootin', and pretty soon the head sunk, and they thought we was all dead, and went home, and we went back to camp. We sold the Great Turquoise God for a good price, and McGibney went home and drawed a pension for the loss of an eye, scalp, teeth, and two legs, all of them disabilities of his'n, which same the Captain and me and Jack Smoke, Bill Gasheit and Jonas G. Smalls, swore he received in the line of duty.

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

A BOY'S PHILOSOPHY.

ONE of the favorite winter games of the small boy who lives along the Hudson is "jumping laddie-cakes." This sport reaches its height just as the ice in the river is breaking up, and when the great cakes go floating up and down with the tide a dozen or more youngsters may be seen running from one cake to another, and sometimes making really dangerous leaps.

One day a boy, apparently about nine years old, was to be seen standing on a cake which was rocking in a somewhat alarming manner, and the little fellow was crying in a frightened sort of way.

"What's the matter?" called a passer-by from the shore.

And then came the sobbing answer: "I'm afraid diss cake 'll turn over, an' if I get drowned me mother 'll lick me."



A GREAT SAVING.

SHIPPEN CLARKE. "Well, old man, we little thought, when you used to play end rush on the 'varsity eleven, that you'd soon be playing leading parts in Shakespeare. You must be putting money in the bank."

ORLANDO SNAPBACK. "Not at all. Remember what I have to lay out in costumes."

SHIPPEN CLARKE. "But consider what you save in wigs."

THE TROMBONIST AND THE FISHES.



I.

HERR Tamborini, so they say,
Went out to fish one autumn day.



II.

He blew a blast; the fish he charmed,
Though you'd have thought they'd been alarmed.



III.

And as the music louder rolls,
The fishes hasten up in shoals.



IV.

Then Tamborini, sly old man,
Puts into play his latest plan—



V.

A plan that truly seems to me
Chock full of ingenuity.



VI.

But, oh, it was a wicked sin,
The way he took those fishes in!



THE HUNT BA

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FOX-HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES.

By CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THERE is no fallacy accepted so generally or with such credulity as that hunting the fox is, in America, an exotic of comparatively recent importation. Rather might it be called indigenous. So far back as we can obtain any authentic record, the sporting spirit of our forefathers inclined to hunting, and the red fox, the speediest little beggar of the Reynard, was abroad in the land before South Rock served as a stepping-stone from the Old to the New World. The original habitat of the red fox is, by-the-way, a question which has caused much discussion. Some claim it to have been brought over from England, while others find it among them. Englishmen, characteristically, our species, both red and gray, as genuinely American. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Pilgrims and the fox were contemporaries.

True it is that the very first settlers were hunters by necessity rather than choice; that the Indian's warwhoop and not the huntsman's horn sounded the chase, for which the trophy promised to be a human scalp instead of Reynard's brush. A generation or two were needed for the domestication of the newly adopted home, but when the thoughts of these hardy pioneers, who had faced death to live in faith and worship with liberty, turned finally to play, the sports of their native land lived again. Horse, hound, and horn became the sporting emblems of succeeding generations, just as they had been those of England's gentry since sporting history began.

As a desultory sport pursued by individuals without co-operation, fox-hunting in England naturally takes precedence over the United States by reason of greater age, but in its organized form the disparity in years is not so much in favor

of the mother-country. English fox-hunting is spoken of first in the fourteenth century as a recreation of the country folk, but there is no authentic record of hounds entered to fox until between 1730 and 1750, the exact date being uncertain.

Through the Schuylkill Fishing Company, "of the State in Schuylkill," founded in 1732 and still existing, with its original membership limit of twenty-five filled, the United States bears the honor of having the oldest sporting club in the world. From these ancient disciples of Izak Walton sprung the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club, founded in 1766, and the first of its kind in America, so far as any record shows a specific date. It is to be sincerely regretted by American sportsmen that an entire history of this club, with all the picturesquely reminiscent details with which its fifty-two years of hunting must have abounded, was never written. All we are now able to gather must be through the medium of tradition preserved from generation to generation by the descendants of its members, and from some pleasantly written though incomplete memoirs. It is a notable and regrettable fact that the early hunting days of both England and America had no sympathetic interpreter. Early sporting literature, indeed, is distinctly devoid of romantic narrative. There could have been no Whyte Melville nor Frank Forrester in those days—unfortunately enough.

The Gloucester Club was organized by gentlemen living in Philadelphia and in Gloucester County, New Jersey, which is directly opposite the city, and had its origin in the exchange of social amenities between the urban and suburban residents. Gentlemen of comparative lei-

400

...ture were, in those early sure and cul... making, somewhat days of the nation's m... greater scarce, which gave, like as not, spirits zest to the relaxation of congenia... the once met. Those that lived within the then rising city of Penn feasted their rural guests to the full extent of their chefs' cunning and the wine-cellar—neither of which was inconsiderable; the country gentleman, returning the hospitality, furnished his city friends with a bounteous if less dainty board, and an appetite previously whetted to do it full justice by a fox hunt on his own domains or those of sporting neighbors. These occasional and irregular hunts naturally, in a country well stocked with game, led to the desire for association, and materialized one night in 1766 in a meeting at the Philadelphia Coffee-house, at which the following subscribed themselves as members of the new club:

"Benjamin Chew, pr. order, John Dickinson, Thomas Lawrence, Moor Furman, Enoch Story, Charles Willing, Thomas Willing, pr. order, Levi Hollingsworth, James Wharton, Thomas Mifflin, William Parr, Israel Morris, Jun., Tench Francis, David Rhea, Robert Morris, John White, John Cadwallader, Samuel Morris, Jun., Anthony Morris, Jun., Turbot Francis, pr. order, Zebulon Rudolph, Richard Bache, Isaac Wikoff, Joseph Wood, David Potts, Samuel Nicholas, Andrew Hamilton."

At a subsequent meeting regulations were agreed upon from which I make some excerpts:

... "And it is agreed that there shall be two hunting days in each week, which shall be on Thursdays and Fridays. A majority of the managers shall appoint (if they think necessary) any intermediate days for hunting in the week, and give the Company notice.

"The managers shall be enabled to pay James Massey, our present huntsman, any sum they may think necessary for keeping the dogs, and attending the Company as huntsman, and if there should not from the present sum raised be sufficient to pay the demands on the Company, they do each agree to pay all just demands, by a proportionate subscription, part and share alike.

"It is agreed that at the death of every Fox one of the Company shall carry about a Cap to collect what the Company may please to give the huntsman.

"The Company agree to make good all damages that may be done from hunting, and it is recommended by the Company to meet at the kennel the morning intended to hunt, and at all other times that may be suitable."

Thus established, the club hunted the

Jersey and Pennsylvania counties nearest Philadelphia with unremitting regularity and much sport. It was early morning hunting invariably, and their hounds must have been faster than those of today, for an old letter says the sportsmen "rarely sat down to the hunting dinner with the display of a *Brush*, frequently two or three were the trophies of the morning chase." How our deeds become magnified through the vista of time! Maybe the Masters of the Radnor and the Genesee hunts, Messrs. Mather and Wadsworth, who consider six brushes in a season a record not to be despised, will, when Father Time has forbidden them the saddle (may it be many years hence!) and mellowed the memory of Mastership worries, with their blank days and obstreperous fields—maybe they too will forget the unfulfilled hopes, and recall only the rewards of glorious runs.

Does time really, I wonder, soften our disappointments, and attune the memory to the recital only of its joys? Wherefore the dread of old age, if this be so?

The heyday of the Gloucester Club's prosperity came during 1775, when sixteen couple of choice fleet hounds gave the best of sport, and an established hunting uniform—"dark brown cloth coatee, with lappelled dragoon pockets, white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and breeches, and a black velvet cap"—satisfied the craving for form. The war of the Revolution dispersed most of the members of the club to the more serious work of hunting the British soldiery—a task they set about with equal determination. Out of this sporting organization no less than twenty-two associated and formed the famous "First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry," nearly all of whom faithfully served in the memorable campaigns of '76 and '77. Thus it appears indisputably that the First City Troop, now in service in Philadelphia, originated in and was chiefly composed of and officered by the fox-hunting sportsmen of the Gloucester Club, and by the members of the Schuylkill Fishing Company.

After the war the Gloucester Club was revived with the zest born of success in the fight for Independence. Samuel Morris, Jun., who had commanded the Troop from its organization to its honorable discharge, and was, moreover, Governor of the Schuylkill Fishing Company, was chosen first President of



"IN FULL CRY."

the club, and annually re-elected thereafter to the year of his death, 1812. Though the sport furnished continued to be excellent, it does not seem to have been of the fast and furious nature that obtained before the turning of the century. The old members had outlived the recklessness that belongs to vigorous manhood, and delighted more to live over sporting memories comfortably seated around the board of the common "meeting" room, sipping "governor" (a favored beverage of those days, made of Jamaica rum and brandy), than add to their stock in trade by further experience in the field. The growing generation was confronted by the more important business of building up a nation suddenly become independent, and had little time or thought for hunting. Meanwhile, however, there was considerable sport, and some of the runs left on record were nothing short of remarkable, one fox in 1798 carrying the pack in full cry forty miles to a kill. Reynard at that time had grown such a pest in the land that the stock-suffering farmer hailed the hounds and the huntsmen as friends, "free to enter his

enclosures and traverse his fields and his woods, unmolested and unrestrained, from the tenth of October until the tenth of April, at which period the fences were repaired and the ground tilled." Happy hunting-days indeed were those!

Quite the most remarkable person which this period of the Gloucester Club has given us was "old Jonas" Cattell, who for more than twenty years figured as its "guide and master whipper-in." No matter how circuitous or how distant the chase, Jonas, always afoot, was on hand at every emergency before one-half the riders made their appearance. He was past master in the art of hunting the fox, and read the country as an open book, but apart from that knowledge, which, of course, aided him in following, the pace he maintained and the endurance he showed were astonishing. The club members believed him equal to any test, and evidently with much reason. On one occasion a wager was made that Jonas would deliver a letter to a town eighty miles distant in one day, and return the next with an answer. Which he did, despite heavy roads.

He was a terror to the "babbler," but had abundant kindness and encouragement for the sagacious and industrious worker; he used his authority with exceeding discrimination, and in consequence had a pack the fame of whose working qualities remained a by-word long after the club had dissolved, and "old Jonas" himself been gathered to his forefathers. Once he was induced to follow the chase mounted, but finished the run afoot, and could never afterwards be coaxed into repeating the experiment.

In 1800 the Gloucester Club had forty members, and still maintained a high quality of sport, notwithstanding more than half that number failed to turn out at the meets. For about ten years longer a brave showing in the hunting-field continued to be made, but deaths and the uncompromising stringency which embarrassed trade at that period pressed sorely on the spirit of the fox-hunting set, and thinned the membership beyond repair. The life of the club in these its declining years had been Captain Charles Ross, and when that sportsman died, in 1818, it lost the soul of its frail existence, and the famous old club and its last Master passed out of existence simultaneously.

It is deplorable the members had not a keener appreciation of the club's relation to American sporting history; it is to be deeply regretted none of them had the sportsmanship to perpetuate the first fox-hunting club of this country. But the mercantile depression ruled, and the club died after giving half a century of sport to the men who helped raise the stars and stripes over a new nation.

But the sporting spirit it had nurtured lived on and found cherishment among the farmers in the near by Pennsylvania counties. From the day the hardy pioneers first laid aside their work for a few hours of relaxation there has always been fox-hunting around Philadelphia.

In fact, there is no section of the United States, outside the Southern States, that presents a fox-hunting record comparable to it. Several generations of Pennsylvanians had followed the hounds before even the significance of the sport was grasped by subsequent imitators. To tell of the many different packs that have been maintained around Philadelphia all these years would be to exhaust the space at my disposal here. Farmers had always kept hounds, which they enjoyed severally or joined in one common pack for a day's sport, even before and during the days of the Gloucester Club, and on its dissolution provincial hunting, if I may so call it, increased in popularity. Whereas before their fields had been somewhat drawn upon by the more fashionable hunt of the metropolis, now they were enlarged by the men whose love of the sport sent them to the outlying districts. Thus for many years hunting grew apace, unostentatiously but surely. The hounds—partly American and partly English—that had been distributed by the Gloucester Club raised the standard of some packs and created a rivalry among all, which resulted in the general betterment of the fox-hound and an improvement in the sport.

Some of the farmers took especial pride in their packs, weeding them out with



A RADN

great care, and establishing breeds which have been perpetuated to the present day.

Within a fifteen-mile radius of the Radnor Hunt, which is about twelve miles from Philadelphia, there are no less than twelve packs of hounds, and of them all the Radnor and the Rose-tree are the only ones not entirely supported by farmers. These farmer packs will average from eight to ten couple of American hounds, and are entirely trencher-fed. During the summer, as a rule, they lead the lives of ordinary dogs, and in the hunting season are got together in a rude makeshift of a kennel, more for the purpose of having them conveniently at hand than for any particular care to be bestowed. No one remembers when a pack of hounds was not kept in Delaware, Chester, and Montgomery counties, and the memory of some of those now living in this district goes rather far back. George W. Hill, the venerable Master of the Rose-tree Club, has been fox-hunting for sixty-two years, and there are three other members of the same club, aged respectively 70, 74, and 79 years, who with Mr. Hill have been members of the club twenty-one years, and followed hounds since boyhood.

With these farmer-hunters such a modern innovation as the drag has never been suggested, much less instituted. They hunt for the sport of it pure and simple, as a rule on an excellent type of home-bred horseflesh, and their hounds, despite the little care given them, show good speed and stamina, and, of course, the keen nose that is characteristic of the American. Generally speaking, these packs are hunted separately with a local following, but on occasion, probably some holiday, two or more are joined, and the meet, at a central rendezvous, brings out the gala fields of farmer fox-hunting.

Even in sport, history repeats itself. As the sporadic and crude attempt at fox-hunting had served to stimulate the sport.



PURE-BLOODED AMERICAN HOUNDS.

that afterwards joined in making the Gloucester Club a reality, so now, one hundred years later, the inconstant sport of the farmer packs gave rise to a desire for something more stable. And thus, and largely, too, through the efforts of Messrs. J. Howard Lewis and George W. Hill, came about the organization, in 1859, of the Rose-tree Fox-hunting Club, which continues to the present writing in flourishing condition, the oldest of its kind in the United States. The Rose-tree became at once the sporting centre of eastern Pennsylvania. Like its ancient predecessor, the Gloucester, it formed a nucleus around which gathered the most enthusiastic sportsmen of that period. It waxed exceedingly popular, for not only did it assure regular hunting three times a week, but its hounds received more care than those of the surrounding packs, being kennelled and properly fed, and naturally, therefore, showing better sport. The club has never had, nor wished to have, any excuse for existence other than that of hunting the wild fox. It has invariably refused to participate in running drag of any description, and always used American hounds.

in numbers so the sport both had reached the Mastership of the Mastership of the Mastership, something a dozen years ago. What with the bag by day and the flow of soul by the old Quaker, of which



RADNOR HUNT CLUB KENNELS.

Ben Rogers yet remains high priest, the fame of the Rose-tree spread far and wide. Nothing in Fore's most florid plates of "Sporting Incidents," either in daring conception or bold execution, transcend the madcap frolics of those Rose-tree days. A midnight steeple-chase, as the result of postprandial discussion over the qualities of rival horses, or an all-day run after a straight-going fox, found the members equally prepared.

It was about this time that Philadelphians, awakening to the residential possibilities of the country surrounding their city, began an architectural "occupation" of the adjacent rural districts, which has created suburbs unexcelled probably anywhere in the world for accessibility and beauty. Some of the new-comers, as Mr. Charles E. Mather, for instance, whose grandfather kept a pack seventy-five

years ago at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, inherited sporting instincts, others acquired them by contact, and yet others affected them to keep pace with the fashion of the hour. But, at all events, the invasion of the "city folk" gave additional impetus to fox-hunting. The farmer packs continued to hunt local districts whenever the fancy seized upon their several masters, and some of the new settlers found this desultory sport sufficient for their comfort, while yet giving them the opportunity of "talking hunting" in the clubs. The sportsmen whom this play at hunting did not satisfy, however, joined the Rose-tree—which, in addition to having the most desirable farmer element among its members, turned out the best horseflesh and the fastest hounds—and rode to hunt. For a considerable while, therefore, the Rose-tree was not only the most thoroughly sporting, but the most fashionable club in this country. As time wore on, however, and the taste for hunting increased as the country houses multiplied, there developed a desire for a pack of hounds nearer home, hunted on a more elaborate and English scale, which eventually, about 1884, resulted in the organization of the Radnor Club.

The first two or three years of the new Radnor showed very little improvement on the old farmer pack it had succeeded, with the exception possibly of a better-turned-out field. In point of sport the Rose-tree continued premier; no one had any very intimate knowledge of kennel-management; the hounds were entirely undisciplined, it being not infrequently the case that they were lost in the day's run, and left to wend their way home



"GALLOPIN," AN AMERICAN-BRED ENGLISH HOUND, RADNOR KENNELS.

when the ardor of the chase had cooled. Moreover, following the hounds was not even attempted except by a very few, the greater number constituting themselves into a company of point-to-point riders, who, as is often the case in England, where large fields predominate, frequently headed the fox, to the supreme disgust of the straight-going sportsmen. Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Charles E. Mather was elected to the Mastership in '87. Mr. Mather's first efforts were directed to disciplining the hounds, and his next to educating his field to the necessity, for good sport, of following rather than larking about the country for a view of Reynard. With what success his endeavors have been rewarded, those that have enjoyed a day with the Radnor in recent years will attest.

Up to the time Mr. Mather became the Radnor Master, the packs in that vicinity were made up entirely of American

of venturing on a never-ending theme of discussion between the respective adherents of the two breeds—a subject, too, that has received very able treatment from men better qualified to speak than I.

The English hound has suffered in comparison with the American for the reason that importations have not been of the best blood. It is unquestionably true that a mediocre or even good product of an English kennel does not fill the requirements of hunting in this country so satisfactorily as an American of the same grade. Furthermore, Mr. Mather's experiments have proved that the highest type of English hound which has been entered to fox in England is not so serviceable in this country as the best American. The nature of hunting in the two countries is altogether different. In England the coverts are small, comparatively speaking, artificially stocked, and systematically cared for, and the hound



RADNOR HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

hounds. Indeed, I believe I am correct in saying that not only was the English hound an absent quantity, but he was looked upon by the local sportsmen as much inferior to the native-bred animal. Despite local prejudice, however, Mr. Mather straightway imported some English hounds, and began a series of experiments that have given results both valuable and interesting, and demonstrated the superiority of the English hound when properly handled. I am aware in bringing the two types into comparison

has a limited area for his work, with the huntsman constantly at his heels to encourage and "lift" him. In the United States the coverts are large, are neither cared for nor artificially stocked (though a certain small percentage of foxes is turned loose in the Radnor and Genesee countries every season), it is frequently impossible for the huntsman to be up with his hounds, and their field of work is very large. In fact, nose and ranging quality are two of the greatest essentials to a good fox-hound in this country, and

these, together with a beautiful voice, are the attributes *par excellence* of the American. In these three particulars the American-bred English hound of the highest type, which is to be found only in the Radnor kennels, has not equalled the native of purest blood. In speed and endurance, however, the English is superior.

It must be remembered that experiments doing equal justice to both breeds have been made only in the Radnor country. There are only three sections of the United States where riding to hounds after the wild fox obtains: in the Radnor, which is also practically the Rose-tree, so far as type of country is concerned; in the Genesee (Livingston County, New York); and in the Southern States—notably Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas. In the Radnor Mr. Mather has twenty-five couple of imported hounds that were not entered to fox in England, five couple of English hounds that ran one season on the other side, ten couple of American-bred English hounds (all of these from the Belvoir stock, the best in the world), and ten couple of American hounds of the best blood in Pennsylvania. Of the Radnor English hounds, those not entered on the other side have shown after one season quite as satisfactorily as the American, while the ten couple raised here have surpassed the work of the native. In fact, neither the Radnor's high-bred Americans nor those of the best packs in the neighborhood have been able to live with them. The great improvement in the American-bred English hound has been in nose and ranging quality, developed to a degree very little inferior to the American, which, combined with superior speed and endurance, make the American-bred English hound the best for the requirements of the Radnor country.

In Genesee, Mr. Wadsworth employs a pack of English hounds of very good breeding, and uses also a few Americans for their ranging, but no comparison can be drawn here, because neither is the highest type of its kind.

In the South the American hound is used exclusively, and one could hardly discover a hunter in a week's travel who would not scoff at the idea of the English being even comparable. Even Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., sometime Master of the Meadow Brook, and one of the best and most enthusiastic masters of hounds

in America, has become a staunch convert to the Southern belief. And Mr. Hitchcock's change of faith was not without cause, for it was born of experience with the English hounds which he took from Meadow Brook into the South. But even so, I am forced to say that his experience is not convincing; his hounds were a drag pack, accustomed to follow the man-with-the-bag at a steeple-chase pace and the aniseseed scent breast-high. Small wonder that they were left standing by the cold-nosed, highly strung, ranging American hound, that, bred to the highest degree, has been hunting the wild fox from puppyhood.

Fox-hunting in the South generally differs completely both in country and method from elsewhere, and even varies in its several localities. The same type of country and conditions found in Tennessee, for instance, are by no means duplicated in Georgia, Mississippi, or Alabama; but all have large coverts, some too dense in underbrush to permit of riding, and call for keen nose and wide ranging. It is altogether likely, therefore, that the American hound is better suited to the requirements of Southern hunting than even the home-bred English one of highest type, though how the latter would compare no one can say, since the experiment is yet to be made.

The Radnor country has often been styled the Leicestershire of America, and it does indeed contain many of the features of the "shires." It has the woodlands of the Cottesmore, the broken-up country of the Belvoir, and, in what is known as the "back country," some of the great stretches of open upland which, on the other side, furnish those marvellous bursts of speed that have made the Quorn pack world-renowned. There is not a great deal of plough in Radnor that cannot be readily circumvented, and, as a rule, the going is pasturage which holds a fairly good scent. The jumping varies; there are post-and-rails—sometimes topped by wire, but not very often, as the farmer is friendly—snake fences, and low stone walls. The more general fence, however, is the post-and-rail, which, although not attaining, except in a few scattered instances, the formidable proportions seen at Meadow Brook, is nevertheless fairly stiffish and well kept up.

In the matter of form, Radnor, as representing America, deserves its likening to



GOING TO THE COVERT-SIDE WITH THE GENESEE HOUNDS.

England's hunting metropolis. There is no hunt in this country that approaches it in form of turning out or in cost of maintenance. The kennels, and club-house near by, are complete and attractive; Mr. Mather has about a dozen hunters, from which he mounts the huntsman and whip, who turn out in pink and tops (leathers are not used over here), and the estab-

small. Hunting clubs as we have them in the North are not the rule, nor even the exception, apart from the Elk Ridge, near Baltimore. There is infinitely more fox-hunting, and the sporting spirit is more widespread than in any other section, but the sport partakes more of the flavor of the old days of farmer hunting in Pennsylvania. Hounds are bred and owned in-



THE OLD QUAKER INN AND ROSE-TREE CLUB HOUSE.

lishment costs something like \$3000 a year for each day of the week hunted. As the pack hunts three days a week, the annual cost is about \$8000 to \$9000. In England the cost averages \$3500 per day, or, at three days a week, \$10,500 per year; while in the fashionable Leicestershire \$15,000 will nearer represent the annual outlay.

Next to the Radnor, which is a subscription pack with liberal supporters and a Master who can and does put his hand into his own pocket at the end of the season for a few thousand, the most expensive are the Meadow Brook drag-hounds. It is a quasi-subscription pack, though owned and in part supported by Mr. F. Gray Griswold, the club's present Master, and has at times cost \$6000 per year, but very likely \$5000 would now be a closer estimate. There is probably no pack of drag-hounds in America more expensive, and few as much so. Five thousand dollars would, too, I fancy, fairly represent the yearly cost of the Genesee hounds. As for the South, aside from Mr. Hitchcock, who has a kennel of a dozen couple of hounds, and half as many hunters, the expense of maintaining hounds or of hunting is very

dividually, and hunted in separate packs by their masters, usually at their own expense, sometimes aided by an indifferent subscription, or several packs in a locality are joined to furnish sport for larger fields. The packs average small in numbers, say from six to eight couple, and more generally speaking maintain their individuality, as there is great rivalry between owners, and as much discussion over the respective merits of different breeds as is excited by a comparison of the English and American. There are the famous Avent breed of Tennessee, the Walkers and the Goodmans of Kentucky, the Julys of Georgia, and only one versed in the intricacies of Southern kennel lore knows how many others. Some prefer the black and tan, some the white and tan, and yet others favor the solid red, but all breeds are lighter in bone than the English hound, and smaller, averaging in height from 21 to 24 inches, whereas the English maintain an even average of between 24 and 25, some even reaching 26 inches. Mr. Mather's bitch pack averages 24, and the dogs 25.

The American hound is a beautiful dog,

however, with an exquisitely soft and intelligent eye, well-sloped but not broad shoulders, straight legs, and strong knees.

There has recently (1893) been formed in the South a National Fox-hunters' Association, for the express purpose of developing and raising the standard of the American hound. It is intended to hold a meet each year, at which the entries will be hunted by competent judges and rewarded on the following scale of points: "Hunting, 20; trailing, 20; endurance, 20; speed, 20; giving tongue, 10; judgment and intelligence, 10." It is more the music of the pack, and the pleasure of watching their sagacious work, than the ride, that is sought by the Southern fox-hunters. There is no hound voice on earth so sweet as that of the American, nothing in hunting to equal the melodious crash that announces the finding of Reynard, or the harmonious tonguing that sounds loud and clear or sweet and faint as the hounds speed away on the trail.

Only in a few Southern localities is the country sufficiently open to permit of keeping up with the hounds, for which reason there is much cutting across country and skirting the woods in which the hounds may be working. Good horse-flesh is of course a *sine qua non* of riding to hounds, and nowhere in the world probably does the quality of the saddle-horse average higher than in the South. At the same time there is no effort made towards breeding hunters particularly; really no occasion exists for such a type, since, generally speaking, there is little jumping, and that little is not beyond the capabilities of the average animal. Hence we see in the



AN EMBRYO M. F. H.

Southern hunting-field a different style of mount from the conventional tail-docked, upstanding weight-carrier.

Both the red and gray fox are found in the South, the former an alien, who has partially exterminated the latter where formerly he predominated. The red is much fleeter, has the greater endurance, and his circles of flight are wider (sometimes he will go straight away for five miles), and a run of two, three, even four or five hours is not uncommon. The gray relies more upon his cunning than speed to outwit the hounds, and runs from fifteen minutes to one and a half and occasionally two hours. It does not take a well-trained pack of hounds long to run into him, and for this reason the swifter and more sport-giving red is always sought.

It was along in 1790 that General James



A CHARACTERISTIC STRETCH OF RADNOR AND ROSE-TREE HUNTING COUNTRY.



MYOPIA HUNTING COUNTRY.

S. Wadsworth moved from Connecticut into the Genesee Valley, purchasing the large estate that has ever since continued in the family, and building the "Homestead," which remains to this day the residence of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, the present Master and owner of the Genesee hounds. It was about this time, too, that the Fitzhugh family went there from Virginia, carrying with them all the Southern predilection for fox-hunting. Of the sport during the early years of the present century I have been able to learn nothing. It is certain that a few hounds were kept by the isolated farmers that tilled the sparsely settled country, but it seems equally true that hunting was done

on foot, and with a shot-gun, after the runaway method at present in vogue in New England. Previous to 1876 both Mr. Wadsworth and the late Mr. Charles Carroll Fitzhugh had separately and together attempted hunting foxes with hounds to a kill, but it must be confessed with no marked success, owing to the indifferent quality of hound rather than lack of enthusiasm or perseverance on the part of the hunters. Nevertheless the sporting fever was rampant in the land, and a paper-chase club led in 1876 to the organization of a hunt. In that first year the result was more amusing than sport-giving; the club owned no hounds, and hunted with those it could borrow,

each hound being brought and laid on by its owner. As may be surmised, the hounds did not hunt together, despite even the encouragement of being blooded by a shot fox. The following year recorded the club's first huntsman, who assumed full charge of the pack in the field. But the improvement in work was very little, since the hounds, continuing to be kennelled at home, rather resented fashion's intrusion in the form of a huntsman, and were decidedly independent in their work. The death of Mr. Fitzhugh in



MR. H. P. WHITNEY'S "PRINCE CHARMING"—TYPE OF MIDDLE-WEIGHT HUNTER, AMERICAN BRED.

'78 postponed hunting for that year, but in '79 the first earnest efforts for organized sport were made. Hounds were got together in a kennel at the "Homestead," and their closer acquaintance bettered the work in the field. A couple of drags were attempted for the purpose of accustoming them to run together, but they would not own the aniseseed, although it was strong enough for the riders to follow

from Batavia; and "Echo," a finely bred but entirely unbroken hound from Mount Morris. Thus equipped, with a cow-shed to house the hounds, "Crinoline" and "Modoc" as the kennel horses, and Harry Wood as "feeder," Mr. Wadsworth began a Mastership that in a few years has placed the Genesee with the Radnor—the two clubs showing the best fox-hunting sport in this country.



A VIEW OF WESTCHESTER'S STONE-WALL COUNTRY.

without other guidance. Then a fox was dragged over the trail, a man sent over the line with a four-foot measure to lower all jumps exceeding that limit, and the Genesee Hunt had its first steeple-chase.

But the real beginning of the Genesee hunt dates 1880, when this assortment of hounds was returned to its owners, with thanks, and no hard feelings, and Mr. Wadsworth promptly started a pack of his own, the *personnel* of which is exceedingly interesting. It consisted of "Jim" and "Joe," and three puppies—"Stubby," "Speckle," and "Colonel." The last turned out to be useless, and "Stubby" received the extreme penalty imposed upon puppies given to sheep-slaughter. To these were added "Crafty" and "Graceful," a present from Mr. Griswold; two old bitches from the Queens County Hunt; "Madge," a flighty beast, given by George Servis; "Jack," a cheerful, obedient, though useless cur, got in Mount Morris; "Sport," an importation

There is none of the form in turning out at Genesee that obtains at Radnor—which, in fact, is the only club in the United States maintaining an English standard—but the Genesee Valley is the home of rare sportsmen and good horses. The former are home-bred, but the latter have been got largely from the nearby Canadian markets, though of recent years the county industry of horse-raising has produced many grand types. The country itself is a rural picture, with a landscape that brings to view open pasture uplands and grand going, connected with the lowlands by wooded gullies of varying length and depth, which test the bottom of your mount. The gully, in fact, is peculiar to the Genesee country, and a thorn in the flesh to both man and horse. It cannot be better described than it has been by the graceful pen of Mr. E. S. Martin, as a deep ravine with heavily wooded and steep sides, a rapid little stream flowing over a bed of young but



MEET OF THE GENESEE HOUNDS AT CHADWICK'S TAVERN.

experienced bowlders; thick and frequent clumps of hickory saplings that, do your best to prevent it, have an objectionable way of slapping you in the face and your horse on his quarters just as you are trying to climb down a particularly slippery bank with care and deliberation. The fencing is largely what is known as the Virginia snake, though there are post-and-rails, and some of that modern type consisting of laths stood on end and interwoven with wire. The season is rather shorter here than elsewhere, beginning about September 1st, and running into December so long as the winter permits. The Long Island drag packs are the only ones having a month in the spring, from March 15th, as well as an autumn season, but at Radnor they hunt from December through the winter with few checks into March.

The Genesee, unlike the proverbial prophet, is not unhonored in its own country; on the contrary, it is very popular, and the fields are the largest that follow any Northern pack. Mr. Wadsworth's consideration for the farmers has completely won the confidence and respect of those tillers of the soil, with the result that they not only raise no objections to their land being ridden over, but join in the chase when the interests at home permit. As a matter of fact, the Genesee hounds could easily hunt their two days a week for a considerable part of the season, and, likely as not, never get off the extensive Wadsworth estate. Probably no better evidence of the Master's sentiments concerning the farmer, and concerning hunting, can be offered than the following excerpts from his address

to the club members, which contains good stalwart common-sense doctrine rather humorously expounded. I hope Mr. Wadsworth will forgive my trespass on his literary preserves, but this address is altogether too good not to be put in permanent form; it is a sporting classic that merits handing down to posterity.

"OF THE FARMER.

"You have no business on a man's land, but are there by his sufferance, and he is entitled to every consideration. It is no excuse that you are in a hurry. It is much better for the hunt that you should be left behind than that a farmer should be injured. If you take down a rail you should put it back. If you open a gate you should shut it. If you break a fence or do any damage that you cannot repair, you should report it at once to the responsible officers of the hunt that it may be made good. Although you may feel convinced that it improves wheat to ride over it, the opinion is not diffused or popular, and the fact that some fool has gone ahead is no excuse whatsoever, but makes the matter worse. The spectacle of a lot of men following another's track across a wheat-field and killing hopelessly the young plants which the first had probably injured but slightly is too conducive to profanity to be edifying in any community.

"You may think that the honest farmer deems it a privilege to leave his life of luxurious idleness and travel around half the night in the mud for horses which have got out, or spend days sorting sheep which have got mixed by your leaving his gates open or fences down. You are mistaken. He don't.

"OF THE MASTER.

"The M.F.H. is a great and mystic personage, to be lowly, meekly, and reverently looked up to, helped, considered, and given the right of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his language and actions are

not to be judged by their standard. All that can be asked of him is that he furnish good sport as a rule, and so long as he does that he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law, and fettered by no conventionality while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more about his own hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others are not only very bad manners but are apt to spoil sport.

"As a general rule he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field, with the hounds, riders, foxes, and damages on his mind.

"N.B.—The proffer of a flask is not conversation within the meaning of the above."

Since the primitive days of the Genesee Hunt the cow-shed kennel has been replaced by a modern and commodious one near the "Homestead," the pack increased in numbers and improved in quality from year to year, until now there are something like twenty-five couples of English hounds. Mr. Wadsworth's experiments with hounds have been as interesting in a way as Mr. Mather's. He has found the English, trained to the country, to be entirely satisfactory, and to improve in nose and ranging considerably by association with the American. The latter's naturally timid nature, however, makes it not very susceptible to discipline, and it remains, except under the most patient and skilful handling, an independent worker that more often than not is apt to demoralize a pack in countries requiring such hunting as the Radnor and Genesee.

Although the Elk Ridge Club was not organized until 1878, fox-hunting in Maryland was almost coeval with the settlement of the State. After the deer had been driven out of the tide-water counties the fox remained to furnish game for the vigorous sportsmen who, in pursuit of their quarry, frequently crossed the State boundary and remained away for days at a time. It

was quite often the case that these sporting campaigns led to an interchange of courtesies between the hunters of Maryland and Virginia, in which latter State the fox was chased quite as enthusiastically. Unfortunately the sporting history of Virginia has never been written, for none is richer in fox-hunting reminiscences. The Father of his Country was himself an ardent sportsman, kept hounds (which must have been nailers, as it is set down "you could cover the pack with a blanket"), and turned out in good American style, his costume being a "velvet cap, blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, and buff breeches, with top-boots, and riding-whip with a long thong." The Revolution scattered club members, and caused a cessation in the sport here just as it had done around Philadelphia; and peace brought with it the necessity of building dissipated fortunes and starting anew the industrial wheels.

Thus for a time fox-hunting remained in abeyance, though it never ceased entirely, and always held its place in the affections of sportsmen. The hunting was at all times of the hardest nature, and hounds had to be of the stoutest strains to withstand the wear and tear of such protracted runs. They were generally a cross between the English fox and Irish stag hound, with a dash of beagle blood



MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS.



TYPICAL FENCE AND CHARACTERISTIC STRETCH OF MEADOW BROOK COUNTRY.

for use in the thickly tangled underbrush. This combination did not, as may be imagined, produce a handsome creature, but one in which endurance, speed, and keenness of scent reached their highest development. The horses, too, had plenty of good blood in their veins, as Governor Ogle, of Maryland, was among the first to import thoroughbred English stallions, of whose services the colonial planters freely availed themselves. When not hunting, match races were a favorite amusement in the principal towns, among which was Elk Ridge Landing, whence the club derives its name. The land-owners of this and adjoining neighborhoods, who had for years hunted in discursive fashion, finally determined to organize in permanent form, and this was the origin of the Elk Ridge Club. The nucleus of their pack was three couple of imported Irish fox-hounds, presented to the club by Mr. Charles H. Moore, of Virginia, from which many of the best in the kennels to-day are descended. The first meet was at Furnace Creek, October 29, 1878, Mr. Murray Hanson being Master, and the late General George S. Brown President. It is commendable of General Brown's sportsmanship to note that he accepted office on condition that no bag-fox should be used.

Since its formation the club has had indeed but two Presidents, General Brown and Mr. Edward A. Jackson, and five Masters, Messrs. Murray Hanson, William T. Frick, Alexander Brown, T. Swann Latrobe, and Gerard T. Hopkins, Jun. The membership had so increased in 1880 that a move was made nearer Baltimore, where a cozy little farm-house was converted into a club, an old barn fitted with box-stalls, and a field laid off with a few modest jumps to lark over. It was about this

time, also, that it was resolved to wear "red hunting-coats and high hats," the sight of which so frightened an ancient dame living near where the battle of North Point was fought, and in which vicinity the club happened one day to be hunting, that she cried out, "The Lord preserve us! the Britishers are coming agin!"

Up to this time fox-hunting *per se* had been the *raison d'être* of the Elk Ridge Club, but an increasing demand by the non-riding element led to the move into its present home, and the establishment of a country club, with all the sporting and social features necessary in such an organization. It led also to the frequent substitution of aniseseed for Reynard. But the club has prospered, and always shown a praiseworthy inclination to spare the farmer annoyance and injury, and to pay all fence and other damages promptly.

There is another kind of fox-hunting in the United States, which is peculiar to the New England States, and, likely as not, a relic of the creed that self-protection is nature's first law. There was a time when Reynard was a pest in the land, and farmers hunted him to the death with dogs and shot-guns for the preservation of their poultry. From being a necessity, just as the annual rabbit drive and slaughter is in California, it grew after a time to be regarded in the light of sport, and thus it is carried on to-day. To my mind the sport of fox-hunting ceases when the shot-gun is brought into use, nevertheless the custom obtains in New England a great popularity, it being asserted that more men use the shot-gun for foxes than for birds. The method is precisely similar to that in which deer are hunted in some localities, *i. e.*, the animal

is chased by the hounds, and the gunners lie in wait on runways. The excuse made for this manner of fox-hunting is that the foxes in New England possess such speed and endurance that they cannot be run to a kill by hounds. But occasionally it is done, and the probabilities are that more attention to the hounds and less to the gun would result in giving the same percentage of legitimate kills in New England as elsewhere. As a matter of fact, there are a few sportsmen in New England—notably Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Poland, Maine, who has a pack of Goodman and July hounds, and Dr. A. C. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, whose pack consists of July and Walker hounds—who hunt merely for the pleasure of the chase and the music of the pack, and live in hope that some day packs will be got together which can kill foxes, and the present shot-gun era be obliterated. There is an association, also many “fur” clubs, and at a meeting of the Brunswick Club recently a pack of Goodmans and Julys ran into and killed a fox in one hour and a half. This looks as though there was hope for the future. The usual number of hounds used in the New England chase is two; more than four are rarely hunted; and it is by no means easy to get a shot at the fox, for the most skilful hunters consider they have done very well in securing a dozen pelts during the season (March to October). These “fur” clubs hold annual field trials, at which no foxes are shot, and have really done a great deal towards improving the New England hound. May they establish a type that will lead to the abolition of the shot-gun!

Although the drag is a poor substitute for the fox, the aniseseed bag has played an important part in our hunting history. It has educated many to an appreciation of the genuine article, given busy men the excuse for an exhilarating gallop, as well as developed probably the hardest-riding men in the world, and furnished us with a type of horse that renders it no longer necessary to import our hunters. It is only seventeen years ago that Jo Donohue's job-lot pack of hounds was removed from Hackensack, New Jersey, where they had been discovered and followed two years before by Colonel Fred Skinner, A. Belmont Purdy, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Robert Center, Colonel William Jay, Elliott Zborowskie, W. E. Peet, and F. Gray Griswold, and

established as the Queens County pack on Long Island, to give the first drag-hunting in the United States. It is not fifteen years since the New York hunting set paid from \$125 to \$250 for their mounts at the Bull's Head in East Twenty-fourth Street, where a horse unfit for any other purpose was pronounced and sold as a hunter. In these years we have perfected our drag-hunting to a degree unequalled elsewhere, and bred hunters that compare favorably with the Irish and English, and are better suited to the requirements of this country. In that time, too, there have been established the Rockaway and the Essex drag-hounds, in '78; Meadow Brook, '80; Westchester, '81; Myopia, '82; and the Richmond County, Dumblane, Chevy Chase, and Monmouth County since 1890. Of these the Meadow Brook is undoubtedly the fastest pack in America, and the fame of its splendid pasturage country, its five-foot post-and-rail fencing, and its hard riders has spread throughout the hunting world. The Rockaway country has the same characteristics, save that its fencing is not so stiff. In the Essex and Monmouth countries, New Jersey, the enclosures are larger, and the fencing, some of it, blind and more varied, including post-and-rails, “snake,” and low stone walls with a sapling rider that will turn a horse over quicker than a rail; and the farmers are very friendly to the sport. Westchester, New York, is a stone-wall country, exceedingly picturesque, with lowlands that have small enclosures and rough and trappy going, and highlands where the walls are more regular and clean, the enclosures larger, and the going excellent. You want a cool-headed, wary horse that jumps clean, and not a steeple-chaser, in Westchester. Myopia (Boston) hunted the fox until '89, when the drag was substituted, owing to the rocky and swampy character of the ground, which carried so poor a scent that a kill was impossible. The enclosures are fair size, there is little plough, few ditches, and a fair amount of timber, but walls predominate, and are often blind on both sides, though not high. Some of the going is very awkward, as there is only a narrow space by which to enter or leave the pastures, which means a deal of single-file galloping here as well as in the swamps and woodlands. The drags are generally run on straightaway lines, and it requires, therefore, a horse with pace

and a clever, careful jumper that will take off a fair distance from his jumps and land a fair distance on the other side. The hunt has been exceedingly fortunate in the choice of its Masters, one of whom, Mr. Frank Seabury, served from '83 to '93, and did much towards popularizing the sport and gaining the good-will of farmers. There is a very interesting story to be told of each one of these clubs, which I hope to undertake another time.

Riding to hounds does not always imply fox-hunting, any more than a covert coat and hunting-hat string invariably indicate the hunting man. It is safe to say, however, that the average man who rides to hounds in this country, whether after fox or aniseseed, is a sportsman. There is little gallery-work over here; there are no opportunities for the road or point-to-point riders to exploit themselves, for once the hounds have thrown off they disappear from the sight of all save those who follow straight. Enclosures do not have convenient gates to smooth the way of the non-jumping rider; if he hopes to keep the hounds in sight he must jump, and jump often, and keep going at a good lively pace. And this is the chief reason why the fields are not larger. Probably twenty-five is a fair estimate

of the average, although the Genesee and Radnor both greatly exceed this number quite frequently. Of three hundred at the covert-side in England, ten per cent. follow straight. Here every man that turns out, with a rare exception now and then, rides his line. And the women that hunt ride their lines just as straight as the men. Not so many turn out as on the other side, for the reason that the fencing does not permit of the horse taking it in his stride, as in England, and the checking up at the take-off, bucking over, and starting off again produce a series of wrenches that only the stoutest feminine physique can sustain. Probably the greatest hinderance to the prosperity of hunting in this country is the rapidity and density with which suburbs are settled. In England country estates are maintained intact; here we cut them up into building lots so soon as they have reached a marketable value. Thus it comes about that hunting, while the oldest sport in the United States, is the least popular, and the time seems fast approaching when riding to hounds will be confined to the few sections where the wild fox is found, and the aniseseed bag will be displaced by the Queen Anne cottage and the kitchen-garden.

A CALIFORNIAN.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

IT was nearly ten o'clock when Jack Faraday ascended the steps of Madame Delmonti's bow-windowed mansion and pressed the electric bell. He was a little out of breath and nervous; for, being young, and a stranger to San Francisco, and almost a stranger to Madame Delmonti, he did not exactly know at what hour his hostess's *conversazione* might begin, and had upon him the young man's violent dread of being conspicuously early or conspicuously late.

It did not seem that he was either. As he stood in the doorway and surveyed the field, he felt, with a little rising breath of relief, that no one appeared to take especial notice of him. Madame Delmonti's rooms were lit with a great blaze of gas, which, thrown back from many long mirrors and the gold mountings of a quantity of furniture and picture-frames, made an effect of dazzling yellow brightness, as

brilliantly glittering as the transformation scene of a pantomime.

In the middle of the glare Madame Delmonti's company had disposed themselves in a circle, which had some difficulty in accommodating itself to the long narrow shape of the drawing-room. Now and then an obstinate sofa or extra-large plush-covered arm-chair broke the harmonious curve of the circle, and its occupant looked furtively ill at ease, as if she felt the embarrassment of her position in not conforming to the general harmony of the curving line.

The eyes of the circle were fixed on a figure at the piano, near the end of the room—a tall dark Jewess in a brown dress and wide hat, who was singing with that peculiar vibrant richness of tone that is so often heard in the voices of the Californian Jewesses. She was perfectly self-possessed, and her velvet eyes, as her

impassioned voice rose a little, rested on Jack Faraday with a cheerful but not very lively interest. Then they swept past him to where, on a sofa, quite out of the circle, two women sat listening.

One was a young girl, large, well-dressed, and exceedingly handsome; the other, a peaked lady, *passée* and thin, with her hair bleached to a canary yellow. The Jewess, still singing, smiled at them, and the girl gave back a lazy smile in return. Then, as the song came to a deep and mellow close, Madame Delmonti, with a delicate rustling of silk brushing against silk, swept across the room and greeted her guest.

Madame Delmonti was an American, very rich, a good deal made up, but still pretty, and extremely well preserved. Signor Delmonti, an Italian barytone, whom she had married, and supported ever since, was useful about the house, as he now proved by standing at a little table and ladling punch into small glasses, which were distributed among the guests by the two little Delmonti girls in green silk frocks. Madame Delmonti, with her rouged cheeks and merry gray eyes, as full of sparkle as they had been twenty years ago, was very cordial to her guest, asking him, as they stood in the doorway, whom he would like best to meet.

"Maud Levy, who has just been singing," she said, "is one of the belles in Hebrew society. She has a fine voice. You have no objection, Mr. Faraday, to knowing Jews?"

Faraday hastily disclaimed all race prejudices, and she continued, discreetly designating the ladies on the sofa:

"There are two delightful girls. Mrs. Peck, the blonde, is the society writer for the *Morning Trumpet*. She is an elegant woman of a very fine Southern family, but she has had misfortunes. Her marriage was unhappy. She and Peck are separated now, and she supports herself and her two children. There was no hope of getting alimony out of *that* man."

"And that is Genevieve Ryan beside her," Madame Delmonti went on. "I think you'd like Genevieve. She's a grand girl. Her father, you know, is Barney Ryan, one of our millionaires. He made his money in a quick turn in Con. Virginia, but before that he used to drive the Marysville coach, and he was once a miner. He's crazy about Genevieve, and gives her five hundred a month

to dress on. I'm sure you'll get on very well together. She's such a refined, pleasant girl"—and Madame Delmonti, chatting her praises of Barney Ryan's handsome daughter, conducted the stranger to the shrine.

Miss Genevieve smiled upon him, much as she had upon the singer, and brushing aside her skirts of changeable green and heliotrope silk, showed him a little golden-legged chair beside her. Mrs. Peck and Madame Delmonti conversed with unusual insight and knowledge on the singing of Maud Levy, and Faraday was left to conduct the conversation with the heiress of Barney Ryan.

She was a large, splendid-looking girl, very much corseted, with an ivory-tinted skin, eyes as clear as a young child's, and smooth, freshly red lips. She was a good deal powdered on the bridge of her nose, and her rich hair was slightly tinted with some reddish dye. She was a picture of health and material well-being. Her perfectly fitting clothes sat with wrinkleless exactitude over a figure which in its generous breadth and finely curved outline might have compared with that of the Venus of Milo. She let her eyes, shadowed slightly by the white lace edge of her large hat, whereon two pink roses trembled on long stalks, dwell upon Faraday with a curious and frank interest entirely devoid of coquetry. Her manner, almost boyish in its simple directness, showed the same absence of this feminine trait. While she looked like a goddess dressed by Worth, she seemed merely a good-natured, phlegmatic girl just emerging from her teens.

Faraday had made the first common-places of conversation, when she asked, eying him closely, "Do you like it out here?"

"Oh, immensely," he responded, politely. "It's such a fine climate."

"It is a good climate," admitted Miss Ryan, with unenthusiastic acquiescence; "but we're not so proud of that as we are of the good looks of the Californian women. Don't you think the women are handsome?"

Faraday looked into her clear and earnest eyes. "Oh, splendid!" he answered; "especially their eyes."

Miss Ryan appeared to demur to this commendation. "It's generally said by strangers that their figures are unusually handsome. Do you think they are?"

Faraday agreed to this too.

"The girls in the East," said Miss Ryan, sitting upright with a creaking sound, and drawing her gloves through one satin-smooth, bejewelled hand, "are very thin, aren't they? Here, I sometimes think"—she raised her eyes to his in deep and somewhat anxious query—"that they are too fat."

Faraday gallantly scouted the idea. He said the California woman was a goddess. For the first time in the interview Miss Ryan gave a little laugh.

"That's what all you Eastern men say," she said. "They're always telling me I'm a goddess. Even the Englishmen say that."

"Well," answered Faraday, surprised at his own boldness, "what they say is true."

Miss Ryan silently eyed him for a speculating moment; then, averting her glance, said, pensively: "Perhaps so; but I don't think it's so stylish to be a goddess as it is to be very slim. And then, you know—" Here she suddenly broke off, her eyes fixed upon the crowd of ladies that blocked an opposite doorway in general *exeunt*. "There's mommer. I guess she must be going home, and I suppose I'd better go too, and not keep her waiting."

She rose as she spoke, and with a pat of her hand adjusted her glimmering skirts.

"Oh, Mr. Faraday," she said, as she peered down at them, "I hope you'll give yourself the pleasure of calling on me. I'm at home almost any afternoon after five, and Tuesday is my day. Come whenever you please. I'll be real glad to see you, and I guess popper'd like to talk to you about things in the East. He's been in Massachusetts too."

She held out her large white hand and gave Faraday a vigorous hand-shake.

"I'm glad I came here to-night," she said, smiling. "I wasn't quite decided, but I thought I'd better, as I had some things to tell Mrs. Peck for next Sunday's *Trumpet*. If I hadn't come, you see, I wouldn't have met you. You needn't escort me to Madame Delmonti. I'd rather go by myself. I'm not a bit a ceremonious person. Good-by. Be sure and come and see me."

She rustled away, exchanged farewells with Madame Delmonti, and, by a movement of her head in his direction, appear-

ed to be speaking of Faraday; then joining a fur-muffled female figure near the doorway, swept like a princess out of the room.

For a week after Faraday's meeting with Miss Genevieve Ryan he had no time to think of giving himself the pleasure of calling upon that fair and flattering young lady. The position which he had come out from Boston to fill was not an unusually exacting one, but Faraday, who was troubled with a New England conscience, and a certain slowness in adapting himself to new conditions of life, was too engrossed in mastering the duties of his clerkship to think of loitering about the chariot wheels of beauty.

By the second week, however, he had shaken down into the new rut, and a favorable opportunity presenting itself in a sunny Sunday afternoon, he donned his black coat and high hat and repaired to the mansion of Barney Ryan, on California Street.

When Faraday approached the house he felt quite timid, so imposingly did this great structure loom up from the simpler dwellings which surrounded it. Barney Ryan had built himself a palace, and ever since the day he had first moved into it he had been anxious to move out. The ladies of his family would not allow this, and so Barney endured his grandeur as best he might. It was a great wooden house, with immense bay-windows thrown out on every side, and veiled within by long curtains of heavy lace. The sweep of steps that spread so proudly from the portico was flanked by two sleeping lions in stone, both appearing, by the savage expressions which distorted their visages, to be suffering from terrifying dreams. In the garden the spiked foliage of the dark, slender dracænas and the fringed fans of giant filamentosas grew luxuriantly with tropical effect.

The large drawing-room, long, and looking longer with its wide mirrors, was even more golden than Madame Delmonti's. There were gold mouldings about the mirrors and gold mountings to the chairs. In deserts of gold frames appeared small oases of oil-painting. Faraday, hat in hand, stood some time in wavering indecision, wondering in which of the brocaded and gilded chairs he would look least like a king in a historical play. He was about to decide in favor of a pale blue satin settee, when a rustle behind

him made him turn and behold Miss Genevieve, magnificent in a trailing robe of the faintest rose-pink and pearls, with diamond ear-rings in her ears, and the powder that she had hastily rubbed on her face still lying white on her long lashes. She smiled her rare smile as she greeted him, and sitting down in one of the golden chairs, leaned her head against the back, and said, looking at him from under lowered lids,

"Well, I thought you were never coming."

Faraday, greatly encouraged by this friendly reception, made his excuses, and set the conversation going. After the weather had been exhausted, the topic of the Californian in his social aspect came up. Faraday, with some timidity, ventured a question on the fashionable life in San Francisco. A shade passed over Miss Ryan's open countenance.

"You know, Mr. Faraday," she said, explanatorily, "I'm not exactly in society."

"No?" murmured Faraday, mightily surprised, and wondering what she was going to say next.

"Not exactly," continued Miss Ryan, moistening her red under lip in a pondering moment—"not exactly in fash'nable society. Of course we have our friends. But gentlemen from the East that I've met have always been so surprised when I told them that I didn't go out in the most fash'nable circles. They always thought any one with money could get right in it here."

"Yes?" said Faraday, whose part of the conversation appeared to be deteriorating into monosyllables.

"Well, you know, that's not the case at all. With all popper's money, we've never been able to get a real good footing. It seems funny to outsiders, especially as popper and mommer have never been divorced or anything. We've just lived quietly right here in the city always. But," she said, looking tentatively at Faraday to see how he was going to take the statement, "my father's a Northerner. He went back and fought in the war."

"You must be very proud of that," said Faraday, feeling that he could now hazard a remark with safety.

This simple comment, however, appeared to surprise the enigmatic Miss Ryan.

"Proud of it?" she queried, looking in suspended doubt at Faraday. "Oh, of course I'm proud that he was brave, and didn't run away or get wounded; but if he'd been a Southerner we would have been in society now." She looked pensively at Faraday. "All the fash'nable people are Southerners, you know. We would have been, too, if we'd been Southerners. It's being Northerners that really has been such a drawback."

"But your sympathies," urged Faraday, "aren't they with the North?"

Miss Ryan ran the pearl fringe of her tea gown through her large, handsome hand. "I guess so," she said, indifferently, as if she was considering the subject for the first time; "but you can't expect me to have any very violent sympathies about a war that was dead and buried before I was born."

"I don't believe you're a genuine Northerner, or Southerner either," said Faraday, laughing.

"I guess not," said the young lady, with the same placid indifference. "An English gentleman whom I knew real well last year said the sympathy of the English was all with the Southerners. He said they were the most refined people in this country. He said they were thought a great deal of in England." She again looked at Faraday with her air of deprecating query, as if she half expected him to contradict her.

"Who was this extraordinarily enlightened being?" asked Faraday.

"Mr. Harold Courtney, an elegant Englishman. They said his grandfather was a lord—Lord Hastings—but you never can be sure about those things. I saw quite a good deal of him, and I sort of liked him, but he was rather quiet. I think if he'd been an American we would have thought him dull. Here they just said it was reserve. We all thought—"

A footstep in the hall outside arrested her recital. The door of the room was opened, and a handsome bonneted head appeared in the aperture.

"Oh, Gen," said this apparition, hastily—"excuse me; I didn't know you had your company in there."

"Come in, mommer," said Miss Ryan, politely; "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Faraday. He's the gentleman I met at Madame Delmonti's the other evening."

Mrs. Ryan, accompanied by a rich rus-

ting of silk, pushed open the door, revealing herself to Faraday's admiring eyes as a fine-looking woman, fresh in tint, still young, of a stately figure and an imposing presence. She was admirably dressed in a walking costume of dark green, and wore a little black jet bonnet on her slightly waved bright brown hair. She met the visitor with an extended hand and a frank smile of open pleasure.

"Genevieve spoke to me of you, Mr. Faraday," she said, settling down into a chair and removing her gloves. "I'm very glad you managed to get round here."

Faraday expressed his joy at having been able to accomplish the visit.

"We don't have so many agreeable gentlemen callers," said Mrs. Ryan, "that we can afford to overlook a new one. If you've been in society, you've perhaps noticed, Mr. Faraday, that gentlemen are somewhat scarce."

Faraday said he had not been in society, therefore had not observed the deficiency. Mrs. Ryan, barely allowing him time to complete his sentence, continued, vivaciously:

"Well, Mr. Faraday, you'll see it later. We entertainers don't know what we're going to do for the lack of gentlemen. When we give parties we ask the young gentlemen, and they all come; but they won't dance, they won't talk, they won't do anything but eat and drink, and they never think of paying their party calls. It's disgraceful, Mr. Faraday," said Mrs. Ryan, smiling brightly—"disgraceful!"

Faraday said he had heard that in the East the hostess made the same complaint. Mrs. Ryan, with brilliant fixed eyes, gave him a breathing-space to reply in, and then started off again, with a confirmatory nod of her head:

"Precisely, Mr. Faraday—just the case here. At Genevieve's debut party—an *elegant* affair—Mrs. Peck said she'd never seen a finer entertainment in this city—canvassed floors, four musicians, champagne flowing like water. My husband, Mr. Faraday, believes in giving the best at *his* entertainments; there's not a mean bone in Barney Ryan's body. Why, the men all got into the smoking-room, lit their cigars, and smoked there, and in the ballroom were the girls sitting round the walls, and not more than half a dozen partners for them. I tell you, Mr. Ryan was mad! He just went up there, and

he told them to get up and dance or get up and go home—he didn't much care which. There's no fooling with Mr. Ryan when *he's* roused. You remember how mad popper was that night, Gen?"

Miss Ryan nodded an assent, her eyes full of smiling reminiscence. She had listened to her mother's story with unmoved attention and evident appreciation. "Next time we have a party," she said, looking smilingly at Faraday, "Mr. Faraday can come and see for himself."

"I guess it'll be a long time before we have another like that," said Mrs. Ryan, somewhat grimly, rising as Faraday rose to take his leave. "Not but what," she added, hastily, fearing her remark had seemed ungracious, "we'll hope Mr. Faraday will come without waiting for parties."

"But we've had one since then," said Miss Ryan, as she placed her hand in his in the pressure of farewell, "that laid all over that first one."

Having been pressed to call by both mother and daughter, and having told himself that Genevieve Ryan was "an interesting study," Faraday, after some hesitation, paid a second visit to the Ryan mansion. Upon this occasion the Chinese servant, murmuring unintelligibly, showed a rooted aversion to his entering. Faraday, greatly at sea, wondering vaguely if the terrible Barney Ryan had issued a mandate to his hireling to refuse him admittance, was about to turn and depart, when the voice of Mrs. Ryan in the hall beyond arrested him. Bidden to open the door, the Mongolian reluctantly did so, and Faraday was admitted.

"Sing didn't want to let you in," said Mrs. Ryan when they had gained the long gold drawing-room, "because Genevieve was out. He never lets any gentlemen in when she's not at home. He thinks I'm too old to have them come to see me."

Then they sat down, and after a little preliminary chat on the Chinese character and the Californian climate, Mrs. Ryan launched forth into her favorite themes of discourse.

"Genevieve will be so sorry to miss you," she said; "she's always so taken by Eastern gentlemen. They admire her, too, immensely. I can't tell you of the compliments we've heard directly and indirectly that they've paid her. Of course I can see that she's an unusually fine-

looking girl, and very accomplished. Mr. Ryan and I have spared nothing in her education—nothing. At Madame de Vivier's academy for young ladies—one of the most select in the State—madame's husband was one of the French nobility, and she always had to support him—Genevieve took every extra—music, languages, and drawing. Professor Rodriguez, who taught her the guitar, said that never outside Spain had he heard such a touch. 'Señora,' he says to me—that's his way of expressing himself, and it sounds real cute the way he says it—'señora, is there not some Spanish blood in this child? No one without Spanish blood could touch the strings that way.' Afterwards, when Dameroni taught her the mandolin, it was just the same. He couldn't believe she had not had teaching before. Then Madame Mezzerotti gave her a term's lessons on the bandurria, and she said there never was such talent; she might have made a fortune on the concert stage."

"Yes, undoubtedly," Faraday squeezed in, as Mrs. Ryan drew a breath.

"Indeed, Mr. Faraday, everybody has remarked her talents. It isn't you alone. All the Eastern gentlemen we have met have said that the musical talents of the Californian young ladies were astonishing. They all agree that Genevieve's musical genius is remarkable. Everybody declares that there is no one—not among the Spaniards themselves—who sings 'La Paloma' as Gen does. Professor Spighetti instructed her in that. He was a wonderful teacher. I never saw such a method. But we had to give him up, because he fell in love with Gen. That's the worst of it—the teachers are always falling in love with her; and with her prospects and position we naturally expect something better. Of course it's been very hard to keep her. I say to Mr. Ryan, as each winter comes to an end, 'Well, popper, another season's over, and we've still got our Gen.' We feel that we can't be selfish and hope to keep her always, and, with so many admirers, we realize that we must soon lose her, and try to get accustomed to the idea."

"Of course, of course," murmured Faraday, sympathetically, mentally picturing Mrs. Ryan keeping away the suitors as Rizpah kept the eagles and vultures off her dead sons.

"There was a Mr. Courtney who was very

attentive last year. His grandfather was an English lord. We had to buy a peerage to find out if he was genuine, and, as he was, we had him quite often to the house. He paid Genevieve a good deal of attention, but toward the end of the season he said he had to go back to England and see his grandfather—his father was dead—and left without saying anything definite. He told me, though, that he was coming back. I fully expect he will, though Mr. Ryan doesn't seem to think so. Genevieve felt rather put out about it for a time. She thought he hadn't been quite upright to see her so constantly and not say anything definite. But she doesn't understand the subserviency of Englishmen to their elders. You know, we have none of that in this country. If my son Eddie wanted to marry a type-writer, Mr. Ryan could never prevent it. I fully expect to see Mr. Courtney again. I'd like you to meet him, Mr. Faraday. I think you'd agree very well. He's just such a quiet, reserved young man as you."

When, after this interview, Faraday descended the broad steps between the sleeping lions, he did not feel so good-tempered as he had done after his first visit. He recalled to mind having heard that Mrs. Ryan, before her marriage, had been a school-teacher, and he said to himself that if she had no more sense than she had now, her pupils must have received a fearful and wonderful education.

At Madame Delmonti's *conversazione*, given a few evenings later, Faraday again saw Miss Ryan. On the first of these occasions this independent young lady was dressed simply in a high-necked gown and a hat. This evening, with her habitual disregard of custom and convention, some whim had caused her to array herself in full gala attire, and, habited in a gorgeous costume of white silk and yellow velvet, with a glimmer of diamonds round the low neck, she was startling in her large magnificence.

Jack Faraday approached her somewhat awe-stricken, but her gravely boyish manner immediately put him at his ease. Talking with her over commonplaces, he wondered what she would say if she knew of her mother's conversation with him. As if in answer to the unspoken thought, she suddenly said, fixing him with intent eyes:

"Mommer said she told you of Mr.

Courtney. Do *you* think he'll come back?"

Faraday, his breath taken away by the suddenness of the attack, felt the blood run to his hair, and stammered a reply.

"Well, you know," she said, leaning toward him confidentially, "I *don't*. Mommer is possessed with the idea that he will. But neither popper nor I think so. I got sort of annoyed with the way he acted—hanging about for a whole winter, and then running away to see his grandfather, like a little boy ten years old! I like men that are their own masters. But I suppose I would have married him. You see, he would have been a lord when his grandfather died. It was genuine—we saw it in the peerage."

She looked into Faraday's eyes. Her own were as clear and deep as mountain springs. Was Miss Genevieve Ryan the most absolutely honest and outspoken young woman that had ever lived, or was she some subtle and unusual form of Pacific slope coquette?

"Popper was quite mad about it," she continued. "He thought Mr. Courtney was an ordinary sort of person, anyway. I didn't. I just thought him dull, and I suppose he couldn't help that. Mommer wanted to go over to England last summer. She thought we might stumble on him over there. But popper wouldn't let her do it. He sent us to Alaska instead." She paused, and gave a smiling bow to an acquaintance. "Doesn't Mrs. Peck look sweet to-night?" She designated the society editress of the *Morning Trumpet*, whose fragile figure was encased in a pale blue Empire costume. "And that lady over by the door, with the gold crown in her hair, the stout one in red, is Mrs. Wheatley, a professional Delsarte teacher. She's a great friend of mine, and gives me Delsarte twice a week."

And Miss Genevieve Ryan nodded to the dispenser of "Delsarte," a large and florid woman, who, taking her stand under a spreading palm-tree, began to declaim "The Portrait" of Owen Meredith, and in the recital of the dead lady's iniquitous conduct the conversation was brought to a close.

From its auspicious opening, Faraday's acquaintance with the Ryans ripened and developed with the speed which characterizes the growths of friendship and of fruit in the genial Californian atmosphere. Almost before he felt that he had

emerged from the position of a stranger he had slipped into that of an intimate. He fell into the habit of visiting the Ryan mansion on California Street on Sunday afternoons. It became a custom for him to dine there *en famille* at least once a week. The simplicity and light-hearted good-nature of these open-handed and kindly people touched and charmed him. There was not a trace of the snob in Faraday, and he accepted the lavish and careless hospitality of Barney Ryan's "palatial residence," as the newspapers delighted to call it, with a spirit as frankly pleased as that in which it was offered.

He came of an older civilization than that which had given Barney Ryan's daughter her frankness and her force, and it did not cross his mind that the heiress of millions might cast tender eyes upon the penniless sons of New England farmers. He said to himself with impatient recklessness that he ought not to and would not fall in love with her. There was too great a distance between them. It would be King Cophetua and the beggar-maid reversed. Clerks at one hundred and fifty dollars a month were not supposed to aspire to only daughters of Bonanza kings in the circle from which Faraday had come. So he visited the Ryans, assuring himself that he was a friend of the family, who would dance at Miss Genevieve's wedding with the lightest of hearts.

The Chinese butler had grown familiar with Faraday's attractive countenance and his unabbreviated English, when, late one warm and sunny afternoon, the young man pulled the bell of the great oaken door of the Ryans' lion-guarded home. In answer to his queries for the ladies, he learnt that they were out; but the Mongolian functionary, after surveying him charily through the crack of the door, admitted that Mr. Ryan was within, and conducted the visitor into his presence.

Barney Ryan, suffering from a slight sprain in his ankle, sat at ease in a little sitting-room in the back of the house. Being irritable and in some pain, Mr. Ryan's women-folk had relaxed the severity of their dominion, and allowed him to sit unchecked in his favorite costume for the home circle—shirt sleeves and a tall beaver hat. Beside him on the table stood a bare and undecorated array of bottles, a glass, and a silver water-pitcher.

Mr. Ryan was now some years beyond

sixty, but had that tremendous vigor of frame and constitution that distinguished the pioneers—an attribute strangely lacking in their puny and degenerate sons. This short and chunky old man, with his round, thick head, bristling hair and beard, and huge red neck, had still a fibre as tough as oak. He looked coarse, uncouth, and stupid, but in his small gray eyes shone the alert and unconquerable spirit which marked the pioneers as the giants of the West, and which had carried him forward over every obstacle to the summit of his ambitions. Barney Ryan was restless in his confinement; for, despite his age and the completeness of his success, his life was still with the world of men where the bull-necked old miner was a king. At home the women rather domineered over him, and unconsciously made him feel his social deficiencies. At home, too, the sorrow and the pride of his life were always before him—his son, a weak and dissipated boy; and his daughter, who had inherited his vigor and his spirit, with a beauty that had descended to her from some forgotten peasant girl of the Irish bogs.

Faraday, with his power of listening interminably and his intelligent comments, was a favorite of old Ryan's. He greeted him with a growling welcome; and then, civilities being interchanged, called to the Chinaman for another glass. This menial, rubbing off the long mirrors that decorated the walls, would not obey the mandate till it had been roared at him by the wounded lion in a tone which made the chandelier rattle.

"I never can make those infernal idiots understand me," said old Ryan, plaintively. "They won't do a thing I tell them. It takes the old lady to manage 'em. She makes them skip."

Then, after some minutes of discourse on more or less uninteresting matters, the weary old man, glad of a listener, launched forth into domestic topics:

"Gen and the old lady are out buying new togs. I got a letter here that'll astonish them when they get back. It's from that English cuss, Courtney. D'ye ever hear about him? He was hanging about Genevieve all last winter. And this letter says he's coming back, that his grandfather's dead, and he's a lord now, and he's coming back. Do you mind that now, Faraday?" he said, looking with eyes full of humor at the young man.

Faraday expressed a surprise that was sharp and genuine.

"You know, Jack," continued the old man, "we're trained up to having these high-priced Englishmen come out here and eat our dinners, and sleep in our spare rooms, and drink our wines, and go home, and when they meet us there forget they've ever seen us before; but we ain't trained up to havin' 'em come back this way, and it's hard to get accustomed to it."

"It's not surprising," said Faraday, coldly.

"I'm not so dead-sure of that. But I can tell you the old lady'll be wild about this."

"Does Mrs. Ryan like him so much?" said the visitor, still coldly.

"All women like a lord, and Mrs. Ryan ain't different from the rest of her sex. She's dead-stuck on Gen marrying him. I'm not myself, Jack. I'm no Anglomaniac; an American's good enough for me. I'm not spoiling to see my money going to patch up the roof of the ancestral castle of the Courtneys or pay their ancestral debts—not by a long chalk."

"Do you think he's coming back to borrow money from you to pay off the ancestral debts?" asked Faraday.

"Not to borrow, Jack. Oh no, not to borrow—to get it for keeps—it and Genevieve with it. And I don't just see how I'm to prevent it. Gen don't seem to care much, but the old lady's got it on her mind that she'd like to have a lord in the family, no matter how high they come; and she can work on Gen. Last summer she wanted to go after him—wanted to track him to his lair; but I thought she might's well stop there, and put m' foot down. Gen don't seem to care about him one way or the other, but then 'Lady Genevieve,' you know, sounds pretty nice—"

Here a rustle of millinery, approaching through the drawing-room beyond, cut short old Ryan's confidences. Faraday stood up to receive the ladies, who entered jubilant and unwearied from an afternoon's shopping. Genevieve, a magnificent princess, with the air of fashion given by perfectly setting clothes, much brown fur and velvet, a touch of yellow lace, and a quantity of fresh violets pinned to her corsage, looked as if she would make a very fine Lady Genevieve.

As soon as she heard the news she de-

manded the letter, and perused it intently, Faraday covertly watching her. Raising her eyes, she met his, and said, with a little mocking air, "Well, Mr. Faraday, and what do you think of that?"

"That your mother seems to have been right," said Faraday, steadily eying her. An expression of chagrin and disappointment, rapid but unmistakable, crossed her face, dimming its radiance like a breath on a mirror. She gave a little toss to her head, and turning away toward an adjacent looking-glass, took off her veil and settled her hat.

Mrs. Ryan watched her with glowing pride, already seeing her in fancy a member of the British aristocracy; but old Ryan looked rather downcast, as he generally did when confronted by the triumphant gorgeousness of the feminine members of his household. Faraday, too, experienced a sudden depression of spirits, so violent and so uncalled-for that if he had had room for any other feeling he would have been intensely surprised. Barney Ryan, at the prospect of having to repair the breaches in the Courtney exchequer and ancestral roof-tree, may have experienced a pardonable dejection. But why should Faraday, who assured himself a dozen times a day that he merely admired Miss Genevieve, as any man might admire a charming and handsome girl, feel so desperate a despondency?

To prove to himself that his gloom did not rise from the cause that he knew it did rise from, Faraday continued to be a constant guest at the Ryan mansion, continued to see Miss Genevieve at Madame Delmonti's and at the other small social gatherings, where the presentable young New-Englander found himself quite a lion. When Mrs. Ryan saw him alone she flattered his superior intelligence and experience of the world by asking his opinion of the approaching Lord Hastings's matrimonial plans. This frank and outspoken lady was on thorns of uncertainty, Lord Hastings's flight on his former visit having shaken her faith in him. Quite unconsciously she impressed upon Faraday how completely both she and Genevieve had come to trust him as a tried friend.

With the exaltation of a knight of old, Faraday felt that their trust would never be misplaced. He answered Mrs. Ryan's anxious queries with all the honesty of the calmest friendship. Alone in the

great gold drawing-room, he talked to Genevieve on books, on music, on fashion, on society—on all subjects but that of love. And all the while he felt like the nightingale who sings its sweetest music while pressing its breast against a thorn.

Lord Hastings seemed to have lost no time in repairing to the side of the fair lady who was supposed to be the object of his fondest devotions, and whom destiny appeared to have selected as the renovator of Courtney Manor. Four weeks from the day Faraday had heard of his intended visit the Bostonian received a letter from Mrs. Ryan bidding him to dinner to meet the illustrious guest. It seemed to Faraday that to go, to see the new-comer in converse with Genevieve, beautiful in her costliest robes, to view the approving smiles of Mrs. Ryan, and perhaps the happy blushes of Miss Ryan, was the manly and upright course for one who could never be more than the avowed friend and silent worshipper of Barney Ryan's only daughter.

Arriving ten minutes late, he found the party already at the table. It was an inflexible rule of Barney Ryan's to sit down to dinner at the stroke of half past six, whether his guests were assembled or not—a rule which even his wife's cajoleries and commands were powerless to combat.

To-night the iron old man might well regard with pride the luxury and splendor that had crowned a turbulent career begun in nipping poverty. The round table, glowing beneath the lights of the long crystal chandeliers, sparkled with cut glass, shone with antique silver-ware, while in the centre a mass of pale purple orchids spread their fragile crêpelike petals from a fringe of fern. Opposite him, still unfaded, superbly dressed, and admirably self-possessed, was his smiling consort, toward whom, whatever his pride in her might have been, his feelings this evening were somewhat hostile, as the ambitious and determined lady had forced him to don regulation evening dress, arrayed in which, Barney's peace of mind and body both fled.

On either side of the table sat his son and daughter, the latter handsomer than Faraday had ever seen her, her heavy dress of ivory-tinted silk no whiter than her neck, a diamond aigrette trembling like spray in her hair. Her brother Eddie, a year and a half her senior, looked as if

none of the blood of this vigorous, strong-thewed, sturdy stock could run in his veins. He was a pale and sickly-looking lad, with a weak, vulgar face, thin hair, and red eyelids. Faraday had only seen him once or twice before, and judged from remarks made to him by acquaintances of the family that Eddie did not often honor the parental roof with his presence. Eddie's irregular career appeared to be the one subject on which the family maintained an immovable and melancholy reserve. The disappointment in his only son was the bitter drop in Barney Ryan's cup.

There were other guests at the table. Faraday received a coy bow from Mrs. Peck, who had given her hair an extra bleaching for this occasion, till her pinched and powdered little face looked out from under an orange-colored thatch; Mrs. Wheatley was there too, with a suggestion of large white shoulders shining through veilings of black gauze; and with an air of stately pride, Mrs. Ryan presented him to Lord Hastings. This young man, sitting next Genevieve, was a tall, fair, straight-featured Englishman of gravely unresponsive manners. In the severe perfection of his immaculate evening dress he looked a handsome, well-bred young fellow of twenty-five or six.

As the late guest dropped into his seat, the interrupted conversation regathered and flowed again. Barney Ryan said nothing. He never spoke while eating, and rarely talked when women were present. Genevieve too was quiet, responding with a gently absent smile, when her cavalier, turning upon her his cold and expressionless steely-blue eyes, addressed to her some short regulation remark on the weather, or the boredom of his journey across the plains. The phlegmatic calm of his demeanor remained intact, even under the coquettish onslaughts of Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Wheatley, who extracted from him with wheedling perseverance his opinions on the State, the climate, and the country. Lord Hastings replied with iron-bound and unsmiling brevity, his wide cold glance resting with motionless attention upon the painted physiognomy of Mrs. Peck and the broad and buxom one of Mrs. Wheatley, and his head turning with dignified difficulty in his exceedingly high and tight collar, as one and the other assailed him with queries. Meanwhile the object of his journey, slowly moving her

great fan of white ostrich feathers, looked across the table at Faraday and made a little surreptitious *moue*.

The conversation soon became absorbed by the two married ladies, Faraday, and Lord Hastings. Only the Ryans were silent, Genevieve now and then throwing a lazy sentence into the vortex of talk, and Mrs. Ryan being occupied in lending a proud ear to the coruscations of wit that sparkled round the board, or in making covert gestures to the soft-footed Mongols, who moved with deft noiselessness about the table. Eddie Ryan, like his father, rarely spoke in society. In the glare of the chandelier he sat like a strange uncomfortable guest, taking no notice of any one. Toward the end of the feast he conversed in urgent whispers with his mother—a conversation which ended in her surreptitiously giving him her keys under the edge of the table. Before coffee Eddie left, on the plea of an important engagement, retiring through the drawing-room, softly jingling the keys.

After this dinner, when Lord Hastings's presence had banished all his doubts, when the young Englishman's attractive appearance had impressed itself upon his jealous eye, and Genevieve's gentle indifference had seemed to him but a modest form of encouragement, Faraday found but little time to pay visits to the hospitable home of Barney Ryan.

The family friend that they had all so warmly welcomed and taken to their hearts withdrew himself quietly but firmly from their cheerful circle. When, at rare intervals, he did drop in upon them, he pleaded important business engagements as the reason for his inability to accept their numerous invitations to dinners and theatre parties. After these mendacious statements he would wend a gloomy way homeward to his Pine Street boarding-house, and there spend the evening pretending to read, and cursing the fate which had ever brought him within the light of Genevieve's *beaux yeux*. The fable of being the family friend was quite shattered. Faraday had capitulated.

Nearly two months after the dinner, when rumors of Genevieve Ryan's engagement to Lord Hastings were in lively circulation, Faraday called at the lion-guarded mansion on California Street, and, in answer to his regulation request for the ladies, received the usual unintelligible Chinese rejoinder, and was shown

into the gold drawing-room. There, standing in front of a long mirror, looking at her skirts with an eye of pondering criticism, was Miss Genevieve, dressed to go out. She caught sight of him in the glass, turned abruptly, and came forward, a color in her face.

"Is that you?" she said, holding out her hand. "I'm so glad. I thought it was somebody else." Having thus, with her customary candor, signified to Faraday that she was expecting Lord Hastings, she sat down facing him, and said, abruptly, "Why haven't you been here for so long?"

Faraday made the usual excuses, and did not quail before her cold and steady eyes.

"That's rather funny," she said, as he concluded, "for now you're used to your new position, and it must go more easily, and yet you have less time to see your friends than you did at first."

Faraday made more excuses, and wondered that she should take a cruel pleasure in such small teasing.

"I thought p'r'aps," she said, still regarding him with an unflinching scrutiny, her face grave and almost hard, "that you'd begun to find us too Western, that the novelty had worn off, that our ways were too—too—what shall I say?—too wild and woolly."

A flush of anger ran over Faraday's face. "Your suppositions were neither just nor true," he said, coldly.

"Oh, I don't know," she continued, with a careless movement of her head, and speaking in the high, indifferent tone that a woman adopts when she wishes to be exasperating; "you needn't get mad. Lots of Eastern people feel that way. They come out here and see us constantly, and make friends with us, and then go back and laugh at us, and tell their friends what barbarians we are. It's customary, and nothing to be ashamed of."

"Do you suppose that I am that sort of Eastern person?" asked Faraday, quietly.

"I don't know," she said, doubtfully. "I didn't think you were at first, but now—"

"But now you do. Why?"

"Because you don't come here any more," she said, with a little air of triumph. "You're tired of us. The novelty is over, and so are the visits."

Faraday rose, too bitterly annoyed for speech. Genevieve, rising too, and touch-

ing her skirts with an arranging hand, continued, apparently unconscious of the storm she was rousing:

"And yet it seems odd that you should find such a difference. Lord Hastings, now, who's English, and much more conventional, thinks the people here just as refined and particular as any other Americans."

"It's evident," said Faraday, in a voice roughened with anger, "that Lord Hastings's appreciation of the refinement of the Americans is only equalled by your admiration for the tolerance of the English."

"I *do* like them," said Genevieve, dubiously, shaking her head, as if she was admitting a not entirely creditable taste, and looking away from him.

There was a moment's silence. Faraday fastened his eyes upon her in a look of passionate confession that in its powerful pleading drew her own back to his.

"You're as honest as you are cruel," he said, almost in a whisper.

She made no reply, but turned her head sharply away, as if in sudden embarrassment. Then, in answer to his conventionally murmured good-byes, she looked back, and he saw her face radiant, alight, with the most beautiful smile trembling on the lips. The splendor of this look seemed to him a mute expression of her happiness—of love reciprocated, ambition realized—and in it he read his own doom. He turned blindly round to pick up his hat; the door behind him was opened, and there, handsome, debonair, fresh as a May morning, stood Lord Hastings, hat in hand.

"I hope you're not vexed, Miss Ryan," said this young man, "but I'm very much afraid I'm just a bit late."

After this Faraday thought it quite unnecessary to visit Barney Ryan's "palatial mansion" for some time. Genevieve's engagement would soon be announced, and then he would have to go and offer his congratulations. As to whether he would dance at her wedding with a light heart—that was another matter. He assured himself that she was making a splendid and eminently suitable marriage. With her beauty and money and true simple heart she would deck the fine position which the Englishman could give her. He wished her every happiness, but that he should stand by and watch the progress of the courtship seemed to him an unnecessary twisting of the

knife in the wound. Even the endurance of New England human nature has its limits, and Faraday could stand no more. So he refused an invitation to a tea from Mrs. Ryan, and one to a dinner and another to a small musical from Miss Ryan, and, alone in his Pine Street lodgings, for the first time in his life, read the "social columns" with a throbbing heart.

One Saturday afternoon, two weeks from the day that he had last seen Genevieve, he sat in his room trying to read. He had left the office early, and though it was still some hours before dark, a heavy unrelenting rain had enveloped the afternoon in a premature twilight. The perpetual run of water from a break in the gutter near his window sounded drearily through the depressing history of the woes and disappointments of David Grieve. The gloom of the book and the afternoon was settling upon Faraday with the creeping stealthiness of a chill, when a knock sounded upon his door, and one of the servants without acquainted him with the surprising piece of intelligence that a lady was waiting to see him in the sitting-room below.

As he entered the room, dim with the heavy sombreness of the leaden atmosphere, he saw his visitor standing looking out of the window—a tall, broad-shouldered, small-waisted, striking figure, with a neat black turban crowning her closely braided hair. At his step she turned, and revealed the gravely handsome face of Genevieve Ryan. He made no attempt to take her hand, but murmured a regulation sentence of greeting, then, looking into her eyes, saw for the first time that handsome face marked with strong emotion. Miss Ryan was shaken from her phlegmatic calm; her hand trembled on the back of the chair before her; the little knot of violets in her dress vibrated to the beating of her heart.

"This is not a very conventional thing to do," she said, with her usual ignoring of all preamble, "but I can't help that. I had something to talk to you about, Mr. Faraday, and as you would not come to see me, I had to come to see you."

"What is it that you wanted to see me about?" asked Faraday, standing motionless, and feeling in the sense of oppression and embarrassment that seemed to weigh upon them both the premonition of an approaching crisis.

She made no answer for a moment,

but stood looking down, as if in an effort to choose her words or collect her thoughts, the violets in her dress rising and falling with her quickened breathing.

"It's rather hard to know how to say—anything," she said at length.

"If I can do anything for you," said the young man, "you know it would always be a happiness to me to serve you."

"Oh, it's not a message or a favor," she said, hastily. "I only wanted to say something"—she paused in great embarrassment—"but it's even more queer, more unusual, than my coming here."

Faraday made no response, and for a space both were silent. Then she said, speaking with a peculiar low distinctness:

"The last time I saw you I seemed very disagreeable. I wanted to make sure of something. I wanted to make sure that you were fond of me—to surprise it out of you. Well—I did it. You are fond of me. I made you show it to me." She raised her eyes, brilliant and dark, and looked into his. "If you were to swear to me now that I was wrong I would know you were not telling the truth," she said, with proud defiance. "You love me!"

"Yes," said Faraday, slowly, "I do. What then?"

"What then?" she repeated. "Why do you go away—go away from me?"

"Because," he answered, "I am too much a man to live within sight of the woman I love and can never hope for."

"Can never hope for?" she exclaimed, aghast. "Are you—are you married?"

The sudden horror on her face was a strange thing for Faraday to see.

"No," he said, "I am not married."

"Then, did she tell you that you never could hope for her?" said Miss Genevieve Ryan, in a tremulous voice.

"No. It was not necessary. I knew myself."

"You did yourself a wrong, and her too," she broke out, passionately. "You should have told her, and given her a chance to say—to say what she has a right to say, without making her come to you this way, with her love in her hand, to offer it to you as if she was afraid you were going to throw it back in her face. It's bad enough being a woman anyway, but to have the feelings of a woman, and then have to say a thing like this—it's—it's—*ghastly*."

"Genevieve!" breathed Faraday.

"Why don't you understand?" she continued, desperately. "You won't see it. You make me come here and tell it to you this way. I may be badly mannered and unconventional, but I have feelings and pride like other women. But what else could I do?"

Her voice suddenly broke into soft appeal, and she held out her hands toward him with a gesture as spontaneous in its pleading tenderness as though made by a child. Faraday was human. He dashed away the chair that stood between them and clasped the trembling hands in his.

"Why is it," she asked, looking into his face with shining, troubled eyes—"why is it you acted this way? Was it Lord Hastings? I refused him two weeks ago. I thought I'd marry him once, but that was before I knew you. Then I

waited for you, and you didn't come, and I wrote to you, and you wouldn't come. And so I had to come and tell you myself, and it's been something dreadful."

Faraday made no response, but feeling the smooth hands curled warm inside his, he stood listening to those soft accents that issued with the sweetness that love alone lends to women's voices from lips he had thought as far beyond his reach as the key of the rainbow.

"Do you think it was awful for me to do it?" she queried, in whispering anxiety.

He shook his head.

"Well," she said, laughing a little and turning her head half away, as her former embarrassment began to reassert itself over her subsiding nervousness, "I've often wished I was a man, but if it's always as awful as that to propose to a person, I'm quite content to be a woman."

THE TRIAL TRIP OF A CRUISER.

BY WILLIAM FLOYD SICARD.

BEFORE a vessel of our new navy is accepted by the government and put in active service, it is necessary that the authorities at Washington should have full data to show that she has met all the requirements of the contract under which she was built. For the purpose of getting this data, and so being able to determine whether or not the vessel comes up to her contract speed or develops the requisite horse-power, whichever the case may be, it is customary to have what is called an "official trial." This trial is under the direction of a board of naval officers appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of the Navy, and is generally held off the coast of New England, at a point designated by the contractors, where the water is deep and the conditions are favorable for a fair test. If a speed trial is contemplated, the run is made over a measured course, and all steps are taken to secure exhaustive data of the vessel's performance, for upon this depends the premium that the contractor shall gain or penalty that he shall pay as the vessel comes above or below her contract requirements. On account of the large sum of money involved, a trial trip is never entered upon until the contractor feels reasonably sure that his vessel will come up to the requirements, and in order to be certain of

this it is customary to have one or more preliminary trials; these are entirely affairs of the company building the vessel, held by them at their own expense and for their own purposes, the government having nothing whatever to do with them. A ship need not necessarily be completed when her preliminary trial takes place; if the propelling machinery and all its connections are in running order, many minor details and a great deal of the work of fitting up the hull can be finished after her return from the trial runs. However, as a rule, the work on the machinery and that on the hull keep pretty even pace, and the short interval between the preliminary and the official trials suffices to practically complete her. In the builders' or preliminary trial the ship is seldom pushed to do her best, for from her general behavior then an opinion can be formed whether she will develop the horse-power necessary to drive her over the course at the required speed. As a rule, the engines are speeded up to nearly their required number of revolutions, but the steam pressure is not constantly at the maximum, the boilers not being pushed to their utmost, and the air pressure in the fire-rooms is not held as high as it will be when the vessel is doing her best. Nor is it necessary or advisable to require the machinery to work at its

highest power, for it is new, and should be driven slowly at first, and afterwards gradually speeded up to its limit. So if the engines run smoothly and well, developing somewhere near the necessary power, with a good reserve, and the bearings and moving parts do not become heated and "seize," there will generally be but little trouble in getting the required speed out of the ship when the final or official test comes. If the preliminary trial is a success, as is usually the case, the official trial follows soon after; if, however, for any reason, the builders are not satisfied with the ship's performance, she returns to the works, and the alterations deemed necessary are then made. In such a case a second preliminary trial is held.

Having now mentioned a number of reasons for these trial trips, let us imagine ourselves on board one of our new cruisers about to make her preliminary run for the purpose of satisfying the builders that they are prepared to ask the government that the official test be held. There are on board almost as many men as the ship will carry when she finally goes into commission. The director of the trial, one of the engineering members of the firm, is a man of large experience, and a veteran in all that pertains to the running of vessels at high speed. All on board are under his orders, and with him, in a great measure, rests the responsibility of the trip. The captain, who has charge of the practical navigation of the ship, is also under his orders, and is assisted by a pilot who is familiar with the locality where the run is to be made. The engine and boiler rooms are under the general supervision of one of the firm's staff of engineers, and under his direction are the men who actually run the engines—men tried and seasoned by many trips, and who can be depended upon to do all that can be done to make the trial a success. In addition to these there are a few naval officers present by invitation, and a number of guests; for if the weather is good, these trips afford a very agreeable outing. But by far the greater part of those on board belong to the engine and boiler room forces, for on a trial that is essentially for speed, and depending therefore entirely upon the propelling machinery, every precaution must be taken to insure that each detail of the machinery has proper attention, and this of course re-

quires a great number of men. Engineers, wipers and oilers, machinists, water-tenders, firemen, coal-passers, and skilled mechanics of every kind, are the men who make up the crew of a large vessel.

We leave the company's works in a heavy rain-storm, and steaming down to within a couple of hours' run of the trial-ground, come to anchor about six o'clock the same evening. The weather has cleared up during our run to the anchorage, and the sun coming out for an hour or two before setting, we are able to adjust the compasses the same day, thus saving considerable time, and insuring us an early start on the morrow should the day be clear. What with song and story, and a turn or two on deck to enjoy the refreshing salt air, the evening passes rapidly enough, and all hands "turn in" at an early hour to prepare for the fatigue of the next day's hard work. The morning dawns bright and clear—an ideal day for a trial trip. The anchor is hove up at seven o'clock—not by a part of the crew, with a "yeo-heave-ho" at the capstan, as in the comic opera, but by a monster steam-windlass that raises it as if it were a feather. In an hour or two we reach the place of trial, a sufficiently long stretch of water between two "light-ships," and run over the course several times, with very satisfactory results. These runs are preparatory, and the most interesting test is yet to come, when early in the afternoon the vessel is headed out to sea for a run in deep water under forced draught.

Now the decks are virtually deserted; all the men are below at their stations, attending to their various engineering duties, and leaving only the navigating officers and the visitors on the bridge. Situated on the forward part of the vessel, some forty or fifty feet above the surface of the water, the bridge furnishes the best point of vantage for seeing all that goes on above-decks. It is a long narrow platform extending entirely across the vessel from one rail to the other. It is the station from which the vessel is usually "conned" and manœuvred, and here is placed the "binnacle," as it is termed in nautical language, containing the compass, and here we also find one of the wheels for steering the vessel. There are several points on board from which the ship can be steered, some exposed, as in this instance, and some protected by armor, and intended for use when the ship

is in action. On the bridge is also a telegraphic indicator for signalling to the engine-room. This apparatus is so arranged that by simply pushing a handle to different marked positions on a dial it immediately strikes a large gong in the engine-room, thus calling the engineer's attention to a dial placed there, on which he can read the order transmitted from the bridge, as "stop," "ahead," or "astern," "half" or "full speed," etc., the order being indicated by means of a pointer on the dial. As soon as the engineer reads this order he pushes the handle of his instrument to a corresponding position, and this movement, being transmitted back to the bridge, shows the officer in charge that the order is understood. There are also two dials on the bridge showing, by means of pointers, which way the screws are turning, so the captain can tell at a glance whether the engines are running ahead or astern.

The ship trembles slightly under the force of the rapidly moving engines. The captain, reaching out, pushes over the handle on the telegraph. Instantly, from far down in the engine-room, is heard a faint clanging; it is the gong warning the engineer that we will shortly begin the run. The tremble and vibration increase somewhat as the ship rushes on with a long heavy roll, now to starboard, now to port. The brown smoke that was lazily rising from the funnels turns darker and increases in volume. The captain again pushes the handle on the telegraph, this time to full speed ahead. The wind is blowing strongly, and now and then a white-cap appears on the water. Some great white sea-gulls sweep around us, picking up pieces of bread thrown overboard, and a "Mother Cary's chicken" flutters here and there in the wake of the ship. We sweep by a small steamer as if she were lying at anchor, when in reality she is travelling in the same direction as ourselves. The captain of a schooner, with every stitch of canvas set and her lee rail under water, brings his boat up into the wind, and the crew cheer us as we glide by, hardly a stone's-throw away.

Going down from the bridge and walking forward, we pass the turret, now covered with canvas, but soon to form the shield for two heavy guns. Further on are the anchors, one on each side of the ship, resting upon an inclined bed, and

supported by a chain, so placed that by simply pulling a pin from position they will be cast loose and drop overboard. In the centre of the deck and between the anchors is a huge crane for swinging them in to their proper position on the ship's side after they have been hauled up by the windlass. Going on a short distance, we stand at the extreme bow of the vessel. Here the water is dashed high in air, wetting the forward deck, and sending over us a cloud of mistlike spray. Looking down, we can see the heavy "stem" sloping forward, until it is hidden in the sea, continuing, though, for some distance under water, and forming the powerful ram, such a deadly weapon of offence. It was the ram of the *Camperdown* that dealt the *Victoria* her fatal blow, cutting through her steel side as if it was but paper, and making such a gaping rent; yet the blow was not a direct one, and the ramming vessel was not at full speed, her engines working astern at the time of the collision.

A peculiarity of high-speed trials is the enormous wave that is developed near the bow, and that travels along with the ship. Some ships make a much larger bow wave than others; this can be seen by comparing the pictures of the *Olympia* and the *New York*. The photograph of the *Olympia* shows a very large wave, the water almost hiding the bow, and thin spray being thrown up by the torpedo-tube, which projects just at the water-line, whereas the bow wave of the *New York* was much lower.

Leaving the ship's bow, we walk back under the bridge again, through the superstructure (an enclosed portion of the upper deck) and past the after-turret, until we arrive at the stern of the ship. Here, entirely under water, is the rudder, and a little forward of it and on either side are the propellers, or screws, which propel the ship. The water seems to fall away from the stern, and a great following wave stretches out on either side. Directly below is a huge pile of white foam, seething, boiling, swirling here and there, like the rapids of Niagara, while far behind a broad path of smooth water, covered with foam and bubbles, stretches towards the horizon, easily distinguished from the ordinary sea waves, and looking like some great smooth road surrounded by rough ground.

The depth of water has considerable



TRIAL TRIP OF THE "NEW YORK."

effect upon a vessel's speed, shoal water retarding her. In some ships, running at a high rate of speed in shoal water, the stern, or after-part, is drawn down very considerably. This is caused by the water not filling with sufficient quickness the cavity at the stern caused by the forward movement of the vessel. This lack of water at the stern causes the ship to settle there and be pursued by a huge wave. In one of our small, very fast ships this settling, or "squatting," as it is usually called, was so marked that the crest of the following wave actually boiled over the stern and broke upon the deck, and in some much larger vessels this water comes pretty well up towards the deck under similar circumstances.

Sticking out on each side of the ship, near the stern, is a long, narrow piece of spar, to which is fixed the patent log, an instrument resembling a small alarm-clock, from which, far out into the water in the wake of the ship, stretches a heavy cord with a twisted piece of brass on the end, very much like the trolling-spoon used by fishermen. This spins around rapidly, caused by the forward movement of the ship, twisting the cord, and so moving the hands on the dial of the log, and recording the knots and fractions of a knot marked upon it.

Now smoke, thick and black, is pouring from the funnels in great clouds, showing that the boiler fires are being urged fiercely. Going again into the superstructure, we start down the hatchway on our descent toward the engine-rooms, and there are many points of interest to be seen on this journey. First we come to the gun-deck. This name is a relic of the old wooden man-of-war days, when the gun-deck held the main battery, a long succession of the heaviest guns on the ship; but in a modern cruiser the main battery is usually on the upper deck, either in turrets or in isolated gun-stations, while on the gun-deck are mounted but a few guns, and those of comparatively small calibre. Here, however, many of the officers will be quartered, and the captain's cabins are away aft, just under the place where we stood at the stern on the deck above. Forward are the galleys where the meals are cooked; they are supplied with ranges and all culinary necessities, the whole enclosed in a heavy wire netting, making a room some twelve by fifteen feet square.

On this deck also are the ash-railways for taking the ash-buckets from the hatches, through which they are hoisted from the fire-rooms below, and carried across the deck to the chutes, where they are emptied overboard. Going down another hatchway, we are on the berth-deck. Aft are more officers' quarters, and forward are the sleeping-places of the crew. On the beams that support the deck above are hundreds of hooks, side by side, and quite near together; to these the sailors hang their hammocks. To a landsman it seems as though they must be packed pretty closely, and one cannot but contrast their condition with the popular idea of a sailor as a being who is proverbially fond of space and air, and an outlook bounded only by the horizon; perhaps, though, he only cares for these during the hours of daylight.

Descending a short ladder, we stand upon the heavy "armor grating." Most cruisers have a thick steel deck covering their entire breadth, and extending from stem to stern, just at the water-line, and above the boilers and machinery. This "protective deck" is intended to shield the machinery from shot and shell, and vessels furnished with it are called "protected cruisers." As it is put in place and riveted up long before the vessel is launched, it is necessary to provide some means of getting the engines into the ship, and also to allow of ventilating the interior spaces, and for these purposes certain openings called "hatchways" are left, that one over the engines being called the engine-hatch; and after the engines are in place these openings are covered with gratings formed of heavy steel bars, spaced a few inches apart, called "armor gratings." We see at one end of this grating a small opening, only a couple of feet square, over which hangs a heavy grating door, weighing several hundred pounds, and balanced by a large weight. During action this door will be closed, and as every ventilator and every opening of any size over the machinery space is covered by the armor gratings, it is evident that due precaution is taken to prevent harm being done to this most vital part of the vessel, as these gratings are supposed to be strong enough to keep out pieces of bursting shell and light projectiles.

Just above our heads, as we stand on the armor gratings, are two immense

blowers, forcing fresh air down the ventilator-pipes into the engine-rooms. A long, narrow ladder stretches down from the door just mentioned to the engine-room floor; below us lie the engines, and, further forward, the boilers, the seat of power. A strange grinding roar, accentuated at regular intervals, reaches us; as we start down the ladder the air becomes hot and sickly, reeking with the smell of oil and steam. Going down a short distance, we come to the "first platform," a light iron grating around the upper part of the engines, near the cylinders. Here men are stationed at the indicators—instruments which trace upon small slips of paper diagrams showing at a glance the action of the steam in the cylinders to which they are attached, and from these cards the horse-power developed by the engines will be calculated when the run is over.

Continuing down the slippery steps, we soon reach the engine-room floor. The

engineer stands near us, at the hand-wheel of the throttle, now and then opening or closing it slightly, guided by the indications of the steam-gauge. Above tower the great engines, one on each side of the ship, separated by a water-tight bulkhead. The cranks, set at different angles, seem to fly in every direction, and the cylinders tremble and shake with every stroke of the pistons, and the force of the mighty energy imprisoned within.

The "engineer's force" is everywhere: men with great syringes for squirting oil on the flying cross-heads; men with oil-cups for the smaller gear; men reaching down and feeling crank-pins; men climbing up and feeling cross-heads; men at the pumps, the bearings, everywhere. The engine-room is a perfect maze of copper pipes and machinery. Pumps seem to be all about, some working constantly, others standing idle at the moment, but in case of emergency ready to be run at an instant's notice. In addition to the great

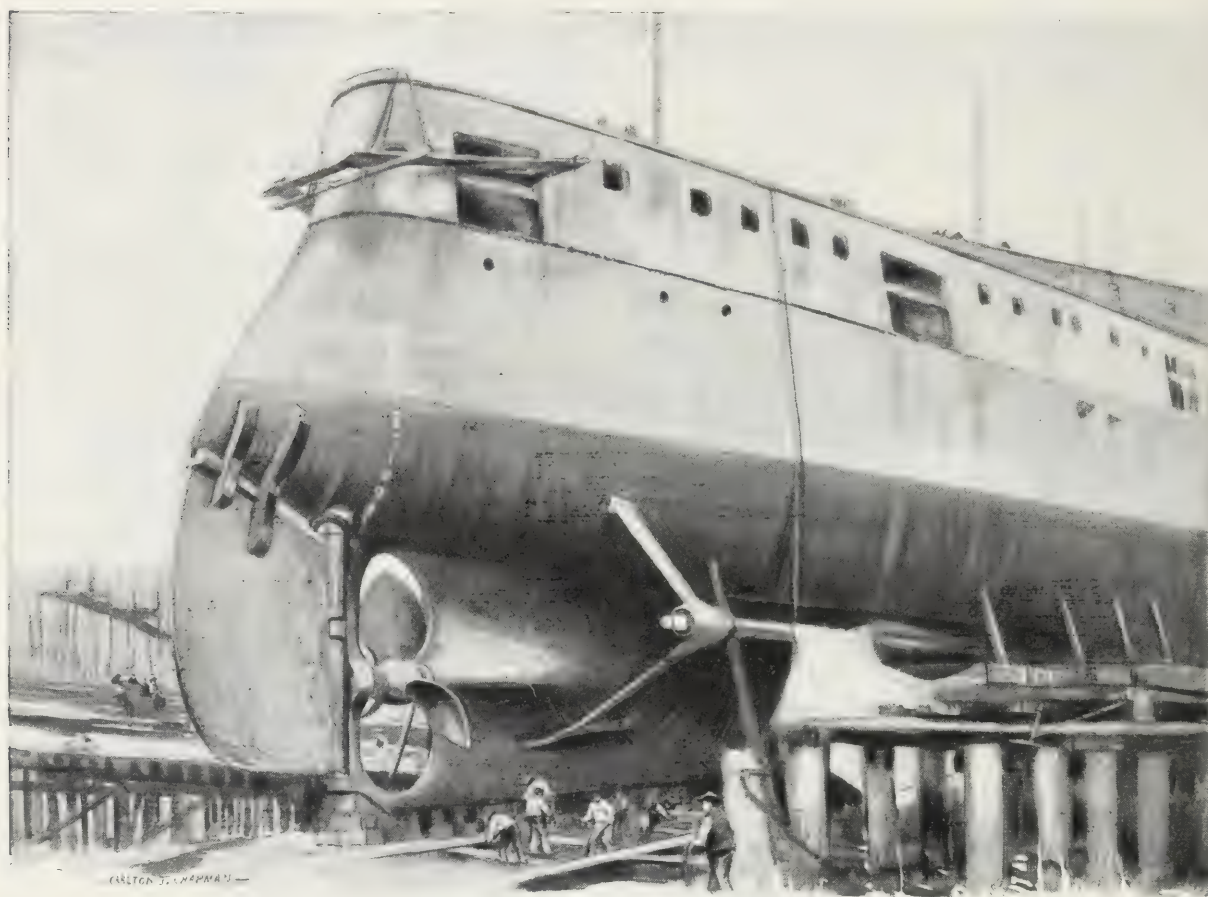


THE "OLYMPIA" UNDER A SPEED OF $21\frac{1}{2}$ KNOTS.

main engines there are many smaller ones on board for various purposes. One is for turning over the large engines when they are not in use. Another runs a huge centrifugal pump, forcing cold sea-water through the condenser and overboard again. This cold water condenses the steam after it has been used in the engines, and it is then passed on to the feed-tank in the form of fresh water, from whence it is drawn by other pumps and forced into the boilers to be used a sec-

hanging by their slender cords from the gloom above. Each ship has her own electric plant, capable of lighting the entire vessel.

The engines roar, the pumps move back and forth with a sharp click at each stroke, the air-pumps shriek and puff, and the engineer's force rush about in what seems at first hopeless confusion, but which soon takes on a look of system. Every man has his duty to do, and does it well. The engines require close and careful atten-



STERN OF CRUISER, SHOWING RUDDER AND PROPELLER.

ond time. Our cruisers all use fresh water in the boilers, and it is passed through the engines again and again in the form of steam, which, after being condensed each time, is returned to the boiler as water, the unavoidable waste being made good by fresh supplies from the evaporating system on board, which changes the salt sea-water to steam, which, when condensed, becomes fresh water. But little daylight finds its way down here, and the rooms are lighted by incandescent lamps that look strangely out of place

tion, as enough might happen in a moment to ruin all. The slightest carelessness or inattention might have the most serious results. Occasionally, though, no amount of care can prevent a bearing or cross-head from heating, particularly if the machinery is new, has not sufficiently worn itself to perform its duties, and is being run at a high rate of speed. To provide for this contingency there is always arranged a convenient system of pipes, from which cold water can be directed at a moment's notice upon which-



FORWARD DECK OF THE "MONTEREY."

ever part of the machinery shows signs of heating. In addition to this, there are many couplings where hose can be connected for use in reaching the more inaccessible and rapidly moving parts. At such a time excitement runs high in the engine-rooms. The engines are probably working at almost full power and moving rapidly, so if the heating part cannot be cooled sufficiently they will have to be shut down, and the run be lost. The rush and roar of the machinery, the tremble of the ship as she is forced ahead by the immense horse-power transmitted by each shaft, the hurry of the engineer's force, each one of whom has constant and important duties to perform, all add to the excitement. Water pours in torrents on the heated parts, and as it strikes the flying engines is thrown in all directions. The engine-room floor swims with oil and water, and the oil thus thrown upon the cold-water pipes congeals and completely covers them, looking like snow upon the trees after a heavy storm. Lucky now are the men who wear oil-skin suits, for nothing else will keep out the flying water; those who are not so prepared are drenched in an instant, and though by the thermometer the temperature may be

far from cool, there is a chill in the icy water and soaked garments and a discomfort in the oil and salt in one's eyes that are far from pleasant. But let us step into the fire-room a moment and note the difference.

As we go through the air-lock, with its double doors, one of which must be closed before the other is opened, to prevent loss of air-pressure in the fire-room, the roar of the engines changes to a rhythmic and steady beat, muffled and deadened into an almost soothing sound. The fire-room, as we step in from the light outside, seems dark and shadowy, and dusky figures of men pass here and there across the light from the open ash-pits. In the bulkhead opposite us is a small door, and through this shovelful after shovelful of coal is thrown by men in the bunkers beyond; from there it is thrown in a pile against the bulkhead directly in front of the boilers, from whence it is passed into the furnaces as occasion requires. The fireman's task is no easy one, and it requires considerable skill to fire a boiler properly, keeping the fuel well and evenly distributed over the grates. The "water-tenders" have to keep a watchful eye upon the water-gauges, for fear of allowing the



THE "COLUMBIA."

water in the boilers to get too low, thereby causing an explosion. The huge furnaces fairly devour coal; and when, for the purpose of feeding in more, the furnace doors are opened (throwing a red glare through the room), we can see the white-hot fuel heaped clear to the crown of the furnace, and the flames that leap half-way up the smoke-stack rush wildly out, impelled by the 10,000 cubic feet of air per minute furnished by the blowers, which we hear spinning away overhead with a steady whir. The amount of coal burnt by a large vessel running at full speed is almost incredible. Some of the great Atlantic liners burn from 350 to 400 tons a day, and some of our large cruisers, were they run constantly at full speed, would burn nearly as much. While

the blowers are running, the fire-rooms are generally comparatively cool, though there is a great difference in ships in this respect, some being very comfortable, while the temperature in others gets very high, up to 120° to 125° , say—too warm for comfort.

Going back into the engine-room, we at once notice that the machinery is running much faster than before; for our ears, now trained to the regular beat of the engines, can readily distinguish any change in the speed. The engineer has opened the throttle wide for a final burst of speed, and the engines fairly fly. On we rush, the rolling of the vessel being apparent even down here; the cranks can scarcely be followed by the eye as they madly whirl around, almost hidden in a mist of steam, and water and oil fall about us like rain. The water from a hose playing on one of the cross-heads strikes fairly against an electric

light that is directly in its path; the light flickers and sputters up and down, now making great, blinding, blue flashes, now being completely drowned, until suddenly, after one last leap, it goes out, leaving that part of the room in total darkness. The engineer can hardly see his engine for the water that simply pours over everything; the gauges are entirely hidden. Of a sudden the harsh discordant gong sounds, so close at hand and unexpected that we all start slightly, our nerves being on edge with the rush and excitement of it all; instantly the throttle is partly closed, the engines slack up their speed, the ship rapidly loses way, and we know that the run is over. Going up on deck once more, we find the vessel has run far out to sea. The decks

are black and sooty with great cinders thrown out from the smoke-stack. Now and then a straggler from below, grimy, hot, and soaked to the skin, comes up for a breath of fresh air and a sight of the sun, but the cold wind sweeping across the deck soon drives him down again. The vessel's prow is headed once more for shore, and under easy steam we start on our journey back to the works. On the way home the best of the indicator-cards will be worked up, and the horsepower calculated from them.

While of course it is too much to expect that accidents will never occur with new and untried machinery run near or quite to its limit of safety, it is seldom that they result seriously. A bolt may break, a casting crack, or a pump-rod give, some trifling disarrangement, which can generally be remedied at short notice; but never in America have we had such an accident during a trial as that which befell the German belted cruiser *Brandenburg* a few months ago. This vessel was just about to start on her trial run when one of her main steam-pipes burst; the door to the engine-room being

open at the time, the escaping steam rushed in, scalding to death thirty-nine of her men and injuring nine, two of whom afterward died. A few years ago another serious accident occurred; this time to a British ship, the *Elbe*, where a steam-pipe also burst, killing nine men. Even more recently can be mentioned the accident which befell our own cruiser the *Montgomery*. One of her high-pressure connecting-rod bolts broke, and the piston went through the cylinder cover; luckily this accident was accompanied with no loss of life.

When the ship reaches the yard, whatever work remains to be done before the official trip is pushed rapidly ahead. The side armor, in the case of armored cruisers, is put on, the turret armor placed, and the interior wood-work finished up, and an amount of ballast is placed on board equalling in weight the armament, ammunition, and stores that the ship is to carry in service. Then comes the official trial, and, with its success, acceptance by the government, when the ship is put in commission, and her life as a naval vessel begins.



TRIAL TRIP OF THE "MONTEREY."



THE SECOND MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

BY OWEN WISTER.

I.

THE Legislature had sat up all night, much absorbed, having taken off its coat because of the stove. This was the fortieth and final day of its first session under an order of things not new only, but novel. It sat with the retrospect of forty days' duty done, and the prospect of forty days' consequent pay to come. Sleepy it was not, but wide and wider awake over a progressing crisis. Hungry it had been until after a breakfast fetched to it from the Overland at seven, three hours ago.

It had taken no intermission to wash its face, nor was there just now any apparatus for this, as the tin pitcher commonly used stood not in the basin in the corner, but on the floor by the Governor's chair; so the eyes of the Legislature, though earnest, were dilapidated. Last night the pressure of public business had seemed over, and no turning back the hands of the clock likely to be necessary. Besides Governor Ballard, Secretary (and Treasurer) Hewley was sitting up too, small, iron-gray, in feature and bearing

every inch the capable, dignified official, but his necktie had slipped off during the night. The bearded Councillors had the best of it, seeming after their vigil less stale in the face than the member from Silver City, for instance, whose day-old black growth blurred his dingy chin, or the member from Big Camas, whose scantier red crop bristled on his cheeks in sparse wandering arrangements, like spikes on the barrel of a musical box. For comfort, most of the pistols were on the table with the Revised Statutes of the United States. Secretary and Treasurer Hewley's lay on his strong-box immediately behind him. The Governor's was a light one, and always hung in the arm-hole of his waistcoat. The graveyard of Boisé City this year had twenty-seven tenants, two brought there by meningitis, and twenty-five by difference of opinion. Many denizens of the Territory were miners, and the unsettling element of gold-dust hung in the air, breeding argument. Against the windows distant from the stove the early thin bright morning steadily mellowed, melting the panes clear until they ran, steamed faintly, and dried this fresh May day after the night's untimely cold; while still the Legislature sat in its shirt sleeves, and several statesmen had removed their boots. Even had appearances counted, the session was invisible from the street. Unlike a good number of houses in the town, the State-House (as they called it from old habit) was not all on the ground-floor for outsiders to stare into, but up a flight of wood steps to a wood gallery, from which, to be sure, the interior could be watched from several windows on both sides; but the journey up the steps was precisely enough to disincline the idle, and this was counted a sensible thing by the lawmakers. They took the ground that shaping any government for a raw wilderness community needed seclusion, and they set a high value upon unworried privacy.

The sun had set upon a concentrated Council, but it rose upon faces that looked momentous. Only the Governor's and Treasurer's were impassive, and they concealed something even graver than the matter in hand.

"I'll take a hun'red mo', Gove'nuh," said the member from Silver City, softly, his eyes on space. His name was Powhattan Wingo.

The Governor counted out the blue, white, and red chips to Wingo, pencilled some figures on a thickly ciphered and cancelled paper that bore in print the words "Territory of Idaho, Council Chamber," and then filled up his glass from the tin pitcher, adding a little sugar.

"And I'll trouble you fo' the toddy," Wingo added, always softly, and his eyes always on space. "Raise you ten, suh." This was to the Treasurer. Only the two were playing at present. The Governor was kindly acting as bank; the others were looking on.

"And ten," said the Treasurer.

"And ten," said Wingo.

"And twenty," said the Treasurer.

"And fifty," said Wingo, gently bestowing his chips in the middle of the table.

The Treasurer called.

The member from Silver City showed down five high hearts, and a light rustle went over the Legislature when the Treasurer displayed three twos and a pair of threes, and gathered in his harvest. He had drawn two cards, Wingo one; and losing to the lowest hand that could have beaten you is under such circumstances truly hard luck. Moreover, it was almost the only sort of luck that had attended Wingo since about half after three that morning. Seven hours of cards just a little lower than your neighbor's is searching to the nerves.

"Gove'nuh, I'll take a hup'red mo'," said Wingo; and once again the Legislature rustled lightly, and the new deal began.

Treasurer Hewley's winnings flanked his right, a pillared fortress on the table, built chiefly of Wingo's misfortunes. Hewley had not counted them, and his architecture was for neatness and not ostentation; yet the Legislature watched him arrange his gains with sullen eyes. It would have pleased him now to lose; it would have more than pleased him to be able to go to bed quite a long time ago. But winners cannot easily go to bed. The thoughtful Treasurer bet his money and deplored this luck that seemed likely to trap himself and the Governor in a predicament they had not foreseen, else they had never begun the game. All had taken a hand at first, and played so for several hours, until Fortune's wheel ran into a rut deeper than usual. Wingo

slowly became the loser to several, then Hewley had forged ahead, winner from everybody. One by one they had dropped out, each meaning to go home, and all lingering to see the luck turn. It was an extraordinary run, a rare specimen, a breaker of records, something to refer to in the future as a standard of measure and an embellishment of reminiscence; quite enough to keep the Idaho Legislature up all night. And then, it was their friend who was losing. The only speaking in the room was the brief card talk of the two players.

"Five better," said Hewley, winner again four times in the last five.

"Ten," said Wingo.

"And twenty," said the Secretary and Treasurer.

"Call you."

"Three kings."

"They are good, suh. Gove'nuh, I'll take a hun'ed mo'."

Upon this the wealthy and weary Treasurer made a try for liberty and bed. How would it do, he suggested, to have a round of jack-pots, say ten—or twenty, if the member from Silver City preferred—and then stop? It would do excellently, the member said, so softly that the Governor looked at him. But Wingo's large countenance remained inexpressive, his black eyes still impersonally fixed on space. He sat thus till his chips were counted to him, and then the eyes moved to watch the cards fall. The Governor hoped he might win now, under the jack-pot system. At noon he should have to disclose to Wingo and the Legislature something that would need the most cheerful and contented feelings to receive with any sort of calm. Wingo was behind the game to the tune of—the Governor gave up adding as he ran his eye over the figures of the bank's erased and tormented record, and he shook his head to himself. This was inadvertent.

"May I inquah who yo're shakin' yoh head at, suh?" said Wingo, wheeling upon the surprised Governor.

"Certainly," answered that official. "You." He was never surprised for very long. In 1867 it did not do to remain surprised in Idaho.

"And have I done anything which meets yoh disapprobation?" pursued the member from Silver City, enunciating with care.

"You have met my disapprobation."

Wingo's eye was on the Governor, and now his friends drew a little together, and as a unit sent a glance of suspicion at the lone bank.

"You will gratify me by being explicit, suh," said Wingo to the bank.

"Well, you've emptied the toddy."

"Ha-ha, Gove'nuh! I rose, suh, to yoh little fly. We'll awduh some mo'."

"Time enough when he comes for the breakfast things," said Governor Ballard, easily.

"As you say, suh. I'll open for five dolluhs." Wingo turned back to his game. He was winning, and as his luck continued, his voice ceased to be soft and became a shade truculent. The Governor's ears caught this change, and he also noted the lurking triumph in the faces of Wingo's fellow-statesmen. Cheerfulness and content were scarcely reigning yet in the Council Chamber of Idaho, as Ballard sat watching the friendly game. He was beginning to fear that he must leave the Treasurer alone and take some precautions outside. But he would have to be separated for some time from his ally, cut off from giving him any hints. Once the Treasurer looked at him, and he immediately winked reassuringly, but the Treasurer failed to respond. Hewley might be able to wink after everything was over, but he could not find it in his serious heart to do so now. He was wondering what would happen if this game should last till noon with the company in its present mood. Noon was the time fixed for paying the Legislative Assembly the compensation due for its services during this session; and the Governor and the Treasurer had put their heads together and arranged a surprise for the Legislative Assembly. They were not going to pay them.

A knock sounded at the door, and on seeing the waiter from the Overland enter, the Governor was seized with an idea. Perhaps precaution could be taken from the inside. "Take this pitcher," said he, "and have it refilled with the same. Joseph knows my mixture." But Joseph was night bar-tender, and now long in his happy bed, with a day successor in the saloon, and this one did not know the mixture. Ballard had foreseen this when he spoke, and that his writing a note of directions would seem quite natural.

"The receipt is as long as the drink,"

said a legislator, watching the Governor's pencil fly.

"He don't know where my private stock is located," explained Ballard. The waiter departed with the breakfast things and the note, and while the jack-pots continued, the Governor's mind went carefully over the situation.

Until lately, the Western citizen has known one every-day experience that no dweller in our thirteen original colonies has had for two hundred years. In Massachusetts they have not seen it since 1641; in Virginia not since 1628. It is that of belonging to a community of which every adult was born somewhere else. When you come to think of this a little, it is dislocating to many of your conventions. Let a citizen of Salem, for instance, or a well-established Philadelphia Quaker, try to imagine his Chief Justice fresh from Louisiana, his Mayor from Arkansas, his tax-collector from South Carolina, and himself recently arrived in a wagon from a thousand-mile drive. Such was the community that Ballard from one quarter of the horizon had travelled to in a wagon to govern, Wingo arriving on a mule from another quarter. People reached Boisé in three ways: by rail to a little west of the Missouri, after which it was wagon, saddle, or walk for the remaining fifteen hundred miles; from California it was shorter; and from Portland, Oregon, only about five hundred miles, and some of these more agreeable, by water up the Columbia. Thus it happened that salt often sold for its weight in gold-dust. A miner in the Bannock Basin would meet a freight teamster coming in with the staples of life, having journeyed perhaps sixty consecutive days through the desert, and valuing his salt highly. The two accordingly bartered in scales, white powder against yellow, and both parties content. Some in Boisé to-day can remember these bargains. After all, they were struck but thirty years ago. Governor Ballard and Treasurer Hewley did not come from the same place, but they constituted a minority of two in Territorial politics because they hailed from north of Mason and Dixon's line. Powhattan Wingo and the rest of the Council were from Pike County, Missouri. They had been Secessionists, some of them Knights of the Golden Circle; they had belonged to Price's Left Wing, and they flocked together. They were seven—two lying unwell at the Over-

land, five now present in the State-House with the Governor and Treasurer. Wingo, Gascon Claiborne, Gratiot des Pères, Pete Cawthon, and F. Jackson Gilet were their names. Besides this Council of seven were thirteen members of the Idaho House of Representatives, mostly of the same political feather with the Council, and they too would be present at noon to receive their pay. How Ballard and Hewley came to be a minority of two is a simple matter. Only twenty-five months had gone since Appomattox Court House. That surrender was presently followed by Johnston's to Sherman, at Durhams Station, and following this the various Confederate armies in Alabama, or across the Mississippi, or wherever they happened to be, had successively surrendered—but not Price's Left Wing. There was the wide open West under its nose, and no Grant or Sherman infesting that void. Why surrender? Wingos, Claibornes, and all, they melted away. Price's Left Wing sailed into the prairie and passed below the horizon. To know what it next did, you must, like Ballard or Hewley, pass below the horizon yourself, clean out of sight of the dome at Washington, and find in remote, snug Idaho (besides wild red men in quantities) a white colony of the ripest Southwestern persuasion, and a Legislature to fit. And if, like Ballard or Hewley, you were a Union man, and the President of the United States had appointed you Governor or Secretary of such a place, your days would be full of awkwardness, though your difference in creed might not hinder you from playing draw-poker with the unreconstructed. These Missourians were whole-souled, ample-natured males in many ways, but born with a habit of hasty shooting. The Governor, on setting foot in Idaho, had begun to study pistolship, but acquired thus in middle life it could never be with him that spontaneous art which it was with Price's Left Wing. Not that the weapons now lying loose about the State-House were brought for use there. Everybody always went armed in Boisé, as the gravestones impliedly testified. Still, the thought of what it might come to at noon, a bad quarter of an hour, did cross Ballard's mind, raising the image of a column in the morrow's paper: "An unfortunate occurrence has ended relations between esteemed gentlemen hitherto the warmest personal friends. . . . They will

be laid to rest at 3 P.M. . . . As a last token of respect for our lamented Governor, the troops from Boisé Barracks. . . ." The Governor trusted that if his friends at the post were to do him any service it would not be a funeral one.

The new pitcher of toddy came from the Overland, the jack-pots continued, were nearing a finish, and Ballard began to wonder if anything had befallen a part of his note to the bar-tender, an enclosure addressed to another person.

"Ha, suh!" said Wingo to Hewley. "My pot again, I declah." The chips had been crossing the table his way, and he was now loser but six hundred dollars.

"Ye ain't goin' to whip Mizooruh all night an' all day, ez a rule," observed Pete Cawthon, Councillor from Lost Leg.

"'Tis a long road that has no turnin', Gove'nuh," said F. Jackson Gilet, more urbanely. He had been in public life in Missouri, and was now President of the Council in Idaho. He, too, had arrived on a mule, but could at will summon a rhetoric dating from Cicero, and preserved by many luxuriant orators until after the middle of the present century.

"True," said the Governor, politely. "But here sits the long-suffering bank, whichever way the road turns. I'm sleepy."

"You sacrifice yo'self in the good cause," replied Gilet, pointing to the poker game. "Oneasy lies the head that wags an office, suh." And Gilet bowed over his compliment.

The Governor thought so indeed. He looked at the Treasurer's strong-box, where lay the appropriation lately made by Congress to pay the Idaho Legislature for its services; and he looked at the Treasurer, in whose pocket lay the key of the strong-box. He was accountable to the Treasury at Washington for all money disbursed for Territorial expenses.

"Eleven twenty," said Wingo, "and only two hands mo' to play."

The Governor slid out his own watch.

"I'll scahsely recoup," said Wingo.

They dealt and played the hand, and the Governor strolled to the window.

"Three aces," Wingo announced, winning again handsomely. "I struck my luck too late," he commented to the on-lookers. While losing he had been able to sustain a smooth reticence; now he gave his thoughts freely to the company,

and continually moved and fingered his increasing chips. The Governor was still looking out of the window, where he could see far up the street, when Wingo won the last hand, which was small. "That ends it, suh, I suppose?" he said to Hewley, letting the pack of cards linger in his grasp.

"I wouldn't let him off yet," said Ballard to Wingo from the window, with sudden joviality, and he came back to the players. "I'd make him throw five cold hands with me."

"Ah, Gove'nuh, that's yoh spo'tin' blood! Will you do it, Mistuh Hewley—a hun'ed a hand?"

Mr. Hewley did it; and winning the first, he lost the second, third, and fourth in the space of an eager minute, while the Councillors drew their chairs close.

"Let me see," said Wingo, calculating, "if I lose this—why still—" He lost. "But I'll not have to ask you to accept my papuh, suh. Wingo liquidates. Fo'ty days at six dolluhs a day makes six times fo' is twenty-fo'—two hun'ed an' fo'ty dolluhs spot cash in hand at noon, without computation of mileage to and from Silver City at fo' dolluhs every twenty miles, estimated according to the nearest usually travelled route." He was reciting part of the statute providing mileage for Idaho legislators. He had never served the public before, and he knew all the laws concerning compensation by heart. "You'll not have to wait fo' yoh money, suh," he concluded.

"Well, Mr. Wingo," said Governor Ballard, "it depends on yourself whether your pay comes to you or not." He spoke cheerily. "If you don't see things my way, our Treasurer will have to wait for his money." He had not expected to break the news just so, but it made as easy a beginning as any.

"See things yoh way, suh?"

"Yes. As it stands at present I cannot take the responsibility of paying you."

"The United States pays me, suh. My compensation is provided by act of Congress."

"I confess I am unable to discern your responsibility, Gove'nuh," said F. Jackson Gilet. "Mr. Wingo has faithfully attended the session, and is, like every gentleman present, legally entitled to his emoluments."

"You can all readily become entitled—"

"All? Am I—are my friends—included in this new depa'tyuh?"

"The difficulty applies generally, Mr. Gilet."

"Do I understand the Gove'nuh to insinuate—nay, gentlemen, do not rise! Be seated, I beg." For the Councillors had leaped to their feet.

"Whar's our money?" said Pete Cawthon. "Our money was put in thet yere box."

Ballard flushed angrily, but a knock at the door stopped him, and he merely said, "Come in."

A trooper, a corporal, stood at the entrance, and the disordered Council endeavored to look usual in a stranger's presence. They resumed their seats, but it was not easy to look usual on such short notice.

"Captain Paisley's compliments," said the soldier, mechanically, "and will Governor Ballard take supper with him this evening?"

"Thank Captain Paisley," said the Governor (his tone was quite usual), "and say that official business connected with the end of the session makes it imperative for me to be at the State-House. Imperative."

The trooper withdrew. He was a heavy-built, handsome fellow, with black mustache and black eyes that watched through two straight narrow slits beneath straight black brows. His expression in the Council Chamber had been of the regulation military indifference, and as he went down the steps he irrelevantly sang an old English tune:

"Since first I saw your face I resolved
To honor and re—"

I guess," he interrupted himself as he unhitched his horse, "parrot and monkey hev broke loose."

The Legislature, always in its shirt sleeves, the cards on the table, and the toddy on the floor, sat calm a moment, cooled by this brief pause from the first heat of its surprise, while the clatter of Corporal Jones's galloping shrank quickly into silence.

II.

Captain Paisley walked slowly from the adjutant's office at Boisé Barracks to his quarters, and his orderly walked behind him. The captain carried a letter in his hand, and the orderly, though distant a

respectful ten paces, could hear him swearing plain as day. When he reached his front door Mrs. Paisley met him.

"Jim," cried she, "two more chickens froze in the night." And the delighted orderly heard the captain so plainly that he had to blow his nose or burst.

The lady, merely remarking "My goodness, Jim," retired immediately to the kitchen, where she had a soldier cook baking, and feared he was not quite sober enough to do it alone. The captain had paid eighty dollars for forty hens this year at Boisé, and twenty-nine had now passed away, victims to the climate. His wise wife perceived his extreme language not to have been all on account of hens, however; but he never allowed her to share in his professional worries, so she staid safe with the baking, and he sat in the front room with a cigar in his mouth.

Boisé was a two-company post without a major, and Paisley being senior captain was in command, an office to which he did not object. But his duties so far this month of May had not pleased him in the least. Theoretically, you can have at a two-company post the following responsible people: one major, two captains, four lieutenants, a doctor, and a chaplain. The major has been spoken of; it is almost needless to say that the chaplain was on leave, and had never been seen at Boisé by any of the present garrison; two of the lieutenants were also on leave, and two on surveying details—they had influence at Washington; the other captain was on a scout with General Crook somewhere near the Malheur Agency, and the doctor had only arrived this week. There had resulted a period when Captain Paisley was his own adjutant, quartermaster, and post surgeon, with not even an efficient sergeant to rely upon; and during this period his wife had staid a good deal in the kitchen. Happily the doctor's coming had given relief to the hospital steward and several patients, and to the captain not only an equal, but an old friend, with whom to pour out his disgust; and together every evening they freely expressed their opinion of the War Department and its treatment of the Western army.

There were steps at the door, and Paisley hurried out. "Only you!" he exclaimed, with such frank vexation that the doctor laughed loudly. "Come in, man, come in," Paisley continued, lead-

ing him strongly by the arm, sitting him down, and giving him a cigar. "Here's a pretty how de do!"

"More Indians?" inquired Dr. Tuck.

"Bother! they're nothing. It's Senators—Councillors—whatever the Territorial devils call themselves."

"Gone on the war-path?" the doctor said, quite ignorant how nearly he had touched the Council.

"Precisely, man. War-path. Here's the Governor writing me they'll be scalping him in the State-House at twelve o'clock. It's past 11.30. They'll be whetting knives about now." And the captain roared.

"I know you haven't gone crazy," said the doctor, "but who has?"

"The lot of them. Ballard's a good man, and—what's his name?—the little Secretary. The balance are just mad dogs—mad dogs. Look here: 'Dear Captain'—that's Ballard to me. I just got it—'I find myself unexpectedly hampered this morning. The South shows signs of being too solid. Unless I am supported, my plan for bringing our Legislature to terms will have to be postponed. Hewley and I are more likely to be brought to terms ourselves—a bad precedent to establish in Idaho. Noon is the hour for drawing salaries. Ask me to supper as quick as you can, and act on my reply.' I've asked him," continued Paisley, "but I haven't told Mrs. Paisley to cook anything extra yet." The captain paused to roar again, shaking Tuck's shoulder for sympathy. Then he explained the situation in Idaho to the justly bewildered doctor. Ballard had confided many of his difficulties lately to Paisley.

"He means you're to send troops?" Tuck inquired.

"What else should the poor man mean?"

"Are you sure it's constitutional?"

"Hang constitutional! What do I know about their legal quibbles at Washington?"

"But, Paisley—"

"They're unsundered rebels, I tell you. Never signed a parole."

"But the general amnesty—"

"Bother general amnesty! Ballard represents the Federal government in this Territory, and Uncle Sam's army is here to protect the Federal government. If Ballard calls on the army it's our busi-

ness to obey, and if there's any mistake in judgment it's Ballard's, not mine." Which was sound soldier common-sense, and happened to be equally good law. This is not always the case.

"You haven't got any force to send," said Tuck.

This was true. General Crook had taken with him both Captain Sinclair's infantry and the troop (or company, as cavalry was also then called) of the First.

"A detail of five or six with a reliable non-commissioned officer will do to remind them it's the United States they're bucking against," said Paisley. "There's a deal in the moral of these things. Crook—" Paisley broke off and ran to the door. "Hold his horse!" he called out to the orderly; for he had heard the hoofs, and was out of the house before Corporal Jones had fairly arrived. So Jones sprang off and hurried up, saluting. He delivered his message.

"Um—umpra—what's that? Is it *imperative* you mean?" suggested Paisley.

"Yes, sir," said Jones, reforming his pronunciation of that unaccustomed word. "He said it twiced."

"What were they doing?"

"Blamed if I—beg the captain's pardon—they looked like they was waitin' fer me to git out."

"Go on—go on. How many were there?"

"Seven, sir. There was Governor Ballard and Mr. Hewley and—well, them's all the names I know. But," Jones hastened on with eagerness, "I've saw them five other fellows before at a—at—" The corporal's voice failed, and he stood looking at the captain.

"Well? Where?"

"At a cock-fight, sir," murmured Jones, casting his eyes down.

A slight sound came from the room where Tuck was seated, listening, and Paisley's round gray eyes rolled once, then steadied themselves fiercely upon Jones.

"Did you notice anything further unusual, corporal?"

"No, sir, except they was excited in there. Looked like they might be goin' to hev considerable rough house—a fuss, I mean, sir. Two was in their socks. I counted four guns on a table."

"Take five men and go at once to the State-House. If the Governor needs assistance you will give it, but do nothing

hasty. Stop trouble, and make none. You've got twenty minutes."

"Captain—if anybody needs arrestin'—"

"You must be judge of that." Paisley went into the house. There was no time for particulars.

"Snakes!" remarked Jones. He jumped on his horse, and dashed down the slope to the men's quarters.

"Crook may be here any day or any hour," said Paisley, returning to the doctor. "With two companies in the background, I think Price's Left Wing will subside this morning."

"Supposing they don't?"

"I'll go myself; and when it gets to Washington that the commanding officer at Boisé personally interfered with the Legislature of Idaho, it'll shock 'em to that extent that the government will have to pay for a special commission of investigation and two tons of red tape. I've got to trust to that corporal's good sense. I haven't another man at the post."

Corporal Jones had three-quarters of a mile to go, and it was ten minutes before noon, so he started his five men at a run. His plan was to walk and look quiet as soon as he reached the town, and thus excite no curiosity. The citizens were accustomed to the sight of passing soldiers. Jones had thought out several things, and he was not going to order bayonets fixed until the final necessary moment. "Stop trouble and make none" was firm in his mind. He had not long been a corporal. It was still his first enlistment. His habits were by no means exemplary; and his frontier personality, strongly developed by six years of vagabonding before he enlisted, was scarcely yet disciplined into the military machine of the regulation pattern that it should and must become before he could be counted a model soldier. His captain had promoted him to steady him, if that could be, and to give his better qualities a chance. Since then he had never been drunk at the wrong time. Two years ago it would not have entered his free-lance heart to be reticent with any man, high or low, about any pleasure in which he saw fit to indulge; to-day he had been shy over confessing to the commanding officer his leaning to cock-fights—a sign of his approach to the correct mental attitude of the enlisted man. Being corporal had wakened in him a new instinct,

and this State-house affair was the first chance he had had to show himself. He gave the order to proceed at a walk in such a tone that one of the troopers whispered to another, "Specimen ain't going to forget he's wearing a chevron."

III.

The brief silence among the Councillors that Jones and his invitation to supper had caused was first broken by F. Jackson Gilet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as President of the Council I rejoice in an interruption that has given pause to our haste and saved us from ill-considered expressions of opinion. The Gove'nuh has, I confess, surprised me. Befo' examining the legal aspect of our case I will ask the Gove'nuh if he is familiar with the sundry statutes applicable."

"I think so," Ballard replied, pleasantly.

"I had supposed," continued the President of the Council—"nay, I had congratulated myself that our weightih tasks of law-making and so fo'th were consummated yesterday, our thirty-ninth day, and that our friendly game of last night would be, as it were, the finis that crowned with pleashuh the work of a session memorable for its harmony."

This was not wholly accurate, but near enough. The Governor had vetoed several bills, but Price's Left Wing had had much more than the required two-thirds vote of both Houses to make these bills laws over the Governor's head. This may be called harmony in a manner. Gilet now went on to say that any doubts which the Governor entertained concerning the legality of his paying any salaries could easily be settled without entering upon discussion. Discussion at such a juncture could not but tend towards informality. The President of the Council could well remember most unfortunate discussions in Missouri between the years 1856 and 1860, in some of which he had had the honor to take part—*minima pars*, gentlemen! Here he digressed elegantly upon civil dissensions, and Ballard, listening to him and marking the slow, sure progress of the hour, told himself that never before had Gilet's oratory seemed more welcome or less lengthy. A plan had come to him, the orator next announced, a way out of the present dilemma, simple and regular in every aspect. Let some gentleman

present now kindly draft a bill setting forth in its preamble the acts of Congress providing for the Legislature's compensation, and let this bill in conclusion provide that all members immediately receive the full amount due for their services. At noon both Houses would convene; they would push back the clock, and pass this bill.

"Then, Gove'nuh," said Gilet, "you can amply vindicate yo'self by a veto, which, together with our votes on reconsideration of yoh objections, will be reco'ded in the journal of our proceedings, and copies transmitted to Washington within thirty days as required by law. Thus, suh, will you become absolved from all responsibility."

The orator's face, while he explained this simple and regular way out of the dilemma, beamed with acumen and statesmanship. Here they would make a law, and the Governor must obey the law!

Nothing could have been more to Ballard's mind as he calculated the fleeting minutes than this peaceful pompous farce. "Draw your bill, gentlemen," he said. "I would not object if I could."

The Revised Statutes of the United States was procured from among the pistols and opened at the proper page. Gascon Claiborne, upon another sheet of paper headed "Territory of Idaho, Council Chamber," set about formulating some phrases which began "Whereas," and Gratiot des Pères read aloud to him from the statutes. Ballard conversed apart with Hewley; in fact, there was much conversing aside.

"'Third March, 1863, c. 117, s. 8, v. 12, p. 811,'" dictated Des Pères.

"Skip the chaptuhs and sections," said Claiborne. "We only require the date."

"'Third March, 1863. The sessions of the Legislative Assemblies of the several Territories of the United States shall be limited to forty days' duration.'"

"Wise provision that," whispered Ballard. "No telling how long a poker game might last."

But Hewley could not take anything in this spirit. "Genuine business was not got through till yesterday," he said.

"The members of each branch of the Legislature," read Des Pères, "'shall receive a compensation of six dollars per day during the sessions herein provided for, and they shall receive such mileage as now provided by law: *Provided*, That

the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House of Representatives shall each receive a compensation of ten dollars a day.'"

At this the President of the Council waved a deprecatory hand to signify that it was principle, not profit, for which he battled. They had completed their *whereases*, incorporating the language of the several sections as to how the appropriation should be made, who disbursed such money, mileage, and, in short, all things pertinent to their bill, when Pete Cawthon made a suggestion.

"Ain't there anything 'bout how much the Gove'nuh gits?" he asked.

"And the Secretary?" added Wingo.

"Oh, you can leave us out," said Ballard.

"Pardon me, Gove'nuh," said Gilet. "You stated that yoh difficulty was not confined to Mr. Wingo or any individual gentleman, but was general. Does it not apply to yo'self, suh? Do you not need any bill?"

"Oh no," said Ballard, laughing. "I don't need any bill."

"And why not?" said Cawthon. "You've jist ez much earned yoh money ez us fellers."

"Quite as much," said Ballard. "But we're not alike—at present."

Gilet grew very stately. "Except certain differences in political opinions, suh, I am not awah of how we differ in merit as public servants of this Territory."

"The difference is of your own making, Mr. Gilet, and no bill you could frame would cure it or destroy my responsibility. You cannot make any law contrary to a law of the United States."

"Contrary to a law of the United States? And what, suh, has the United States to say about my pay I have earned in Idaho?"

"Mr. Gilet, there has been but one government in this country since April, 1865, and as friends you and I have often agreed to differ as to how many there were before then. That government has a law compelling people like you and me to go through a formality, which I have done, and you and your friends have refused to do each time it has been suggested to you. I have raised no point until now, having my reasons, which were mainly that it would make less trouble now for the Territory of which I have been appointed Governor. I am held ac-



“ ‘DON’T NOBODY HURT ANYBODY,’ SAID SPECIMEN JONES.”

John R. R. R.

countable to the Secretary of the Treasury semiannually for the manner in which the appropriation has been expended. If you will kindly hand me that book—"

Gilet, more and more stately, handed Ballard the Revised Statutes, which he had taken from Des Pères. The others were watching Ballard with gathering sullenness, as they had watched Hewley while he was winning Wingo's money, only now the sullenness was of a more decided complexion.

Ballard turned the pages. "'Second July, 1862. Every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or profit, either in the civil, military, or naval service, . . . shall, before entering upon the duties of such office, and before being entitled to any salary or other emoluments thereof, take and subscribe the following oath: I—'"

"What does this mean, suh?" said Gilet.

"It means there is no difference in our positions as to what preliminaries the law requires of us, no matter how we may vary in convictions. I as Governor have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and you as Councillor must do the same before you can get your pay. Look at the book."

"I decline, suh. I repudiate yoh proposition. There is a wide difference in our positions."

"What do you understand it to be, Mr. Gilet?" Ballard's temper was rising.

"If you have chosen to take an oath that did not go against yoh convictions—"

"Oh, Mr. Gilet!" said Ballard, smiling. "Look at the book." He would not risk losing his temper through further discussion. He would stick to the law as it lay open before them.

But the Northern smile sent Missouri logic to the winds. "In what are you superior to me, suh, that I cannot choose? Who are you that I and these gentlemen must take oaths befo' you?"

"Not before me. Look at the book."

"I'll look at no book, suh. Do you mean to tell me you have seen me day aftuh day and meditated this treacherous attempt?"

"There is no attempt and no treachery, Mr. Gilet. You could have taken the oath long ago, like other officials. You can take it to-day—or take the consequences."

"What? You threaten me, suh? Do I understand you to threaten me? Gentlemen of the Council, it seems Idaho will be less free than Missouri unless we look to it." The President of the Council had risen in his indignant oratorical might, and his more and more restless friends glared admiration at him. "When was the time that Price's Left Wing surrendered?" asked the orator. "Nevuh! Others have, be it said to their shame. We have not toiled these thousand miles fo' that! Others have crooked the pliant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning. As fo' myself, two grandfathers who fought fo' our libuhties rest in the soil of Virginia, and two uncles who fought in the Revolution sleep in the land of the Dark and Bloody Ground. With such blood in my veins I will nevuh, nevuh, nevuh submit to Northern rule and dictation. I will risk all to be with the Southern people, and if defeated I can, with a patriot of old, exclaim,

'More true joy an exile feels
Than Caesuh with a Senate at his heels.'

Ay, gentlemen! And we will not be defeated! Our rights are here and are ours." He stretched his arm towards the Treasurer's strong-box, and his enthusiastic audience rose at the rhetoric. "Contain yo'selves, gentlemen," said the orator. "Twelve o'clock and our bill!"

"I've said my say," said Ballard, remaining seated.

"An' what 'll ye do?" inquired Pete Cawthon from the agitated group.

"I forbid you to touch that!" shouted Ballard. He saw Wingo moving towards the box.

"Gentlemen, do not resort—" began Gilet.

But small, iron-gray Hewley snatched his pistol from the box, and sat down astraddle of it, guarding his charge. At this hostile movement the others precipitated themselves towards the table where lay their weapons, and Governor Ballard, whipping his own from his armhole, said, as he covered the table: "Go easy, gentlemen! Don't hurt our Treasurer!"

"Don't nobody hurt anybody," said Specimen Jones, opening the door.

This prudent corporal had been looking in at a window, and hearing plainly for the past two minutes, and he had his men posted. Each member of the Council stopped as he stood, his pistol not quite

yet attained; Ballard restored his own to its armhole and sat in his chair; little Hewley sat on his box; and F. Jackson Gilet towered haughtily, gazing at the intruding blue uniform of the United States.

"I'll hev to take you to the commanding officer," said Jones briefly to Hewley. "You and yer box."

"Oh my stars and stripes, but that's a keen move!" rejoiced Ballard to himself. "He's arresting *us*."

In Jones's judgment, after he had taken in the situation, this had seemed the only possible way to stop trouble without making any, and therefore, even now, bayonets were not fixed. Best not ruffle Price's Left Wing just now, if you could avoid it. For a new corporal it was well thought and done. But it was high noon, the clock not pushed back, and punctual Representatives strolling innocently towards their expected pay. There must be no time for a gathering and possible reaction. "I'll hev to clear this State-House out," Jones decided. "We're makin' an arrest," he said aloud, "and we want a little room." The outside by-standers stood back obediently, but the Councillors delayed. Their pistols were, with Ballard's and Hewley's, of course in custody. "Here," said Jones, restoring them. "Go home now. The commanding officer's waitin' fer the prisoner. Put yer boots on, sir, and leave," he added to Pete Cawthon, who still stood in his stockings. "I don't want to hev to disperse anybody more'n what I've done."

Disconcerted Price's Left Wing now saw file out between armed soldiers the Treasurer and his strong-box; and thus guarded they were brought to Boisé Barracks, whence they did not reappear. The Governor also went to the post.

After delivering Hewley and his treasure to the commanding officer, Jones with his five troopers went to the sutler's store and took a drink at Jones's expense. Then one of them asked the corporal to have another. But Jones refused. "If a man drinks much of that," said he (and the whiskey certainly was of a livid, unlikely flavor), "he's liable to go home and steal his own pants." He walked away to his quarters, and as he went they heard him thoughtfully humming his

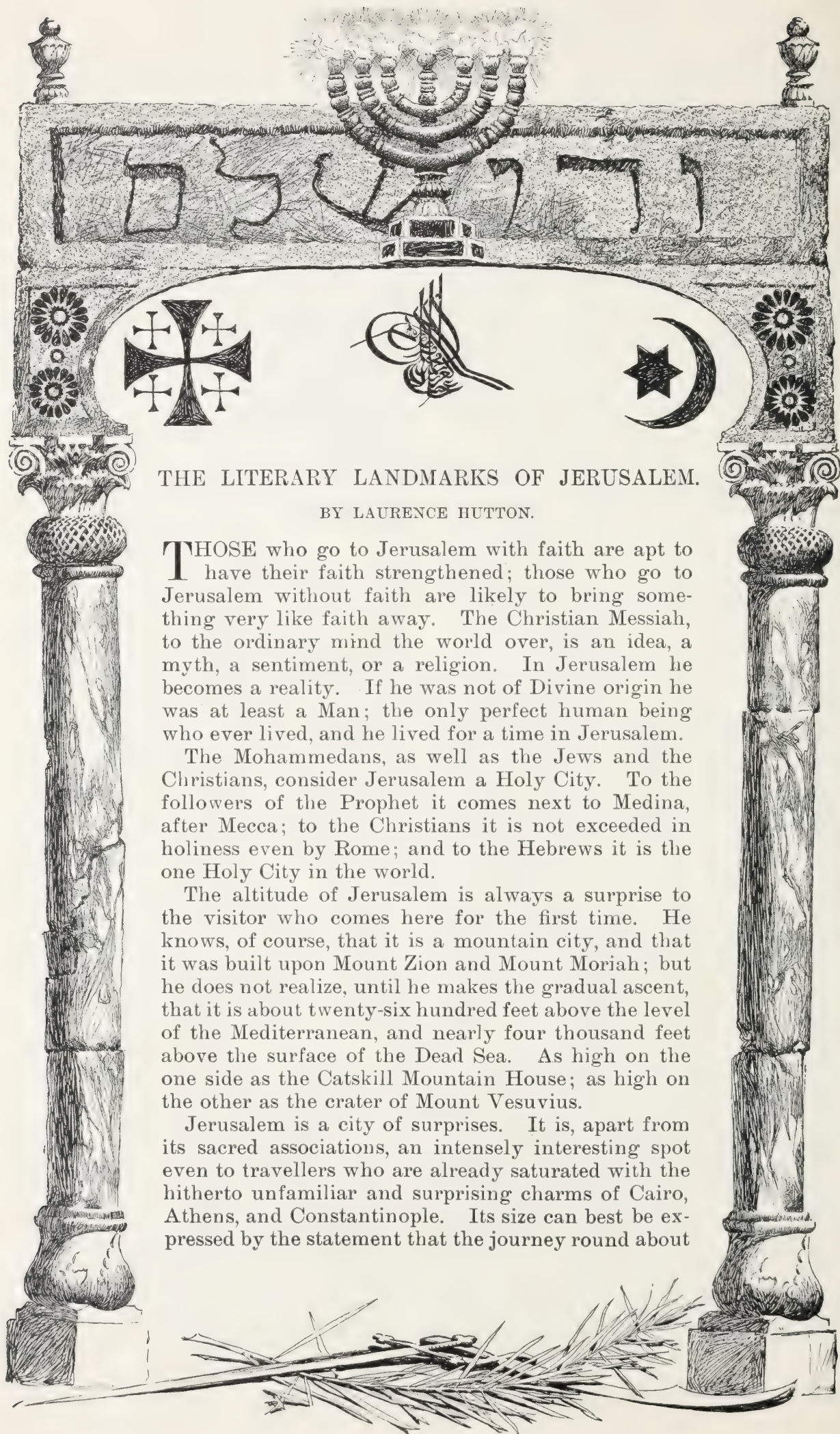
most inveterate song, "Ye shepherds tell me have you seen my Flora pass this way."

But poisonous whiskey was not the inner reason for his moderation. He felt very much like a responsible corporal to-day, and the troopers knew it. "Jones has done himself a good turn in this fuss," they said. "He'll be changing his chevron."

That afternoon the Legislature sat in the State-House and read to itself in the Revised Statutes all about oaths. It is not believed that any of them sat up another night; sleeping on a problem is often much better. Next morning the commanding officer and Governor Ballard were called upon by F. Jackson Gilet and the Speaker of the House. Every one was civil and hearty as possible. Gilet pronounced the Captain's whiskey "equal to any at the Southern, Saint Louey," and conversed for some time about the cold season, General Crook's remarkable astuteness in dealing with Indians, and other topics of public interest. "And concernin' yoh difficulty yesterday, Gove'nuh," said he, "I've been consulting the laws, suh, and I perceive yoh construction is entahley correct."

And so the Legislature signed that form of oath prescribed for participants in the late Rebellion, and Hewley did not have to wait for his poker-money. He and Wingo played many subsequent games; for, as they all said, in referring to the matter, "A little thing like that should nevuh stand between friends."

Thus was accomplished by Ballard, Paisley—and Jones—the Second Missouri Compromise, at Boisé City, Idaho, 1867—an eccentric moment in the eccentric years of our development westward, and historic also. That it has gone unrecorded until now is because of Ballard's modesty, Paisley's preference for the sword, and Jones's hatred of the pen. He was never known to write except, later, in the pages of his company roster, and such unavoidable official places; for the troopers were prophetic. In not many months there was no longer a Corporal Jones, but a person widely known as Sergeant Jones of Company A; called also the "Singing Sergeant"; but still familiar to his intimate friends as "Specimen."



THE LITERARY LANDMARKS OF JERUSALEM.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THOSE who go to Jerusalem with faith are apt to have their faith strengthened; those who go to Jerusalem without faith are likely to bring something very like faith away. The Christian Messiah, to the ordinary mind the world over, is an idea, a myth, a sentiment, or a religion. In Jerusalem he becomes a reality. If he was not of Divine origin he was at least a Man; the only perfect human being who ever lived, and he lived for a time in Jerusalem.

The Mohammedans, as well as the Jews and the Christians, consider Jerusalem a Holy City. To the followers of the Prophet it comes next to Medina, after Mecca; to the Christians it is not exceeded in holiness even by Rome; and to the Hebrews it is the one Holy City in the world.

The altitude of Jerusalem is always a surprise to the visitor who comes here for the first time. He knows, of course, that it is a mountain city, and that it was built upon Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; but he does not realize, until he makes the gradual ascent, that it is about twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. As high on the one side as the Catskill Mountain House; as high on the other as the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Jerusalem is a city of surprises. It is, apart from its sacred associations, an intensely interesting spot even to travellers who are already saturated with the hitherto unfamiliar and surprising charms of Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey round about

the outside of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour. Its houses are small, irregular in shape, squalid, and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named or numbered; they are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved, never cleaned, and in many instances they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or a donkey seen within the walls. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, the leprous and the wretchedly poor, form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and with the single exception of the Hebrews, they are persistent and clamorous beggars. Trade and commerce seem to be confined to the bare necessities of life, and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is but one hotel, and that not a good hotel, within its walls; and one Turkish merchant, who displays in his little windowless, doorless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets, and bric-à-brac to the gaze of the passer-by, is almost the only vender of anything like luxuries in the place. His customers, of course, are the pilgrims who come to see, and not to worship.

Jerusalem is unique as a city in which everything is serious and solemn and severe. It has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no concert-halls, no theatres, no lecture-rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no newspapers, no printing-presses, no book-stores—except one outside the walls, for the sale of Bibles—no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the children do not play.

The Jews, it is said, form almost two-thirds of the population of the city. They occupy a section which covers the greater part of the eastward slope of Zion, and the Jewish Quarter is the most wretched in the whole wretched town. Its inhabitants are quiet and subdued in bearing; they make no claims to their hereditary rights in the Royal City of their kings; they simply and silently and patiently wait. The Wailing Wall of the Jews, so wonderfully painted by Vereschagin, is, perhaps, the most realistic sight in Jerusalem to-day. In a small, paved, oblong, unroofed enclosure, some seventy-five by twenty feet in extent, and in a most inaccessible portion of the town, is the mass

of ancient masonry which is generally accepted as having been a portion of the outside of the actual wall of the Temple itself. Against these rough stones, every day of the week, but especially on Friday, and at all times of the day, are seen Hebrews of all countries, and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation which has come upon them, and upon the city of their former glory. Whatever may be their faith, it is beautiful and sincere; and their grief is actual and without dissimulation. They kiss the walls, and beat their breasts, and tear their hair, and rend their garments; and the real tears they shed come from their hearts and their souls, as well as from their eyes. They ask for no backsheesh; they pay no attention to the curious and inquisitive heretics and Gentiles who pity while they wonder at them. They read the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah; they wail for the days that are gone; and they pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, that they may get their own again.

About one-sixth of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are followers of Mohammed. They believe in the prophets of the Old Testament, in the Christ of the New Testament, and in their own Prophet, whom they consider, of course, the greatest of them all. Their chief sanctuary here is the Dome of the Rock, commonly known to travellers as the Mosque of Omar, standing on the site of Solomon's Temple. The enclosed space on Mount Moriah is called by the Moslems the Haram, or Sacred Place, and in their minds it is peculiarly associated with Mohammed himself, for the dome, the most prominent of its many buildings, covers that mass of Jerusalem limestone which to Jew and Gentile and Moslem alike is the most interesting rock in the world. Upon this rock, according to very ancient tradition, Abraham worshipped and was ready to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice. Upon it David erected an altar. Upon it Elijah and the Messiah prayed; and from it, once, Mohammed ascended up into Heaven. It is said to hang suspended in the air seven feet above the ground; and the present Turkish custodians affirm, in the most solemn tones, that its visible supports of masonry are merely placed there in order to support it in event of the removal of the miraculous power which supports it now.



THE WAILING-PLACE.

In a cavern at its base Mohammed is said to have rested, after making his super-human and super-equine journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in a single night; and from thence, on a celestial steed furnished by the Archangel Michael, he is believed to have passed through a still visible hole in the rock to the upper world; the rock following him until it was stopped in its flight by the angel, and left, as we now see it, floating in the air!

Under this rock, it is said, still rests the Ark of the Covenant.

Lepers in Jerusalem still form a community of their own, existing, not living, near the Jewish Quarter. We saw them in all their unhappy repulsiveness, inside as well as outside the walls; but we found them in greatest numbers, and most persistent in their crying for alms, at the entrance to what is called the Tomb of the Virgin, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is supposed to have died in the house of John—and from that hour [the hour of the Crucifixion] that disciple took her to his own home—but the places of her death and burial are nowhere recorded. Concerning Joseph there is no mention in the

Bible after the time when the Christ disputed with the doctors when the Child was twelve years of age. Because Mary alone was present at the feast of the marriage in Cana of Galilee, and because Joseph is not represented as having been present during any of the scenes of the Crucifixion, it is conjectured that he died before Jesus entered into the public ministry. Where he died, of course, is unknown.

The Church of the Virgin lies very near to what is called the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a sepulchre and chapel combined; and here the guides show one not only the tombs of Mary and Joseph, but those of Anna and Joachim, the mother and father of Mary. They are some fifty feet below the surface of the surrounding earth; and there is a further tradition here that it was upon this spot that all the sins of Peter were forgiven him.

The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem are among the most important, the most interesting, and the most sacred in the whole history of the literature of the world. David, perhaps, wrote some of the immortal Psalms as he looked from the roof of his palace upon the slopes of the Mount of Olives, with the blue hills of Moab

and the silver gleam of the Dead Sea in the distance. Here was written, perhaps, the Song of Solomon. Here Ezra may, perhaps, have written the Chronicles and his own books of prophecy. Here, perhaps, Nehemiah indited the book that bears his name. Here, perhaps, Isaiah wrote. Here, no doubt, Jeremiah uttered his words of warning; and here, no doubt, he wrote his Lamentations. Here Paul and the evangelists preached. Here, without doubt, was written the General Epistle of James; and here were uttered many of the most beautiful of the words of Jesus.

These are the Literary Landmarks which survive the crash of empires and the march of Time, which cause the eye to fill and the heart to throb; which made Jerusalem the most imposing, the most memorable place I ever visited. Like the figure of Jesus himself, dim, obscure, confused by dogma and creed, there is about Jerusalem, to me, an inexplicable fascination which cannot be extinguished by any rationalistic reasoning I can command.

Now David was the eighth, and youngest, son of Jesse, a citizen of Bethlehem, and in his youth he kept the sheep of his father. He slew Goliath in the valley of Elah, some fifteen miles southwest of his native town. He fled from Saul to Ramah, about five miles due north of Jerusalem, where tradition says he wrote the sixth, seventh, and eleventh Psalms. The City of David, in which he dwelt and where he was buried, was identical with Mount Zion. His tomb, so called, with that of Solomon, is on the south side of Mount Zion, and is still pointed out by the guides. It was known to Peter, for on the day of Pentecost that Disciple, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said, Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and is buried, and his sepulchre is with us to this day.

The tomb is described, by one who has seen it, as an immense sarcophagus in a room comparatively insignificant in its dimensions, but very gorgeously furnished



SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

by the Moslems, under one of whose mosques it stands. Admission to it is not granted by its present custodians. In this building, by-the-way, says tradition, is the large upper room in which the disciples made ready the Passover, and where they afterwards received the miraculous gift of tongues; and near here is believed to have stood the house of John, to which the mother of Jesus went after the scenes of the Crucifixion, the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, and a cell in which Jesus spent the last night of his earthly life.

The tomb in which David is said to have laid Absalom, hewn from the solid rock, and ornamented with Ionic pillars, lies in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, east of the city, and easy of access from St. Stephen's Gate.

What are known as the Tombs of Zachariah and St. James stand, to this day, close to the so-called Absalom's Pillar, although there is no authority for the designation of any of them. Absalom's Tomb is certainly of a much later period than David's time. Not far to the south of these lie innumerable graves of Hebrews of more modern days; and still further south the valley is joined by the Valley of Hinnom, on whose southern side is Aeldama, the Potter's Field.

On the summit of Mount Moriah, opposite the Pillar of Absalom, was the eastern front of the Temple, a cloister of magnificent proportions. This was, doubtless, Solomon's Porch, where Jesus walked. Underneath this and the southern part of the Haram are the vast and massive vaults which support the level area of the Temple enclosure, and which in Crusading times received the name, still given them, of Solomon's Stables. There is a vague tradition that Solomon had a residence on the hill, and here, perhaps, the Canticles were written. Solomon was buried, according to tradition, by his father's side; and near the base of the Mount of Olives, in the rocky cliff below the Pillar of Absalom, is a monument which the guides point out as the tomb of Solomon's wife.

Ezra, the scribe, who was not only a writer but an editor, is supposed to have lived for thirteen years in Jerusalem, but the places of his death and his burial are now unknown. Nehemiah came to Jerusalem some years after Ezra, and was there associated with him. Theirs is one of the earliest recorded instances of literary collaboration.

According to tradition, Isaiah was put to death by Manasseh, by being confined in the trunk of a tree and sawn asunder with it; and at the south of the city, close to the Pool of Siloam, is an unusually large mulberry-tree, which the guides point out as marking the spot of his singular execution. It was to the Pool of Siloam, it will be remembered, that was sent the man that was born blind. He went and washed, and came seeing.

Jeremiah is the only one of the prophets who has left anything like a visible Landmark behind him in Jerusalem. The Grotto of Jeremiah is on the slope of the hill just outside the Damascus Gate, which is described later as the supposed Golgotha. This grotto is a cavern extending more than an hundred feet under the cliff. Its roof is supported by heavy columns, and beneath are deep cisterns, in one of which the prophet is said to have been confined. The guides point out, in this cave, the tomb of Jeremiah, and assure us that here the Lamentations were written. And so Jeremiah abode in the court of the prison until the day that Jerusalem was taken; and he was there when Jerusalem was taken. But where the prison stood no one knows, and that Jeremiah died in the prison, or in Jerusalem, the Scriptures do not say.

There is no special reason to believe that any of the Gospels were written here; and Paul's associations with Jerusalem are somewhat slight. It is possible that he studied here under Gamaliel; he was certainly here when Stephen was stoned, according to tradition, just outside St. Stephen's Gate; and some years later, standing on the stairs of the Castle, he beckoned to the people with his hand, and spoke unto them in Hebrew, saying the words which are contained in the opening verses of the twenty-second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. After the serious disturbances which took place, he was sent into Cæsarea, and he never saw Jerusalem again.

It is said that the Castle to which Paul was brought was the barracks of the Roman soldiers, in the Fortress of Antonia, at the northwest corner of the Temple area; and the present Sarâya, or Governor's Residence, with its square tower and gloomy arch spanning the Via Dolorosa where it begins its winding course at the traditional house of Pilate, is supposed to occupy an angle of this fortress. It is



BETHLEHEM.

fully described, as it originally stood, in the works of Josephus.

In the middle of the second century Justin Martyr spoke distinctly of the birth of the Messiah as having occurred in a grotto near Bethlehem, because there was no room for them in the inn. Justin became a Christian in the year of our Lord one hundred and thirty-two. He was born, no doubt, within a century of the event itself. The great story may have come to him directly from those who saw the Messiah in the flesh. I have known

knee, forbear to pray here if he ever prays at all?

Whatever may be the uncertainty as to the spot in Bethlehem where he was born and cradled, there can be no question about Bethlehem itself. David was born in Bethlehem, and there he was anointed by Samuel. Bethlehem was the scene of the story of Ruth, Naomi, and Boaz; and the visit to Bethlehem on that memorable Sunday morning, with all it meant and implied, was the very greatest Sabbath day's journey we ever made.



DAVID'S WELL.

men and women who knew Washington, and Washington died nearly a century ago. The cave near Bethlehem of which Justin wrote was pointed out to the mother of Constantine, its tradition having been kept alive by resident Christians at Jerusalem; and over it Helena erected a church. Even the doubters, and there has been a noble army of them, concede this. If the Christ Child was born at all, why was he not born here and cradled in the manger still shown as his? How can a man whose infant lips were taught to pray the noblest form of speech that infant lips can try, and at his mother's

Bethlehem lies about five miles to the south of Jerusalem, and the journey on horseback, or in the wretched carriages of the country, can be made in about an hour and a half from the Jaffa Gate. The traveller, on his way, gets a glimpse of the Dead Sea in the distance, and he passes David's Well and Rachel's Tomb. And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and brought it to David. And



HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA, BETHANY.

near the northern entrance to the town is still shown what is said to be this very well. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day. And to this very day—Easter day, 1895—does Rachel's Tomb still stand where Jacob laid her. All the doubters agree in this. It is a small, square, white building, with a dome, beneath which is a pile of plaster-covered masonry—Rachel's grave. Its tradition seems never to have been broken. The descendants of Joseph and of Benjamin are scattered now over the face of the earth, but here still rests the mother of them all. A good woman, worth waiting and serving for, has been waiting for Israel all these seventy times seventy years.

The Church of the Nativity is a square building with tall Corinthian columns supporting a ceiling which is said to have been made from the wood of the cedars of Lebanon. The Grotto of the Nativity is a crypt beneath the church. A large silver star in the marble pavement marks the spot upon which the worshippers believe the Child was born; and near by is the manger in which they say he was laid. Everything about it is richly orna-

mented with precious metals and brilliant mosaics; lamps of gold and silver shed a feeble light above it; there is nothing to suggest the stable of an inn; but, nevertheless, the effect is most impressive, and while I stood there I believed it all.

In a cave, hard by, lived Jerome; and here is shown his tomb. Jerome believed in the sacred authenticity of this spot, and his own connection with Bethlehem and this church seems to be undoubted. Here he remained for many years; and here he wrote; and here he made his translation of the Bible, a Literary Landmark, certainly, in ecclesiastical history.

Bethlehem itself is a picturesque little village, built upon the ridge of a hill; and it is peopled to-day almost entirely by Christians, who are respected by their neighbors for their industry and integrity. The men are manly and robust; the younger women are comely and graceful, as a rule; and, as compared with their sisters in Jerusalem and in the country round about, they are attractive in their dress and in the silver ornaments which they wear in profusion; perhaps as Ruth herself wore them so many years ago. If, as is said, Samuel is the author of the beautiful Book of Ruth, it is not impossible that he wrote it here. He certainly

got here the inspiration for it, and here he laid its scenes. The field in which David fed his father's sheep, the field of Boaz, and the Field of the Shepherds, where, watching over their flocks by night, was brought to them glad tidings, were pointed out to us by the guides; and they were not among the least interesting of the things we saw here, nor was a good shepherd clad in the costume of the first century and carrying across the Shepherd's Field a weary lamb in his arms one of the pictures which we will ever forget.

There is no record of the Christ having returned to Bethlehem after Joseph arose and took the young Child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt, nor of his having been in Jerusalem at all until he was twelve years of age, when he was found by his parents in the Temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. His next recorded visit to Jerusalem was at a feast of the Passover many years later, when he drove the money-changers out of the Temple, and uttered his famous discourse to Nicodemus. Again in Jerusalem he cured the impotent man at the pool called Bethesda, by the sheep-market, and testified concerning John the Baptist.

Once more in Jerusalem Jesus taught publicly in the Temple; and the Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned? And many of the people cried, Of a truth this is the Prophet; while some sought to take him; but no man laid hands on him, because his hour was not yet come. On the next journey to Jerusalem he stopped at Bethany, where he was entertained by Mary and Martha. The present Bethany is a poor, small, semi-deserted village on the southeastern side of the Mount of Olives, on the road to Jericho, and about two miles from Jerusalem. Martha must have let very little things trouble her, for the stone foundations of the house shown as hers could have supported none but a small edifice. Hard by is the supposed house of Simon the Leper, and the so-called Tomb of Lazarus, which is hollowed in the rock, and a number of feet below the ground.

We read of the Teacher after this as being more than once in Jerusalem before the last and memorable journey here. From Bethphage, near to Bethany, just before the close of his earthly career, he entered the Holy City sitting upon an

ass, and a colt the foal of an ass, and a great multitude followed him. At even he went out to Bethany, and he lodged there for some nights; returning always to Jerusalem by day, and passing by the shortest road, that which leads to Gethsemane and over the Mount of Olives.

The plot of ground which the guides point out as Gethsemane is now enclosed by a high wall, and is laid out in a formal, ugly manner. It contains a few very ancient olive-trees, and lies a short distance across the Kedron east from St. Stephen's Gate. The antiquaries cast doubts upon its authenticity, and Dr. Thomson places the actual scene of the agony in a secluded vale several hundred yards further towards the northeast.

Concerning the Mount of Olives there seems to be no reasonable question. It is the only thing that the doubters have really left to us. Jerusalem has been destroyed and rebuilt—man made it, and man re-made it—but the Mount of Olives, the work of God, remains unchanged through all these ages. Its sides are still covered with the olive-trees which give it its name, and it rises about two hundred feet above the level, and a mile or two to the east, of the city. It has four peaks, one of which is called the Mount of Ascension, from the tradition that here, on the way to Bethany, after the Crucifixion, he lifted up his hands and blessed his disciples; and it came to pass, while he blessed them, that he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven. With no spot on earth is the Christian Messiah so familiarly or so pleasantly associated as with the Mount of Olives; and as I looked at it from a distance, and as I walked over it, perhaps in the very paths he trod, I believed it all.

It is not necessary to tell here the rest of the awful story. They mocked, buffeted, insulted, and abused him. A robber was preferred to him, and was released. And so they led him out and crucified him.

The Via Dolorosa, the way he trod when he carried the cross, is not a street, but a continuation of sections of streets marked by the faithful, nobody knows how many years ago, with the fourteen Stations of the Church of Rome. More than once we followed him from the so-called Chapel of the Scourging to the supposed Place of Crucifixion. Everything, in the course of ages, has been altered; the level of the roadway, if it is



GETHESEMANE.

the roadway, has undoubtedly been raised many feet; of all the traditions of Jerusalem the present Via Dolorosa is the most vague and the most improbable; but nevertheless I followed his footsteps, I put my shoulder in the hole where his shoulder is supposed to have rested, I placed my hand upon the alleged prints of his hand when the weight of the tree was too great for him and he fell against the wall; and, for the time, I believed it all. It may be all tradition, and all false; but to a man brought up upon the teachings of the New Testament as accepted by a good father and a good mother, it was awfully real. And I believed it all!

The question of the true sites of the holy places of Jerusalem is one which will never be answered. Volumes have been written upon the subject, doctors have disagreed and will always differ, and who can now decide whether the Sepulchre was without or within the walls, and where the walls were? The accepted site of the Sepulchre was fixed upon by the mother of Constantine before the middle of the fourth century; and for fifteen centuries and a half it has been the object of the reverence

and the worship of millions of devout Christians, for whose sake, if for no other, it is worthy of all respect. Entering it even as a doubter, either of its own truth or the truth of the beautiful legend it illustrates, one cannot help being greatly moved by the absolute absence of doubt expressed in the faces and in the attitudes of those who do believe in it. We saw it for the first time on the day of our arrival in Jerusalem, and at dusk; and every day during our stay in Jerusalem did we return, at dusk, to sit, and look, and think. It may not be the Spot of Spots, but to us it was then, and is still, the most impressive spot we ever saw; and as long as we live we will never forget the scene as it first impressed us. Hundreds of worshippers, of every variety of Christian sect, were present, hundreds of lamps of silver, and gold, and other precious metals, were shedding over it all that dim religious light which has become a byword, but which was here more than a reality; and on all sides was exhibited absolute and beautiful faith. What a Man he must have been, if he were nothing more, to have come from such an obscure place, of obscure and even of un-



THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

certain parentage, and to have left as a legacy such a tremendous and overwhelming influence upon the whole world for two thousand years! Verily the shrines and the show-places of Venice and London and Rome and Pompeii and Athens and Egypt are nothing to this.

The so-called Calvary and Tomb, and every sacred spot connected with the awful events of the Crucifixion, are contained under one vast, irregular roof, in a series of churches and chapels called The Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within its precincts no Jews are admitted, and no Jew probably ever seeks or cares for admission. The Greeks, the Copts, the Syrians, the Roman Catholics, have each their own particular place of worship, and the Protestants have none at all. The lion and the lamb live not in harmony together here, and the disciples of the Prince of Peace are kept from violent warfare with each other only by the presence of an armed band of Mohammedan guards in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Immediately facing the entrance of the Church is the Stone of Unction, so said, upon which the body of the Saviour was laid and prepared for burial; on the right are the holes in which the three crosses are said to have stood; we are shown here, also, what is said to be the Pillar of Flagellation; a cave in which our Lord was confined immediately before his death; the seat upon which he sat and was derided, was crowned with thorns, and was hailed King of the Jews; the spot upon which he stood when he showed himself to his Mother after the Resurrection; the spot upon which he stood when he appeared to the Magdalen; and the rock



VIA DOLOROSA.

that was rent in twain. But the place to which we went first and last, and oftenest, and at which we lingered longest, was the Tomb. The historians give the figures of its length and its breadth and height; artists have painted it; cameras have photographed it; hundreds of travellers have described it in print; millions upon millions of men and women have seen it, and have prayed before it, and have wept upon it; millions upon millions of lips have been pressed against it; its history is the merest tradition; nobody knows that it is true; and yet, standing by it, overpowered by the atmosphere of the place and by the sincerity of those who kneeled or lay prostrate before it, I believed it all!

Many and various have been the theories as to the exact sites of the places of

Crucifixion and Entombment. It has been contended that the Mosque of Omar was erected over the spot where the Cross stood; that Golgotha was outside the walls, near to, and north of, St. Stephen's Gate; and that the little hill north of the Damascus Gate, containing the so-called Cave of Jeremiah, is the true Place of the Skull. This last spot was believed by General Charles George Gordon to have been Golgotha, and it is the subject of an exhaustive paper from the pen of Rev. Haskett Smith, published two or three years ago in *Murray's Magazine*. And it must be confessed that the arguments of Dr. Smith seem rational and almost conclusive.

The hill stands in a most conspicuous position at the junction of two old roads; one, skirting it to the west, connects the Jordan and the Mediterranean; the other, leading northward, was, and is, the direct thoroughfare to Galilee, Samaria, and Damascus. If the so-called Ecce Homo Arch, or any part of its foundation, be near the spot, as tradition asserts it is, where Pilate said unto them, Behold the man, it is not impossible that the Christ passing under it, might have borne his burden thence to, and through, the Damascus Gate. This hill is known to the Jews of the present day as the Hill of Execu-

tion and the House of Stoning; they look upon it as an accursed spot, and they spit upon it as they pass it by. Above all, the crest of the hill is manifestly skull-shaped, and from a little distance the form of the skull is distinctly seen, the hollows where were the eyes, the nasal bone, and the jaws, all being prominent in the landscape. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a Place of a Skull, they crucified him.

At the western base of this hill, which Dr. Smith believes to be Calvary, in a garden on the Damascus road, and only a short distance from the summit of the mound, has lately been discovered a tomb which antiquaries assert to have been hewn out in the rock, at or about, the beginning of the Christian era. It is unfinished, and yet it has every appearance of having been occupied, and Dr. Smith accepts it as the actual new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which he laid the body of Jesus, which he had begged from Pilate.

This hill as we saw it first, on our return from the Mount of Olives, certainly startled and impressed us. It seemed to be what we had come to see. But nevertheless we went back to the spot accepted by Helena, and by so many, many sincere worshippers. And in the dusk we stood, and looked, and I believed it all!



THE PLACE OF THE SKULL.



THE ASCENDING MAGDALEN.*

BY MINNA C. SMITH.

FORGIVEN woman, spirit unafraid,
 Borne upward by child angels to the throne,
 Nearing the presence of thy Lord alone,
 Humanly outcast, neither wed nor maid,
 But with thy soul's soul pure, although the shade
 Of anguish past is in thine eyes, the moan
 Of sorrow stilled upon thy lips, its tone
 Piercing the breast as 'twere grief unallayed.

Yet is thy ragged garment royal dress,
 And in the Lamb's blood is thy mantle dyed
 From the deep heart of slain and risen Love.
 Thy hair a halo is—each holy tress
 That wiped thy Master's feet a sign above
 All pardoning words thou shalt in peace abide!

* The picture, by Ribera, is in the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid.

FAME'S LITTLE DAY.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

I.

NOBODY ever knew, except himself, what made a foolish young newspaper reporter, who happened into a small old-fashioned hotel in New York, notice Mr. Abel Pinkham with deep interest, listen to his talk, ask a question or two of the clerk, and then go away and make up an effective personal paragraph for one of the morning papers. He must have had a heart full of fun, this young reporter, and something honestly rustic and pleasing must have struck him in the guest's demeanor, for there was a flavor in the few lines he wrote that made some of his fellows seize upon the little paragraph, and copy it, and add to it, and keep it moving. Nobody knows what starts such a thing in journalism, or keeps it alive after it is started, but on a certain Thursday morning the fact was made known to the world that among the notabilities then in the city, Abel Pinkham, Esq., a distinguished citizen of Wetherford, Vermont, was visiting New York on important affairs connected with the maple-sugar industry of his native State. Mr. Pinkham had expected to keep his visit unannounced, but it was likely to occasion much interest in business and civic circles. This was something like the way that the paragraph started, but here and there a kindred spirit of the original journalist caught it up and added discreet lines about Mr. Pinkham's probable stay in town, his occupation of an apartment on the fourth floor of the Ethan Allen Hotel, and other circumstances so uninteresting to the reading public in general that presently, in the next evening edition, one city editor after another threw out the item, and the young journalists, having had their day of pleasure, passed on to other things.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham had set forth from home with many forebodings, in spite of having talked all winter about taking this journey as soon as the spring opened. They would have caught at any reasonable excuse for giving it up altogether, because when the time arrived it seemed so much easier to stay at home. Mrs. Abel Pinkham had never seen New York; her husband himself had not been to the city for a great many years; in fact, his

reminiscences of the former visit were not altogether pleasant, since he had foolishly fallen into many snares, and been much gulled in his character of honest young countryman. There was a tarnished and worthless counterfeit of a large gold watch still concealed between the outer boarding and inner lath and plaster of the lean-to bedroom which Mr. Abel Pinkham had occupied as a bachelor; it was not the only witness of his being taken in by city sharpers, and he had winced ever since at the thought of their wiles. But he was now a man of sixty, well-to-do, and of authority in town affairs; his children were all well married and settled in homes of their own, except a widowed daughter, who lived at home with her young son, and was her mother's lieutenant in household affairs.

Thé boy was almost grown, and at this season, when the maple sugar was all made and shipped, and it was still too early for spring work on the land, Mr. Pinkham could leave home as well as not, and here he was in New York, feeling himself to be a stranger and foreigner to city ways. If it had not been for that desire to appear well in his wife's eyes, which had buoyed him over the bar of many difficulties, he could have found it in his heart to take the next train back to Wetherford, Vermont, to be there rid of his best clothes and the stiff rim of his heavy felt hat. He could not let his wife discover that the noise and confusion of Broadway had the least power to make him flinch: he cared no more for it than for the woods in snow-time. He was as good as anybody, and she was better. They owed nobody a cent; and they had come on purpose to see the city of New York.

They were sitting at the breakfast table in the Ethan Allen Hotel, having arrived at nightfall the day before. Mrs. Pinkham looked a little pale about the mouth. She had been kept awake nearly all night by the noise, and had enjoyed but little the evening she had spent in the stuffy parlor of the hotel, looking down out of the window at what seemed to her but garish scenes, and keeping a reproachful and suspicious eye upon some unpleasantly noisy young women of forward be-

havior who were her only companions. Abel himself was by no means so poorly entertained in the hotel office and smoking-room. He felt much more at home

the business of serving them; and Mrs. Abel Pinkham, whose cooking was the triumph of parish festivals at home, had her own opinion about the beefsteak.



"THERE 'TIS, RIGHT BY YOUR THUMB."

than she did, being better used to meeting strange men than she was to strange women, and he found two or three companions who had seen more than he of New York life. It was there, indeed, that the young reporter found him, hearty and country-fed, and loved the appearance of his best clothes, and the way Mr. Abel Pinkham brushed his hair, and loved the way that he spoke in a loud and manful voice the belief and experience of his honest heart.

In the morning at breakfast-time the Pinkhams were depressed. They missed their good bed at home; they were troubled by the roar and noise of the streets, that hardly stopped overnight before it began again in the morning. The waiter did not put what mind he may have had to

She was a woman of imagination, and now that she was fairly here, spectacles and all, it really pained her to find that the New York of her dreams, the metropolis of dignity and distinction, of wealth and elegance, did not seem to exist. These poor streets, these unlovely people, were the end of a great illusion. They did not like to meet each other's eyes, this worthy pair. The man began to put on an unbecoming air of assertion, and Mrs. Pinkham's face was full of lofty protest.

"My gracious me, Mary Ann! I *am* glad I happened to get the *Tribune* this mornin'," said Mr. Pinkham, with sudden excitement. "Just you look here! I'd like well to know how they found out about our comin'!" and he handed the pa-



"LATER THAT DAY THE GUESTS WALKED UP BROADWAY."

per to his wife across the table. "There—there 'tis; right by my thumb," he insisted. "Can't you see it?" and he smiled like a boy as she finally brought her large spectacles to bear upon the important paragraph.

"I guess they think somethin' of us, if you don't think much o' them," continued Mr. Pinkham, grandly. "Oh, they know how to keep the run o' folks who are somebody to home! Draper and Fitch

knew we was comin' this week: you know I sent word I was comin' to settle with them myself. I suppose they send folks round to the hotels, these newspapers, but I shouldn't thought there'd been time. Anyway, they've thought 'twas worth while to put us in!"

Mrs. Pinkham did not take the trouble to make a mystery out of the unexpected pleasure. "I want to cut it out an' send it right up home to daughter Sarah," she said, beaming with pride, and looking at the printed names as if they were flattering photographs. "I think 'twas most too strong to say we was among the notables. But there! 'tis their business to dress up things, and they have to print somethin' every day. I guess I shall go up and put on my best dress," she added, inconsequently—"this one's kind of dusty; it's the same I rode in."

"Le' me see that paper again," said Mr. Pinkham, jealously. "I didn't more'n half sense it, I was so taken aback. Well, Mary Ann, you didn't expect you was goin' to get into the papers when you come away. 'Abel Pinkham, Esq., o' Wetherford, Vermont.' It looks well, don't it? But you might have

knocked me down with a feather when I first caught sight of them words."

"I guess I will put on my other dress," said Mrs. Pinkham, rising, with quite a different air from that with which she had sat down to her morning meal. "This one looks a little out o' style, as Sarah said, but when I got up this mornin' I was so homesick it didn't seem to make any kind o' difference. I expect that saucy girl last night took us to be no-

bodies. I'd like to leave the paper round where she couldn't help seein' it."

"Don't take no notice of her," said Abel, in a dignified tone. "If she can't do what you want an' be civil, we'll go somewhere else. I wish I'd done what we talked of at first an' gone to the Astor House, but that young man in the cars told me 'twas remote from the things we should want to see. The Astor House was the top o' everything when I was here last, but I expected to find some changes. I want you to have the best there is," he said, smiling at his wife as if they were just making their wedding journey. "Come, let's be stirrin'; 'tis long past eight o'clock," and he ushered her to the door, newspaper in hand.

II.

Later that day the guests walked up Broadway, holding themselves erect, and feeling as if every eye was upon them. Abel Pinkham had settled with his correspondents for the spring consignments of maple sugar, and a round sum in bank-bills was stowed away in his breast pocket. One of the partners had been a Wetherford boy, and when there came a renewal of interest in maple sugar, and the best confectioners were ready to do it honor, and the finest quality was at a large premium, this partner remembered that there never was any sugar made in Wetherford of such melting and delicious flavor as that from the trees on the old Pinkham farm. He had now made a good bit of money for himself on this private venture, and was ready that morning to pay Mr. Abel Pinkham cash down, and to give him a handsome order for the next season for all he could make. Mr. Fitch was also generous in the matter of such details as freight and packing; he was immensely polite and kind to his old friends, and begged them to come out to stay with him and his wife, where they lived now, in a not far distant New Jersey town.

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Pinkham, promptly. "My wife has come to see the city. Our time is short. Your folks 'll be up this summer, won't they? An' we can visit then."

"You must certainly take Mrs. Pinkham up to the Park," said the commission merchant. "I wish I had time to show you round myself. I suppose you've been seeing some things already, haven't you? I noticed your arrival in the *Herald*."

"The *Tribune* it was," said Mr. Pinkham, blushing through a smile and looking round at his wife.

"Oh no; I never read the *Tribune*," said Mr. Fitch. "There was quite an extended notice in my paper. They must have put you and Mrs. Pinkham into the *Herald* too." And so the friends parted, laughing. "I am much pleased to have a call from such distinguished parties," said Mr. Fitch, by way of final farewell, and Mr. Pinkham waved his hand grandly in reply.

"Let's get the *Herald*, then," he said, as they started up the street. "We can go an' sit over in that little square that we passed as we came along, and rest an' talk things over about what we'd better do this afternoon. I'm tired out a-trampin' and standin'. I'd rather have set still while we were there, but he wanted us to see his store. Done very well, Joe Fitch has, but 'tain't a business I should like."

There was a lofty look and sense of behavior about Mr. Pinkham of Wetherford. You might have thought him a great politician as he marched up Broadway, looking neither to right hand nor left. He felt himself to be somebody very particular.

"I begin to feel sort of at home myself," said his wife, who always had a certain touch of simple dignity about her. "When we was comin' yesterday New York seemed to be 'way off, and there wasn't nobody expectin' us. I feel now just as if I'd been here before."

They were now on the edge of the better-looking part of the town; it was still noisy and crowded, but noisy with fine carriages instead of drays, and crowded with well-dressed people. The hours for shopping and visiting were beginning, and more than one person looked with appreciative and friendly eyes at the comfortable pleased-looking elderly man and woman who went their easily beguiled and loitering way. The pavement peddlers detained them, but the cabmen beckoned them in vain; their eyes were busy with the immediate foreground. Mrs. Pinkham was embarrassed with the recurring reflection of herself in the great windows.

"I wish I had seen about a new bonnet before we came," she lamented. "They seem to be havin' on some o' their spring things."

"Don't you worry, Mary Ann. I don't



“JUDE STOOD UP AND BEGAN RHETORICALLY.”

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUDE'S old and embittered aunt lay unwell at Marygreen, and on the following Sunday he went to see her—a visit which was the result of a victorious struggle against his inclination to turn aside to the village of Lumsdon and obtain a miserable interview with his cousin, in which the word nearest his heart could not be spoken, and the sight which had tortured him could not be revealed.

His aunt was now unable to leave her bed, and a great part of Jude's short day was occupied in making arrangements for her comfort. The little bakery business had been sold to a neighbor, and with the proceeds of this and her savings she was comfortably supplied with necessities, and more, a widow of the same village living with her and ministering to her wants. It was not till the time had nearly come for him to leave that he obtained a quiet talk with her, and his words tended insensibly towards his cousin.

"Was Sue born here?"

"She was—in this room. They were living here at that time. What made 'ee ask that?"

"Oh—I wanted to know."

"Now you've been seeing her!" said the harsh old woman. "And what did I tell 'ee?"

"Well—that I was not to see her."

"Have you gossiped with her?"

"Yes."

"Then don't keep it up. She was brought up by her father to hate her mother's family; and she'll look with no favor upon a working-chap like you—a townish girl as she's become by now. I never cared much about her. A pert little thing, that's what she was too often, with her tight strained nerves. Many's the time I've smacked her for her impertinence. Why, one day when she was walking into the pond with her shoes and stockings off, and her petticoats pulled above her knees, afore I could cry out for shame, she said: 'Move on, aunty! This is no sight for modest eyes!'"

"She was a little child then."

"She was twelve if a day."

"Well—of course. But now she's old-

er she's of a thoughtful, quivering, tender nature, and as sensitive as—"

"Jude!" cried his aunt, springing up in bed. "Don't you be a fool about her!"

"No, no, of course not."

"Your marrying that woman Arabella was about as bad a thing as a man could possibly do for himself by trying hard. But she's gone to the other side of the world, and med never trouble you again. And there'll be a worse thing if you, tied and bound as you be, should have a fancy for Sue. If your cousin is civil to you, take her civility for what it is worth. But anything more than a relation's good wishes it is stark madness for ye to give her. If she's townish and wanton it med bring 'ee to ruin."

"Don't say anything against her, aunt! Don't, please!"

A relief was afforded to him by the entry of the companion and nurse of his aunt, who must have been listening to the conversation, for she began a commentary on past years, introducing Sue Bridehead as a character in her recollections. She described what an odd little maid Sue had been when a pupil at the village school across the green opposite, before her father went to London—how, when the vicar arranged readings and recitations, she appeared on the platform, the smallest of them all, "in her little white frock, and shoes, and pink sash"; how she recited "Excelsior," "There was a sound of revelry by night," and Poe's "Raven"; how during the delivery she would knit her little brows and glare round tragically, and say to the empty air, as if some real creature stood there,

"Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore!"

"She'd bring up the nasty carrion bird that clear," corroborated the sick woman, reluctantly, "as she stood there in her little sash and things, that you could see un a'most before your very eyes. You too, Jude, had the same trick as a child of seeming to see things in the air."

The other told also of Sue's accomplishments in other kinds:

"She was not exactly a tomboy, you

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."

know; but she could do things that only boys do, as a rule. I've seen her hit in and steer down the long slide on yonder pond, with her little curls blowing, one of a file of twenty moving along against the sky like shapes painted on glass, and up the back slide without stopping. All mere boys except herself; and then they'd cheer her, and then she'd say, 'Don't be saucy, boys,' and suddenly run in-doors. They'd try to coax her out again. But 'a wouldn't come.'

These retrospective visions of Sue only made Jude the more miserable that he was unable to woo her, and he left the cottage of his aunt that day with a heavy heart. He would fain have glanced into the school to see the room in which Sue's little figure had so glorified itself; but he checked his desire and went on.

It being Sunday evening, some villagers who had known him during his residence here were standing in a group in their best clothes. Jude was startled by a salute from one of them:

"Ye've got there right enough, then!"

Jude showed that he did not understand.

"Why, to the seat of l'arning—the 'City of Light' you used to talk to us about as a little boy! Is it all you expected of it?"

"Yes; more!" cried Jude.

"When I was there once for an hour I didn't see much in it for my part; auld crumbling blocks o' buildings, half church, half almshouse, and not much going on at that."

"You are wrong, John; there is more going on than meets the eye of a man walking through the streets. It is a unique centre of thought and religion—the intellectual and spiritual granary of this country. All that silence and absence of goings-on is the stillness of infinite motion—the sleep of the spinning top, to borrow the simile of a writer."

"Oh, well, it med be all that, or it med not. As I say, I didn't see nothing of it the hour or two I was there; so I went in and had a pot o' beer, and a penny loaf, and a ha'porth o' cheese, and waited till it was time to come along home. You've j'ined a College by this time, I suppose?"

"Ah, no!" said Jude. "I am almost as far off that as ever."

"How so?"

Jude slapped his pocket.

"Just what we thought! Such places

be not for such as you—only for them with plenty o' money."

"There you are wrong," said Jude, with some bitterness. "They are for such ones!"

Still, the remark was sufficient to withdraw Jude's attention from the imaginative world he had lately inhabited, in which an abstract figure, more or less himself, was steeping his mind in a sublimation of the arts and sciences, and making his calling and election sure to a seat in the paradise of the learned. He was set regarding his prospects in a cold northern light. He had lately felt that he could not quite satisfy himself in his Greek—in the Greek of the dramatists particularly. So fatigued was he sometimes after his day's work that he could not maintain the critical attention necessary for thorough application. He felt that he wanted a coach—a friend at his elbow to tell him in a moment what sometimes would occupy him a weary month in extracting from unanticipative, clumsy books.

It was decidedly necessary to consider facts a little more closely than he had done of late. What was the good, after all, of using up his spare hours in a vague labor called "private study" without giving an outlook on practicabilities?

"I ought to have thought of this before," he said, as he journeyed back. "It would have been better never to have embarked in the scheme at all than to do it without seeing clearly where I am going, or what I am aiming at. . . . This hovering outside the walls of the colleges, as if expecting some arm to be stretched out from them to lift me inside, won't do! I must get special information."

The next week accordingly he sought it. What at first seemed an opportunity occurred one afternoon when he saw an elderly gentleman, who had been pointed out as the Head of a particular College, walking in the public path of a parklike enclosure near the spot at which Jude chanced to be sitting. The gentleman came nearer, and Jude looked anxiously at his face. It seemed benign, considerate, yet rather reserved. On second thoughts Jude felt that he could not go up and address him; but he was sufficiently influenced by the incident to sit down and write a letter to the old gentleman when he got home, stating his difficulties, and asking the Master's opinion on his situation.

When the letter was posted, Jude mentally began to criticise it; he wished it had not been sent. "It is just one of those intrusive, vulgar, pushing applications which are so common in these days," he thought. "Why couldn't I know better than address an utter stranger in such a way? I may be an impostor, an idle scamp, a man with a bad character, for all that he knows to the contrary. . . . Perhaps that's what I am!"

Nevertheless, he found himself clinging to the hope of a reply as to his one last chance of redemption. He waited day after day, saying that it was perfectly absurd to expect, yet expecting. While he waited he was suddenly stirred by news about Phillotson. Phillotson was giving up the school near Christminster for a larger one farther south, in Mid-Wessex. What this meant; how it would affect his cousin; whether, as seemed possible, it was a practical move of the schoolmaster's towards a larger income, in view of a provision for two instead of one—he would not allow himself to say. And the tender relations between Phillotson and the young girl of whom Jude was passionately enamoured effectually made it repugnant to Jude's tastes to apply to Phillotson for advice on his own scheme.

Meanwhile the academic dignitary to whom Jude had written vouchsafed no answer, and the young man was thus thrown back entirely on himself, as formerly, with the added gloom of a weakened hope. By indirect inquiries he soon perceived clearly, what he had long uneasily suspected, that to qualify himself for certain open scholarships and exhibitions was the only brilliant course. But to do this a good deal of coaching would be necessary, and much natural ability. It was next to impossible that a man reading on his own system, however widely and thoroughly, even over the prolonged period of ten years, should be able to compete with those who had passed their lives under trained teachers and had worked to ordained lines.

The other course, that of buying himself in, so to speak, seemed the only one really open to men like him, the difficulty being simply of a material kind. With the help of his information he began to reckon the extent of this material obstacle, and ascertained, to his dismay, that, at the rate at which, with the best of fortune, he would be able to save money, fif-

teen years must elapse before he could be in a position to forward testimonials to the Head of a College and advance to a matriculation examination. The undertaking was hopeless.

He saw what a curious and cunning glamour the neighborhood of the place had exercised over him. To get there and live there, to move among the churches and halls and become imbued with the *genius loci*, had seemed to his dreaming youth, as the spot shaped its charms to him from its halo on the horizon, the obvious and ideal thing to do. "Let me only get there," he had said, with the fatuousness of Crusoe over his big boat, "and the rest is but a matter of time and energy." It would have been far better for him in every way if he had never come within sight and sound of the delusive precincts, had gone to some busy commercial town with the sole object of making money by his wits, and thence surveyed his plan in true perspective. Well, all that was clear to him amounted to this, that the whole scheme had burst up, like an iridescent soap-bubble, under the touch of a reasoned inquiry. He looked back at himself along the vista of his past years, and his thought was akin to Heine's:

"Above the youth's inspired and flashing eyes
I see the motley mocking fool's-cap rise."

Fortunately he had not been allowed to bring his disappointment into his dear Sue's life by involving her in this collapse. And the painful details of his awakening to a sense of his limitations should now be spared her as far as possible. After all, she had only known a little part of the miserable struggle in which he had been engaged thus unequipped, poor, and unforeseeing.

He always remembered the appearance of the afternoon on which he awoke from his dream. Not quite knowing what to do with himself, he went up to an octagonal chamber in the lantern of a singularly built theatre set amidst this quaint and singular city. It had windows all round, from which an outlook over the whole town and its edifices could be gained. Jude's eyes swept all the views in succession, meditatively, mournfully, yet sturdily. Those buildings and their associations and privileges were not for him. From the roof of the great library, into which he hardly ever had time to enter,

his gaze travelled on to the varied spires, halls, gables, streets, chapels, gardens, quadrangles, which composed the *ensemble* of this unrivalled panorama. He saw that his destiny lay not with these, but among the manual toilers in the shabby purlieu which he himself occupied, unrecognized as part of the city at all by its visitors and panegyrists, yet without whose denizens the hard readers could not read nor the high thinkers live.

He looked over the town into the country beyond, to the trees which screened her whose presence had at first been the support of his heart, and whose loss was now a maddening torture. But for this blow he might have borne with his fate. With Sue as companion he could have renounced his ambitions with a smile. Without her it was inevitable that the reaction from the long strain to which he had subjected himself should affect him disastrously. Phillotson had no doubt passed through a similar intellectual disappointment to that which now enveloped him. But the schoolmaster had been since blest with the consolation of sweet Sue, while for him there was no consoler.

Descending to the streets, he went listlessly along till he arrived at an inn, and entered it. Here he drank several glasses of beer in rapid succession, and when he came out it was night. By the light of the flickering lamps he rambled home to supper, and had not long been sitting at table when his landlady brought up a letter that had just arrived for him. She laid it down as if impressed with a sense of its possible importance, and on looking at it Jude perceived that it bore the embossed stamp of the College whose Head he had addressed. "At last!" cried Jude.

The communication was a brief one, and not exactly what he had expected; though it really was from the Provost in person, and ran thus:

"SEPULCHRE COLLEGE.

"SIR,—I have read your letter with interest; and judging from your description of yourself as a working-man, I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade than by adopting any other course. That, therefore, is what I advise you to do. Yours faithfully,

T. TETUPHENAY.

"To Mr. J. FAWLEY, Stone-cutter."

This terribly sensible advice exasperated Jude. He had known all that before. He knew it was true. Yet it seemed a hard slap after ten years of labor, and its effect upon him just now was to make him rise recklessly from the table, and, instead of reading as usual, to go down stairs and into the street. He stood at a bar and tossed off two or three glasses, then unconsciously sauntered along till he came to The Fourways in the middle of the city, gazing abstractedly at the groups of people like one in a trance, till, coming to himself, he began talking to the policeman fixed there.

That officer yawned, stretched out his elbows, elevated himself an inch and a half on the balls of his toes, smiled, and looking humorously at Jude, said, "You've had a wet, young man."

"No; I've only begun," he replied, cynically.

Whatever his wetness, his brains were dry enough. He only heard in part the policeman's further remarks, having fallen into thought on what strange and diverse people had stood at that Crossway, whom nobody ever thought of now. It had more history than the oldest college in the city. It was literally stratified, inspissated, with the thin shades of human groups, some of them drunk, or half-drunk, as he was at present, who had met there for tragedy, comedy, farce; real enactments of the intensest kind. At Fourways men had stood and talked of Napoleon, the loss of America, the execution of King Charles, the burning of the Martyrs, the Crusades, the Norman Conquest, possibly of the arrival of Cæsar. Here the two sexes had met for loving, hating, coupling, parting; had waited, had suffered, for each other; had triumphed over each other; cursed each other in jealousy, blessed each other in forgiveness.

He began to see that the town life was a book of humanity infinitely more palpitating, varied, and compendious than the gown life. These struggling men and women before him were the reality of Christminster, though they knew little of Christ or Minster. That was one of the humors of things. The floating population of students and teachers, who did know both in many cases, were not Christminster in a local sense at all.

He looked at his watch, and, in pursuit of this idea, he went on till he came to a public hall, where a promenade concert

was in progress. Jude entered, and found the room full of shop youths and girls, soldiers, apprentices, boys of eleven smoking cigarettes, and light women of the more respectable and amateur class. He had tapped the real Christminster life. A band was playing, and the crowd walked about and jostled each other, and every now and then a man got upon a platform and sang a comic song.

The spirit of Sue seemed to hover round him and prevent his talking to the frolicsome girls who made advances—no doubt innocent enough, many of them, and only wistful to gain a little joy. At ten o'clock he came away, choosing a circuitous route homeward to pass the gates of the College whose Head had just sent him the note.

The gates were shut, and, by an impulse, he took from his pocket the lump of chalk which as a workman he usually carried there, and wrote along the wall:

"I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you: yea, who knoweth not such things as these?"
—Job, xii. 3.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE harmless stroke of scorn had relieved his mind, and the next morning he laughed at his self-conceit. But the laugh was not a healthy one. He re-read the letter from the Provost, and the wisdom in its lines, which had at first exasperated him, chilled and depressed him now. He saw himself as a fool indeed.

Deprived of the objects both of intellect and emotion, he could not proceed to his work. Whenever he felt reconciled to his fate as a student, there came to disturb his calm his hopeless relations with Sue. Her bright eyes and tender voice returned upon him with cruel persistency, till, unable to bear it longer, he sought oblivion in an obscure and low-ceiled tavern up a court which was well known to certain worthies of the place, and in brighter times would have interested him simply by its quaintness. Here he sat more or less all the day, convinced that he was at bottom a vicious character, of whom it was hopeless to expect anything.

In the evening the frequenters of the house dropped in one by one, Jude still retaining his seat in the corner, though his money was all spent, and he had not eaten anything the whole day except a biscuit. He surveyed his gathering com-

panions with all the equanimity and philosophy of a man who has been drinking long and slowly, and made friends with several: to wit, Tinker Taylor, an elderly tradesman, who appeared to have been of a religious turn in earlier years, but was somewhat blasphemous now; also a red-nosed auctioneer; also two men of his own trade, called Uncle Jim and Uncle Joe. There were present, too, some clerks and shop assistants; two ladies who sported moral characters of various depths of shade, according to their company, nicknamed "Bower o' Bliss" and "Freckles"; some horsey men "in the know" of betting circles; a travelling actor from the theatre, and two devil-may-care young men who proved to be gownless undergraduates; they had slipped in by stealth to meet a man about bull-pups, and staid to drink and smoke short pipes with the racing gents aforesaid, looking at their watches every now and then.

The conversation waxed general. Christminster society was criticised, the Dons, magistrates, and other people in authority being sincerely pitied for their shortcomings, while opinions on how they ought to conduct themselves and their affairs to be properly respected were exchanged in a large-minded and disinterested manner.

Jude Fawley, with the self-conceit, effrontery, and *aplomb* of a strong-brained fellow in liquor, threw in his remarks somewhat peremptorily; and his aims having been what they were for so many years, everything the others said turned upon his tongue, by a sort of mechanical craze, to the subject of scholarship and study, the extent of his own learning being dwelt upon with an insistence that would have appeared pitiable to himself in his sane hours.

"I don't care a D——," he was saying, "for any Provost, Warden, Principal, Fellow, or cursed Master of Arts in the University! What I know is that I'd lick 'em on their own ground if they'd give me a chance, and show 'em a few things they are not up to yet!"

"Hear, hear!" said the undergraduates from the corner, where they were talking privately about the pups.

"You always was fond o' books, I've heard," said Tinker Taylor, "and I don't doubt what you state. Now with me 'twas different. I always saw there was more to be learnt outside a book than in:

and I took my steps accordingly, or I shouldn't have been the man I am."

"If you are such a scholar," said Uncle Joe to Jude, "why not give us a specimen of your scholarship? Canst say the Creed in Latin, man? That was how they once put it to a chap down in my country."

"I should think so!" said Jude, haughtily.

"Not he! Like his conceit!" screamed one of the ladies.

"Just you shut up, Bower o' Bliss!" said one of the undergraduates. "Silence!" He drank off the spirits in his tumbler, rapped with it on the counter, and announced, "The gentleman in the corner is going to rehearse the Articles of the Creed, in the Latin tongue, for the edification of the company."

"I won't!" said Jude.

"You can't!" said Uncle Joe.

"Yes, he can!" said Tinker Taylor.

"I'll swear I can!" said Jude. "Well, come now, stand me a small Scotch cold, and I'll do it straight off."

"That's a fair offer," said the undergraduate, throwing down the money for the whiskey.

The barmaid concocted the mixture with the bearing of a person compelled to live amongst animals of an inferior species, and the glass was handed across to Jude, who, having drunk the contents, stood up and began rhetorically, without hesitation:

"Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem cœli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium."

"Good! Excellent Latin!" cried one of the undergraduates, who, however, had not the slightest conception of a single word.

A silence reigned among the rest in the bar, and the maid stood still, Jude's voice echoing sonorously into the inner parlor, where the landlord was dozing, and bringing him out to see what was going on. Jude continued:

"Crucifixus etiam pro nobis: sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est. Et surrexit tertia die, secundum scripturas."

"That's the Nicene," sneered the second undergraduate. "And we wanted the Apostles'!"

"You didn't say so! And every fool knows, except you, that the Nicene is the only historic creed!"

"Let un go on, let un go on!" said the auctioneer.

But Jude's mind seemed to grow confused now, and he could not get on. He put his hand to his forehead, and his face assumed an expression of pain.

"Give him another glass—then he'll fetch up and get through it," said Tinker Taylor.

Somebody threw down threepence, the glass was handed, Jude stretched out his arm for it without looking, and having swallowed the liquor, went on in a moment in a revived voice, continuing to the end with the manner of a priest leading a congregation:

"Et unam sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismum in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum. Et vitam venturi sæculi. Amen."

"Well done!" said several, enjoying the last word, as being the first and only one they had recognized.

Then Jude seemed to shake the fumes from his brain, as he stared round upon them.

"You pack of fools!" he cried. "Which one of you knows whether I have said it or no? It might have been the Ratcatcher's Daughter in double Dutch for all that your besotted heads can tell! See what I have brought myself to—the crew I have come among!"

The landlord, who had already had his license endorsed for harboring queer characters, feared a riot, and came outside the counter; but Jude, in his sudden flash of reason, had turned in disgust and left the scene, the door slamming with a dull thud behind him.

He hastened down the lane and round into the straight broad street, which he followed till it merged in the highway, and all sound of his late companions had been left behind. Onward he still went, under the influence of a childlike yearning for the one being in the world to whom it seemed possible to fly—an unreasoning desire, whose ill judgment was not apparent to him now. In the course of an hour, when it was between ten and eleven o'clock, he entered the village of Lumsdon, and reaching the cottage, saw that a light was burning in a downstairs room, which he assumed, rightly, as it happened, to be hers.

Jude stepped close to the wall, and tapped with his finger on the pane, saying, impatiently, "Sue, Sue!"

She must have recognized his voice, for

the light disappeared from the apartment, and in a second or two the door was unlocked and opened, and Sue appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Is it Jude? Yes, it is! My dear, dear cousin, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I am—I couldn't help coming, Sue!" said he, sinking down upon the door-step. "I am so wicked, Sue—my heart is nearly broken, and I could not bear my life as it was! So I have been drinking, and blaspheming, or next door to it, and saying holy things in disreputable quarters—repeating in idle bravado words which ought never to be uttered but reverently! Oh, do anything with me, Sue—kill me—I don't care! Only don't hate me and despise me like all the rest of the world!"

"You are ill, poor dear! No, I won't despise you; of course I won't! Come in and rest, and let me see what I can do for you. Now lean on me, and don't mind." With one hand holding the candle and the other supporting him, she led him in-doors, and placed him in the only easy-chair the meagrely furnished house afforded, stretching his feet upon another, and pulling off his boots. Jude, now getting towards his sober senses, could only say, "Dear, dear Sue!" in a voice broken by grief and contrition.

She asked him if he wanted anything to eat, but he shook his head. Then telling him to go to sleep, and that she would come down early in the morning and get him some breakfast, she bade him good-night, and ascended the stairs.

Almost immediately he fell into a heavy slumber, and did not wake till dawn. At first he did not know where he was, but by degrees his situation cleared to him, and he beheld it in all the ghastliness of a right mind. She knew the worst of him—the very worst. How could he face her now? She would soon be coming down to see about breakfast, as she had said, and there would he be in all his shame, confronting her. He could not bear the thought, and softly drawing on his boots, and taking his hat from the nail on which she had hung it, he slipped noiselessly out of the house.

His fixed idea was to get away to some obscure spot and hide, and perhaps pray; and the only spot which occurred to him was Marygreen. He called at his lodging in Christminster, where he found awaiting him a note of dismissal from his em-

ployer; and having packed up, he turned his back upon the city that had been such a thorn in his side. He had no money left in his pocket, his savings, deposited at one of the banks in Christminster, having fortunately been left untouched. To get to Marygreen, therefore, his only course was walking; and the distance being more than twenty miles, he had ample time to complete on the way the sobering process begun in him.

At some hour of the evening he reached Alfredston. Here he pawned his waistcoat, and having gone out of the town a mile or two, slept under a rick that night. At dawn he rose, shook off the hay seeds and stems from his clothes, and started again, breasting the long white road up the hill to the doons, which had been visible to him a long way off, and passing the mile-stone at the top whereon he had carved his hopes years ago.

He reached the ancient hamlet while the people were at breakfast. Weary and mud-bespattered, but quite possessed of his ordinary clearness of brain, he sat down by the well, thinking as he did so what a poor Christ he made. Seeing a trough of water near, he bathed his face, and went on to the cottage of his great-aunt, whom he found breakfasting in bed, attended by the woman who lived with her.

"What—out o' work?" asked his relative, regarding him through eyes sunken deep, under lids heavy as pot-covers, no other cause for his tumbled appearance suggesting itself to one whose whole life had been a struggle with material things.

"Yes," said Jude, heavily. "I think I must have a little rest."

Refreshed by some breakfast, he went up to his old room and lay down in his shirt sleeves, after the manner of the artisan. He fell asleep for a short while, and when he awoke it was as if he had awakened in hell. It *was* hell—"the hell of conscious failure," both in ambition and in love. He thought of that previous depth into which he had fallen before leaving this part of the country; the deepest deep he had supposed it then; but it was not so deep as this. That had been the breaking in of the outer bulwarks of his hope; this was of his second line.

If he had been a woman he must have screamed under the nervous tension which he was now undergoing. But that relief being denied to his virility, he clinched his

teeth in misery, bringing lines about his mouth like those in the Laocoon, and corrugations between his brows.

A mournful wind blew through the trees, and sounded in the chimney like the pedal notes of an organ. Each ivy leaf overgrowing the wall of the churchless church-yard hard by, now abandoned, pecked its neighbor smartly, and the vane on the new German-Gothic church in the new spot had already begun to creak. Yet apparently it was not always the outdoor wind that made the deep murmurs; it was a voice. He guessed its origin in a moment or two: the curate was praying with his aunt in the adjoining room. He remembered her speaking of him. Presently the sounds ceased, and a step seemed to cross the landing. Jude sat up, and shouted "Hoi!"

The step made for his door, which was open, and a man looked in. It was a young clergyman.

"I think you are Mr. Highridge," said Jude. "My aunt has mentioned you more than once. Well, here I am, just come home; a fellow gone to the bad; though I had the best intentions in the world at one time. Now I am melancholy mad, what with drinking and one thing and another."

Slowly Jude unfolded to the curate his late plans and movements, by an unconscious bias dwelling less upon the intellectual and ambitious side of his dream, and more upon the theological, though this had, up till now, been merely a portion of the general plan of advancement.

"Now I know I have been a fool, and that folly is with me," added Jude in conclusion. "And I don't regret the collapse of my University hopes one jot. I wouldn't begin again if I were sure to succeed. I don't care for social success any more at all. But I do feel I should like to do some good thing; and I bitterly regret the Church, and the loss of my chance of being her ordained minister."

The curate, who was a new man to this neighborhood, had grown deeply interested, and at last he said: "If you feel a real call to the ministry, and I won't say from your conversation that you do not, for it is that of a thoughtful and educated man, you might enter the Church as a licentiate. Only you must make up your mind to avoid strong drink."

"I could avoid that easily enough, if I had any kind of hope to support me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a new idea—the ecclesiastical and altruistic life as distinct from the intellectual and emulative life. A man could preach and do good to his fellow-creatures without taking double-firsts in the schools of Christminster, or having anything but ordinary knowledge. The old fancy which had led on to the culminating vision of the bishopric had not been an ethical or theological enthusiasm at all, but a mundane ambition masquerading in a surplice. His whole scheme had degenerated to, if it had not originated in, a social unrest which had no foundation in the nobler instincts; it was purely an artificial product of civilization. There were thousands of young men on the same self-seeking track at the present moment. The sensual hind who ate, drank, and lived carelessly with his wife through the days of his vanity was a more likable being than he.

But to enter the Church in such an unscholarly way that he could not in any probability rise to a higher grade through all his career than that of the humble curate wearing his life out in an obscure village or city slum—that might have a touch of goodness and greatness in it; that might be true religion, and a purgatorial course worthy of being followed by a remorseful man.

The favorable light in which this new thought showed itself by contrast with his foregone intentions cheered Jude, as he sat there, shabby and lonely; and it may be said to have given, during the next few days, the *coup de grâce* to his intellectual career—a career which had extended over the greater part of the preceding ten years. He did nothing, however, for some long stagnant time to advance his new desire, occupying himself with little local jobs in putting up and lettering head-stones about the neighboring villages, and submitting to be regarded as a social failure, a returned purchase, by the half-dozen or so of farmers and other country people who condescended to nod to him.

The human interest of the new intention—and a human interest is indispensable to the most spiritual and self-sacrificing—was created by a letter from Sue, bearing a new post-mark. She evidently wrote with anxiety, and told very little about her own doings, more than that she had passed some sort of examination for

a Queen's Scholarship, and was going to enter a Training-College at Melchester to complete herself for the vocation she had chosen, partly by his influence. There was a Theological College at Melchester; Melchester was a quiet and soothing place, almost entirely ecclesiastical in its tone; a spot where worldly learning and intellectual smartness had no establishment; where the human feeling that he did possess would perhaps be more highly estimated than a brilliancy which he did not.

As it would be necessary that he should continue for a time to work at his trade while reading up Divinity, which he had neglected at Christminster for the ordinary classical grind, what better course for him than to get employment at the further city, and pursue this plan of reading? That his excessive human interest in the new place was entirely of Sue's making, while at the same time Sue was to be regarded even less than formerly as proper to create it, had an ethical contradictoriness to which he was not blind. But that much he conceded to human frailty, and hoped to learn to love her only as a friend and kinswoman.

He considered that he might so mark out his coming years as to begin his ministry at the age of thirty—an age which much attracted him as being that of his exemplar when he first began to teach. This would allow him plenty of time for deliberate study, and for acquiring capital by his trade to help his after-course of keeping the necessary terms at a Theological College.

Christmas had come and passed, and Sue had gone to the Melchester Normal School. The time was just the worst in the year for Jude to get into new employment, and he had written suggesting to her that he should postpone his arrival for a month or so, till the days had lengthened. She had acquiesced so readily that he wished he had not proposed it—she evidently did not much care about him, though she had never once reproached him for his strange conduct in coming to her that night, and his silent disappearance. Neither had she ever said a word about her relations with Mr. Phillotson.

Suddenly, however, a quite passionate letter arrived from Sue. She was quite lonely and miserable, she told him. She hated the place she was in; it was worse than the ecclesiastical shop; worse than

anywhere. She felt utterly friendless; could he come immediately? though when he did come she would only be able to see him at limited times, the rules of the establishment she found herself in being strict to a degree. It was Mr. Phillotson who had advised her to come there, and she wished she had never listened to him.

Phillotson's suit was not exactly prospering, evidently; and Jude felt unreasonably glad. He packed up his things and went to Melchester with a lighter heart than he had known for months.

This being the turning over a new leaf, he duly looked about for a temperance hotel, and found a little establishment of that description in the street leading from the station. When he had had something to eat, he walked out into the dull winter light over the town bridge, and turned the corner towards the Close. The day was foggy, and standing under the walls of the most graceful architectural pile in England he paused and looked up. The lofty building was visible as far as the roof-ridge; above, the dwindling spire rose more and more remotely, till its apex was quite lost in the mist drifting across it.

The lamps now began to be lighted, and turning to the west front, he walked round. He took it as a good omen that numerous blocks of stone were lying about, which signified that the cathedral was undergoing restoration or repair to a considerable extent. It seemed to him, full of the superstitions of his beliefs, that this was an exercise of forethought on the part of a ruling power that he might find plenty to do in the art he practised, while waiting for a call to higher labors.

Then a wave of warmth came over him as he thought how near he now stood to the bright-eyed affectionate girl with the broad forehead and pile of dark hair above it; the girl with the kindling glance, daringly warm at times—something like that of the girls he had seen in engravings from paintings of the Spanish school. She was here—actually in this Close—in one of the houses confronting this very west façade.

He went down the broad gravel path towards the building. It was an ancient edifice of the fifteenth century, once a palace, now a training-school, with mullioned and transomed windows, and a court-yard in front shut in from the road by a wall. Jude opened the gate and

went up to the door, through which, on inquiring for his cousin, he was gingerly admitted to a waiting-room, and in a few minutes she came.

Though she had been here such a short while, she was not as he had seen her last. All her bounding manner was gone; her curves of motion had become right lines. The screens and shelters of convention had likewise disappeared, and the bare woman was revealed, her face flushed with gladness. Jude was quite overcome with emotion at the sight of her.

"You don't—think me a demoralized wretch—for coming to you as I was—and going so shamefully, Sue?"

"Oh, no, no! You said enough to let me know what had caused it. I have never had the least doubt of your worthiness, dear, dear Jude! How glad I am you have come!"

She wore a murrey-colored gown with a little lace collar. It was made quite plain, and hung about her slight figure with clinging gracefulness. Her hair, which formerly she had worn according to the custom of the day, was now twisted up tightly, and she had altogether the air of a woman clipped and pruned by severe discipline, an under-brightness shining through from the depths which that discipline had not yet been able to reach.

She had come forward so impulsively that Jude felt sure a moment later that she had half-unconsciously expected him to kiss her. He was burning to kiss her, indeed, but under other colors than those of cousinship; and a sense of the wrongdoing that would lie in his taking advantage of her open feeling to indulge his stifled one enabled him to withstand the temptation. He could not perceive the least sign that Sue regarded him as a lover, or ever would do so, even supposing that he had the right to behave as one; and this helped on his growing resolve to tell her of his matrimonial entanglement, which he had put off doing from time to time in sheer dread of losing the bliss of her company.

Sue came out into the town with him, and they walked and talked with minds centred only on the passing moments. Jude said he would like to buy her a little present of some sort, and then she confessed, with something of shame, that she was dreadfully hungry. They were kept on very short allowances in the College, and a dinner, tea, and supper all in one

was what she most desired. Jude thereupon took her to an inn and ordered whatever the house afforded, which was not much. The place, however, gave them a delightful opportunity for a tête-à-tête, nobody else being in the room, and they talked freely.

She told him about the school, and the rough living, and the mixed character of her fellow-students, gathered together from all parts of the diocese, and how she had to get up and work by gas-light in the early morning without breakfast or fire. To all this he listened; but it was not what he wanted especially to know—her relations with Phillotson. That was what she did not tell. When they had sat and eaten, Jude impulsively placed his hand upon hers; she looked up and smiled affectionately, and took his quite freely into her own little soft one, dividing his fingers and coolly examining them, as if they were the fingers of a glove she was purchasing.

"Your hands are rather rough, Jude, aren't they?" she said.

"Yes. So would yours be if they held a mallet and chisel all day."

"I don't dislike it, you know. I think it is noble to see a man's hands subdued to what he works in.... Well, I'm rather glad I came to this Training-School, after all. See how independent I shall be after the two years' training! I shall pass pretty high, I expect, and Mr. Phillotson will use his influence to get me a big school."

She had touched the subject at last. "I had a suspicion, a fear," said Jude, "that he—cared about you rather warmly, and perhaps wanted to marry you."

"Now don't be such a silly boy!"

"He has said something about it, I expect."

"If he had, what would it matter? An old man like him!"

"Oh, come, Sue; he's not so very old. And I know what I saw him doing—"

"Not kissing me—that I'm certain!"

"No. But putting his arm round your waist."

"Ah—I remember. But I didn't know he was going to."

"You are wriggling out of it, Sue!"

Her ever-sensitive lip began to quiver and her eye to blink.

"I know you'll be angry if I tell you everything, and that's why I don't want to."

"Very well, then, dear," he said, soothingly. "I have no real right to ask you, and I don't wish to know."

"I shall tell you now!" said she, with the perverseness that was part of her. "This is what I have done: I have promised!—what *do* you think I have promised?—that I will marry him when I come out of the Training-School two years hence, and have got my Certificate; his plan being that we shall then take a large double school in a great town—he the boys' and I the girls'—as married school-teachers often do, and make a good income between us."

"Oh, Sue!—how could you?.... But of course it is right—you couldn't have done better!"

He glanced at her and their eyes met, the reproach in his own belying his words. Then he drew his hand quite away from hers, and turned his face severely from her to the window. Sue regarded him passively without moving.

"I knew you would be angry!" she said, with an air of no emotion whatever. "Very well—I am wrong, I suppose! I ought not to have let you come to see me! We had better not meet again; and we'll only correspond at long intervals, on purely business matters!"

This was just the one thing he would not be able to bear, as she probably knew, and it brought him round at once. "Oh yes, we will," he said, quickly. "Your being engaged can make no difference to me whatever. I have a perfect right to see you when I want to; and I shall!"

"Then don't let us talk of it any more. It is quite spoiling our evening together. What does it matter about what one is going to do two years hence!"

She was something of a riddle to him, and he let the subject drift away. "Shall we go and sit in the Cathedral?" he asked, when their meal was finished.

"Cathedral? I'd rather sit in the railway station." (It was not true, but she thought it so at the moment.) "That's the centre of the town life now. The Cathedral has had its day!"

"How modern you are!"

"So would you be if you had lived so much in the Middle Ages as I have done these last few years. The Cathedral was a very good place four or five centuries ago; but it is played out now.... I am not modern, either. I am more ancient than mediævalism, if you only knew."

Jude looked distressed.

"There—I won't say any more of that!" she cried. "Only you don't know how bad I am, from your point of view, or you wouldn't think so much of me. Now there's just time for us to walk round the Close, and then I must go in, or I shall be locked out for the night."

He took her to the gate and they parted. Next day he set about seeking employment, which it was not so easy to get as at Christminster, there being, as a rule, less stone-cutting in progress in this quiet city, and hands being mostly permanent. But he edged himself in by degrees. His first work was some carving at the cemetery on the hill; and ultimately he became engaged on the labor he most desired—the Cathedral repairs, which were very extensive, the whole interior fittings being swept away, to be replaced by new.

It might be a labor of years to get it all done, and he had confidence enough in his own skill with the mallet and chisel to feel that it would be a matter of choice with himself how long he would stay.

The lodgings he took near the Close Gate would not have disgraced a curate, the rent representing a higher percentage on his wages than mechanics of any sort usually care to pay. His combined bed and sitting room was furnished with framed photographs of the rectories and deaneries at which his landlady had lived as trusted servant in her time, and the parlor downstairs bore a clock on the mantel-piece inscribed to the effect that it was presented to the same serious-minded woman by her fellow-servants on the occasion of her marriage. Jude added to the furniture of his room by unpacking photographs of the ecclesiastical carvings and monuments that he had executed with his own hands; and he was deemed a satisfactory acquisition as tenant of the vacant apartment.

He found an ample supply of theological books in the city book-shops, and with these his studies were recommenced in a different spirit and direction from his former course. As a relaxation from the Fathers, and such stock works as Paley and Butler, he read Newman, Pusey, and many other modern lights. He hired a harmonium, set it up in his lodging, and practised chants thereon, single and double.

CHAPTER XX.

"TO-MORROW is our grand day, you know. Where shall we go?"

"I have leave from three till nine. Wherever we can get to and come back from in that time. Not ruins, Jude—I don't care for them."

"Well—Wardour Castle. And then we can do Fonthill if we like—all in the same afternoon."

"Wardour is Gothic ruins—and I hate Gothic!"

"No. Quite otherwise. It is a classic building—Corinthian, I think; with a lot of pictures."

"Ah—that will do. I like the sound of Corinthian. We'll go."

Their conversation had run thus some few weeks later, and next morning they prepared to start. Every detail of the outing was a facet reflecting a sparkle to Jude, and he did not venture to meditate on the life of inconsistency he was leading. His cousin's conduct was one lovely conundrum to him; he could say no more.

There duly came the charm of calling at the College door for her; her emergence in a nunlike simplicity of costume that was rather enforced than desired; the traipsing along to the station, the porter's "B'your leave!" the screaming of the trains—everything formed the basis of a beautiful crystallization. Nobody stared at Sue, because she was so plainly dressed, which comforted Jude in the thought that only himself knew the charms those habiliments subdued. A matter of ten pounds spent in a drapery-shop, which had no connection with her real life or her real self, would have set all Melchester staring. The guard of the train thought they were lovers, and put them into a compartment all by themselves.

"That's a good intention wasted!" said she.

Jude did not respond. He thought the remark unnecessarily cruel, and partly untrue.

They reached the Park and Castle and wandered through the picture-galleries, Jude stopping by preference in front of the devotional pictures by Del Sarto, Guido Reni, Spagnoletto, Sassoferrato, Carlo Dolcei, and others. Sue paused patiently beside him, and stole critical looks into his face as, regarding the Virgins, Holy Families, and Saints, it grew reverent and

abstracted. When she had thoroughly estimated him at this, she would move on and wait for him before a Lely or Reynolds. It was evident that her cousin deeply interested her, as one might be interested in a man puzzling out his way along a labyrinth from which one had one's self escaped.

When they came out, a long time still remained to them, and Jude proposed that as soon as they had had something to eat they should walk across the high country to the north of their present position, and intercept the train of another railway leading back to Melchester at a station about seven miles off. Sue, who was inclined for any adventure that would intensify the sense of her day's freedom, readily agreed; and away they went, leaving the adjoining station behind them.

It was indeed open country, wide and high. They talked and bounded on, Jude cutting from a little covert a long walking-stick for Sue as tall as herself, to help her along, with a great crook, which made her look like a shepherdess. About half-way on their journey they crossed a main road running due east and west—the old road from London to Land's End. They paused, and looked up and down it for a moment, and remarked upon the desolation which had come over this once lively thoroughfare, while the wind dipped to earth and scooped straws and hay stems from the ground.

They crossed the road and passed on, but during the next half-mile Sue seemed to grow tired, and Jude began to be distressed for her. They had walked a good distance altogether, and if they could not reach the other station it would be rather awkward. For a long time there was no cottage visible on the wide expanse of down and turnip-land; but presently they came to a sheepfold, and next to the shepherd, pitching hurdles. He told them that the only house near was his mother's and his, pointing to a little dip ahead from which a faint blue smoke arose, and recommended them to go on and rest there.

This they did, and entered the house, admitted by an old woman without a single tooth, to whom they were as civil as strangers can be when their only chance of rest and shelter lies in the favor of the householder.

"A nice little cottage," said Jude.

"Oh, I don't know about the niceness. I shall have to thatch it soon, and where the thatch is to come from I can't tell, for straw do get that dear that 'twill soon be cheaper to cover your house wi' chainey plates than thatch."

They sat resting, and the shepherd came in. "Don't 'ee mind I," he said, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Bide here as long as ye will. But mid you be thinking o' getting back to Melchester to-night by train? Because you'll never do it in this world, since you don't know the lie of the country. I don't mind going with ye some o' the ways, but even then the train mid be gone."

They started up.

"You can bide here, you know, over the night—can't 'em, mother? The place is welcome to ye. 'Tis hard lying, rather, but folk may do worse. She can go into mother's room, and you and I can lie in the outer chimmer after they've gone through. I can call ye soon enough to catch the first train back. You've lost this one now."

On consideration they decided to close with this offer, and drew up and shared with the shepherd and his mother the boiled bacon and greens for supper.

"I rather like this," said Sue, while their entertainers were clearing away the dishes. "Outside all laws except gravitation and germination."

"You only think you like it; you don't. You are quite a product of civilization."

"Indeed I am not, Jude. I like reading and all that, but I crave to get back to the life of my infancy and its freedom."

"Do you remember it so well? You seem to me to have nothing unconventional at all about you."

"Oh, haven't I? You don't know what's inside me."

"What?"

"The Ishmaelite."

"An urban miss is what you are."

She looked severe disagreement, and turned away.

The shepherd aroused them the next morning, as he had said. It was bright and clear, and the four miles to the train were accomplished pleasantly. When they had reached Melchester, and walked to the Close, and the gables of the old building in which she was again to be immured rose before Sue's eyes, she looked a little scared. "I expect I shall catch it," she murmured.

They rang the great bell and waited.

"Oh, I bought something for you, which I had nearly forgotten," she said, quickly, searching her pocket. "It is a new little photograph of me. Would you like it?"

"*Would I!*" He took it gladly, and the porter came. There seemed to be an ominous glance on his face when he opened the gate. She passed in, looking back at Jude, and waving her hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE seventy young women, of ages varying in the main from nineteen to one-and-twenty, though several were older, who filled the species of nunnery known as the Training-School at Melchester, formed a very mixed community, which included the daughters of mechanics, curates, surgeons, shopkeepers, farmers, dairymen, soldiers, sailors, and villagers. They sat in the large school-room of the establishment on the evening previously described, and word was passed round that Sue Bridehead had not come in at closing-time.

"She went out with her young man," said a second-year's student, who knew about young men. "And Miss Traceley saw her at the station with him. She'll have it hot when she does come."

"She said he was her cousin," observed a youthful new girl.

"That excuse has been made a little too often in this school to be effectual in saving our souls," said the head girl of the year, dryly.

The fact was that, only twelve months before, there had occurred a lamentable mishap to one of the pupils, who had made the same statement in order to gain meetings with her lover. The affair had created a scandal, and the management had consequently been rough on cousins ever since.

At nine o'clock the names were called, Sue's being pronounced three times sonorously by Miss Traceley without eliciting an answer.

At a quarter past nine the seventy stood up to sing the "Evening Hymn," and then knelt down to prayers. After prayers they went in to supper, and every girl's thought was, Where is Sue Bridehead? Some of the students, who had seen Jude from the window, felt that they would not mind risking her punishment for the pleasure of being kissed by such a kindly-faced

young man. Hardly one among them believed in the cousinship.

Half an hour later they all lay in their cubicles, their tender feminine faces upturned to the flaring gas-jets which at intervals stretched down the long dormitories, every face bearing the legend "The Weaker" upon it, as the penalty of the sex wherein they were moulded, which by no possible exertion of their willing hearts and abilities could be made strong while the inexorable laws of nature remain what they are. They formed a pretty, suggestive, pathetic sight, of whose pathos and beauty they were themselves unconscious, and would not discover till, amid the storms and strains of after-years, with their injustice, loneliness, child-bearing, and bereavement, their minds would revert to this experience as to something which had been allowed to slip past them insufficiently regarded.

One of the mistresses came in to turn out the lights, and before doing so gave a final glance at Sue's cot, which remained empty, and at her little dressing-table at the foot, which, like all the rest, was ornamented with various girlish trifles, framed photographs being not the least conspicuous among them. Sue's table had a moderate show, two men in their filigree and velvet frames standing together beside her looking-glass.

"Who are these men—did she ever say?" asked the mistress. "Strictly speaking, relations' portraits only are allowed on these tables, you know."

"One—the middle-aged man," said a student in the next bed—"is the school-master she served under—Mr. Phillotson."

"And the other—this undergraduate in cap and gown—who is he?"

"He is a friend, or was. She has never told his name."

"Was it either of these two who came for her?"

"No."

"You are sure 'twas not the undergraduate?"

"Quite. He was a young man with a black beard."

The lights were promptly extinguished, and till they fell asleep the girls indulged in conjectures about Sue, and wondered what games she had carried on at Christminster before she came here, some of the more restless ones getting out of bed and looking from the mullioned windows at

the vast west front of the Cathedral opposite and the spire rising behind it.

When they awoke the next morning they glanced into Sue's nook, to find it still without a tenant. After the early lessons by gas-light, in half-toilet, and on empty stomachs, when they had come up to dress for breakfast, the bell of the entrance gate was heard to ring loudly. The mistress of the dormitory went away, and presently came back to say that the Principal's orders were that nobody was to speak to Bridehead without permission.

When, accordingly, Sue came into the dormitory to make a hasty toilet, looking flushed and tired, she went to her cubicle in silence, none of them coming out to greet her or to make inquiry. When they had gone down stairs they found that she did not follow them into the dining-hall to breakfast, and they then learnt that she had been severely reprimanded, and ordered to a solitary room for a week, there to be confined, and take her meals, and do all her reading.

At this the seventy murmured, the sentence being, they thought, too severe. A round robin was prepared and sent in to the Principal, asking for a remission of Sue's punishment. No notice was taken. Towards evening, when the geography mistress began dictating her subject, the girls in the class sat with folded arms.

"You mean that you are not going to work?" said the mistress at last. "I may as well tell you that it has been ascertained that the young man Bridehead staid out with was not her cousin, for the very good reason that she has no such relative. We have written to Christminster to ascertain."

"We are willing to take her word," said the head girl.

"This young man was discharged from his work at Christminster for drunkenness and blasphemy in public-houses, and he has come here to live, entirely to be near her."

However, they remained stolid and motionless, and the mistress left the room to inquire from her superiors what was to be done.

Presently, towards dusk, the pupils, as they sat, heard exclamations from the first-year's girls in an adjoining classroom, and one rushed in to say that Sue Bridehead had got out of the back window of the room in which she had been

confined, escaped in the dark across the lawn, and disappeared. How she had managed to get out of the garden nobody could tell, as it was bounded by the river at the bottom, and the side door was locked.

They went and looked at the empty room, the casement between the middle mullions of which stood open. The lawn was again searched with a lantern, every bush and shrub being examined, but she was nowhere hidden. Then the porter of the front gate was interrogated, and on reflection he said that he remembered hearing a sort of splashing in the stream at the back, but he had taken no notice, thinking some ducks had come down the river from above.

"She must have walked through the river!" said a mistress.

"Or drownded herself," said the porter.

The mind of the matron was horrified—not so much at the possible death of Sue as at the possible half-column detailing that event in all the newspapers, which, added to the scandal of the year before, would give the College an unenviable notoriety for many months to come.

More lanterns were procured, and the river examined; and then, at last, on the opposite shore, which was open to the fields, some little boot-tracks were discerned in the mud, which left no doubt that the too excitable girl had waded through a depth of water reaching nearly to her shoulders—for this was the chief river of the county, and was mentioned in all the geography books with respect. As Sue had not brought disgrace upon the school by drowning herself, the matron began to speak superciliously of her, and to express gladness that she was gone.

On the selfsame evening Jude sat in his lodgings by the Close Gate. Often at this hour after dusk he would enter the silent Close, and stand opposite the house that contained Sue, and watch the shadows of the girls' heads passing to and fro upon the blinds, and wish he had nothing else to do but to sit reading and learning all day what many of the thoughtless inmates despised. But to-night, having finished tea and brushed himself up, he was deep in the perusal of the Twenty-ninth Volume of Pusey's Library of the Fathers, a set of books which he had purchased of a second-hand dealer at a price that seemed to him to be one of miraculous cheapness for that in-

valuable work. He fancied he heard something rattle lightly against his window; then he heard it again. Certainly somebody had thrown gravel. He rose and gently lifted the sash.

"Jude!" (from below).

"Sue!"

"Yes—it is! Can I come up without being seen?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then don't come down. Shut the window."

Jude waited, knowing that she could enter easily enough, the front door being opened merely by a knob which anybody could turn, as in most old country towns. He unlatched the door of his room, heard a stealthy rustle on the dark stairs, and in a moment she appeared in the light of his lamp. He went up to seize her hand, and found she was clammy as a marine deity, and that her clothes clung to her like the robes upon the figures in the Parthenon frieze.

"I'm so cold!" she said through her chattering teeth. "Can I come by your fire, Jude?"

She crossed to his little grate and very little fire, but as the water dripped from her as she moved, the idea of drying herself was absurd. "What ever have you done, darling?" he asked, with alarm, the tender epithet slipping out unawares.

"Walked through the largest river in the county—that's what I've done! They locked me up for being out with you; and it seemed so unjust that I couldn't bear it, so I got out of the window and escaped across the stream." She had begun the explanation in her usual slightly independent tones, but before she had finished the thin pink lips trembled, and she could hardly refrain from crying.

"Dear Sue!" he said. "You must take off all your things! And let me see—you must borrow some from the landlady. I'll ask her."

"No, no! Don't let her know, for God's sake! We are so near the school that they'll come after me!"

"Then you must put on mine. You don't mind?"

"Oh no."

"My Sunday suit, you know. It is close here." In fact, everything was close and handy in Jude's domicile, because there was not room for it to be otherwise. He opened a drawer, took out his best dark suit, and giving the garments a

shake, said, "Now, how long shall I give you?"

"Ten minutes."

Jude left the room and went into the street, where he walked up and down. A clock struck half past seven, and he returned. Sitting in his only arm-chair he saw a slim and fragile being masquerading as himself on a Sunday, so pathetic in her defencelessness that his heart felt big with the sense of it. On two other chairs before the fire were her wet garments. She blushed as he sat down beside her, but only for a moment.

"I suppose, Jude, it is odd that you should see me like this? Yet what nonsense! It is only a question of woven cloth and linen and the snip of a tailor's shears. I wish I didn't feel so ill and sick! Will you dry my clothes now? Please do, Jude, and I'll get a lodging by-and-by. It is not late yet."

"No you sha'n't, if you are ill. You must stay here. Dear, dear Sue, what can I get for you?"

"I don't know. I can't help shivering. I wish I could get warm." Jude put on

her his great-coat in addition, and then ran out to the nearest public-house, whence he returned with a little bottle in his hand.

"Here's six of best brandy," he said.

"Now you drink it, dear; all of it."

"I can't out of the bottle, can I?" Jude fetched the glass from the dressing-table, and administered the spirit in some water. She gasped a little, but gulped it down, and lay back in the arm-chair.

She then began to relate circumstantially her experiences since they had parted; but in the middle of her story her voice faltered, her head nodded, and she ceased. She was in a sound sleep. Jude, dying of anxiety lest she should have caught a chill which might permanently injure her, was glad to hear the regular breathing. He softly went nearer to her, and observed that a warm flush now rosed her hitherto blue cheeks, and felt that her hanging hand was no longer cold. Then he stood with his back to the fire regarding her, and saw in her almost a divinity.

His reverie was interrupted by the creak of footsteps ascending the stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SINGER AWAITING AN ANSWER.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

YES, or no.

What shall decide it;

What omen guide it?

Time will show.

If it is yes, why yes;

Or no, why no!

Flowers bloom

Whether we live or die,

And other springs will come

Tho' you and I

Have spent our season's sum,

And under the flowers lie!

Out of the whole world wide

Only one

Whose soul my soul hath met

And known

As groom meets bride:

One—only one.

Yet

Myriad faces round us throng,

Myriad hands stretch forth to our touch

As with hurrying feet

We pass along;

But only one

Makes the burden of life a song,

And the cycle of life complete.

See this stone.
 I throw it into the pool,
 Rimpling into a thousand spreading
 Rings the waters cool.
 It sinks like the dead,
 And the waters of sleep close over its head—
 But the rings go widening on.
 So my love
 For you, above
 Will widen endlessly,
 To the shore where the sentient waters beat,
 Bringing the soul of my love in waves to your feet.
 I, dead, below,
 The stone, shall be;
 No stir of the waters will come to me;
 I shall not feel, nor hear, nor see—
 But I shall know!

Once I came upon
 A lyre in an Egyptian tomb,
 Whole, tho' the hand beside was dust
 In a prison of stone,
 And its chord had been centuries dumb.
 Who can say
 Dead is the fire
 That once in those poor ashes lay;
 Or dead the song, the soul of the lyre?

So the song to you that I sing
 Not with your hearing ends,
 Ceases not with my breath;
 Faint and weak, but on love's own wing
 Ascends,
 Stronger than death;
 Passes like flame thro' the portal
 Whence love first came,
 And the love in it makes it immortal.
 In some hour celestial I shall sing it again,
 My song glorified;
 My love purified
 Of its earthly passionate pain,
 You by my side
 Shall hear it, nor shall I have sung it in vain!

Yes or no:
 What shall decide it;
 What omen guide it?
 Time will show.
 If it is yes, why yes;
 Or no, why no!

Flowers bloom
 Whether we live or die,
 And other springs will come
 Tho' you and I
 Have spent our season's sum,
 And under the flowers lie!

THE NEW YORK COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY STEPHEN H. OLIN.

I.

THE town meeting in a rural community is perhaps the only contrivance for local government of the people by the people which has ever proved completely successful.

The things to be done for the general good are the same that each man does for himself. The men who manage their own farms and enforce order in their own families are able, by like methods, to repair the roads and keep the public peace and direct the district school.

But as population becomes varied, and towns and cities grow up, the work of providing for the common needs becomes complicated, and requires special training and aptitude. Very soon the citizen, occupied in his own affairs, is unable to criticise the processes by which the public work is done, and he is left to judge only of the results. This is usually not difficult. When we observe that the streets are ill paved and dirty, that property is unsafe, and that disorder is prevalent, we try to put in power officials who will remedy these evils according to methods which have been tested and have proved effective. In this way public opinion has been brought to bear upon all the branches of our municipal administration, and they have been from time to time reorganized and suited to the needs of the community.

But the system of common schools has seemed to be almost beyond the reach of such reformation. From the first the process of teaching cannot be supervised by untrained critics, and as the community grows, the results of teaching become difficult to follow. It is not easy to decide whether one child is well taught. It is quite impossible for most of us to have any personal opinion as to the teaching of three hundred thousand children. The work goes on in many hundred classrooms. If it is ill done, the teacher will not tell us, if she can, and the children cannot tell because they do not know.

It is clearly impossible that the community should have the kind of knowledge about the matter that it has in regard to the working of other branches of local government.

Not only the vastness of our system of education, but its undoubted merits and

its immeasurable service to the community protect it from criticism. A great majority of our citizens have been taught in the common schools, and cherish for them the affection due to the foster-mother, the *alma mater* of Commencement speeches. These men and women are not eager to learn that the teaching which fitted them for their life-work was inefficient and unsatisfactory. Then there are the five thousand teachers, whose *esprit de corps* is aroused by attacks (and criticism seems to be attack) on the great army in which they serve; and there are the men who have filled the numerous school offices. Some of them have spent years in the performance of arduous and unrequited duty, and they have a natural pride in the result of their labors, and a natural reluctance to have their success brought in question. So, quite apart from the motives which we term unworthy, there are powerful influences perpetually tending to prevent the community from learning the real value of the school system.

If fault is found with particular schools, we are told that the defects are exceptional, and due to the incompetence of some principal or school officer. It is impossible to determine whether inefficiency is the rule or the exception without an examination more thorough than any ordinary citizen can give; and so criticism is ineffectual, and the great organization goes on in its own way with constantly increasing momentum.

It must be said, however, that the pride of the community in its schools is less general and less confident than it used to be. Formerly they were shown to every traveller as models of organization and discipline. It was possible for the City Superintendent in 1857 to say, "There can be little doubt that in respect to all the essential elements which go to make up a practical and efficient system of popular education and public instruction, the ward and primary schools of the city of New York, with their appendages, are fully equal, if not superior, to any in the world."

The recent reports of the Board of Education contain no such assertion of the excellence of our schools. On the contrary, they are very largely concerned with pointing out that the best results

cannot be obtained without larger expenditure than the board is allowed to make. From time to time some Commissioner of Education has publicly and sharply criticised the schools. To the looker-on these criticisms have sometimes seemed serious and important, and sometimes trivial, insincere, and unreasonable. But, serious or trivial, they seem to share the same fate. They pass away, and the schools go on as before.

If we turn for instruction to competent advisers not connected with the system, we hear little praise of it. Dr. Rice, after a methodical inspection of the schools of several cities, says:

"The typical New York primary school is a hard, unsympathetic, mechanical-drudgery school—a school which the light of science has not entered."

"In many cities the children read better at the end of the second year than they do in New York at the end of the third."

"I have not yet found a single primary school conducted on modern educational principles."

Other volunteers have looked into the accommodation given to the scholars. Their story is no sadder than Dr. Rice's, but it touches and arouses the people as his criticisms never could. Most of us know very little about methods of teaching, but we can in some degree imagine what it means to crowd little children into ill-ventilated rooms, and keep them for hours at work by the light of flaring gas. About such facts as these there can be no dispute. Any observer is competent to prove their existence. The Board of Education admits that the schools are not all housed as they should be, and pleads as an excuse a want of sufficient appropriations. Of course this answer is open to the reply that one of the duties of the Board of Education is to obtain from the tax-payers the money necessary for its work. If the school moneys, managed carefully and to the satisfaction of the people, are not sufficient, they are likely to be increased, and when school appropriations are too small there is a question whether the Board of Education has done its full duty in making known its needs. A school board which obtains the public confidence and informs the public conscience can usually find a way of reaching the public purse.

There is another shortcoming of which we can all form an idea, though we can-

not measure nor even imagine its unhappy consequences. Full to overflowing, our schools yearly turn thousands from their doors. The board says ten thousand. Other people say more than one hundred thousand. Until there is some census of school-children no one can tell what the number actually is. More than thirty years ago it was computed that the children unable to attend school numbered sixty thousand. Then, as now, the authorities thought the estimate far too high. Then, as now, everybody said that it would be desirable to have a census; and there the matter has rested for a generation.

The advocates of particular kinds of instruction given in kindergartens and manual-training schools are dissatisfied with the experiments in these directions, and their dissatisfaction affects many people who cannot tell whether it is just.

On the whole, it may be said that there is a widespread feeling that New York has fallen behind other cities in the development of its public education, and that the teaching of its children is not well done when judged by modern standards. With some of us this feeling amounts to belief, with others it is only a doubt. It is clearly our duty to arrive at certainty if in any way it can be done.

A tree can be judged by its fruits, but it is equally reasonable to judge of fruit by the tree which bears it. Whatever fruit it may be, it is not fig nor grape if we gather it from thorn or thistle. Just as invariable is the connection between the machine and its product. If this great engine of ours was built on an ill-chosen pattern, if it has been unskilfully patched to keep it going, if the motive force is wasted in overcoming the friction of useless parts, if its power is applied obscurely and at a score of different points, if some parts are overloaded and others do no work at all, if it is antiquated and lumbering, and is constructed in ignorance of modern invention and in disregard of settled mechanical law, we can safely believe those who tell us that its operation is inefficient and wasteful.

II.

There were free schools in New Amsterdam, and there were charity schools in the city of New York before and shortly after the Revolution, but the history of public education on the island of Man-

hattan really begins in 1805, when DeWitt Clinton founded the Free-School Society.

No one then understood the work to be done nor the methods of doing it, and the progress of the society was neither rapid nor constant. An insufficient income was with difficulty obtained from several sources—State and city aid, private benevolence, a share in the excise moneys, and a half-interest in lottery licenses. At one time an unsuccessful effort was made to supplement these revenues by charging the scholars a tuition fee. The methods of teaching were of course experimental, and very dreary experiments some of them must have been. There was the Lancasterian system, with hardly any teachers, and a Pestalozzian system, with hardly any books, and combinations of the two. Most of the churches maintained parochial schools, which sought and obtained a share of the public money. Very bitter controversies arose, and in 1842 the Legislature attempted to settle them by establishing in the city the common-school system, which for thirty years had prevailed throughout the State.

A Board of Education was created consisting of forty-four members elected from the several wards, but its powers were very limited. In disregard of the obvious unity of the city, each ward was considered as a separate town, and having received its proportionate share of the school moneys, the school officers, of whom nine were elected by each ward, proceeded to expend them as they pleased, to put schools on their ward boundaries to attract the children of their neighbors, to establish their own courses of study and systems of teaching. The report of the County Superintendent for 1843 described the beginnings of the new plan:

"Unhappily the Board of Education has been left without power. It can recommend, but, no matter how wisely, it has no power to enforce. Hence in the reorganization of the new schools its recommendations have been disregarded."

He enumerates some of the misdoings of the trustees, and goes on: "Thus, instead of system, we have incongruity, and chaos has usurped the seat of harmony and good order."

And he concludes: "My own experience has abundantly proved that the exploded country system, which the recent laws have imposed upon the city, will prove a failure equally signal."

For some years the ward schools and the public schools existed side by side, but the new system was popular, and was favored in the division of public moneys. In spite of skill and prudence, rigid economy and superior organization, the society found its revenues unequal to its growing needs. It could neither repair its buildings nor construct or hire new ones, and in 1848 it was forbidden by law to open new schools without the consent of the Board of Education. In 1853 the society gave up the unequal contest, transferred its schools to the city, and ended its useful and honorable career.

The field of education was now divided between twenty-two independent democracies. The need was seen for providing a more perfect union, and some steps were taken to strengthen the central authority. A Chief Superintendent was appointed with considerable powers, including the licensing of teachers. The purchase of books and supplies for all the schools was committed to the Board of Education, and the salaries of teachers throughout the city were fixed by general rules.

In 1858 Governor King transmitted to the Legislature the report of a commission appointed to examine the schools of New York city. It was painstaking and elaborate. At that time two commissioners, two inspectors, and eight trustees, in all twelve school officers, were elected by the people of each ward. The legislative commission noted that:

"The various wards of the city are very unequal in population and superficial extent."

They reported that: "The school-houses are various in capacity, comfort, and accommodation."

"Some schools are overflowing, others diminish in numbers."

"The want of simplicity in the system is one of the chief difficulties."

"The multitude of officers and functionaries, the peculiar distribution of power, the power exercised by ward officers over the scholastic department.... present a system of complexity unjust and uncalled-for."

"It is one thing to designate existing evils in such a complex system; it is another to suggest an adequate remedy."

And the commission asked for an extension of its powers that it might frame the needed measure of reform. Unhappily the request was not granted. The

Board of Education declined to be reformed. Its president, Mr. Andrew H. Green, defended the existing system in a vigorous address. He saw clearly that if the schools were to succeed they must be popular, and he thought that no system could be popular which was not administered by officers chosen directly by the people.

"The introduction of twelve men into the management of the schools in each ward, selected from those by whom they were elected, supplies a feature necessary to their success by commanding the confidence of the electors and their families."

"If it be true that the centralization of management in the hands of an association not elected by the people, but appointed, and having the power of a close corporation to perpetuate itself, will secure more system and economy, while you reduce expenses you will reduce the number of scholars, and the jealousies and dissatisfaction which have characterized the schools under other management will spring up."

"I see no occasion for legislation to perfect the theory of the system."

He called upon the Board of Education to overcome the evils, which he saw plainly enough, by an energetic use of its authority, till then untried.

Mr. Randall, the City Superintendent, followed this masterful leadership. In 1856 he had said that the organization needed modification and improvement. In December, 1857, he reported that things were not so bad, after all.

"A system which, however defective and imperfect it may be in some or even many of its provisions, is found upon the whole . . . satisfactorily to accomplish the substantial object of its creation, and to fulfil the public expectation, should not lightly be subjected to the dangerous process of revision and reconstruction."

So was established the New York city system of administering common schools—a system whose several faults may perhaps be equalled in other cities, but which in its combination of disadvantages is without a peer.

For many years no school officer has been elected by the people, and yet the schools are crowded and the system is popular. Mr. Green's apprehensions, baseless as they now seem, enable us to understand how rapidly political thought has

changed in a generation. It has come to be fairly well understood that the people of a great city can administer its affairs, as a great nation can govern itself, only by devising a representative system which will put all the power of the people into the hands of responsible public servants for reasonable periods. We are not yet agreed as to whether an autocratic mayor or an absolute council is best, but nobody would now propose that the voters of the city should elect two hundred and sixty-four officers to administer the affairs of one department.

In 1864 a law provided for the election of twenty-one commissioners from seven large districts, and for the appointment of inspectors by the Mayor. In 1869 the number of commissioners was reduced to twelve, chosen from the city at large. In 1871 it was provided that the Mayor should appoint commissioners and trustees. In 1873 the number of commissioners was restored to twenty-one, and the Board of Education was empowered to appoint the trustees. In 1893 the Legislature created a commission to revise the New York city school law. Its report shows the same essential defects of organization which Governor King's commission exposed nearly forty years ago.

"A system so complicated of necessity results in inefficient action and protracted delays . . . and renders it almost impossible to fix responsibility where it justly belongs."

Since 1857 all the administrative branches of the city government, the departments concerned with the police and firemen, the docks, the parks, the charities, the public works, the public health, and the cleaning of the streets, have been successively remodelled and rationally organized. In good hands they all work well. Even in bad hands they continue to perform their functions, and whenever anything goes wrong the responsibility for it can be fixed. It is discreditable that the essential vices of the school system should have been left undisturbed for forty years. It is true that the machinery has been from time to time improved in details of operation, but, on the other hand, the work to be done has enormously increased, and the education of three hundred thousand children is now mismanaged on the same clumsy plan which was shown to be inadequate to the requirements of fifty thousand.

III.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than refer to some of the conspicuous defects of the system.

The fundamental vice is the division of power, and consequent destruction of responsibility.

The Board of Education is the central authority, but in each of the twenty-four wards there is a board of five trustees. These appoint and remove teachers and janitors, nominate and virtually appoint principals; they conduct and manage the schools, and furnish supplies therefor; they procure sites, and erect new school-houses, and repair and alter the old ones. With the exercise of some of these powers the Board of Education may interfere, as may the District Inspectors, and the City Superintendent, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; and out of the conflict of authority grow constant controversies, which occasionally blossom into scandal. When the construction of a much-needed school is delayed for years because two boards cannot agree upon a site, or when one board gives an order to principals, and another board with equal authority forbids them to obey it, we are disgusted even while we are diverted. But the evils which flow from conflicting authority are probably less than those which come from misplaced authority.

The Commissioners of Education are prominent in the community; they meet publicly and keep full records, and thus are accountable for their actions. But how can we follow the doings of these twenty-four ward committees of five? They have nearly all the patronage and substantial power, and they act obscurely and without responsibility.

It is to be noted that the principle of local self-government is not involved. It would not be easy to show that the principle could be applied. There are regions of the city where the American common school will not thrive if left to local influences. But, however this may be, the Boards of Trustees are at present appointed by the Board of Education, and so are not springs of popular force, but only scattered tanks into which authority is drawn away from the central reservoir.

The wards are divisions of the city long disused for most governmental purposes, and now known only to school officers and conveyancers. The inequalities noted by Governor King's commission

have increased with the growth and movement of the population. In the Third Ward nothing remains of the school system but the Board of Trustees. In the Second Ward there is one primary school, with an average attendance of forty-six. In the Twelfth Ward are twenty schools. The expenditure controlled by the trustees is over \$630,000 a year; the number of children enrolled is over 56,000—a school population about equal to that of Albany, Troy, Rochester, and Syracuse combined. Is there any other city where such great powers as those of the Twelfth Ward trustees are exercised with so few of the guarantees which publicity furnishes? It is a striking instance of the moderation of Tammany Hall that the list of its General Committee contains the names of only four of these five oligarchs. It may also be noted, though with less surprise, that not one of the schoolless trustees of the Third Ward appears to belong to the General Committee.

A grave defect in the school system is the weakness of the professional element in its general management.

There is an accepted formula used in making scientific skill and knowledge available for the good of the community. In pursuance of it public buildings and aqueducts and bridges are constructed, and hospitals and colleges are maintained. Laymen control the expenditure, and prescribe the scope and purpose of the undertaking, but they commit the work itself to the hands of an expert architect, engineer, physician, teacher, as the case may be. From this rule our school system widely departs. There is a City Superintendent, but his tenure is too insecure, his powers too limited, and the number of his assistants too small. In this last respect we are not so well off as formerly, for there are but eight assistants for 300,000 scholars, or about one to each 37,000, whereas in 1857 there were three assistants and 50,000 scholars, or one superintendent to less than 17,000 scholars. An increase in the number of superintendents does not necessarily involve increased expense. The supervision of our schools is now very costly, but it is almost all local supervision. Three hundred and twenty-four principals and vice-principals, sometimes several under one roof, are engaged in it. Competent authorities say that proper reorganization and redistribution of duties will give us better su-

pervision at less cost. It should be made possible for the Board of Education to consider this question. It results from the present plan that a great deal of work strictly professional, such as the planning of courses of study, the choice of textbooks, and the like, is done by the commissioners. This was natural enough when the New York schools were founded, for there were then no experts in public education. Now, however, pedagogy has become a science, and the managing of public schools is an art. To practise it requires special training, as does surgery or engineering. It is an unsatisfactory arrangement which makes it the duty of a board of laymen to provide the classification of studies and scholars, while twenty-four boards of laymen are choosing the teachers, and eight other boards of laymen are inspecting their work.

The Inspectors of Common Schools were, in 1842, introduced into our city organization as a part of the "exploded country system," and it may be remarked that the office in the rural districts was long ago abolished. At first there were forty-four of them here, elected by the people; now there are twenty-four, appointed from eight districts by the Mayor. Their powers are also exercised by other officials, but the inspectors are endowed with functions of interruption and annoyance which enable them to retard the transaction of business, and sometimes to prevent the licensing or removal of a teacher. For fifty years they have contributed to the confusion of our educational system. I cannot learn that any one thinks it desirable that they should continue.

IV.

Mayor Gilroy's commission, in 1893, unlike Governor King's commission, in 1857, suggested what it considered an adequate remedy for these chronic ills.

In the intervening years the problem had been greatly simplified. The general principles on which a system of public instruction should be based have become as well understood as the method of organizing a ship's crew, and Dr. Rice and other observers have pointed out how great cities can adapt to their use systems which in smaller communities have proved successful.

It is the opinion of most people competent to judge that the bill framed by the commission accords with recognized prin-

ciples, and takes due account of existing circumstances, and that under it a good Board of Education can do good work. That, after all, is as much as can be hoped from human institutions. The Commissioners of Education, after making some amendments suggested by their experience, unanimously recommended the bill to the Legislature, so that the proposed reform has the official approval which was lacking in 1857. It has also received much support from the newspapers, and from the clubs and societies, which at once indicate and help to form public opinion, and it has been approved by the Committee of Seventy. I have seen but one published dissent from the plan of the commission. It has been suggested that the Board of Education should consist of only a small number of commissioners, who should receive a salary. At first sight such a plan seems to have advantages. In some respects the business efficiency of the board would be increased, but it would become sooner or later a home for professional politicians. More than this, paid commissioners would undoubtedly exercise a constant and excessive control over the professional work; and instead of the management of experts we should have the rule of sciolists. It would be as if a board of college trustees should be constantly in attendance directing the college work.

The payment of commissioners would also seem to be unwise because the established American practice is to leave the work of education to unpaid boards. So great a city is not the place to try experiments in such matters. Ordinary prudence would thus dictate. But a higher motive than prudence prompts us not to break away from the general custom. The American citizen is not usually generous in his dealings with the State. The English institution of unpaid legislators and magistrates has never flourished here, and we have the habit of exacting compensation from the community for all that we do for it. But in regard to public education this is not so. From the district school to the university all its branches are controlled by unpaid officers. The instruction of youth is thus kept apart from other public labors, because men feel that when serving these little ones in an especial and solemn sense they serve their country and their God. From so noble a tradition it is not wise lightly to depart.

LIKE THE GOOD GOD.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

HIS own face he had never seen before
In all his recluse life, and he had grown
Almost to manhood knowing nothing more
Than the poor cell in which they two alone,
He and his father, dwelt.

I can't tell why
His father fled into the wilderness,
But for some wrong he loathed society.
Taking his infant son from such distress
As he himself had felt, he fed his mind
With all experience taught of good and bad;
So the boy knew by name each horrid kind
Of crime, each lovely virtue; and he had
Such images, to frighten or delight,
As his thoughts made by day, his dreams by night.
With form and feature fancy did deck out
A sweet angelic choir, a devils' rout.
But One, of whom his father oftenest spoke,
Remained only a name: no image woke
Into his fancy when he heard that all

Came from that One—from that One's simple word:
The sun's uprising and the sparrow's fall:

For, while he heard such things, he thought he heard
That this Source of all life suffered death's reign;
Himself secure, permitted mortal pain.
So the boy tried to imagine good and evil
Expressed in one face—Gabriel and the devil—
But could not do it.

Now the loveliest thing
That boy was!—manly past imagining,
Hardy with abstinence, with high thoughts fine:
Nature in him had made her work divine.

But what he was he knew not till one day
When rain had fallen in that desert place:
A pool of water mirrored his own face,
And, seeing it, he humbly knelt to pray.

AN EVERY-DAY AFFAIR.

BY OLGA FLINCH.

THERE is in the city of Copenhagen a small and rather provincial-looking railway station, which is particularly dear to the heart of its citizens. In the winter it is not much used, but on a clear spring day, when the trees are beginning to bud, it is the scene of unusual activity. All sorts and conditions of men seem for the time being to have but one ambition—to get away! to get out of town! to get into the woods! The engines leaving the little station all point directly northward, and north of Copenhagen, along the shore of the Sound, stretching some miles into the

island, lie the fresh green beech forests, which are nowhere found in more luxuriant beauty. It is from this little station that Copenhagen now hastens to enjoy the first buds. There is the man of the unmistakable bourgeois type, with his pretty, portly wife and half a dozen or more children, all rushing toward a third-class compartment, where they scramble in, more anxious to preserve undamaged the precious lunch-basket than careful of one another's limbs; and there is the stately bureaucrat, conscious of his dignity, taking his seat leisurely in a second-class compartment by the side of his primly

dressed wife, who considers it hardly lady-like to be stylish, and consequently looks *du haut en bas* at an extremely pretty young girl who, flushed with the joy of being young and pretty, laughing and chatting, squeezes into the vacant seat between her two brothers. The bell rings, and they are off! The next train is just as full, and the next, until at mid-day there is a lull, and finally the evening trains bring them all back, the lunch-basket filled with anemones, each child laden with beech boughs, all bringing their treasures of country air and forest freshness into the gas-lit city.

On Easter-Monday Dr. Björck and his wife walked out of the city proper toward the western part of Copenhagen, which in olden times had been pasture-land. In the sixties the walls had been torn down, the moats filled out, and the suburbs, which had been connected with the town by bridges, were newly named Northbridge, Southbridge, Eastbridge, and Westbridge respectively. Mrs. Björck carried a large bunch of anemones, evidently brought from the woods the day before. They walked on through several narrow streets.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Björck, "and they used to live in that pretty house; you would think a man of his abilities would have left them better off."

"Well, I never was able to understand it," said the doctor. "He talked as if they would lack nothing. His business had an excellent name, but after his death—he was found dead of a stroke in his office—no will could be found. A great many accounts and papers relating to the business were missing, and everything was in confusion. Mrs. Steen made a vain attempt to keep up the business. It took almost all she had to cover the debts. What they have now is a mere pittance, and that they won't need very long; the poor old lady is in feeble health, and the daughter is going at a quick pace to an insane asylum!"

"Oh, Carl, don't have her put there until it is absolutely necessary," pleaded Mrs. Björck. "It is too dreadful to think of a woman who has had her education and advantages ending in such a *placé*."

"Oh, I don't know," said the doctor; "there are worse things than that. While she had her money she never knew a contented moment, as far as I could see. The father tyrannized the household, and

the mother stuffed the girl's head with the notion that there was no one quite good enough to look at her. Wait till you see them now."

The house at which they finally stopped had a narrow entrance, and a narrow but well-lighted wooden staircase. On each floor were two doors, leading to separate small apartments. On the third floor the doctor rang the bell. He was answered by a violent bark.

"Hush, Bruno," said a woman's shrill voice. "Be ashamed of yourself!"

The door was opened, evidently by the owner of the voice, who, on seeing the doctor, smiled and bowed. Continuing to smile and bow in an excess of hospitality, she opened another door, and pressed herself flat against the side of it, that there might be room for her guests to pass into the parlor from the little narrow hall.

"My wife, Miss Anna," explained the doctor.

"Oh, Mrs. Björck, I am so glad; I am perfectly delighted; it is so good of you; do please sit down. No, Bruno; you stay in the hall," and she shut the door. "Do, please, sit down—" In a flutter of excitement and joy, she drew out chairs, rolled up the shades, and turning to Mrs. Björck, "If you will excuse me, I will call mamma," she fluttered out of the room.

Mrs. Björck smiled at her husband, and looked around the little sunlit parlor. The large red velvet sofa had evidently once decorated a more spacious room, the *secrétaire* was an old-fashioned, beautiful piece of furniture, now shabby at the corners; there were family portraits on the walls, two painted, several daguerreotypes, and even a photograph, evidently of Miss Anna and her two brothers, both since dead.

Miss Anna returned. She was a woman of forty-odd years, tall and angular; her thin brown hair was parted in the middle and gathered in a net, as she used to wear it when a girl; her face was thin, her features large and irregular; when she smiled she showed a lack of teeth, the few remaining front ones grown long and yellow. She wore a poor old black dress, fastened with a conspicuous gold brooch, added after the arrival of her visitors. Sitting down opposite Mrs. Björck, and smoothing the folds of her dress with as much dignity as if it were the latest product of the Lyons looms, she began in a high nervous voice: "I am really so

ashamed of Bruno barking at you in that way. If I had had any idea of the honor you would do us"—this with a polite society smile which displayed her large teeth—"I would never have allowed him to come near the hall. But one becomes so attached to a dog like Bruno, you know, it is hard to deny him anything."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Björck, feelingly, "he looks like a very nice dog. Dogs are such a comfort; we have one that I am dearly fond of; he is rather neglected sometimes, though; with children one does not always find the time."

Here the door opened and Mrs. Steen came in—a small bent lady, with spare white hair, covered by a little cap. Mrs. Björck rose, and the doctor, meeting her half-way, introduced his wife, and led the old lady to a seat in the sunshine by the window. She had not her daughter's nervous, smiling society airs, but was evidently anxious to do the honors of the house properly. "How are your children, Mrs. Björck?" she asked, with a polite inclination of her head; "the doctor used to tell me about them."

"Thank you," said simple little Mrs. Björck, appreciatively; "they are all wonderfully well. We went on a lovely trip to the woods yesterday; they enjoyed it ever so much."

Mrs. Steen murmured a polite "indeed," and Miss Anna, sitting up very straight, showed her teeth in a sweet smile and exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful—really the woods! I wonder I did not see you."

"Were you there?" asked Mrs. Björck.

"Oh no; no, indeed," said Miss Anna, as if it were quite an impossibly long journey—"no, indeed; but I went to the little station, and sat on a bench outside to see other people go; and I really did see a great many of my old friends—a great many." She had folded her hands in her lap and looked up, her eyes shining with excitement.

There was a pause. Mrs. Björck looked down at her anemones and tried to say something, but the words would not come. Her husband, bending forward, took the anemones and handed them to Mrs. Steen. "The children gathered them yesterday," he said; "we thought you might like some picked on Easter-Sunday."

Miss Anna sprang up with youthful enthusiasm, none the less real for her exaggerated manners.

"Oh, dear! to think that you really brought them for us; and I did want some so much." The tears started to her eyes, and she began to laugh. They must be put in water immediately." She took them from her mother carefully, and one falling on the floor, she picked it up tenderly. As she passed by Mrs. Björck she puckered up her lips into a sweet smile, "So awfully good of you," she simpered.

When she returned with the anemones in a large wash-basin the talk had evidently drifted to the portraits on the wall.

"He caught cold while out hunting," Mrs. Steen was explaining. "He was ill only three days, and was brought home to me dead. He was very talented. He was just about to go to Germany to finish his musical education. Everybody expected great things of him."

"How very sad," said Mrs. Björck, with the sympathy of a mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Steen, looking at her with the calm eyes of resignation. "He was very handsome; he looked beautiful with his violin. He had something very artistic and distinguished about him: didn't everybody say so, Anna?" Her pride had survived her grief.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Anna; "when he brought me to boarding-school in Paris all the girls fell in love with him; they all said, '*Ah, qu'il est joli, votre frère.*'" Her French was execrable, but she was not aware of it.

"Ah, Miss Anna," said the doctor, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if it had only fallen to my lot to take you to Paris; but such style and glory were denied me." Miss Anna smiled condescendingly.

"Did you like Paris?" asked Mrs. Björck, who clearly saw that this period was the joy and pride of her life.

"I adore it," she declared, in her nervous voice; "perfectly adore it."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Björck; "it must be a lovely place; we have never been able to go; but we hope to some day, when the children are old enough to enjoy it."

Once reminded of the past, it was hard for the two ladies to return to the present. It was a rare treat to them to find such sympathetic listeners. Miss Anna brought forth one memory after another from her girlhood days, and Mrs. Steen, listening with evident enjoyment, put in

explanatory remarks, such as: "Anna was then sixteen, and, dear me, how light her hair used to be! When she was dressed for her first ball, it looked like a halo around her head. . . . That picture was taken in Paris; one can see this was a French dress; it is only in Paris they can do such things." She sighed and looked at Miss Anna's shabby dress, so much too loose for her.

Dr. and Mrs. Björck finally rose. "You have given us a delightful morning," he said. With many exclamations regretting their departure, Miss Anna led them out. In the hall Bruno started up and looked at them through the darkness.

"Oh, there is Bruno!" said Mrs. Björck. Miss Anna held him by the collar and looked at him with pride.

"Good-by, Miss Anna."

"Good-by, Mrs. Björck. I trust you will do us the honor of calling again," and she began smiling and bowing, never stopping until they disappeared at the turn of the stairs.

They walked for a while in silence, until Mrs. Björck looked up, the tears in her eyes. "Oh, Carl, think of that woman actually spending Easter-Sunday sitting on a bench looking at her old friends going out of town!"

"Never mind, dear," he said, smiling on her; "it made her happy."

Several months passed, and Mrs. Björck, with her many home duties, did not again find her way out to Miss Anna. In the summer she took her children to the seashore. In the fall, on one of those rainy, foggy days of which Copenhagen knows so many, she quite unexpectedly ran against Miss Anna. She had been out to Westbridge to look up a dressmaker, and as she was walking homeward she saw in front of a small penny shop a figure she dimly recognized. A black dress, not very clean, nor very whole around the bottom, was held up by two fingers encased in a shabby black glove, the little finger sticking out pretentiously, displaying a hole past mending.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Anna?" exclaimed Mrs. Björck.

Miss Anna turned quickly. "Oh, Mrs. Björck, I am delighted to see you! I was really quite lost in contemplation."

"Yes, I see you were," said Mrs. Björck, wondering what she could find to contemplate in a window that displayed pa-

per dolls, tin soldiers, and vividly colored chromos in brass frames.

"It is really extraordinary," said Miss Anna; "I was looking at this." She pointed to a chromo representing the head of a dog. "But perhaps you do not know; we have had the great sorrow of losing Bruno." This with a sad shaking of the head and a melancholy rolling of the eyes: poor Miss Anna's manners were growing more and more punctiliously genteel. "Yes, indeed, poor dear Bruno! Now the extraordinary part of it is this: that picture is Bruno; there is no mistaking it. And do you see the slip of paper attached? A piece of poetry! 'To our dear departed!' It is the most wonderfully touching thing I ever read; it speaks about his brown eyes—Bruno had brown eyes, you know—of how he used to lick one's hand—you know Bruno always did—and of how beseeching he looked at dinner, and that is Bruno over again. I always said if people only knew what a wonderful dog Bruno was, there would be written any number of books about him. It is evident he has not gone unheeded through this world." She looked longingly at the picture.

"Yes, it does look extremely like Bruno," said Mrs. Björck, rather at a loss what to say. She saw Miss Anna wanted the picture, and decided to go in immediately. So, looking at the tin soldiers, she suddenly recollected she must buy some for her little boy, and they went in. At one side of the shop was a little table on which were large buns and sugared cakes. Mrs. Björck bought the soldiers, and asked to look at the chromo, which was handed to her. She turned, and there stood Miss Anna, her eyes fastened on a large sugared bun with a look which Mrs. Björck had so far seen only in the eyes of very small hungry street boys. It struck her as so painful that she could hardly talk, but laying her hand gently on Miss Anna's arm, she called her attention to the picture.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Anna, enthusiastically, with one of her extravagantly sweet smiles.

"And, now, Miss Anna," said Mrs. Björck, "you would do me a great favor if you would allow me to make you a present of this, since it does look so much like Bruno."

"Oh, Mrs. Björck!" simpered Miss Anna.

"You really would," said Mrs. Björck,

earnestly, nodding to the shopkeeper to pack it.

"Mrs. Björck—" began Miss Anna. She was evidently trying to find the right words, but the tears of joy that rushed to her eyes spoke better.

"Oh, don't, please!" exclaimed Mrs. Björck, and turning to the side table she picked up the bun which had attracted Miss Anna's attention.

"These look like quite nice buns, suppose we each have one," she said, carrying them over to the desk to be wrapped up, and wondering what her husband would say if he found her guilty of buying pastry in a shop like this. Miss Anna's face was by this time radiant with joy; her eyes wandered from the bun to the chromo and back again to the bun with unfeigned delight. When they parted at the corner of the street she held her treasures in one arm, with the other hand still daintily holding up her skirt.

"Mrs. Björck," she said, with her choicest society smile, "my gratitude is greater than my vocabulary."

On reaching home Mrs. Björck went straight to the nursery, where her little girl, daintily dressed, sat eating her supper. She felt vaguely as if she hardly had a right to enjoy so many comforts, the contrast was so painful when she thought of Miss Anna—her poor clothes and grand manners, her absolute conviction of Bruno's glorification in verse, and the hungry childish look which had rested on the sugared bun.

The following winter old Mrs. Steen died, and Miss Anna was left without a home, or a soul that claimed her. Dr. and Mrs. Björck, who thought and talked much of the matter, finally succeeded in finding a quiet parsonage in the country, where they were willing to take the poor girl for a small consideration. She staid there for a year, and then in the spring the doctor received a note from the pastor saying that he and his wife were afraid they would not be able to keep Miss Anna any longer. She was growing too peculiar; the children were puzzled by her, and for their sake a change seemed necessary. She had asserted lately that the exposition about to be held in Copenhagen was built with her money, and talked with much condescension of the grandeur of the past.

The doctor went down to see her, and

the following month took her to an insane asylum a little way outside of Copenhagen. His wife, full of pity for the poor woman, shortly after went down to call on her.

"Miss Anna," she said, as she was leaving her, holding her hand for farewell, "I want to send you a little something, now will you tell me what it shall be? I can't do overmuch for you," she added, with a smile, "but if there is any little wish of yours which you will tell me—"

Miss Anna blushed, and smoothed her checked hospital apron. "Really, Mrs. Björck," she smiled, "you are much too good—I am almost afraid of asking—if it would not be too much—" She looked up, blushing still.

"Well?" said Mrs. Björck, encouragingly.

"Well, if you *would* give me a toothbrush—" She bowed her head in her usual way, looking up with one of her simpering smiles. "You know it *is* a little trying sometimes not to have your own, and we have only four in our room. Of course we do manage very well, but if it would not be too much to ask for—"

"Yet she is happy, she is happy," said Mrs. Björck to herself over and over again on her way home.

The following day was one of excitement and joy for Miss Anna. She was walking in the garden when one of the doctors called to her that the postman had left a package for her. She turned quickly and walked toward the house with an air of importance, heightened as she felt that all eyes were upon her. On the door-step the doctor handed her a box, and the other patients flocked around her, excited and curious. She tried to look as if this were an every-day occurrence, but her hand shook as she turned the key. When her delighted eyes rested on a full toilet set, she forgot all pretence of dignity and hugged the box, looking about her as if fearing they would tear it from her.

"Let them have a look, Miss Anna," the doctor said; "I will take care they shall not harm it." She put it down hesitatingly, keeping one hand on it while they all crowded around it.

"Yes," said one little woman with a patient face, who had only come recently, "that is what they use outside in the world."

THE PRINCESS ALINE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Part III.

"YOU are coming now, Miss Morris," exclaimed Carlton from the front of the carriage in which they were moving along the sunny road to Athens, "into a land where one restores his lost illusions. Anybody who wishes to get back his belief in beautiful things should come here to do it, just as he would go to a German sanitarium to build up his nerves or his appetite. You have only to drink in the atmosphere and you are cured. I know no better antidote than Athens for a siege of cable-cars and muddy asphalt pavements and a course of *Robert Elsmeres* and the *Heavenly Twins*. Wait until you see the statues of the young athletes in the Museum," he cried, enthusiastically, "and get a glimpse of the blue sky back of Mount Hymettus, and the moonlight some evening on the Acropolis, and you'll be convinced that nothing counts for much in this world but health and straight limbs and tall marble pillars, and eyes trained to see only what is beautiful. Give people a love for beauty and a respect for health, Miss Morris, and the result is going to be, what they once had here, the best art and the greatest writers and satirists and poets. The same audience that applauded Euripides and Sophocles in the open theatre used to cross the road the same day to applaud the athletes who ran naked in the Olympian games, and gave them as great honor. I came here once on a walking tour with a chap who wasn't making as much of himself as he should have done, and he went away a changed man, and became a personage in the world, and you would never guess what it was that did it. He saw a statue of one of the Greek gods in the Museum which showed certain muscles that he couldn't find in his own body, and he told me he was going to train down until they did show; and he stopped drinking and loafing to do it, and took to exercising and working, and by the time the muscles showed out clear and strong he was so keen over life that he wanted to make the most of it, and, as I said, he has done it. That's what a respect for his own body did for him."

The carriage stopped at the hotel on

one side of the public square of Athens, with the palace and its gardens blocking one end, and yellow houses with red roofs and gay awnings over the cafés surrounding it. It was a bright sunny day, and the city was clean and cool and pretty.

"Breakfast?" exclaimed Miss Morris in answer to Carlton's inquiry; "yes, I suppose so, but I won't feel safe until I have my feet on that rock." She was standing on the steps of the hotel, looking up with expectant, eager eyes at the great Acropolis above the city.

"It has been there for a long time now," suggested Carlton, "and I think you can risk its being there for a half-hour longer."

"Well," she said, reluctantly, "but I don't wish to lose this chance. There might be an earthquake, for instance."

"We are likely to see *them* this morning," said Carlton, as he left the hotel with the ladies and drove towards the Acropolis. "Nolan has been interviewing the English maid, and she tells him they spend the greater part of their time up there on the rock. They are living very simply here, as they did in Paris; that is, for the present. On Wednesday the King gives a dinner and a reception in their honor."

"When does your dinner come off?" asked Miss Morris.

"Never," said Carlton, grimly.

"One of the reasons why I like to come back to Athens so much," said Mrs. Downs, "is because there are so few other tourists here to spoil the local color for you, and there are almost as few guides as tourists, so that you can wander around undisturbed and discover things for yourself. They don't label every fallen column, and place fences around the temples. They seem to put you on your good behavior. Then I always like to go to a place where you are as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to you. It seems to excuse your staring about you."

"A curiosity!" exclaimed Carlton; "I should say so! The last time I was here I tried to wear a pair of knickerbockers around the city, and the people stared so

that I had to go back to the hotel and change them. I shouldn't have minded it so much in any other country, but I thought men who wore Jaeger under-clothing and women's petticoats for a national costume might have excused so slight an eccentricity as knickerbockers. *They* had no right to throw the first stone."

The rock upon which the temples of the Acropolis are built is more of a hill than a rock. It is much steeper upon one side than the other, with a sheer fall a hundred yards broad; on the opposite side there are the rooms of the Hospital of Æsculapius and the theatres of Dionysus and Herodes Atticus. The top of the rock holds the Parthenon and the other smaller temples, or what yet remains of them, and its surface is littered with broken marble and stones and pieces of rock. The top is so closely built over that the few tourists who visit it can imagine themselves its sole occupants for a half-hour at a time. When Carlton and his friends arrived, the place appeared quite deserted. They left the carriage at the base of the rock, and climbed up to the entrance on foot.

"Now, before I go on to the Parthenon," said Miss Morris, "I want to walk around the sides, and see what is there. I shall begin with that theatre to the left, and I warn you that I mean to take my time about it. So you people who have been here before can run along by yourselves, but I mean to enjoy it leisurely. I am safe by myself here, am I not?" she asked.

"As safe as though you were in the Metropolitan Museum," said Carlton, as he and Mrs. Downs followed Miss Morris along the side of the hill toward the ruined theatre of Herodes, and stood at its top, looking down into the basin below. From their feet ran a great semicircle of marble seats, descending tier below tier to a marble pavement, and facing a great ruined wall of pillars and arches which in the past had formed the background for the actors. From the height on which they stood above the city they could see the green country stretching out for miles on every side and swimming in the warm sunlight, the dark groves of myrtle on the hills, the silver ribbon of the inland water, and the dark blue Ægean Sea. The bleating of sheep and the tinkling of the bells came up to them from

the pastures below, and they imagined they could hear the shepherds piping to their flocks from one little hill-top to another.

"The country is not much changed," said Carlton. "And when you stand where we are now, you can imagine that you see the procession winding its way over the road to the Eleusinian Mysteries, with the gilded chariots, and the children carrying garlands, and the priestesses leading the bulls for the sacrifice."

"What can we imagine is going on here?" said Miss Morris, pointing with her parasol to the theatre below.

"Oh, this is much later," said Carlton. "This was built by the Romans. They used to act and to hold their public meetings here. This corresponds to the top row of our gallery, and you can imagine that you are looking down on the bent backs of hundreds of bald-headed men in white robes, listening to the speakers strutting about below there."

"I wonder how much they could hear from this height?" said Mrs. Downs.

"Well, they had that big wall for a sounding-board, and the air is so soft here that their voices should have carried easily, and I believe they wore masks with mouth-pieces, that conveyed the sound like a fireman's trumpet. If you like, I will run down there and call up to you, and you can hear how it sounded. I will speak in my natural voice first, and if that doesn't reach you, wave your parasol, and I will try it a little louder."

"Oh, do!" said Miss Morris. "It will be very good of you. I should like to hear a real speech in the theatre of Herodes," she said, as she seated herself on the edge of the marble crater.

"I'll have to speak in English," said Carlton, as he disappeared; "my Greek isn't good enough to carry that far."

Mrs. Downs seated herself beside her niece, and Carlton began scrambling down the side of the amphitheatre. The marble benches were broken in parts, and where they were perfect were covered with a fine layer of moss as smooth and soft as green velvet, so that Carlton, when he was not laboriously feeling for his next foothold with the toe of his boot, was engaged in picking spring flowers from the beds of moss and sticking them, for safe-keeping, in his button-hole. He was several minutes in making the descent, and so busily occupied in doing it that he did

not look up until he had reached the level of the ground, and jumped lightly from the first row of seats to the stage, covered with moss, which lay like a heavy rug over the marble pavement. When he did look up he saw a tableau that made his heart, which was beating quickly from the exertion of the descent, stand still with consternation. The Hohenwalds had, in his short absence, descended from the entrance of the Acropolis, and had stopped on their way to the road below to look into the cool green and white basin of the theatre. At the moment Carlton looked up the Duke was standing in front of Mrs. Downs and Miss Morris, and all of the men had their hats off. Then, in pantomime, and silhouetted against the blue sky behind them, Carlton saw the Princesses advance beside their brother, and Mrs. Downs and her niece courtesied three times, and then the whole party faced about in a line and looked down at him. The meaning of the tableau was only too plain.

"Good heavens!" gasped Carlton. "Everybody's getting introduced to everybody else, and I've missed the whole thing! If they think I'm going to stay down here and amuse them, and miss all the fun myself, they are greatly mistaken." He made a mad rush for the front first row of seats; but there was a cry of remonstrance from above, and looking up, he saw all of the men waving him back.

"Speech!" cried the young English captain, applauding loudly, as though welcoming an actor on his first entrance. "Hats off!" he cried. "Down in front! Speech!"

"Confound that ass!" said Carlton, dropping back to the marble pavement again, and gazing impotently up at the row of figures outlined against the sky. "I must look like a bear in the bear-pit at the Zoo," he growled. "They'll be throwing buns to me next." He could see the two elder sisters talking to Mrs. Downs, who was evidently explaining his purpose in going down to the stage of the theatre, and he could see the Princess Aline bending forward, with both hands on her parasol, and smiling. The captain made a trumpet of his hands and asked why he didn't begin.

"Hello! how are you?" Carlton called back, waving his hat at him in some embarrassment. "I wonder if I look as much like a fool as I feel?" he muttered.

"What did you say? We can't hear you," answered the captain.

"Louder! louder!" called the equerries. Carlton swore at them under his breath, and turned and gazed round the hole in which he was penned in order to make them believe that he had given up the idea of making a speech, or had ever intended doing so. He tried to think of something clever to shout back at them, and rejected "Ye men of Athens" as being too flippant, and "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," as requiring too much effort. When he looked up again the Hohenwalds were moving on their way, and as he started once more to scale the side of the theatre the Duke waved his hand at him in farewell, and gave another hand to his sisters, who disappeared with him behind the edge of the upper row of seats. Carlton turned at once and dropped into one of the marble chairs and bowed his head. When he did reach the top Miss Morris held out a sympathetic hand to him and shook her head sadly, but he could see that she was pressing her lips tightly together to keep from smiling.

"Oh, it's all very funny for you," he said, refusing her hand. "I don't believe you are in love with anybody. You don't know what it means."

They revisited the rock on the next day and on the day after, and then left Athens for an inland excursion to stay overnight. Miss Morris returned from it with the sense of having done her duty once, and by so doing having earned the right to act as she pleased in the future. What she best pleased to do was to wander about over the broad top of the Acropolis, with no serious intent of studying its historical values, but rather, as she explained it, for the simple satisfaction of feeling that she was there. She liked to stand on the edge of the low wall along its top and look out over the picture of sea and plain and mountains that lay below her. The sun shone brightly, and the wind swept by them as though they were on the bridge of an ocean steamer, and there was the added invigorating sense of pleasure that comes to us when we stand on a great height. Carlton was sitting at her feet, shielded from the wind by a fallen column, and gazing up at her with critical approval.

"You look like a sort of a 'Winged Victory' up there," he said, "with the

wind blowing your skirts about and your hair coming down."

"I don't remember that the 'Winged Victory' has any hair to blow about," suggested Miss Morris.

"I'd like to paint you," continued Carlton, "just as you are standing now, only I would put you in a Greek dress; and you could stand a Greek dress better than almost any one I know. I would paint you with your head up and one hand shielding your eyes, and the other pressed against your breast. It would be stunning." He spoke enthusiastically, but in quite an impersonal tone, as though he were discussing the posing of a model.

Miss Morris jumped down from the low wall on which she had been standing, and said, simply, "Of course I should like to have you paint me very much."

Mrs. Downs looked up with interest to see if Mr. Carlton was serious.

"When?" said Carlton, vaguely. "Oh, I don't know. Of course this is entirely too nice to last, and you will be going home soon, and then when I do get back to the States you will—you will have other things to do."

"Yes," repeated Miss Morris, "I shall have something else to do besides gazing out at the *Ægean Sea*." She raised her head and looked across the rock for a moment with some interest. Her eyes, which had grown wistful, lighted again with amusement. "Here are your friends," she said, smiling.

"No!" exclaimed Carlton, scrambling to his feet.

"Yes," said Miss Morris. "The Duke has seen us, and is coming over here."

When Carlton had gained his feet and turned to look his friends had separated in different directions, and were strolling about alone or in pairs among the great columns of the Parthenon. But the Duke came directly towards them, and seated himself on a low block of marble in front of the two ladies. After a word or two about the beauties of the place, he asked if they would go to the reception which the King gave to him on the day following. They answered that they should like to come very much, and the Duke expressed his satisfaction, and said that he would see that the chamberlain sent them invitations. "And you, Mr. Carlton, you will come also, I hope. I wish you to be presented to my sisters. They are

only amateurs in art, but they are great admirers of your work, and they have rebuked me for not having already presented you. We were all disappointed," he continued, courteously, "at not having you to dine with us that night in Constantinople, but now I trust I shall see something of you here. You must tell us what we are to admire."

"That is very easy," said Carlton. "Everything."

"You are quite right," said the Duke, bowing to the ladies as he moved away. "It is all very beautiful."

"Well, now you certainly will meet her," said Miss Morris.

"Oh no, I won't," said Carlton, with resignation. "I have had two chances and lost them, and I'll miss this one too."

"Well, there is a chance you shouldn't miss," said Miss Morris, pointing and nodding her head. "There she is now, and all alone. She's sketching, isn't she, or taking notes. What is she doing?"

Carlton looked eagerly in the direction Miss Morris had signified, and saw the Princess Aline sitting at some distance from them, with a book on her lap. She glanced up from this now and again to look at something ahead of her, and was apparently deeply absorbed in her occupation.

"There is your opportunity," said Mrs. Downs; "and we are going back to the hotel. Shall we see you at luncheon?"

"Yes," said Carlton, "unless I get a position as drawing-master; in that case I shall be here teaching the three amateurs in art. Do you think I can do it?" he asked Miss Morris.

"Decidedly," she answered. "I have found you a most educational young person."

They went away together, and Carlton moved cautiously towards the spot where the Princess was sitting. He made a long and roundabout *détour* as he did so, in order to keep himself behind her. He did not mean to come so near that she would see him, but he took a certain satisfaction in looking at her when she was alone, though her loneliness was only a matter of the moment, and though he knew that her people were within a hundred yards of her. He was in consequence somewhat annoyed and surprised to see another young man dodging in and out among the pillars of the Parthenon immediate-



"AND ALL ALONE."

ly ahead of him, and to find that this young man also had his attention centred on the young girl, who sat unconsciously sketching in the foreground.

"Now what the devil can he want?" muttered Carlton, his imagination taking alarm at once. "If it would only prove to be some one who meant harm to her," he thought—"a brigand, or a beggar, who might be obligingly insolent, or even a tipsy man, what a chance it would afford for heroic action!"

With this hope he moved forward quickly but silently, hoping that the stranger might prove even to be an anarchist with a grudge against royalty. And as he advanced he had the satisfaction of seeing the Princess glance over her shoulder, and observing the man, rise and walk quickly away towards the edge of the rock. There she seated herself with her face towards the city, and with her back firmly set against her pursuer.

"He *is* annoying her!" exclaimed Carlton, delightedly, as he hurried forward. "It looks as though my chance had come at last." But as he approached the

stranger he saw, to his great disappointment, that he had nothing more serious to deal with than one of the international army of amateur photographers, who had been stalking the Princess as a hunter follows an elk, or as he would have stalked a race-horse or a prominent politician, or a Lord Mayor's show, everything being fish that came within the focus of his camera. A helpless statue and an equally helpless young girl were both good subjects and at his mercy. He was bending over, with an anxious expression of countenance, and focussing his camera on the back of the Princess Aline, when Carlton approached from the rear. As the young man put his finger on the button of the camera, Carlton jogged his arm with his elbow, and pushed the enthusiastic tourist to one side.

"I say," exclaimed that individual, "look where you're going, will you? You spoiled that plate."

"I'll spoil your camera if you annoy that young lady any longer," said Carlton, in a low voice.

The photographer was rapidly rewind-

ing his roll, and the fire of pursuit was still in his eye.

"She's a Princess," he explained, in an excited whisper.

"Well," said Carlton, "even a Princess is entitled to some consideration. Besides," he said, in a more amicable tone, "you haven't a permit to photograph on the Acropolis. You know you haven't." Carlton was quite sure of this, because there were no such permits.

The amateur looked up in some dismay. "I didn't know you had to have them," he said. "Where can I get one?"

"The King may give you one," said Carlton. "He lives at the palace. If they catch you up here without a license, they will confiscate your camera and lock you up. You had better vanish before they see you."

"Thank you. I will," said the tourist, anxiously.

"Now," thought Carlton, smiling pleasantly, "when he goes to the palace with that box and asks for a permit, they'll think he is either a dynamiter or a crank, and before they are through with him his interest in photography will have sustained a severe shock."

As Carlton turned from watching the rapid flight of the photographer, he observed that the Princess had remarked it also, as she had no doubt been a witness of what had passed, even if she had not overheard all that had been said. She rose from her enforced position of refuge with a look of relief, and came directly towards Carlton along the rough path that led through the debris on the top of the Acropolis. Carlton had thought, as he watched her sitting on the wall, with her chin resting on her hand, that she would make a beautiful companion picture to the one he had wished to paint of Miss Morris—the one girl standing upright, looking fearlessly out to sea, on the top of the low wall, with the wind blowing her skirts about her, and her hair tumbled in the breeze, and the other seated, bending intently forward, as though watching for the return of a long-delayed vessel; a beautifully sad face, fine and delicate and noble, the face of a girl on the figure of a woman. And when she rose he made no effort to move away, or, indeed, to pretend not to have seen her, but stood looking at her as though he had the right to do so, and as though she must know he had that right. As she

came towards him the Princess Aline did not stop, nor even shorten her steps; but as she passed opposite to him she bowed her thanks with a sweet impersonal smile and a dropping of the eyes, and continued steadily on her way.

Carlton stood for some short time looking after her, with his hat still at his side. She seemed farther from him at that moment than she had ever been before, although she had for the first time recognized him. But he knew that it was only as a human being that she had recognized him. He put on his hat, and sat down on a rock with his elbows on his knees, and filled his pipe.

"If that had been any other girl," he thought, "I would have gone up to her and said, 'Was that man annoying you?' and she would have said, 'Yes; thank you,' or something; and I would have walked along with her until we had come up to her friends, and she would have told them I had been of some slight service to her, and they would have introduced us, and all would have gone well. But because she is a Princess she cannot be approached in that way. At least she does not think so, and I have to act as she has been told I should act, and not as I think I should. After all, she is only a very beautiful girl, and she must be very tired of her cousins and grandmothers, and of not being allowed to see any one else. These royalties make a very picturesque show for the rest of us, but indeed it seems rather hard on them. A hundred years from now there will be no more kings and queens, and the writers of that day will envy us, just as the writers of this day envy the men who wrote of chivalry and tournaments, and they will have to choose their heroes from bank presidents, and their heroines from lady lawyers and girl politicians and type-writers. What a stupid world it will be then!"

The next day brought the reception to the Hohenwalds; and Carlton, entering the reading-room of the hotel on the same afternoon, found Miss Morris and her aunt there together taking tea. They both looked at him with expressions of such genuine commiseration that he stopped just as he was going to seat himself and eyed them defiantly.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that this has fallen through too!"

Miss Morris nodded her head silently.

Carlton dropped into the chair beside them, and folded his arms with a frown of grim resignation. "What is it?" he asked. "Have they postponed the reception?"

"No," Miss Morris said; "but the Princess Aline will not be there."

"Of course not," said Carlton, calmly, "of course not. May I ask why? I knew that she wouldn't be there, but I may possibly be allowed to express some curiosity."

"She turned her ankle on one of the loose stones on the Acropolis this afternoon," said Miss Morris, "and sprained it so badly that they had to carry her—"

"Who carried her?" Carlton demanded, fiercely.

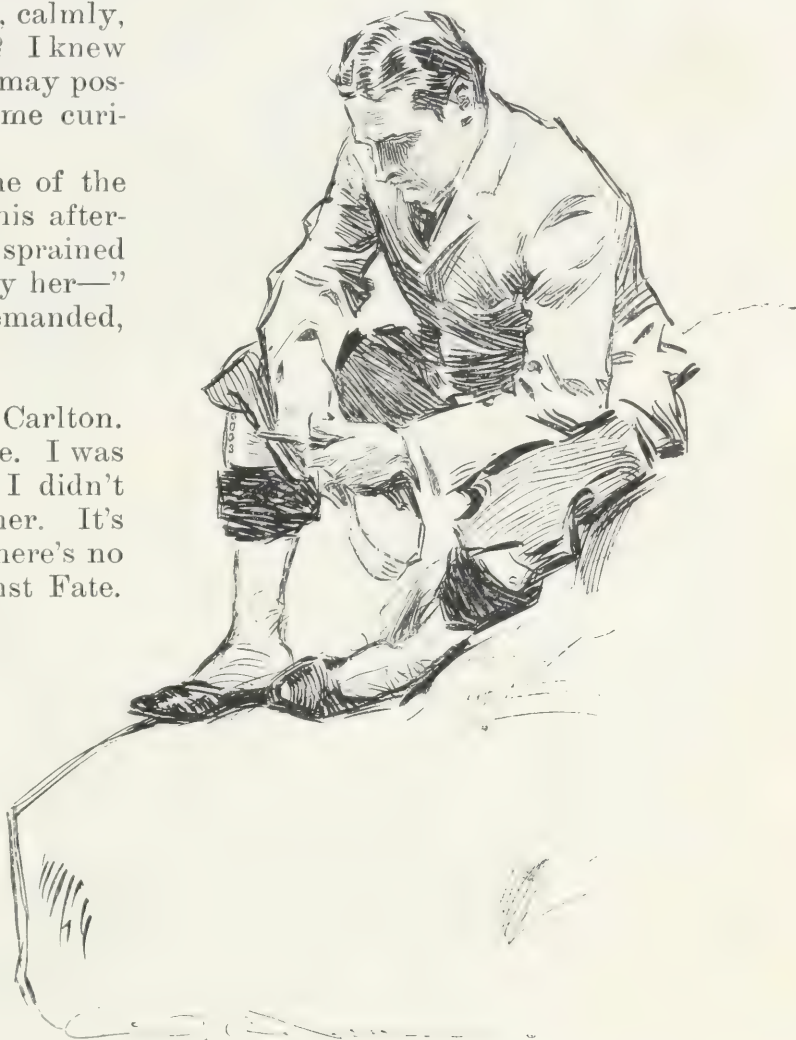
"Some of her servants."

"Of course, of course!" cried Carlton. "That's the way it always will be. I was there the whole afternoon, and I didn't see her. I wasn't there to help her. It's Fate, that's what it is—Fate! There's no use in my trying to fight against Fate. Still," he added, anxiously, with a sudden access of hope, "she may be well by this evening."

"I hardly think she will," said Miss Morris, "but we will trust so."

The King's palace and gardens stretch along one end of the public park, and are but just across the street from the hotel where the Hohenwalds and the Americans were staying. As the hotel was the first building on the left of the square, Carlton could see from his windows the illuminations, and the guards of honor, and the carriages arriving and departing, and the citizens of Athens crowding the parks and peering through the iron rails into the King's garden. It was a warm night, and lighted grandly by a full moon that showed the Acropolis in silhouette against the sky, and gave a strangely theatrical look to the yellow house fronts and red roofs of the town. Every window in the broad front of the palace was illuminated, and through the open doors came the sound of music, and one without could see rows of tall servants in the King's blue and white livery, and the men of his guard in their white petticoats and black

and white jackets and red caps. Carlton pulled a light coat over his evening dress, and, with an agitation he could hardly explain, walked across the street and entered the palace. The line of royalties



"IF THAT HAD BEEN ANY OTHER GIRL."

had broken by the time he reached the ballroom, and the not over-severe etiquette of the Greek court left him free, after a bow to those who still waited to receive it, to move about as he pleased. His most earnest desire was to learn whether or not the Princess Aline was present, and with that end he clutched the English adjutant as that gentleman was hurrying past him, and asked eagerly if the Princess had recovered from her accident.

"No," said the officer; "she's able to walk about, but not to stand, and sit out a dinner, and dance, and all this sort of thing. Too bad, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Carlton, "very bad." He

released his hand from the other's arm, and dropped back among the men grouped about the doorway. His disappointment was very keen. Indeed, he had not known how much this meeting with the Princess had meant to him until he experienced this disappointment, which was succeeded by a wish to find Miss Morris, and have her sympathize and laugh with him. He became conscious, as he searched with growing impatience the faces of those passing and repassing before him, of how much the habit of going to Miss Morris for sympathy in his unlucky love-affair had grown of late upon him. He wondered what he would have done in his travels without her, and whether he should have had the interest to carry on his pursuit had she not been there to urge him on, and to mock at him when he grew faint-hearted.

But when he finally did discover her he stood quite still, and for an instant doubted if it were she. The girl he saw seemed to be a more beautiful sister of the Miss Morris he knew—a taller, fairer, and more radiant personage; and he feared that it was not she, until he remembered that this was the first time he had ever seen her with her hair dressed high upon her head, and in the more distinguished accessories of a décolleté gown and train. Miss Morris had her hand on the arm of one of the equerries, who was battling good-naturedly with the crowd, and trying to draw her away from two persistent youths in diplomatic uniform who were laughing and pressing forward in close pursuit on the other side. Carlton approached her with a certain feeling of diffidence, which was most unusual to him, and asked if she were dancing.

"Mr. Carlton shall decide for me," Miss Morris said, dropping the equerry's arm and standing beside the American. "I have promised all of these gentlemen," she explained, "to dance with them, and now they won't agree as to which is to dance first. They've wasted half this waltz already in discussing it, and they make it much more difficult by saying that no matter how I decide, they will fight duels with the one I choose, which is most unpleasant for me."

"Most unpleasant for the gentleman you choose, too," suggested Carlton.

"So," continued Miss Morris, "I have decided to leave it to you."

"Well, if I am to arbitrate between the

powers," said Carlton, with a glance at the three uniforms, "my decision is that as they insist on fighting duels in any event, you had better dance with me until they have settled it between them, and then the survivor can have the next dance."

"That's a very good idea," said Miss Morris; and taking Carlton's arm, she bowed to the three men and drew away.

"Mr. Carlton," said the equerry, with a bow, "has added another argument in favor of maintaining standing armies, and of not submitting questions to arbitration."

"Let's get out of this," said Carlton. "You don't want to dance, do you? Let us go where it's cool."

He led her down the stairs, and out on to the terrace. They did not speak again until they had left it, and were walking under the trees in the Queen's garden. He had noticed as they made their way through the crowd how the men and women turned to look at her and made way for her, and how utterly unconscious she was of their doing so, with that unconsciousness which comes from familiarity with such discrimination, and Carlton himself held his head a little higher with the pride and pleasure the thought gave him that he was in such friendly sympathy with so beautiful a creature. He stopped before a low stone bench that stood on the edge of the path, surrounded by a screen of tropical trees, and guarded by a marble statue. They were in deep shadow themselves, but the moonlight fell on the path at their feet, and through the trees on the other side of the path they could see the open terrace of the palace, with the dancers moving in and out of the lighted windows. The splash of a fountain came from some short distance behind them, and from time to time they heard the strains of a regimental band alternating with the softer strains of a waltz played by a group of Hungarian musicians. For a moment neither of them spoke, but sat watching the white dresses of the women and the uniforms of the men moving in and out among the trees, lighted by the lanterns hanging from the branches, and the white mist of the moon.

"Do you know," said Carlton, "I'm rather afraid of you to-night!" He paused, and watched her for a little time as she sat upright with her hands folded on her lap.



IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN.

"You are so very resplendent and queenly and altogether different," he added. The girl moved her bare shoulders slightly and leaned back against the bench.

"The Princess did not come," she said.

"No," Carlton answered, with a sudden twinge of conscience at having forgotten that fact. "That's one of the reasons I took you away from those men," he explained. "I wanted you to sympathize with me."

Miss Morris did not answer him at once. She did not seem to be in a sympathetic mood. Her manner suggested rather that she was tired and troubled.

"I need sympathy myself to-night,"

she said. "We received a letter after dinner that brought bad news for us. We must go home at once."

"Bad news!" exclaimed Carlton, with much concern. "From home?"

"Yes, from home," she replied; "but there is nothing wrong there; it is only bad news for us. My sister has decided to be married in June instead of July, and that cuts us out of a month on the Continent. That's all. We shall have to leave immediately—to-morrow. It seems that Mr. Abbey is able to go away sooner than he had hoped, and they are to be married on the first."

"Mr. Abbey!" exclaimed Carlton, catch-

ing at the name. "But your sister isn't going to marry him, is she?"

Miss Morris turned her head in some surprise. "Yes—why not?" she said.

"But I say!" cried Carlton, "I thought—your aunt told me that *you* were going to marry Abbey; she told me so that day on the steamer when he came to see you off."

"I marry him—my aunt told you—impossible!" said Miss Morris, smiling. "She probably said that 'her niece' was going to marry him; she meant my sister. They had been engaged some time."

"Then who are *you* going to marry?" stammered Carlton.

"I am not going to marry any one," said Miss Morris.

Carlton stared at her blankly in amazement. "Well, that's most absurd!" he exclaimed.

He recognized instantly that the expression was hardly adequate, but he could not readjust his mind so suddenly to the new idea, and he remained looking at her with many confused memories rushing through his brain. A dozen questions were on his tongue. He remembered afterwards how he had noticed a servant trimming the candle in one of the orange-colored lanterns, and that he had watched him as he disappeared among the palms.

The silence lasted for so long a time that it had taken on a significance in itself which Carlton recognized. He pulled himself up with a short laugh. "Well," he remonstrated, mirthlessly, "I don't think you've treated *me* very well."

"How, not treated you very well?" Miss Morris asked, settling herself more easily. She had been sitting during the pause which followed Carlton's discovery with a certain rigidity, as if she was on a strain of attention. But her tone was now as friendly as always, and held its customary suggestion of amusement. Carlton took his tone from it, although his mind was still busily occupied with incidents and words of hers that she had spoken in their past intercourse.

"Not fair in letting me think you were engaged," he said. "I've wasted so much time: I'm not half civil enough to engaged girls," he explained.

"You've been quite civil enough to us," said Miss Morris, "as a courier, philosopher, and friend. I'm very sorry we have to part company."

"Part company!" exclaimed Carlton,

in sudden alarm. "But, I say, we mustn't do that."

"But we must, you see," said Miss Morris. "We must go back for the wedding, and you have to follow the Princess Aline."

"Yes, of course," Carlton heard his own voice say. "I had forgotten the Princess Aline." But he was not thinking of what he was saying, nor of the Princess Aline. He was thinking of the many hours Miss Morris and he had been together, of the way she had looked at certain times, and of how he had caught himself watching her at others; how he had pictured the absent Mr. Abbey travelling with her later over the same route, and without a chaperon, sitting close at her side or holding her hand, and telling her just how pretty she was whenever he wished to do so, and without any fear of the consequences. He remembered how ready she had been to understand what he was going to say before he had finished saying it, and how she had always made him show the best of himself, and had caused him to leave unsaid many things that became common and unworthy when considered in the light of her judgment. He recalled how impatient he had been when she was late at dinner, and how cross he was throughout one whole day when she had kept her room. He felt with a sudden shock of delightful fear that he had grown to depend upon her, that she was the best companion he had ever known; and he remembered moments when they had been alone together at the table, or in some old palace, or during a long walk, when they had seemed to have the whole world entirely to themselves, and how he had consoled himself at such times with the thought that no matter how long she might be Abbey's wife, there had been these moments in her life which were his, with which Abbey had had nothing to do.

Carlton turned and looked at her with strange wide-open eyes, as though he saw her for the first time. He felt so sure of himself and of his love for her that the happiness of it made him tremble, and the thought that if he spoke she might answer him in the old friendly mocking tone of good-fellowship filled him with alarm. At that moment it seemed to Carlton that the most natural thing in the world for them to do would be to go back again together over the road they had come, seeing everything in the

new light of his love for her, and so travel on and on forever over the world, learning to love each other more and more each succeeding day, and leaving the rest of the universe to move along without them.

He leaned forward with his arm along the back of the bench, and bent his face towards hers. Her hand lay at her side, and his own closed over it, but the shock that the touch of her fingers gave him stopped and confused the words upon his tongue. He looked strangely at her, and could not find the speech he needed.

Miss Morris gave his hand a firm friendly little pressure and drew her own away, as if he had taken hers only in an exuberance of good feeling.

"You have been very nice to us," she said, with an effort to make her tone sound kindly and approving. "And we—"

"You mustn't go; I can't let you go," said Carlton, hoarsely. There was no mistaking his tone or his earnestness now. "If you go," he went on, breathlessly, "I must go with you."

The girl moved restlessly; she leaned forward, and drew in her breath with a slight nervous tremor. Then she turned and faced him, almost as though she were afraid of him or of herself, and they sat so for an instant in silence. The air seemed to have grown close and heavy, and Carlton saw her dimly. In the silence he heard the splash of the fountain behind them, and the rustling of the leaves in the night wind, and the low sighing murmur of a waltz.

He raised his head to listen, and she saw in the moonlight that he was smiling. It was as though he wished to delay any answer she might make to his last words.

"That is the waltz," he said, still speaking in a whisper, "that the gypsies played that night—" He stopped, and Miss Morris answered him by bending her head slowly in assent. It seemed to be an effort for her to even make that slight gesture.

"You don't remember it," said Carlton. "It meant nothing to you. I mean that night on the steamer when I told you what love meant to other people. What a fool I was!" he said, with an uncertain laugh.

"Yes, I remember it," she said—"last Thursday night, on the steamer."

"Thursday night!" exclaimed Carlton, indignantly. "Wednesday night, Tuesday night, how should I know what night

of the week it was? It was the night of my life to me. That night I knew that I loved you as I had never hoped to care for any one in this world. When I told you that I did not know what love meant I felt all the time that I was lying. I knew that I loved you, and that I could never love any one else, and that I had never loved any one before; and if I had thought then you could care for me, your engagement or your promises would never have stopped my telling you so. You said that night that I would learn to love all the better, and more truly, for having doubted myself so long, and, oh, Edith," he cried, taking both her hands and holding them close in his own, "I cannot let you go now! I love you so! Don't laugh at me; don't mock at me. All the rest of my life depends on you."

And then Miss Morris laughed softly, just as he had begged her not to do, but her laughter was so full of happiness, and came so gently and sweetly, and spoke so truly of content, that though he let go of her hands with one of his, it was only that he might draw her to him, until her face touched his, and she felt the strength of his arm as he held her against his breast.

The Hohenwalds occupied the suite of rooms on the first floor of the hotel, with the privilege of using the broad balcony that reached out from it over the front entrance. And at the time when Mrs. Downs and Edith Morris and Carlton drove up to the hotel from the ball, the Princess Aline was leaning over the balcony and watching the lights go out in the upper part of the house, and the moonlight as it fell on the trees and statues in the public park below. Her foot was still in bandages, and she was wrapped in a long cloak to keep her from the cold. Inside of the open windows that led out on to the balcony her sisters were taking off their ornaments, and discussing the incidents of the night just over.

The Princess Aline, unnoticed by those below, saw Carlton help Mrs. Downs to alight from the carriage, and then give his hand to another muffled figure that followed her; and while Mrs. Downs was ascending the steps, and before the second muffled figure had left the shadow of the carriage and stepped into the moonlight, the Princess Aline saw Carlton draw her suddenly back and kiss her lightly on the cheek, and heard a protesting gasp, and



"INTO THE STREET BELOW."

saw Miss Morris pull her cloak over her head and run up the steps. Then she saw Carlton shake hands with them, and stand for a moment after they had disappeared, gazing up at the moon and fumbling in the pockets of his coat. He drew out a cigar-case and leisurely selected a cigar, and with much apparent content lighted it, and then, with his head thrown back and his chest expanded, as though he were challenging the world, he strolled across the street and disappeared among the shadows of the deserted park.

The Princess walked back to one of the open windows, and stood there leaning against the side. "That young Mr. Carl-

ton, the artist," she said to her sisters, "is engaged to that beautiful American girl we met the other day."

"Really!" said the elder sister. "I thought it was probable. Who told you?"

"I saw him kiss her good-night," said the Princess, stepping into the window, "as they got out of their carriage just now."

The Princess Aline stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at the floor, and then walked across the room to a little writing-desk. She unlocked a drawer in this and took from it two slips of paper, which she folded in her hand. Then she returned slowly across the room, and stepped out again on to the balcony.

One of the pieces of paper held the picture Carlton had drawn of her, and under which he had written: "This is she. Do you wonder I travelled four thousand miles to see her?" And the other was the picture of Carlton himself, which she had cut out of the catalogue of the Salon.

From the edge of the balcony where the Princess stood she could see the glimmer of

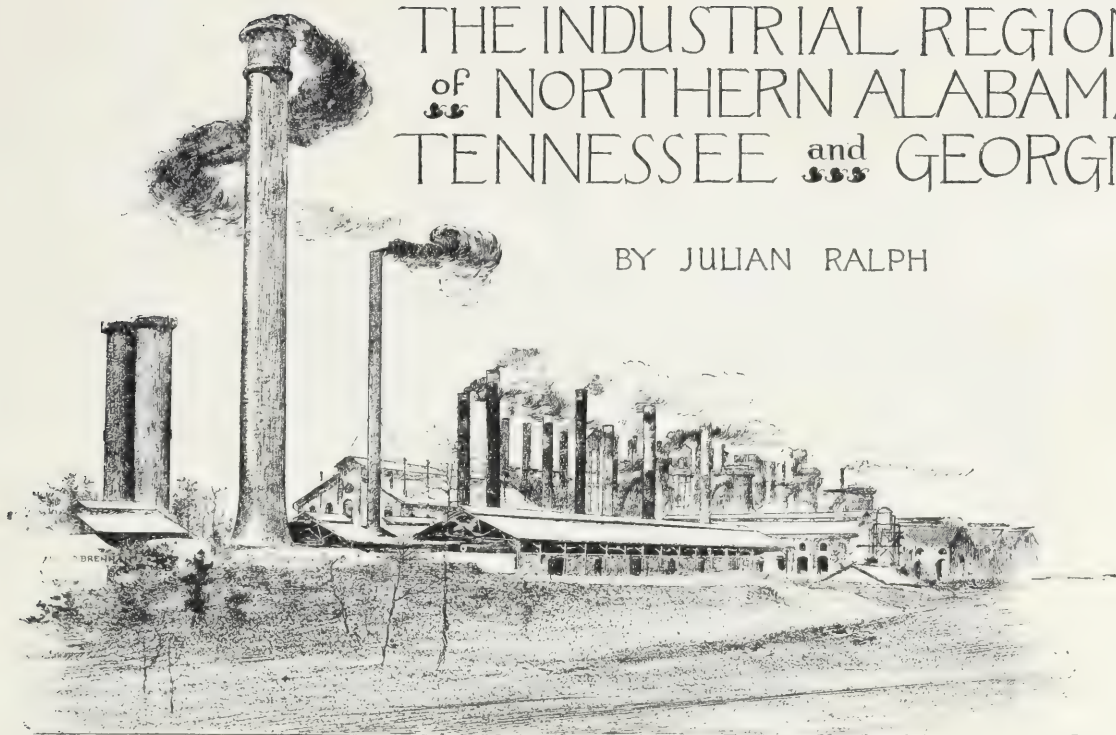
Carlton's white linen and the red glow of his cigar, as he strode proudly up and down the path of the public park, like a sentry keeping watch. She folded the pieces of paper together and tore them slowly into tiny fragments, and let them fall through her fingers into the street below. Then she returned again to the room, and stood looking at her sisters.

"Do you know," she said, "I think I am a little tired of travelling so much. I want to go back to Grasse." She put her hand to her forehead and held it there for a moment. "I think I am a little homesick," said the Princess Aline.

THE END.

THE INDUSTRIAL REGION of NORTHERN ALABAMA, TENNESSEE and GEORGIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH



ONE of the most remarkable curios in Uncle Sam's cabinet is Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga, Tennessee. The traveller expects such occasional combinations of mountain and plain on the edges of the Rockies, the Selkirks, and other great mountain chains, and yet it is doubtful whether any other as beautiful is to be found. For it has seldom happened that a tall mountain rises abruptly to interrupt and dominate a view so majestic and of such varied features. Glistening water, smiling farmland, forest, city, hill, and island, all lie upon the gorgeous and gigantic canvas of the Master Painter, who there invites mankind to his studio to enjoy such views as we had fancied only the stupid denizens of the air are privileged to dully scan.

To surfeit one's self with the wondrous changing, widening beauty of that splendid scene one does not have to consider the martial records that brave men wrote with their blood all over the foreground of the prospect. But when it happens that the spectator is an American whose soul has been stirred by the poor printed annals of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, the feast spread before Lookout Mountain ministers to the understanding the while it ravishes the eye.

In nothing is this wonder-spot more wonderful than in its accessibility. It is

even more convenient to the tourist than Niagara Falls—almost the solitary great natural curiosity in our country for which one does not have to travel far and labor hard. In this case the grand view is one of the sights of Chattanooga, “the Little Pittsburg” of the South. The city enjoys it as a householder does his garden, by merely travelling to a back window, as it were, for the historic mountain is at the end of a five-cent trolley line. During half the year the tourist is even better served, for the railroads haul the “sleepers” up the mountain-side in summer, and discharge the passengers on the very edge that divides *terra firma* and eagle's vision. Guided by Mr. Milton D. Ochs, of the *Chattanooga Times*, who could have offered a very wonderful view of his own from the towering pile in which that newspaper is housed, I took the trolley line during what the Southern folk are pleased to call winter-time. The way led to just such a looking railway as one finds at Niagara Falls going down to the water's edge, though this one darts up the two-thousand-foot-high mountain-side, and is famed among professional engineers as a remarkable creation. It was planned and built by Colonel W. R. King, U.S.A. It is 4500 feet in length, with an elevation of 1400 feet, and a grade of nearly one foot in three at the steepest place.

The terminus is the Lookout Point



INN ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Hotel, which appears to stand upon a boulder suspended over the remainder of creation, as if a mountain rising out of a plain had thrust out a finger and men had put up a building on the finger-nail. The biblical word-picture which tells of our Saviour being taken up on a high mountain and shown the kingdoms of the earth conveys the idea that the view from this point suggests. One can but have an idea of it, and it can only be expressed or described with a figure of speech. To be told that it commands 500 miles of the earth's surface, and that the most distant objects are parts of seven different States, is too much for the mind to master. What the eye takes in is a checker-board made up of farms, roads, villages, woods, ridges, and mountain ranges, all in miniature. The Tennessee River gladdens the scene. Though it is 1400 feet wide, it looks like a ribbon, and, like a ribbon thrown carelessly from the mountain-top, it lies in many curves and convolutions, a dull green band everywhere fringed with a thin line of trees that wall in the farmers' fields. You may count ten of its curves, and three of them, immediately below the mountain, form the exact shape of an Indian moccasin, around the toe of which a toy freight-train crawls lazily with a muffled gasping out of all proportion to its size. A brown and white mound of smoke and steam beyond the nearest farms is pointed out as Chat-

tanooga, and a rolling wooded region on the right is spoken of as the bloodiest field of the rebellion—fearful Chickamauga. The low dark green mound in the immediate foreground is Mission Ridge, and between that and the curtain of smoke that hides the busy city a tiny bit of yellow road is seen to disappear at a microscopic white gate, which is the portal of a cemetery wherein thirteen full regiments of Northern heroes lie—the blue who have turned to gray in the long embrace of death—five thousand of them not remembered by name.

The rapid run by narrow-gauge road to Sunset Rock suggests a panorama in which the swiftly changing scene stands steady and the spectator whirls beside it. Coloradan views are strongly called to mind, but the memory of them is at a disadvantage, since here all nature is green and fertile instead of dead and burned. Here the land is peopled, and there it is deserted. And yet the mountain-side is precisely the same as if we were back in the Rockies, piled up with great gray rocks in mounds and giant fret-work. Sunset Rock itself is another finger or knuckle of the mountain, clinging to its side, yet seeming to hang in mid-air over the ravishing landscape far below. There are several minor battle-fields within the view from it, but at the first vantage-point the splendors of nature crowd the memories of the war out of the chief

place in the mind. The charm that has made this rock the favorite rendezvous of the scores of thousands who journey to the mountain every year comes with the views at sunset when Phoebus's fires burn many-colored, and tint and tinge and illumine every distant object, from the lowly fields to the highest heavens, with slowly changing brilliant hues. I did not see it, and will not attempt a description of what I am assured is one of the most extravagant and splendid, almost daily, triumphs of nature. Let the reader imagine it, or go and be ravished by it. The stage-setting includes three ranges of hills, which even as I saw them in the early afternoon were rosy, green, and darkest blue, and behind the farthest of these the fire-god shifts his colored slides and throws his gorgeous lights from earth to sky.

Bridegrooms and beaux, and brides and *fiancées*—in a word, all lovers—make quite another use of Sunset Rock. There is a photographer there, and his exhibit of pictures shows him to be a modern Cupid, ever attendant upon Love. All around his show-room are photographs

of the smitten, a pair at a time invariably, taken in the very act of being in love, seated side by side upon the gray insensate rock that juts above the diminished lands below. Each new couple that drifts along sees the portraits of all the others, and negotiations with the photographer follow close upon quick glances, hushed whispers, and coy giggling. Then out go the lovers to the rock, and out comes Cupid with his camera. He is a wag, this Cupid, for he says of his clients, "We git 'em in all stages of the disease." His collection easily divides the lovers into two classes—the self-conscious and the ecstatic. The self-conscious ones sit bolt-upright, a trifle apart, with glances fixed sternly upon nothing. The ecstatic lovers cling together, and look with sheep's eyes at one another or at Cupid. Sometimes the classes mix, and one sees an ecstatic bride leaning all her weight of love and charms upon a self-conscious groom, who frowns and pulls away. There are such pictures in the collection as would serve in a divorce court without a word of testimony on either side; but, thank Heaven, the ecstasies supply photographs that need



CHATTANOOGA AND MOCCASIN BEND, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

only to be kept framed at home in order to banish discord as long as the wedded pair have sight to see how happy they had planned to be and were. Mingled discordantly with these trophies of the court of love are reminders of that class of idiots who would manage to desecrate a junk-shop if they were admitted to it.

place earth on the inclined railway. The car is built in the form of an inclined plane, like the gallery in a playhouse, with one side open toward the nether wall of rocks, and the other side glazed to command the marvellous view which seems to rise as the car descends, just as fairy views come up out of the stage in



THE TENNESSEE RIVER AT CHATTANOOGA.

They have themselves pictured as flinging themselves off the dizzy rock; one has actually got his comrade to hold him by one too-servile trousers leg while he dangles head downwards over the precipice. That is a touch of nature that does not make the whole world kin.

There are too many other points of interest on the mountain for mention here—curious freaks of nature and charming spots in abundance. It is several days' work to see them, but there are plenty of hotels and villa settlements there for those who have the time to enjoy the place in its entirety. Lookout Inn, a hotel that will accommodate three hundred boarders, is on the tip-top of the mountain, and has the reputation of being one of the very best hotels in the South. It is owned and controlled by a land and improvement company, and the principal stockholders are New-Englanders. The railways carry cars to its doors, and it is to be kept open all the year round. At the end of such a visit as I made the visitor simply tumbles back to the common-

a transformation scene at the end of a Christmas pantomime. Then, suddenly, the car tumbles into a forest, and the only view is of the preposterous alley down which the vehicle is rolling like a ball sent back to the players in a bowling-alley.

My task here is to tell of something that lies under and in that mountain view of parts of seven Southern States, of something the eye cannot see except as a hint of it is thrown up in the clouds of smoke and steam that hang over Chattanooga. That something is the industrial awakening of the South, or more particularly of that part of that section where since the war the coal and iron buried in the rocks and soil now meet their resurrection in an activity that has connected Georgia with Pennsylvania.

A very sage writer upon the industrial history of the South has shown that early in the century it promised to lead the other sections of the country, but slavery exerted the effect of humbling the artisan beneath the planter and the professional

man in the general estimation. A wonderful agricultural prosperity was developed, and mechanical pursuits languished. Up to the time of the late war the South did not enthrone cotton. The South then grew its own meat and meal and flour. But after the war, when the most frightful poverty oppressed the region, the people turned to the exclusive cultivation of cotton, because that was the only staple that could be mortgaged in advance of the crop to give the planters the means of living until it could be harvested. The poverty of the planters, their dependence on the negro, and the shiftlessness of the negro, which led him to favor cotton as the easiest crop to handle on shares and to borrow money upon, were the causes of cotton's enthronement. Carpet-bag rule and the demoralization of the peculiar labor of the South added ten years to the period of Southern prostration, and it was not until 1880 that the present great industrial development of that section began. It is therefore a growth of a dozen years—a wonderful growth for so short a time.

Before the war there were a few small furnaces in this now busy district overlooked by Chattanooga's mountain, and formed of parts of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. These furnaces were mainly on the Tennessee River and in eastern Tennessee, and the smelting was done with charcoal. The first coke furnace was established at Rockwood in 1868 with Northern capital on Southern credit. The industry thus begun has continued to be



POINT LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

the enterprise of Southern men, for such are the majority of the persons engaged in the business—men of the wide-awake commercial class. The Chattanooga district, so called, is in the centre of a region of coking coals and iron ores, embracing a circle of 150 miles in diameter, and covering parts of Tennessee, northern Alabama, and northern Georgia. It takes in one medium-sized furnace in northern Georgia and some smaller ones, which number nineteen, where there were none



CHATTANOOGA, FROM THE RIVER.



COURT-HOUSE, CHATTANOOGA.

at all before the war. Its Alabama section—where there was no iron industry when the war closed, except at a few little furnaces built by the Confederates to cast their cannon—now boasts fifty-three large plants. In a word, the development has grown from the smelting of 150,000 tons of charcoal and coke irons in 1870 to the making of no less than 1,800,000 tons of pig-iron in 1889, '90, and '91. The steel industry is prospective. The name of the town of Bessemer is misleading. Basic steel has been made in the district from the ordinary foundry ore, and has been tested by the government, and declared to be admirable. A mine of Bessemer ore has been worked at Johnson City, North Carolina, but the capital for a steel-works to compete with those of the North has not at this time been obtained.

Eighty per cent. of the Tennessee iron is sold in the East, North, and Northwest—in Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and Philadelphia. It competes with the best foundry iron for stove plates and all sorts of foundry-work. It ranks with the best Lehigh product, and is the favorite iron with the pipe, plough, and stove makers of the East and North. Considerable foundry-work is done in the Chattanooga district. There are several stove-works there and some machine-shops that turn out both heavy and light castings. There are two large pipe-works (in Chat-

tanooga and in Bridgeport), both owned by one corporation, and there is also in the district a very large establishment for the manufacture of railway-brake shoes and other goods.

The region in which the Chattanooga district is situated is a reach of bituminous coal and red hematite iron ore of limitless abundance that extends from Roanoke, Virginia, to Birmingham, Alabama. The coal crops out in West Virginia, crosses eastern Kentucky, where it is worked as pure cannel, semi-anthracite, and bituminous; crosses Tennessee through the Tennessee Valley to northern Ala-

bama. It is a belt containing 26,000 square miles in three States, and everywhere the coal and iron accompany each other at pistol range. As an illustration, at Red Mountain, near Birmingham, the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railway Company gets coal on one side of a valley and iron on the other side. This great company has several plants, and made more than 400,000 tons of pig-iron in 1891. It has the largest coal plant in the Chattanooga district—one that has put out 600,000 tons of high-grade coking coal in a year. Its leading men are Southerners, and its capital is from the Northern States and England.

The labor in this great industrial section is mainly black, of course. The negroes dig all the iron ore and do all the rough work at the furnaces. The coal is mainly dug by white men. The very great quantities of limestone that are quarried for smelting-flux and for building-work are taken out by negroes. It is found that with what is called "thorough foremanizing" the negro is satisfactory at these occupations. He needs strict and even sharp "bossing" to keep him at his work, and it has been found that to invest one of his own race with the authority of an overseer is to produce the strictest, even the savagest, kind of a boss.

The whole coal and iron region has suffered severely since the Baring failure

in London. During three years the price of iron fell from \$12 to \$14 50 and \$15 a ton down to \$8 50 and \$7 75, by reason of excessive overproduction. Only the few companies that relied upon convict labor were able to make both ends meet at those prices, and it became painfully apparent that there is no decent profit in iron-making at a lower price than \$10 a ton.

factures are started. Such changes are brought about by one thing at a time, and already in addition to the works that have been mentioned there are large works in Chattanooga and in Atlanta for the making of ploughs and cane-mills, which contribute to a trade that already reaches into South America, the East Indies, and Australia.



MARKET STREET, CHATTANOOGA.

The Southern industry suffered more severely than it should have done because not enough of the iron product was utilized in home manufactures. The transition from an agricultural to an iron-making district had been brought about too suddenly, and was allowed to go to an extreme point. The time was one of money-making in the iron industry, and the people were led to "booming" their new industry, so that nearly every one went into the manufacture of pig-iron, and too few into the conversion of it into manufactured goods. This will be fully understood when it is known that not a pound of hardware and not a pound of steel boiler plate is made in the South. Where there is room for many large stove factories there are yet but a few small ones. But, as has been shown, the manu-

The *Tradesman*, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, the leading authority upon Southern industrial affairs, published for its chief article in its "Annual" for 1893 a paper by I. D. Imboden, of Damascus, Virginia, which makes very bold and confident prophecies for the iron and steel industries of the South, and fortifies them with expert and official government reports. This is interesting and valuable, at least as showing how the leaders of opinion in the South feel upon the subject. He says that from his knowledge he forms a conclusion as strong as if it were mathematical that "the period is near when, as a group, the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Kentucky will become the largest and most successful iron and steel producing district of like area in the

world." He adds that "contemporaneously or ultimately all the related industries will spring up and flourish at every exceptionally favorable locality in these States, such as Richmond, Lynchburg, and Roanoke; Chattanooga, Nashville, Knoxville, and Memphis; Atlanta; Greensboro, Wilmington, and Charlotte, North Carolina; Birmingham, Anniston, and Decatur, Alabama; Louisville and Covington, Kentucky; Wheeling, Charleston, and Huntington, West Virginia; and at many other points." He predicts an eventual overflow of material for iron and steel ship-building in the Atlantic and Gulf seaports, thus extending to the cotton, rice, and tobacco States an incidental participation in the inland mineral wealth, creating diversified industries and a larger home market for their crops. He answers "yes" to the important question whether the Southern mineral region can compete with the Northern mineral region in the supply of coal and iron. The mineral belt that underlies 25,000 square miles of the Virginias extends into and across North Carolina and Tennessee, carrying equally

rich and exhaustless stores of iron; "and even beyond the southern boundaries of these States, in Georgia and Alabama, there are supplies of these ores so great that exhaustion will not probably take place while the human race exists." Kentucky he includes as an ore-producing State of high rank. He asserts that in recent years the South has produced a richer and better coke than the famous Connellsville product, which is equalled nowhere else in the North. The New River, West Virginia, coke was six years ago proved to be better than the Connellsville article; but farther southwest, in Virginia and in the same coal-field, a still richer coal is found underlying Wise and Dickenson counties and extending far into Kentucky. "Taking the New River field in West Virginia, the Pocahontas and Big Stone Gap and intermediate basins in Virginia, and their unbroken extension into several counties in Kentucky (and in the Cahaba basin in Alabama), we have an aggregation of several thousand square miles of coking coals superior" (to that of Connellsville), "and so distributed as to make a comparatively short haul from some one or other of these districts to one

of our ore districts." This writer

believes that the average haul—
an important consideration—

will be shorter in the South than that by which the coal and iron of the North have been brought together. He says that six of the seven States he has named possess an abundance of bituminous coal, such as is largely used for a lower but useful grade of coke. Southern coal is much more easily and cheaply mined than that in the North, and of the Southern iron ores the greater part is mined, not at the bottom of deep shafts, but from the hill and mountain sides in the full light of the sun. He thinks that the continued presence of negro labor in such great force in the Southern States is "providential." The negro's brawn and muscle, his cheap labor, and his acquaintance and characteristic contentment with



ENTRANCE TO A COAL-MINE.



IN THE BLUE RIDGE RANGE.

his surroundings are considered as a large element in the early prospective growth of Southern coal and iron industries.

The last census bulletin upon the iron and steel industry of the South shows that in the ten years between 1880 and 1890 there has been a remarkable growth of these businesses, and that they have begun to follow a course of concentration, with the result that the capital invested in blast-furnaces has increased from sixteen millions to thirty-three millions of dollars, while the money put into rolling-mills and steel-works has grown from eleven millions to seventeen millions. The output has increased enormously, and the quality of the product has greatly improved. In the amount of capital invested, Alabama is now "far in the lead," Virginia is second, and West Virginia is third; but West Virginia is close to Alabama in the value of her iron products, because a larger proportion of her iron and steel is worked into valuable grades of finished products. In 1880 the South produced nine per cent. of the pig-iron yield of the whole country, but in 1890 she produced nineteen per cent. Alabama shows the greatest increase in the blast-furnace industry during the

decade, and Jefferson County—that in which Birmingham is situated—is now the most important iron-making district in the South. In 1880 there were but two establishments there, with a capital of one million; now there are ten such establishments, with a capital of almost nine millions of dollars. Steel-making has made but little progress, the government report says, because the Southern ores are generally unsuitable for use in the established processes of steel-manufacture. It is insisted, however, that good steel has been made in the South, though whether it can be made in competition with the North is certainly an open question yet.

Tennessee has more resources that can be utilized in manufactures than any other one of the Southern States, and already she leads in the possession of the greater number of manufacturing towns. She is the largest grain-producer among the Southern States, and the output of her flour and grist mills is so great as to amount to one-fifth of the total of her manufactured products. Cotton and woollen manufacturing grows there so rapidly that one mill now turns out more than the whole State produced ten years ago. Three millions of dollars are invested in twenty cotton-mills, and the woollen in-



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CHATTANOOGA.

dustry is sufficient to produce \$1,250,000 worth of goods, or half as much as the manufactured cotton product of the State. Of tobacco and cotton-seed oil production there is a great deal, and the iron industry near Chattanooga has an importance that is dwelt upon elsewhere. The State is famous for its manufacture of wagons, which brought in \$2,395,000 in 1892. Its cotton goods fetched a little more. No less than \$4,617,000 was brought by its cotton-seed oil and other cotton-seed products. Its distilling and brewing, its furniture-making, and its slaughtering and packing, each was worth \$2,000,000 in 1892. One million or more represents the value in that year of the following industries: tin-ware, manufactured tobacco and cigars, woollen goods, brick and tile, marble, clothing, saddlery and harness-making, printing and publishing, and blacksmithing and wheelwright work. The value of other leading industries was as follows: lumber, \$10,000,000; flour and grist-mill products, \$17,000,000; foundry and machine-shop work, \$6,000,000; iron and steel, \$5,000,000; and leather, \$3,000,000.

Is this dull reading? Stop a bit and consider whether such detailed accounts of the new industrial activity in the South do not show that times have changed since that section deserved to be ridiculed and pitied for a stupid and slavlike reliance upon one product of the soil. And

yet in greater or less degree I show the same facts about nearly all the Southern States. There are parts of our West of which it can truly be said that nearly the entire reliance of the people is upon silver ore or upon wheat; but the old indictment against the South will not stand anywhere, except it be in purely agricultural Mississippi; and there, as I shall show, the fruit-grower and truck-farmer are treading on the emaciated toes of old King Cotton.

Chattanooga (under its veil of steam and smoke, and backed against a towering hill suggestive

of the wealth of which it is one capital) is a city in which a man of cosmopolitan training could live without shock or sacrifice. It and its close suburbs shelter nearly 50,000 persons. It is the third city in Tennessee, though it is more truly to be considered in its relation to the industrial district around it. It is an imposing, clean, tidy, modern, wide-awake town. The mixture that forms its population has prevented the formation of Southern types in architecture, dress, or any other detail, and left it what an artist would call commonplace, though it is in reality such a city as would be creditable to California, Minnesota, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. It is notable among all the smaller cities of the country for its well-paved and orderly streets. Its principal thoroughfare is floored with asphalt, but so many other streets are paved with fire-brick, made near by, that it may be said to be almost completely a brick city, brick below as well as above. All its improvements, like its industries and most of its people, have come since the war, and it is most peculiar in possessing a people so largely from the North and West that natives are very scarce indeed. It typifies the industrial region around it by its varied industries. Its manufactures embrace ploughs, wood-working factories, lead and slate pencil making, boiler-works, electrical apparatus manufacture, stove-building, the largest iron-pipe works in

the South, and a great malleable iron works that turns out car-couplings and railway-brake shoes. It has several flour-mills, a brewery, a clothing-manufactory, an engine and machine works, several foundries, an extensive cotton compress, a tobacco-warehouse, and the beginning of a cigar and tobacco manufacturing industry that must grow in unison with the new practice of tobacco-raising by the farmers of the neighboring country.

Chattanooga is a very pretty city, climbing two or three hills and abounding in view points that take in very beautiful land and water scenery, and city vistas that are parklike. Of course it has electric cars, and floods of electric light at night—for these new Southern towns are built by the same spirits that dominate the new West. It is typically American also in the fact that every family in it inhabits a separate house with a garden attached. It is distinguished, like Brooklyn, by its churches. All the considerable denominations have meeting-houses there, and even the Swedenborgians and Christian Scientists are in the list. Some of these edifices are very handsome. The Opera-house and the home of the Mountain City Club are deserving of equal praise, and all alike speak volumes for the taste and refinement of the dominant element of the population. Its people, its progressive government, and its proud educational system are deserving of extended mention, but the limits of each subject in a paper that aims to cover so busy and wide a territory are too narrow to make this possible.

Students of the progress of the State of Alabama show that it has made greater industrial advance in the twelve months of 1892-3 than in any preceding twenty years of its history. This is true alike of her manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and railroads. In the utilization of her mineral resources she has accomplished, relatively, greater progress than any State in the Union. Her iron productions constitute a third of her output, and have led

to the establishment of her rolling-mills, machine-shops, pipe-foundries, and the rest, though it is still true that the State sends out far too much of her iron for manufacture elsewhere into goods whose home manufacture would, and will yet, greatly swell her revenues. But, apart from her mineral resources, she has trebled her cotton-mill output, multiplied her cotton-seed produce by eight, and gone largely into the manufacture of lumber and wooden articles, agricultural implements, boots and shoes, wagons, furniture, flour and meal, and naval stores. The State stands fourth in the South in the manufacture of cotton goods. In two years previous to January 1, 1893, she added nearly 2000 looms and more than 100,000 spindles to her milling facilities. In 1880 she had invested \$3,300,000 in her iron industries, but in 1890 this sum had been swelled to \$19,000,000. In 1892 she furnished more than 5,000,000 tons of coal, or more than one-fifth of the entire Southern coal product, and led all her sister States except West Virginia. She is the fifth coal-producing State in the Union. Of coke her production in 1891 was about 1,300,000 short tons.

The census shows that the increase of population in the last decade was a little less than 20 per cent., but the assessed valuation of real estate in Alabama increased 60.40 per cent., and the enrolment of children in the public schools increased 61.53 per cent. Northern Alabama has felt the first tide-of immigration to the South more



POST-OFFICE, BIRMINGHAM.

strongly than any other section of equal extent. Birmingham is said to have been a farm at the close of the rebellion, and busy Anniston was a group of timbered hills very much later than that. There is a truly Western flavor to the history of a land company in one of these cities. It divided more than \$5,500,000 with its stockholders in a little more than five years, upon an investment of \$100,000.

The new city of Birmingham in 1880 had 60 establishments and 27 industries, and in 1890 its establishments numbered 417 and its industries 48, while the capital invested had swelled from two millions to seven millions of dollars. Its leading workshops are carriage and wagon factories, foundries, and machine-shops, three iron and steel working plants, planing-mills, and printing and publishing works. In what is known as the Birmingham district there are 25 iron-furnaces, with a capacity for 2600 tons of pig-iron daily. All are within twenty miles of the town. Consolidations of large companies have recently strengthened this remarkable iron centre, adding to the economy with which its products are obtained, and fitting it to meet a dull market better than before. Experts have declared that several of the works at this place stand as models in judicious construction and economical results to the whole country and to Europe also. Some are so favorably located near ore and coal that it has been proved that nowhere in this country, and scarcely anywhere in Europe, can iron be made as cheaply as they can make it. These facts are of interest as showing the permanency and value of the industry which has revolutionized northern Alabama. It has not only come to stay, but it has come to grow. During the summer of 1892 the furnace men there were put to a severe test. They had to make iron at a minimum or shut up their works. They did make it, and only the smaller furnaces shut down for a time. The larger ones ran on steadily, and without losing money. Their owners assert that this experience proved that Alabama can make iron cheaper than it can be made in Pennsylvania.

Wherever coal, limestone, and iron are found close together the situation is favorable for the economical production of pig-iron, and as that condition distinguishes a large part of northern Alabama, the extension of the industrial activity of

the Birmingham district is confidently looked for. On this account the capital of some shrewd Northern men has been invested in a promising new town—midway between Birmingham and Chattanooga—called Wyeth City. It is on the Tennessee River, which is 600 yards in width at that point, and offers uninterrupted navigation to the Ohio and Mississippi and their tributaries. The railroad from Brunswick, Georgia, makes Wyeth City the nearest to the Atlantic coast of any point upon the tremendous inland water system of the Mississippi and its connections. The railway facilities at Wyeth City are also excellent. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, one of the best-equipped and most progressive roads in the South, has built into the new city, and work is being pushed upon two local railroads—all of which place the new city on the direct route from Brunswick, on the Atlantic coast, to Nashville, St. Louis, and the Northwest, and from New Orleans and Mobile to Cincinnati and the North and East. The Louisville and Nashville system is soon to meet the Nashville and Chattanooga at this point.

The Wyeth City lands are in and beside the old town of Guntersville, the county-seat of Marshall County. Large deposits of iron ore are close by, and extensive limestone quarries are even nearer, while in the mountains, only four miles away, coal seams have been exposed. The conditions there are, therefore, such as caused the marvellous development of Birmingham and Anniston. The present manufactures at this new point are such as utilize the abundant wood of the locality, and convert it into carved furniture, doors, sash and blinds, and wooden-ware. An interesting fact about the town is that as long ago as *ante bellum* times the geographical advantages of this point were appreciated. The States of Georgia and Alabama were at that time jointly interested in the construction of a railway that was to open up the northern parts of those States. The commissioners who were appointed to fix the route divided upon the question whether Chattanooga or what is now Wyeth City should be the terminus. Chattanooga was chosen by a majority of one. To-day it looks as though time is to work its revenge, since the capitalists interested in the new city are intent upon securing the establishment of iron-working and cotton and



THE LAKE, GRANT'S PARK, ATLANTA.

woollen factories there in the near future.

I never want to miss a chance to combat the idea that the waste lands of the South are sterile, and the worked lands are played out. This theory has taken a deep hold upon a large part of the popular mind, and is kept alive by able men who command influential avenues to the public ear, though why they do so I do not understand. I have found that the most prosperous farmers in the South, and perhaps in the United States, are operating on the tide-water lands of North Carolina, and that trucking and fruit-growing in the sandy soil of the Piney Woods land of Louisiana and Mississippi are accompanied by the very brightest prospects. I have no other master to serve than the truth, and the plain truth is that the reason I cannot declare the major part of that country gladdened by prosperous farming is that the South has not tried to attract poor immigrants, that her enemies and critics have kept them from going there unbidden, that the swarms of semi-idle and parasitic negroes stand in the way of better brawn and muscle, and that the total new or foreign-born part of the population of nineteen million souls in those States is less than three per cent.—is almost *nil* in some of the States.

And yet there are examples of what can be done there—strawlike in dimensions though they be. Let me condense

the facts given by Mr. Thurston H. Allen in a recent issue of the *Manufacturers' Record* respecting an instance in Alabama. In 1878, he says, the Rev. Father Huser, a German Catholic priest, bought a tract of 2000 acres of worn-out land, known as the Wilson Plantation, in St. Florian, Lauderdale County, Alabama. It had grown cotton exclusively till at last it was abandoned to broom-sedge and briars, and pronounced worthless. The priest got it for four dollars an acre.

“Dr. Huser built a church and a school-house, and in 1878 divided the plantation into tracts of from ten to fifty acres each, and placed thereon some forty-five families, all German Catholics, from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, New York, and other States, to whom he sold these lands at from \$8 to \$15 per acre, according to location and improvements. These colonists had experienced the rigors of the Northern and Western climates with the certainty of cold and drought.

“They were all poor; their industry elsewhere had not hitherto availed them to any great extent. It had taken all the fruits of their labor to sustain them up to this time, so that most, if not all of them, were forced to go in debt for their land. Some of those who are now the most prosperous and independent commenced with mortgages upon their lands, and with but one mule or steer with which to break and cultivate the soil.”

To add to their troubles, there was a devaluation which compelled them to pay twice for part of their holdings. They nursed the dead land back to life, and

built houses, fences, and improvements; but wood was cheap, the winters were mild, they could work all the year round, and they needed to spend little for clothing. The long summers brought them two crops instead of one.

"Vineyards and orchards were planted, and it was not long before a general improvement began to be apparent not only in the lands, but in the condition of the colonists themselves. As they gradually became more independent they built better houses and larger barns, adopted improved machinery and raised better stock, until to-day I am informed that there is not a family among them that is in debt. They raise almost everything they need upon their own land, and always have something to sell. They pay cash for what they buy and ask credit of no man. Their houses are comfortable, their barns and barn-yards in good order, their fences substantial, their horses, mules, and cattle fat and sleek; their lands bring them every year abundant crops of wheat (at the rate of twenty bushels to the acre without the use of commercial fertilizers), corn, Irish potatoes, clover, millet, vegetables of all kinds, while their vineyards afford enormous yields of grapes, much of which is made into wine of a good quality, for which there is ready sale."

In 1878 the played-out land brought four dollars an acre, and many a laugh and shrug of the neighborhood shoulders. To-day it is rated at fifty dollars an acre. One may say that there was as much in the patience and industry and thrift of those settlers as there was in the soil, and, indeed, those are wonder-breeding qualities; but they will not enable a man to raise double crops in the summer even in the rich Red River Valley of Minnesota. They won't enable a man to work out-of-doors most of the year, not even in Ohio.

The palace-car in which I rode from Chattanooga to Atlanta represented something more than a mere vehicle to me, and so does every palace-car to every constant or frequent traveller. If there are forty-four States in the Union, the palace-car stands for a forty-fifth. True, it is all-pervasive and common to all, like the atmosphere or the national flag, the Derby hat and the revolver, but it is still a creation by itself, which, taken largely, constitutes a very great area of space and a distinctive condition and routine of daily life separate and apart from that in the other States. It has its own distinctive population, its own peculiar etiquette; its conventions, its three classes of citizens (conductor, porter, and passengers),

even the food that its inhabitants live upon, all differ from those in the rest of the States of the republic. I have called the palace-car commonwealth all-pervasive, like an atmosphere, and yet it even has an atmosphere of its own—a hot African air that is seldom changed or freshened, and that is gotten ingeniously either out of the sun or out of a stove, according to the season of the year in the outer world, by a unanimous army of negroes, who insist, with a loyalty that pales enthusiasm, upon carrying the climate of the Congo wherever they may go.

Persons of microscopic intellect would remind the writer that there are two sorts of palace-cars—the Wagner and the Pullman; but since they differ only in the buttons and cap plates of the servants, and in the presence of a fish-net stretched across the bunks that is found in one sort and not in the other, it is not worth while to make the mistake of dividing this new State of the Union into a North Palace and a South Palace, as was done with even less reason with the Territory of Dakota when that was taken into the Union. No; the Palace-car State is one commonwealth, indivisible and alike in all its parts. I will admit that it is viewed differently in different parts of the country. Even the constant traveller who has lived enough of his life in it to be able to vote there, if the right of suffrage were extended to its people, regards it with varying moods in differing localities. Between New York or Boston and Chicago he looks out of its windows at the splendid homes and hotels of New York, Ohio, and Illinois with regret that he is hurrying by them, and that, when the time comes, he must eat in the car, taking chicken *à la Marengo* or baked pork and beans this time, because he chose the mutton stew, the only other hot dish, for his last meal. But I know one resident of the Palace-car State who has deliberately left a mining town in Montana on Christmas to clamber joyously into a palace-car solely in order to breathe its familiar Congo air, to wag between the velvet cushions of his Lower Six and the similar cushions of the smoking compartment, to eat the chicken *à la Marengo* with an added pint of claret, solely because of a sentimental yearning for the same sort of a Christmas, poor fellow, that others were having at home in the East.

As the porter drew the customary pil-

flows out of the walls of the car and scattered them about, and knelt and brushed the carpet around the passengers' feet, and as the conductor leaned over the settee that held the usual solitary woman passenger and grinned and chatted with her, the sentimental journeyer thought how strange it was that in every part of the land the palace-car held to its population, selecting it everywhere from the varying masses of the people. He need not have thought about it; he had only to look out of the windows and witness the process of selection at each station. The soft hats went into the other cars. The beavers and Derbys came into the palace-car. The hoods and shawls went elsewhere, but the French bonnets and seal-skins and modish gowns all swept into the palace-car. Not a pair of boots was there on any platform but was sure to lead its owner to the ordinary coaches; and so it was with the Indians, the negroes, the flat-faced Swedish laborers, and the poor toiling women with the tagging children. All went into the other coaches, and left the sentimental journeyer surrounded by a people that never

can be better described than when they are called the inhabitants of the Palace-car State; the same in looks, manners, dress, and tastes, whether they board the palace-car in Montana or New Jersey—the conventional folks—the men who smoke cigars and wear gloves, and the women who wear furs and read the magazines.

They are perfectly at home, as persons of one region are apt to be when they are where they belong. They greet the conductor with "Well, it's as hot as usual here," and they say to the porter, "You need not bring the bill of fare; I know it by heart." At night they catch the white eye of the Afric-American, and remark, "Feet toward the engine, you know." When they converse with one another they tell how tired they used to become on the first day out, but that now they could ride a year without minding it. They add that at first they made it a rule to get out and walk at each divisional terminus where the engines were changed, but that they soon found that all depot sheds were disagreeable alike, and as for the exercise—well, a bottle of Apollinaris



PEACHTREE STREET, ATLANTA.

in the morning or a Seidlitz-powder answers instead. But the people of the forty-fifth State of the Union are not given to making one another's acquaintance. Their situation is not so novel and unfamiliar as to break the bonds of custom, like that of persons aboard an ocean liner. The one object of the inhabitants of the Palace-car State is to achieve a lethargic, semi-comatose condition, and loll the length of the railway, minding nobody's affairs, resenting all outside efforts to mind theirs, and capable of rousing to a normal activity and interest in life only when the train passes the débris of a collision-wreck, or rushes through a prairie fire, or a fire in an autumn forest.

In many respects the Palace-car State is the best feature of Southern travel; indeed, nothing else enables one to enjoy the beauties of that section and ignore its blemishes so well as does the palace-car. This is because the main blemishes of the South are its bad hotels. Until very lately the few "best hotels" in the South—such as the Charleston, the Ballard Exchange, the Royale, and the St. Charles—were all as old as the Astor House, and had the added and general defect of serving only fried food. There are new hotels just now at Savannah, Atlanta, St. Augustine, and one or two other places; otherwise the South still stands in need of a general reform.

In the Palace-car State of the Union there are perhaps twenty counties that

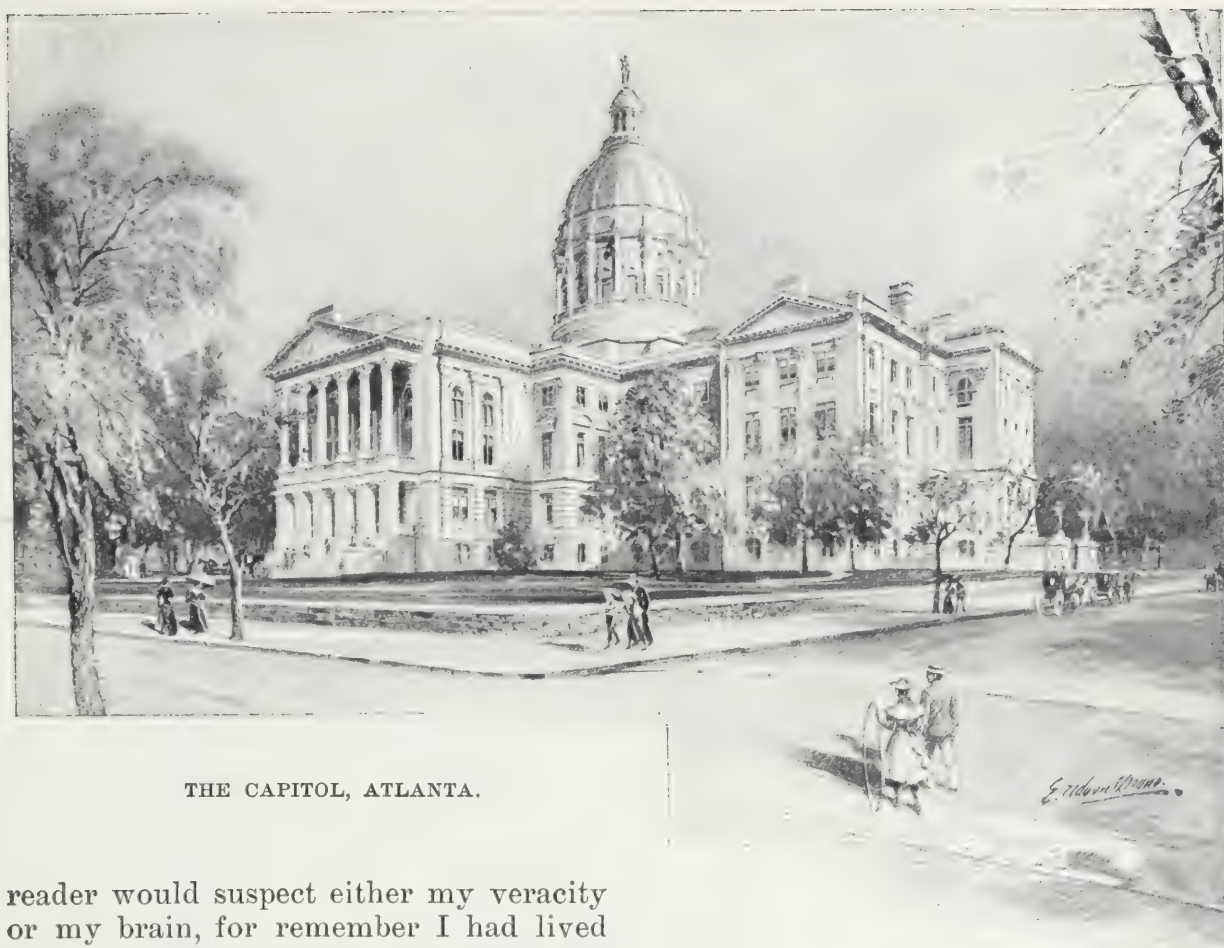
possess little smoking-car libraries, containing the earlier works of Messrs. Howells, Stockton, Harte, Clemens, and Hale, but the great majority of rolling villages, towns, and counties offer but one book for the distraction of the mind and the elevation thereof. That is the Hotel Directory. Having nothing half so good to do, after the lamps were lit and the shades were drawn down, during this journey from Chattanooga to Atlanta, I took this directory on my lap and counted the hotels at which I had stopped—one time or many—in the other forty-four States of the Union. I found that the inn to which I was going in Atlanta would become the two hundred and eighty-fourth hostelry on my list. What a volume of reminiscence that discovery suggested! A genius, an inspired instrument of kindly fate, whispered that there was a new hotel in Atlanta. To it I went, and entered a blaze of electric light that shone upon resplendent plate-glass and gilding and marble. Then to my room to find it better than I would have ordered it had I the fairy gift of making my way by wishing. It was a symphony of white lace curtains, creamy Wilton carpet, carved-oak furniture of the sort that proclaims Grand Rapids, Michigan, the mother of art and comfort, a great snow-white bed, and hovering about, with a touch of a feather duster here and a touch of it there, a *white* chambermaid in a mob-cap—the only white chambermaid I ever saw in the South. There were well-chosen

etchings on the warmly tinted walls. There was a reading-lamp at the head of the immaculate bed. The battery of toilet ware upon the pretty wash-stand was pretty enough to stop all the women in the streets had it been exposed in a shop window. It did not seem possible. It was like a trick of the mind—a dream taken standing.

Then the dining-room! If I had been obliged to describe it while the full effect of its first burst of splendor was upon me, the



THE GRADY MONUMENT, ATLANTA.



THE CAPITOL, ATLANTA.

reader would suspect either my veracity or my brain, for remember I had lived upon corn pone and bacon and bacon and corn pone, with occasional interruptions of fried chicken, for nearly a month. The ample, brilliant room, the swift, silent waiters, the white damask, the crystal, the plate, the broad hospitable chairs, the fashion-plate ladies with shining evening faces, each face between great shoulder-puffs of silk—these were the surprises that rushed upon my vision. And then the bill of fare! Blue Points led the elegant minuet, and consommé with marrow balls was the first fair partner. Then came smelts with tartare sauce, but without any final *e* on the name of the sauce, that having been lost in the long journey from France. Among the several sets that took their places in this gastronomic function were many such familiar cosmopolitans as young turkey and calf's head with brown sauce, and mushrooms and olives, banana ice-cream, six sorts of cheeses, every approved wine, nuts and raisins and candy with the pastry. Having eaten many times but never dined, I fear I misbehaved, and at the last I scattered silver like a Russian *roué*, giving a quarter to the waiter, another to the wine-boy, one to the head waiter, ten cents to the sable reminder of the court of Louis XV. who

handed round the hats, and barely succeeded in holding back a dime from the portly man who asked if I had dined well, and who lost the money by explaining that he was the manager of the hotel. In this age of introspective analysis and psychologic literature it is as well to put on record the sensations of an impressionable traveller upon encountering a good hotel.

The old soldier who, in revisiting each spot where he served under fire, fights his battles over again before his younger friends, will be puzzled how to play his rôle in Atlanta. What was a village when General Sherman destroyed it now spreads over a city's area. For Atlanta is truly a fine, substantial, genuine, bustling city. It is the busy, throbbing heart of a revolutionized region that includes the best parts of several States. It does not grow upon—it bursts upon the visitor. He alights from the cars in a noisy, crowded, smoke-grimed depot, and sees that his is but one of many trains—to New York, to New Orleans, to the West, and to smaller places nearer by. Leaving the

depot, he finds himself in a solid, imposing, genuine city, built of brick, paved with stone, thick with towering buildings. It is Western, rather than Northern or Eastern, and the first impression is that it is Chicagoesque; but it is so only in the older parts. The newer districts are much more suggestive of Denver, clean and tasteful and artistic. However, that is not borne in upon the visitor's faculties until he has entered the newest office buildings and the newest hotels and theatres, and seen how rich and yet how chaste and well controlled is the use of costly material and the distribution of ornament. The Aragon, the Equitable

histories. I take it that the most interesting thing about Atlanta is that—even to a greater extent than this has been true of Chicago during many years—it is a city wherein every man works for his living. The bustle in the wholesale and the retail business streets, and the eternal whiz-ziz-ziz of the electric cars that run upon seventy-four miles of streets, typify and emphasize this feature that seems so peculiar to us of the older cities. Nine steam railway lines meet in the black, iron-mouthed railway depot, which is in the precise centre of a circular area of buildings and streets—a circle nearly four miles in diameter. Within this area is all



MARIETTA STREET, ATLANTA.

Building, the Opera-house, and more than one of the bank buildings might all have been built for Denver, the parlor or Pullman city of America.

Atlanta is the commercial distributing centre for the southeastern part of our country. It is both old and new. It was first settled in 1839, and presently was christened Terminus. Then it became Marthasville, and in 1847 it took the name Atlanta. It was destroyed in 1864—an occurrence that no more hinders the growth of American cities than heavy showers disturb so many ducks. New York and Boston have been all but burned up, and Chicago and Atlanta quite so, yet such trifles soon turn to memories, and then to mere sentences in the local

that should complete a city, and more besides, for the imposing State Capitol is one of the institutions it contains, and besides there is a notable collection of educational foundations, including several private medical colleges, a dental college, a law-school, several seminaries for girls, and two collegiate schools for boys, six institutions for the tuition of negroes, two libraries, and the State Technological School of Georgia. Of church buildings there are no less than ninety-eight. The piety of the masses of the Southern people is sufficiently remarkable to be worthy a paper by itself, and it is thus reflected in this work-a-day capital. Grant Park, the popular pleasure-ground, is, I suspect, the most ambitious city play-ground in



THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT GRANT'S PARK, ATLANTA.

the South, and will hold its rank if the people have their will with it.

But it is as a commercial and manufacturing city that Atlanta must get the most praise and excite the greatest wonder. According to the most reliable figures I could obtain the city contains 225 wholesale mercantile houses, which transact an annual business of \$95,000,000. The city also operates six hundred and forty-odd manufactories that are capitalized at about \$20,000,000. It is close to coal and iron, workable clays, and soft and hard wood forests, and these materials enter most largely into the local manufactures. All these are growing, and the annual investments in new buildings reach deep into the millions.

Very like so many Western folks—that is to say, very American—are the business men of the city. Nowhere else in the South do the methods of the merchants and manufacturers carry so many reminders of what, when we see it elsewhere, we call the “hustling” spirit. As an illustration, I have at hand an appeal to the Atlanta City Council for an appropriation of \$10,000 for the Manufacturers’ Association, which claims to represent about \$10,000,000 in factories and other property. Its members say they want to

spend the appropriation and twice as much of their own raising to “put Atlanta-made goods in every retail store in Georgia, and induce our people to patronize home industries and keep Georgia money in Georgia.” They promised to keep at home millions of dollars a month that were then spent in purchasing elsewhere goods that are made and could be bought at home, and they add that they “can duplicate any order in the world” (the Western hustlers never stop short of “the world” in their similes) “for the same money. We can do it, we are doing it, and we want to teach that fact to the consumers.”

In one respect Atlanta will disappoint the idle traveller; it is not Southern. The only proof it offers to the eye of being in the South is in the multitude of negroes in the streets, and, of course, in its mild winter climate. The climate reaches neither extreme of heat or cold, and although the city is upon a considerable elevation above the sea, it has had winters without snow, though a little which melts almost as it falls is expected there each year. Its negroes are fewer than one would expect to find, and though there may be other such cities, it is the only place where my attention has been

called to the fact that white and black men work together—not merely in mixed gangs of unskilled men sweeping the streets and digging the cellars, but just such parti-colored bands of skilled workmen also, for Atlanta has both black and white masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and artisans of other sorts.

In the years between 1880 and 1890 the manufactures of Georgia were exactly doubled in value. The articles which return millions of revenue each are brick and tile, carpentering, road vehicles, cars, cotton goods, fertilizers, flour and meal, foundry and machine-shop work, iron and steel, liquors, lumber, cotton-seed products, rice-cleaning, tar, turpentine, and naval stores. Agricultural implements, leather, and printing and publishing, each brings nearly a million a year.

Improved methods of farming have greatly raised the yield of cotton, and the general agricultural prosperity is indicated by the fact that forty-two per cent. of the farmers own their farms, all but

four per cent. of this number having them free and clear of encumbrance. The fifty-eight per cent. of non-owners are, of course, the negroes, who rent or farm on shares. There are less than 1,000,000 whites in Georgia and 858,000 negroes, but neither there nor anywhere else in the South are the negroes multiplying as rapidly as the whites. It was in Georgia that the movement to bring the cotton and the mill side by side had its first trial before the war. After the war the mills multiplied and grew, and considerable mill towns were developed. The State has been pushed down in the scale in this respect, rather in the number of its mills, however, than in the quality of its manufactures, which is still very high. Its iron industry is in what is part of the Chattanooga-Alabama district, but it has profited exceptionally from this minor resource by utilizing the iron in home manufactures to a greater extent than at least one of the neighboring States has done.

AN AMERICAN ACADEMY AT ROME.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

EVER since the beginning of pictorial art in America the question as to where the painters should spend their European apprenticeship has been one of extreme interest. Very fortunate it would have been for us had the answer uniformly been "Europe," with no limiting clause; but in the early days of American painting it seemed best to the travelling artists to pin their faith chiefly on the Royal Academy, and later there were established exclusive followings of the Dusseldorf and Munich schools that lasted well into the present Parisian period. This last-mentioned period has been long and prosperous, and it is a matter of common knowledge that only recently it has been distinguished by the founding of prizes in various American cities. Mr. Chanler's familiar efforts have assured the French ateliers of a great many American recruits in the near future. It is not intended to reflect adversely upon the scheme of work laid out for those recruits, nor to thresh over again the many arguments which have been formulated for and against the French school in its relations to the American. Taking into consideration,

however, the great impetus toward originality which was revealed by the American exhibit of paintings at Chicago, and turning the question over in the environment of Italy, it is tempting to approach the subject once more in some of its bearings.

In the great galleries of Rome, in the beautiful gardens of the Villa Medici and the Villa Doria-Pamfili, in the splendid villas of Frascati and Tivoli, where nature and art combine to produce effects of indescribable loveliness, the thought often arises that there rather than anywhere else in the world is the place for an artistic talent to develop during its first years of experience. The very air is charged with beauty. Landscape, architecture, painting, sculpture, all the forms of art and of artistic craftsmanship, seem wrapped in the same supernatural atmosphere—an atmosphere in which nothing vulgar or inartistic could live. But with these reflections rise others to remind one that we have no academy at Rome, as France and Spain have, and that so far as the work of the American school can be believed, we have practically no painters whose

art is definitely influenced by the Italian idea. Is the Italian idea better worth cultivation by American art students than the French? For myself there seems to be but one reply. All things considered, Italy is a source of limitless growth, where France is at the best a school of training, bounded though useful. But it

authors have, but they misuse them outrageously. The work put forth is "toujours borné, bourgeois, et sale," a collocation of epithets which the speaker rendered more expressive by making at the same time a grimace of unutterable disgust. The English school is going up, according to Señor Villegas, as fast as the



VIEW FROM THE FRENCH ACADEMY AT ROME.

From a photograph by the Fratelli Alinari.

occurred to me the other day to put personal preconceptions aside, and to submit the problem to distinguished artists long resident in Rome. The expression of their views forms the chief object of this letter.

I asked Señor Villegas first, the Sevillian whom Fortuny discovered, and started upon a career which has since become famous. Señor Villegas has lived for years in Rome, where, in a delightful villa built in the Moorish style, he has produced his remarkable pictures of old Italian fêtes and ceremonies. He knows Italian art of the early centuries well, but he knows also the modern schools of Paris, Munich, and London, and out of a close acquaintance with the comparative merits of the different centres he speaks forcibly and without reservations. The influence of the French school, to begin with, he says, is unequivocally bad. The painters of the day have gifts, just as the

French school is going down. And why? Because in England there is seriousness; the painters think as well as manipulate their brushes, and the conception of a work of art, its underlying motive, receives the consideration it deserves. Señor Villegas has no hesitation in making this observation, which is as a red flag to the rabid adherent of the art-for-art's-sake dogma. He puts as the chief merit of the English school that its members make a catholic study of the European masters, appreciating most of all the painters of the great Tuscan epoch. The statues of antiquity, the paintings of the Renaissance, the works of men like Masaccio, Botticelli, Lippi, and Ghirlandajo—all these things are noble, and, in the opinion of this painter, nobility is the word to write in letters of gold over the door of every studio. The mission of art is noble; its whole trend should be summed

up in the same word. The Dutch are great, but bourgeois at bottom, and though he is a Spaniard to the core, Señor Villegas makes no difficulty of frankly preferring Titian or Carpaccio to Velasquez. In Italy, he says, you can find an inspiration such as no other land can offer, especially the inspiration to do "great things." To study for a while in Paris is not a wholly bad plan, but the study should be comparatively brief; it should look to questions of technique alone; it should shun the prevailing spirit of contemporary French art, and should have some other aim in sight than the evolution of those "morceaux" which exploit one's cleverness so effectively, but are so rarely of any permanent value. Señor Villegas thinks the American painters in Paris produce too many pretty trifles, and not enough substantial work. The great Frenchmen, he says, painters like Corot, come to Italy, and if the American is wise he will come there also. Closing, Señor Villegas remarked significantly that at the recent exhibition in Vienna the French were out of the running, while several of the English took prizes.

From the Villa Villegas I carried the matter to the Villa Medici, and talked it over with M. Guillaume. Naturally the Director of the French Academy could have nothing to say against the methods in France which send the pensionnaires to Rome, yet it seemed to me that M. Guillaume was far from regarding Paris as the ultimate, inviolate, and matchless Mecca which it so often appears to be to the imagination of the young American artist. For that matter, said the Director, there are capable masters of technical instruction all over Europe. Paris is not the only capital that is provided in this way. Times have changed, M. Guillaume went on. The direct necessity for the Villa Medici to France is not what it once was. But, he hastened to add, its influence is entirely for the good, and endures in spite of the excessively modern spirit which is at present abroad. It is good because it brings the student close to the Italian inspiration, and no artist can fail to profit by the serious significance of that. Every artist should come in contact with the Italian tradition, and should know not only Italian painting, but the architecture, the mosaics, the applied arts, of the country. M. Guillaume had scarcely a word to say in approval

of the American movement toward Paris. He would not condemn it, of course, but that he insisted in the same breath upon a greater catholicity, upon a gravitation toward London, Antwerp, Vienna, Munich, Rome, as well as toward Paris, was a fact in itself of sufficient eloquence. The illustrations accompanying this letter reproduce something of the environment in which the winners of the French Prix de Rome, the greatest artistic prize in the world, study and work. Is it credible that such an environment could mean nothing? and meaning, on the contrary, a great deal, could it mean less than the environment of boulevards and cafés in which so much of French art is developed? The artist Regnault, speaking in Mrs. Ward's *David Grieve*, a book which the Parisian students, who probably despise it, would do well to read, exclaims that the young painters of France have ideas and enormous talent, "but it all goes out in a splutter of blague." It is a declaration which no one can deny who looks at the French school of to-day with sympathetic, wholly unprejudiced eyes. It is pitiful but true.

Señor Pradilla, whose position as perhaps the leading historical painter of his time, qualifies him to speak with much authority, arrives at the same conclusion. The recent Salon he described to me, with a peculiarly apt play upon words, as the "Débâcle" of French art. Eight or ten years ago the French school, as he knew it, was good and fruitful, but now extravagance is hailed as originality, emphasis is the order of the day, and Paris is the most perilous city on the continent for the young art student. For his part, Señor Pradilla would not advise the American to study there at all. Excellent masters could be found in London and Munich, and in those cities the young artist would not be stunted in his growth by emulation of men quite lacking in the finer qualities of art, in sentiment, imagination, and feeling. Señor Pradilla was less decisive in his recommendation of Rome as a centre of study. The city has changed, he thinks—types and costumes changing as well as paintings and buildings. The special character of Rome as the seat of the grand tradition has been diminished as the importance of the historical school has faded. But as to the value, nevertheless, of a long sojourn in Rome, as to the necessity for an inti-

mate acquaintance with all the painters, sculptors, and architects of the Italian Renaissance, Señor Pradilla was not in doubt for the space of a second. "Come," he said, "come by all means;" and when, a few days later, we discussed the question again with Señor Vera, the Director of the Spanish Academy, they were both unreserved in their opinion that the establishment of an academy at Rome would be an invaluable thing for America.

The art of the day is the art *for* the day: that is the judgment reached by Señor Pradilla and dozens of his colleagues in Italy and in Spain. But among Spaniards in Rome and Spaniards in Madrid—and I have talked with many of them—the desire to imbue their work with the modern spirit is accompanied by an equally strong ambition to put into it as much beauty and as much fine feeling as possible. A great deal of modern Spanish art is spectacular, but a great deal of it has seriousness and a high ideal, and it is absolutely never vulgar. It is partly for this reason that the repetition of the views of some of the most eminent of Spanish painters has seemed desirable, but they have been quoted also

because I have thought that the impersonality of a Spanish opinion would be admitted everywhere with special readiness. It is a curious fact that while everything else in Spain is formed on a French standard just now, the pictorial art of the country is as much its own property as in the days when Fortuny took up Goya's principles and carried them to a still more brilliant application. Spanish artists, who are isolated in more than one way, have both in Rome and Madrid placed themselves, as painters, apart from artists of all other nationalities. This detachment leaves them particularly free from suspicion of prejudice in a discussion such as that which I have outlined, and their utterances will therefore, perhaps, be listened to with deeper interest. Much might be said in extension of M. Guillaume's views, and in demonstration of the breadth of tone which is beginning to distinguish the artistic opinions of a few important Frenchmen. It is sufficient to add, however, that some of the older and more thoughtful critics in France are undoubtedly awakened to a consciousness that Paris is not the last word of art.



THE FRENCH ACADEMY AT ROME.

From a photograph by the Fratelli Alinari.



H.P.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

I LOOKED and saw a splendid pageantry
 Of beautiful women and of lordly men,
 Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain,
 Where poppies and the red anemone,
 And many another leaf of cramoisy,
 Flickered about their feet, and gave their stain
 To heels of iron or satin, and the grain
 Of silken garments floating far and free,
 As in the dance they wove themselves, or strayed
 By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed,
 Or curtsied to each other, or else played
 At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid
 In their delight; and all so high and proud,
 They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

II.

I looked again and saw that flowery space
 Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread
 That rested now upon an old man's head,
 And now upon a baby's gasping face,
 Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
 Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red
 Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed
 From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
 And now and then from out the dreadful floor
 An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
 As if to strike in madness, or implore
 For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
 Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before
 The revellers above them thronged and prest.



HEREDITY. .

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

CAN we by taking thought, can we by any amount of self-culture, however continuous and persevering, add to the stature, moral or material, of our offspring and descendants? May we hope that the child of several generations of toiling and striving progenitors will come into the world favorably modified, in however slight a degree, through such successive voluntary efforts? If not, must we resign ourselves to the conviction that all our endeavors will and must be forever in vain, and that an inexorable fatality forbids to the progeny of well-doers the slightest congenital advantage on account of characters their parents have acquired by virtuous efforts, any more than congenital disadvantage from parental characters which are the outcome of a willing surrender to vice and sloth?

This is surely a very practical question, and it is also one the grounds of which are vehemently debated in the scientific world at this moment—the question, “*Can acquired character be inherited?*”

It is not, however, from human characteristics and family histories that an answer has been sought, but rather from observations and experiments on various kinds of lowly organized animals. It is, in fact, a problem which has come to the front through changes and developments of opinion, and resulting contests, which have taken and are taking place amongst the disciples and followers of the late Mr. Charles Darwin.

As most of our readers doubtless know, Darwin was preceded in his speculations about the “origin of species” by the French naturalist Lamarck. The last-named and earlier writer attributed the transformation of species to modifications of habit due to efforts newly called forth in different creatures by changes which happened to have taken place in their surroundings. The modifications of structure thus induced were, he taught, transmitted by parent animals to their offspring, and became intensified wherever such newly induced efforts and habits were maintained from generation to generation by a continuation of those changed conditions of environment which first called them forth. Thus it was, according to Lamarck, that birds which found

it necessary to move about in water gradually became web-footed. Thus also the giraffe, continuing to have need to reach much upwards in order to obtain food, acquired its long neck and very elongated legs. Thus again the first men, finding under new conditions that even a short tail was an inconvenient member, gradually lost that appendage altogether. That characters so gained or lost by animals tended to reappear or disappear in their descendants was of the essence of the Lamarckian position.

Darwin to a certain extent availed himself of this hypothesis, and in his *Origin of Species* he brings forward many examples of what he believed to be modifications of form or function due to change in external conditions, and transmitted subsequently to the offspring of parents so modified. Thus he speaks of dogs in Mexico, cats on the coast of Africa, oysters in the Mediterranean Sea, which he regarded as rapidly modified in one or other respect by changed conditions, such modifications being perpetuated in their descendants.

Nevertheless, though Darwin rested his theory in part on such a Lamarckian support, he based it mainly on his own special conception—namely, on the action of “natural selection.”

Affirming that every part of every kind of animal is liable to slight indefinite variations, practically accidental, and taking place in all directions, he taught that it was the destructive agencies ever at work in nature which caused the individuals with unfavorable variations to disappear, while it preserved those whose fortuitous modifications were useful to it, as proved by the very fact of its surviving.

The most diverse characters might, under diverse circumstances, be selected, owing to their utility, and transmitted to their offspring. Sometimes it would be strength, sometimes speed, often it would be acuteness of sight, at other times quickness of ear. It might be some shade of color, such as would enable its possessor to escape the observation of its enemies, as greenness in a forest animal or whiteness in the inhabitant of snowy regions, as we find present, for example, with the variable hare, the ermine, the arctic fox, and the ptarmigan. Wonderful, indeed, is the

disguise worn by the walking-leaf insect and its allies, by some butterflies and beetles—notably by one of the last-named class from Madagascar, recently displayed in the Central Hall of the British Museum at South Kensington, which, when not in motion, is almost indistinguishable from the lichen amongst which it lives.

Thus the original Darwinian system rested, as it were, upon two pillars: (1) "natural selection" of *congenital* variations transmitted to offspring; and (2) the transmission by parent organisms to their progeny of characters which have been *acquired* by such parents owing to the influence upon them of surrounding conditions.

The disciples and successors of Darwin have now divided themselves into two antagonistic schools. One of these has made a return towards the system of Lamarck, and of such Professor Eimer, of Jena, may be taken as the representative.

The other school is headed by Professor Weismann, of Freiburg, in Breisgau. He has entirely repudiated the Lamarckian system, and represents the origin of new forms as being exclusively due to "natural selection," and dogmatically affirms that no acquired characters can by any possibility be transmitted to offspring. To our initial question, then, Weismann replies by an absolute, unconditional negative. All progress, he tells us, must be exclusively due to minute fortuitous variations in the composition of the germ of the animal which is in process of formation.

The fact of the transmission of parental characters to children has occasioned many a speculation ever since the days of Aristotle, and doubtless for ages before him. As was natural in dealing with material bodies, appearing in succession with a certain undeniable continuity of material substance, there has been a general accord in modern times as to the sort of explanation offered—an explanation by means of certain supposed minute material particles.

Such were the minute bodies which the great French naturalist Buffon fancied were derived from every part of the body of each parent, and were destined to constitute corresponding parts of the embryo. Very similar were the "gemmules" of the theory named "Pangenesis," invented by Mr. Darwin. We have here no space, however, for more than an attempt at some exposition of the hypothesis of

Weismann—which was, indeed, mainly a reproduction of views put forward years ago by the late Sir Richard Owen, but which have been generally overlooked.

The whole world of animal life has an essential similarity of nature, in that every creature pertaining to it consists of one, few, or very many minute particles, formed by a substance called "*protoplasm*," each such minute particle being termed a "cell."

The animals, and also the plants, which consist of but a single cell are regarded by Weismann as endowed with immortality—that is, that they are incapable of a natural death. His reason for so thinking is that since they increase and multiply by dividing into two halves, each half has an equal right to be regarded as the continuation of the parent cell.

More complex creatures he represents as each consisting of two parts, very distinct in nature. One of these parts constitutes the great mass of its body, and is termed by him the "*soma*." The other part is the minute portion of protoplasm—termed by him *germ-plasm*—which carries on the reproductive function. This latter part in every living organism he also regards as naturally immortal, continuing onwards from generation to generation through the multitude of individual animals which are born, live, and die, so transmitting it in unending succession.

The life of a race of animals, or of a family of mankind, may thus be compared with the life of such an organism as a bracken-fern. The continuous underground stem, or rhizome, may serve to represent the continuously living germ-plasm, while the successive fronds which grow up from it, flourish for a time, and then die, will symbolize the successive individual animals or men whose visible frame (or *soma*) has no such gift of perennial existence.

It is upon this distinction that Weismann grounds his denial of the possibility that any character acquired during the life of an individual can affect its offspring. Evidently if there is this complete and radical distinction between the body (the *soma*) of every organism and the germ-plasm it transmits, it is difficult to see how a change in the mere bearer of the germ-plasm can alter the characters of the germ-plasm itself, and therefore of the newly developing organism which it gives rise to.

But can we repose confidence in this doctrine of Professor Weismann? Have other of his views been found to stand the test of careful examination? Should any of them not have been so fortunate, we may well pause before we yield an unqualified assent to his doctrine of relative despair as to the effects of individual culture upon human progress.

In the cells of organisms there is a distinguishable internal portion—a sort of cell within a cell—which is termed the “*nucleus*.” In each cell which is the first germ of an organism about to be developed it is to the content of its “nucleus” that Professor Weismann attributes all the subsequent outcome. To different parts of this content, however, he has attributed different functions, as follows:

In the earliest stages of the development of such an embryonic cell it eliminates two minute particles of its protoplasmic substance, which two particles are known by the name of “*polar bodies*.” To each of these bodies Professor Weismann did not hesitate to attribute an entirely distinct nature and function, although in doing so he had none but purely speculative grounds to go upon. One of these bodies he declared to consist of superfluous matter related to the developmental process of the germ-cell itself, while he taught that the other was some germ-plasm which needed to be got rid of in order that the junction of the male element with the female germ might not occasion too great an aggregation of matter.

This latter statement was founded upon another doctrine of the Professor, according to which there is no such thing as any really essential difference of sex, sexual difference not being one of quality, but merely of quantity. His view as to the nature of the second “polar body” was adopted by him because he believed that in germs—such as that of a drone bee—which are developed without any male influence (and therefore without any quantitative addition to the female germ) only one polar body is discharged.

It has, however, been since discovered that in the germ of the drone not one only, but two “polar bodies” are eliminated, and thus the whole hypothetical edifice of Professor Weismann falls like a castle built of cards.

His attribution of immortality to unicellular organisms is also contradicted by

one who is *facile princeps* amongst students of animalcules—the Rev. Dr. Dalinger, F.R.S. That able naturalist and indefatigable investigator has, indeed, convinced himself, by his most patient and persevering observations, that the process of spontaneous division in such minute organisms exhausts itself at the end of a certain time, and is followed by the fusion of two distinct individuals, such fusion being a necessary antecedent to any kind of further multiplication.

Forewarned by a recognition of these inaccuracies, let us next consider Professor Weismann’s exposition of that process to which he attributes all those individual variations of which “natural selection” makes use in order to develop and produce new forms of life—new species.

Inasmuch as each animal above the lowest unicellular group consists of a body (or *soma*) containing its portion of immortal *germ-plasm*, it follows that each generation would be a perfect reproduction of the one before it, but for the fact that there is in each case a contest between paternal and maternal influences—between the germ-plasm of two parent organisms. This conflict recurring in every such process of reproduction, there must be some change in each new generation, as the blending of ancestral germ-plasms can in no two instances be absolutely alike. This, he tells us, is the more certain because in the extrusion of the “polar bodies” some portions of ancestral germ-plasm must be lost. Nevertheless, in spite of incessant new combinations, there can be no particle of protoplasm possessing characters and tendencies which have not been derived from some ancestral progenitor or other. In each case the germ-plasm is a new combination of antecedently existing characters—and of none but antecedently existing characters—modified by mutual conflict.

But the professor assigns to very definite minute structures the function of handing down real material particles of ancestral substance.

In the nucleus of the germ-cell there are certain peculiar filaments which, on account of their susceptibility to coloration, are known as “*chromatin filaments*.” These may be observed to present a certain beaded appearance, and these beads, and the yet more minute elements which compose them, Professor Weismann regards as the material vehi-

cle for the transmission of ancestral characters. To the fibres, or filaments, he gives the name of *idants*, and to the beads which compose them that of *ids*, while still more minute structures, the existence of which is purely hypothetical and imaginary, he terms "*biophors*."

That the "chromatin filaments" play a very important part in the development of every developing germ is unquestionable, and most remarkable are the changes they undergo—changes which unfortunately there is not space here to do more than refer to. But the process of germ development, as conceived of by Professor Weismann, may be summed up as follows:

Every new individual must differ more or less from both its progenitors, owing to the antagonism and rivalry existing between the *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors* of its parents, grandparents, and more and more remote ancestors, since only a portion of such *ids*, *idants*, and *biophors* can enter into the actual substance and composition of a new individual. Every new character, then, every new form of activity, every new feeling or instinct, every adaptation of one part to another, or one activity to another, is, he tells us, solely and exclusively due to the preservation, by "natural selection," of favorable mixtures of such countless minute fortuitous blendings in the new germ-plasm of particles handed down from a greater or less remote antiquity.

The constant action of destructive forces, spoken of as "the struggle for life" (though it is quite as much a "struggle for death") is the one cause, he tells us, which maintains the full development of every useful structure or activity. The moment that, through changed conditions, such structures or activities cease to be useful, they cease to be kept up to that full development by "natural selection," and a fortuitous mixture of ancestral tendencies takes place—called *panmixia*—which produces a reversion to less fully developed conditions of such structures or activities. Thus *panmixia* may dull the eye or deaden the ear of an animal that has come to live in a region where quick sight or acute hearing is less necessary (*e. g.*, from the absence of some enemy) than they were in its anterior dwelling-place.

But if we concede, for argument's sake, the whole of these hypotheses, how, we

may ask, can characters have been developed which (1) never existed in any parent form whatever; (2) which can never have been "naturally selected," that is, produced through any positive utility they possessed; and (3) which appear suddenly or rapidly when the organism possessing them is exposed to new external conditions? One good example of such a character is enough to destroy Professor Weismann's main and central contention—the contention, namely, that new characters are exclusively the result of minute fortuitous changes in the germ-plasm which have been "naturally selected."

As most of our readers doubtless know, the young of the frog and toad leave the egg as tadpoles, which not only differ from the mature form in shape of body, but also in having gills on either side of the neck, whereby the young animals breathe in water, while they only acquire lungs for breathing air later on. Most efts, when they leave the egg, also have a tadpole stage of existence, during which they breathe by gills, which are subsequently absorbed when the lungs become fully developed.

The land salamander (an animal found from Holland to North Africa) differs, however, from ordinary efts in that it does not lay eggs, but gives birth to living young, which have no gills, but breathe by means of lungs from the first. Nevertheless, its young, previous to birth, do possess gills, and gills of relatively large size, but which are absorbed before the young are born.

Now it occurred to a certain German lady to try the experiment of removing such young gilled tadpoles of the land salamander from the body of the mother, in order to see whether they would then breathe in water and live. They did so, but were very much inconvenienced by the relatively great size of their gills. But she found that by degrees these large organs disappeared, and that they were replaced by other small and convenient secondary gills, and thus new structures became developed which had not previously existed in that species.

Whence did these structures arise? (1) They could not have come from ancestral *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors*, for they were novel structures. (2) They could never have been "naturally selected"; for it is utterly incredible that any individual salamanders should have survived through

the possession of organic particles capable of developing into such secondary gills should the young be prematurely removed from the body of the parent. Such a thing could hardly ever have taken place naturally. Nevertheless (3) they appeared rapidly when the organism was exposed to such new external conditions.

Now we are far from affirming that either the water in which the young were kept, or any irritation produced by the large primary gills, were more than stimuli, occasioning the development of the small secondary gills. We do not say that such stimuli were the *cause*. The cause we believe to have been a power or capacity latent in the young salamanders. But that power or capacity could, as just said, never have been produced or acquired by any "natural selection," whatever may have been the agency which did produce it. Certainly, then, if we were compelled to choose between the Darwinian and Lamarckian hypotheses as explanations of this fact in the natural history of the land salamander, we could not hesitate to prefer that of Lamarck.

In his recent Romanes lecture at Oxford, Professor Weismann has endeavored to grapple with a difficulty which has now and again been brought against "natural selection," and in favor of the production of new forms by the direct action of external conditions.

We refer to the singular condition of such social insects as bees and termites (white ants), which consist either (as in the case of bees) of perfect females or *queens*, imperfect females or *workers*, and males or *drones*, or (as in the termites) with the additional distinction of *soldiers* as well as non-fighting workers.

It is known that the grubs, or *larvæ*, of these insects can be made to grow either into "workers" or "queens" by being fed in a certain different manner. Bee larvæ, Professor Weismann admits, all receive similar food for the first three days of their existence; but then, if it is intended to develop any of them into queens, the bees which tend them supply such larvæ with a different, more stimulating food, after which their reproductive organs become fully developed, while those of the larvæ which are to grow into workers become very imperfect and rudimentary, though they at the same time acquire other positive characters which fit them to carry on their life as workers.

The instincts of these creatures also are developed in such a way that the bees act as if they knew what would result from one or other mode of feeding, and they apply this seeming knowledge with much apparent intelligence, according to the needs and conditions of the hive.

Termites (white ants) are endowed with similar instincts, producing analogous results. But these insects are so very different from bees that there can be no doubt but that such endowments have arisen independently in these two very diverse groups of insects.

It has been contended by modern Lamarckians, and, amongst others, by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that in these processes we have manifest instances of results produced by changes in the environment (differences of food), instead of instances of the action of "natural selection."

It is certainly indisputable that change of food does end in the results described, but, says Professor Weismann, such changes are not the *cause* but merely the *occasion* for the manifestation of phenomena which must be due to another cause altogether—namely, as Professor Weismann says,* "*the latent primary constituents*" of the insects concerned, just as we said the phenomena of the prematurely removed young of the land salamander are caused by a "power or capacity latent" within it.

The professor, however, attributes the nature and qualities of these insects, "primary constituents," to the action of "natural selection," and affirms, as naïvely as dogmatically, "We can therefore in this case only ascribe the degeneration of the reproductive organs to processes of selection." He appears to feel no difficulty in believing that in the germ-plasm of a bee's egg there are not only all the necessary constituents, or "determinants," of a queen, a worker, and a drone, all three, ready to be called forth into predominance by an appropriate stimulus, but also that all these have been exclusively developed by fortuitous minute variations in the structure of the germ-plasm of an insect (the hypothetical root-ancestor of the bee) in the *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors* of the ancestors of which there was never anything whatever of the kind! And not only the diverse conditions of the ovary, and all the positive characters by which males, queens, and

* The Romanes Lecture, 1894, p. 36.

workers differ, but also all the wonderful and appropriate instincts which lead the nursing bees to feed and treat the different larvæ in the manner appropriate to each, have all alike been produced by minute accidental variations in the microscopic structure of the particle of protoplasm within an egg-tube of the ovary of a bee! The faith which can accept such a dogma seems to us a faith which can move mountains of intellectual perception, and cast them into the sea—in *mare ignorantiae*—of incoherent imagination.

But let us test the value of such imaginations by considering some phenomena which manifest themselves in certain species which belong to that class which also contains the land salamander.

As we have said, most of them have gills only when young, and only lungs when adult. But quite recently there have been discovered in North America two kinds of eft which, when adult, possess neither the one nor the other. Granted that in them breathing through the skin adequately compensates for the absence of other modes of respiration, it is difficult to see how either rudimentary gills or lungs could have been so prejudicial in the struggle for life as to produce the entire elimination of both, in spite of the ever-present tendency of *panmixia* to favor the conservation or reappearance of structures which must have existed in germ in the *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors* of countless generations of ancestors.

Different species of frogs and toads agree in having very singular modes of hatching their eggs; but even more singular still is the divergence which exists between these modes. In one kind (*Nototrema*) the male takes the eggs of the female as soon as they are laid and introduces them within a large pouch which is situated under the skin of the female's back. In another species, the well-known toad of Surinam (*Pipa*), the eggs somehow become spread over the external surface of the female's back, the skin of which swells and grows up around them, so enclosing each in a little pouch, wherein its development takes place.

The very first beginnings of these strange divergent habits and abnormal structural conditions must have been altogether different, so that the development of one can throw no light on that of the other. Neither is it conceivable that the incipient beginning of a slight

dent in the skin could have had the effect of preserving the life of the species in the first case any more than, in the second, could the placing of a few eggs on the back of a female, which had as yet no power to enclose them in cells by dermal growth, have possessed a saving efficacy in the struggle for life.

But any tendency (as asserted) of the male to place eggs anywhere about the back of the female cannot explain the habit of the obstetric frog (*Alytes*) to arrange them in strings around its own thighs, so that it comes to have the appearance of a courtier of the days of James I., as it hops about the land, till instinct leads it (at the moment when the eggs are ripe) to enter the water, and there obtain relief by the coming forth of the young tadpoles contained within the ova. What could have been the advantage to the species of a male placing one or two eggs on its thighs? Naturally selected minute changes of the kind could never have preserved this obstetric race.

But the most bizarre of all is the toad known as Darwin's *Rhinoderma*. Here once more we have a male who takes to himself and cherishes the eggs of his spouse. He, however, places them in his mouth, whence they quickly disappear, and it might easily be supposed that he swallows them. But in fact he does nothing of the kind; for at the side of the inner surface of the mouth is an opening which leads into a pouch extending backwards within the skin which covers the animal's abdomen, and it is within this pouch that the young are entirely developed (assuming not the shape of tadpoles, but the adult form) much, we would think, to the inconvenience of the parent during the process.

Can our readers believe—we confess ourselves unable to do so—that all these singular, and singularly diverse, structures, instincts, and habits have been exclusively produced by minute accidental variations in the ultimate structure of a germ cell which could not possibly contain *idants*, *ids*, or *biophors* of any ancestors themselves possessing in the least degree instincts or structures of such kinds?

These incipient stages must have been, if not actually prejudicial, only infinitesimally useful; and Professor Weismann can hardly maintain that such mere infinitesimal utility must have prevailed

over a *panmixia* due to the influence of countless antecedent generations.

The influence of such generations must not only determine, as by a sort of fate, the course of the process of individual development from the germ, but it must be impossible, on Professor Weismann's theory (as, indeed, he vehemently affirms), that acquired characters can affect the development of the body, the whole course of which development must have been irrevocably fixed by the minute structure of the germ-plasm in which it had its origin.

Nevertheless, we find that a lowered temperature will long delay the metamorphosis of the tadpole into the frog. Yet is it possible to suppose that individual animals of the kind were ever preserved in the struggle for life by acquired minute physical changes in their germ-plasm, the result of which was to enable their metamorphosis to be thus delayed? Such a character, therefore, cannot have been due to "natural selection."

There is another character which Mr. Herbert Spencer has adduced as an instance of the transmission of characters acquired and due to disuse of important organs. In the order of whales, dolphins, and porpoises the hind limbs are either entirely absent, or are represented by rudimentary bones and cartilages buried deep beneath the outer surface of the body. Now "natural selection" can be well supposed to have reduced the hind legs, not only so much as to no longer appear externally, but even so far that their constituent substance shall be so small as to be of no account in the economy of life. But it is certainly very difficult to see how they could be still further reduced, and even annihilated, especially in opposition to the action of *panmixia*. For the influence of the *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors* of ancestral organisms, all of which had hind legs, must have potently tended to retain leg-rudiments in existence when once they had become so small as to be unable to exercise any prejudicial influence on the struggle for life.

Surely, then, it cannot be to any form of "natural selection" that the absolute atrophy of these hind limbs can be due, whatever may be the real and efficient cause thereof. That cause must at least be called out into efficiency by a prolonged and increasing habit of disuse.

There are two other very remarkable structural conditions which cannot be attributed to any action of "natural selection," as we long ago* pointed out.

A small lemuroid animal from tropical Africa, known as the potto, is remarkable for having the first finger of the hand in a quite rudimentary condition. It is, however, impossible to believe that the life of any potto was ever saved by the fact of its not having a first finger. That remarkable character is the culmination of a tendency which shows itself in various degrees in different more or less closely allied species, and seems to be the extreme outcome of a latent tendency which must be due to some quite other cause than "natural selection."

In those extremely remote days when our carboniferous rocks were in process of deposition, a number of remarkable animals existed which appear to have been intermediate between our existing scaly reptiles and our soft-skinned efts. To them the name of labyrinthodon has been assigned, on account of the peculiarly complex mode in which the component tissues of their teeth are folded. The result of this folding is that when a transverse section of a tooth is made, we see a multitude of much-curved lines radiating from the tooth's centre. Now it is manifest that such extreme complication and enfolding of the dental tissues could never have saved the life of a labyrinthodon; neither (since it is externally invisible) could the beauty of its tooth structure have ever gained it a mate, and in that way (by what is called "sexual selection") have given it a better chance of leaving descendants and preserving its race in the struggle for life. It is also difficult to see how the action of any external influences—the nature of any food, or any special stress of the jaws—or any Lamarckian "induced effort"—could have elicited this remarkable form of tooth.

Every one knows more or less of trouble from teeth, and almost every mother has experience of successive troubles during the appearance of her child's milk-teeth and their replacement by permanent successors. As age advances, and the mouth loses one after another item of its dental furniture, most of us would welcome with joy the pains of another natural replacement were it possible, and we sigh to think we are not

* In our *Genesis of Species*.

like happy crocodiles and other reptiles, on whom bountiful nature bestows again and again one new set of teeth after another, as the old ones become worn out and displaced. The distinction between these two sets of teeth exists in our domestic animals—our horses and cattle, our sheep and goats, our dogs and cats—as well as in ourselves. But no beasts are furnished with more than these two sets (milk and permanent teeth), while some of them have been generally supposed to have but one.

The beasts of Australia (its dingo, bats, and a rat or two excepted) are very singularly different from those of all other parts of the world save the opossums of America. Amongst the peculiarities of these creatures, called *Marsupials*, is that of having only one or two of their teeth replaced by others. With these exceptions, their "milk-teeth" are permanent ones. This fact has given rise to much discussion, and to various endeavors to solve the problem how, in the process of evolution, "milk-teeth" first became developed. Ingenious hypotheses were proposed, some of which remind us of those of Professor Weismann. Thus it was said that amongst the countless minute fortuitous variations in animal structure there came to arise in jaws not yet large enough to afford space for the permanent dentition a useful novelty consisting of certain early-formed teeth of small size. Creatures thus happily favored had, it was urged, a much better chance in the struggle for life, and thus it was that "milk-teeth" became developed by the action of "natural selection." Others took the opposite view, and held that the milk-teeth were the only original ones, a second set having been gradually developed by the omnipotent action of "natural selection." They pointed out that in Australian beasts we have a still-existing survival of that early incipient stage when second teeth began to be, while in other animals (such as our domestic animals and ourselves) the number has become so greatly increased that the second teeth have come to actually exceed the primitive or "milk" teeth in number.

These hypotheses are remarkably instructive, for they show (since they are both now seen to be false) how easy it is to construct the most plausible hypotheses, pointing out both the sufficient and the inevitable course of a "natural se-

lection," which, in fact, never selected anything at all of the kind.

Amongst the various groups or orders of beasts there are two which were supposed to have only one set of teeth, thus remaining in the hypothetical primitive condition of beasts.

One of these orders is named the order of *Edentates*, to which sloths and armadillos belong—creatures the teeth of which are exceptionally simple in form and structure. The other order is that of *Cetaceans*—the porpoises and dolphins—which also have very simple teeth, each being in the form of an elongated somewhat curved cone.

But modern observations have taught us two very curious novelties about these two groups of animals. The teeth of the Edentates are now known to correspond with those of the second set, being preceded by milk-teeth, which are shed very early, and which, strange to say, are much less simple in shape than are their later-formed successors.

The teeth of the Cetaceans, on the other hand, are now known to correspond with the milk-teeth of other animals, their successors never becoming more than rudiments, and never, therefore, replacing their milk predecessors.

How are all these diversities to be explained? They are very simply and easily explicable on the principle of evolution. They may thus be seen to form two series, which progress and develop according to law, but do not lend a particle of support to that refuge for the intellectually destitute, the process of "natural selection."

We must suppose—and the evidence for it is extremely strong—that the group of beasts, or "mammals," arose and was developed from preceding reptiles.

But reptiles are furnished with several successive series of teeth in their jaws. If, then, mammals had the reptilian origin supposed, it is extremely probable that the earliest forms of beasts also had several successive series of teeth. Thus, then, we see that instead of either "milk" or "permanent" teeth being a new introduction developed by "natural selection," both of them are mere survivals of such earlier reptilian conditions, and so we have a most simple explanation of them, and of the different conditions existing in different groups of mammals. That such was their origin is confirmed by the

fact that sometimes one or more of a third series of teeth become developed, while the careful observer Leche has seen traces of teeth preceding even the milk series. Thus, in beasts actually of our own day, we have vestiges of four successive series of teeth, though, with the rarest exceptions, it is only the second and third of them ("milk" and "permanent" teeth) which now come into existence.

Thus in ourselves and in ordinary beasts, such as our domestic animals, there is a considerable number of milk-teeth, all but the more posterior of which are succeeded by a second set. The hedgehog and its allies show various resemblances to Marsupials, and in them we find some milk-teeth retained, which are not so in such creatures as the cat and dog, or in ourselves. In Marsupials (the Australian beasts before noticed) only one or two of the milk-teeth have, as we have already seen, permanent successors. In the Edentates and Cetaceans, as we have also seen, there is a deceptive appearance of having got a single set of teeth, since those permanent organs are milk-teeth in the latter, and successors of milk-teeth in the former.

What is the evidence here for the action of "natural selection"? Its efficiency may, of course, be *supposed*, as we have already seen its action to have been twice mistakenly supposed, through endeavors to explain the nature of milk-teeth. What the course of development in these animals seems to indicate is the gradual development and further orderly carrying out of a tendency implanted at or near the origin of the whole mammalian branch of the tree of animal life.

But the reader may think we have lost sight of our initial question—"Can characters we acquire, influence another generation?" Yet all our observations hitherto have a direct or indirect reference thereto. He who dogmatically denies such a power to "acquired characters" builds his whole system on a belief that naturally selected minute and fortuitous variations in the germ-plasm are the one only cause of new forms of life, and he supports this his belief by various supplementary hypotheses of a highly speculative nature. We have sought to show, and believe we have shown, that some of these hypotheses are untenable, and that "natural selection" is quite unable to account for a variety of natural conditions.

If in this we are right, it cuts the ground from under Professor Weismann's entire contention. His whole system collapses, and therewith his denial of the congenital racial usefulness of our voluntary efforts ceases to have any value. Such evidence as before existed of the direct effects of environment and of effort thereby acquires increased weight, and a philosophy of hope replaces a philosophy of discouragement, at least, not to say despair.

But if the "natural selection" of minute physical variations ceases thereby in our eyes to possess the importance Professor Weismann attributes to it, can we regard any other cause as a rational explanation of both the phenomena of heredity and of the possibility of the inheritance of acquired characters?

For the purpose of entering upon this final inquiry, it is necessary to briefly consider the general characters of our modern hypotheses about heredity, besides that of Professor Weismann. These, as before said, have, like his, consisted in representations of extremely minute particles of matter (with various curious names) as endowed with a power of transmitting likenesses, owing to definite dispositions and arrangements of their ultimate material constituents. Such were the "*gemmules*" of Mr. Darwin's theory of Pangenesis, such the "*idiosomes*" of Professor Whitman, and such the "*micellæ*," "*plastidules*," and "*inotagmata*" of Professor Nägeli and other naturalists. Can such mental images serve as explanations of heredity or any other vital activity, or does reason force us to have recourse to other ideas than are dreamt of in the philosophy of these professors? The peculiar powers of living beings, and especially their seemingly mysterious powers of growth and reproduction, are very commonly believed to be explicable, and their mysterious characters made to disappear, through the introduction of such conceptions of minute constituent parts.

This belief we deem an entirely mistaken one, for the following reason: Our imagination is necessarily confined to, and bound down by, our sensuous experience. We can imagine nothing which has never, either as a whole or in its constituent parts, been perceived by our senses; and yet there is a whole world of existences which our senses can never perceive, but of the existence of which we are none the less certain. Thus it is

certain that we see and hear and think, yet no act of sight, hearing, or thinking can ever be seen or heard or apprehended by any of our senses. In the various activities commonly called "vital" we can perceive various parts of animals under successively different conditions; but the activities themselves, whatever be their nature, are not also "material bodies," and are themselves utterly imperceptible to our senses.

Thus we find in living animals not only a complex variety of parts admirably fitted for carrying on various activities (or functions), all which parts can be perfectly imagined by us, but also what seems to be evidence of an immaterial activity which (as sensuously imperceptible) is absolutely unimaginable.

But when we turn to carefully examine and consider Professor Weismann's *idants*, *ids*, and *biophors*, and the *gemmules*, *idioplasms*, *micellæ*, etc., of other biological theorists, what do we find? We find in each and all of them the very same diversity of nature as in each and every whole living animal. To think that by imagining a living creature indefinitely divided into minute living parts we explain life and get rid of its mysteries is one of the greatest of errors.

Therefore, in truth, neither Professors Weismann, Darwin, Nägeli, Whitman, nor any of their colleagues, are to be blamed or disesteemed for any failure of their systems to explain what they seek to explain. Such failure is but the inevitable result of attempting the impossible. When carefully considered such minute bodies will be found no less to need explanation themselves than do the larger bodies the vital processes of which they are called in to explain. The difficulty is in no way diminished, but simply moved a step or two farther back. As has been already remarked (by Mr. G. C. Bourne), Professor Weismann's "biophors" exhibit the primary vital forces, assimilation, growth, and multiplication by self-division, while they are also the bearers of the properties of "cells," and have qualities which are heritable.

Professor Whitman explains the qualities of these "cells" by his "idiosomes," but what explains the behavior of his "idiosomes"?

However we may minimize or subdivide such supposed material elements, the same difficulty will ever recur. In the

same way as when we seek to explain the entire activities of a living organism by the functions of its "cells," each "cell," so considered, itself becomes but an entire organism "writ small"; so every "biophor," "idiosome," "gemmule," etc., of a "cell" becomes the "cell" again "writ small." This must be the case with all such things, however subdivided, since the mere juxtaposition of functionless similar particles can never account for vital phenomena such as growth and reproduction, to say nothing of sensation and thought. However we may play with such images by the aid of a subtle and fertile imagination, the same inevitable and insoluble difficulty will ever return upon us.

"Biophors," "micellæ," etc., are terms for mental images of material particles which only differ from bodies perceptible to the senses because they are supposed to be exceedingly minute. They are therefore necessarily incapable of making us understand the vital, immaterial activities of entire organisms, and the use of them amounts to an attempt to make imaginary representations of things perceptible to the senses serve as representations of things imperceptible to the senses, and therefore essentially incapable of any such representation.

The irrationality of this is very often unnoticed, because the imagination of an immense number of minute parts and their motions tends so to fatigue the fancy as to make many persons think that, by having had their imagination thus overwhelmed by a complication of mental images exceeding its grasp, they have arrived at something of a really different nature, and capable of explaining realities which the reason indeed apprehends, but of which the senses can take no cognizance. For reason loudly declares that behind all the phenomena we can see, hear, feel, or touch there must be something which we are quite unable so to apprehend, but which nevertheless has in it the nature of a cause. Any attempt, then, to explain heredity by movements of minute particles which have become what they have by a fortuitous collocation of their material elements is essentially delusive and bound to fail.

As the President of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin, recently pointed out, "the influence of animal or vegetable life on matter is infinitely beyond the range of

any scientific inquiry hitherto entered on. Its power of directing the motions of moving particles . . . in the growth of generation after generation of plants from a single seed is infinitely different from any possible result of the fortuitous course of atoms."*

That acquired characters and the effects of voluntary effort and of disuse can be inherited has been well argued by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Eimer, and seems proved by such phenomena as the gradually complete disappearance of rudimentary organs, as before pointed out. Professor Weismann's arguments against their possibility have, unless we are greatly mistaken, entirely broken down. But can we attain to any ideas which afford us any more satisfactory explanation of the processes of development of individual animals, of heredity, and of the origin of species? Or must we sit down contented, or discontented, with a mere assertion of observed facts?

We may decline to try for any such explanation; but if we seek, as our nature impels us to seek, after anything in the nature of a cause, we shall be forced to have recourse to one of a radically different nature, one necessarily hidden from the senses, though perceptible to the intellect.

In every investigation it is our first duty to inquire what facts are most certain and evident, and what consequences evidently flow therefrom, and by such our various speculations and hypotheses must be tested.

In studying the functions of organisms, therefore, we should first study those about which we can obtain the most evident and certain knowledge. But amongst organisms no one of them is nearly so well known to us as is our own, and the most certain fact of our knowledge about ourselves is that we think, and can know we are thinking, that we can know some of our past in addition to our present state, and that we can consider and reconsider our thoughts in various groups and in different orders, as we will, passing them in review, as it were, before a present consciousness.

If we are certain (and only an unsound mind can, we believe, doubt it) that we have—that we consist of—a material substance (our body), we can be yet more

certain that in our thought we have an immaterial energy, and so that we are one being—a unity—which at the same time is both material and immaterial.

We do not mean that we are conscious of anything within our body and distinct from it, but that we are conscious (on reflection) of being *both* a material organism and an immaterial energy, and that the latter is dominant and directive, as we see in every act performed by our will.

We are conscious of much which this energy of ours can accomplish, but its action shades off into activities of which we are entirely unconscious. We need, then, the existence of no other energy to explain all the body's activities. To suppose more would be to suppose what experience does not demand.

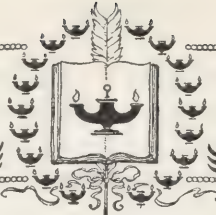
Here, then, is one absolutely certain and evident fact, one of the most fundamental facts of the whole of natural science. And it is far-reaching. For, since animals resemble man in various degrees, it is reasonable to suppose that other organisms also consist both of an extended material body and an individual immaterial energy—however different from that of man in power and faculty.

Such an individual and individuating immaterial energy cannot of course be pictured by the imagination, but that is no bar to its intellectual apprehension. The existence of our own immaterial individuating power is to be perceived directly, and a similar existence as regards other living organisms is a reasonable inference. Professor Weismann cannot logically object to it, since he credits his "biophors" with peculiar "forces," while Professor Hæckel of Jena attributes such an immaterial energy to every "cell."

In the conception here advocated we have what no one can deny to be a *vera causa*, the existence of which is supremely evident in ourselves, while it helps us to an intelligible, though unimaginable, cause of all the vital actions of organic beings, amongst them being that of heredity, while it facilitates the belief in the inheritance of acquired characters, upon the possibility of which inheritance depends all and any future progress of mankind through a congenital improvement of the *race*, to be brought about by means of voluntary effort, generous self-denial, and a persevering cultivation of the best powers and qualities of body and of mind.

* In an article on the "Dissipation of Energy." *Fortnightly Review*, 1892.

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

THE ignorance of the Bible among students in our public schools and colleges furnishes a curious illustration of the inadequacy of our educational machine to meet the requirements of life. It is significant also of a deeper miscarriage of our social and political life. We seem to be astonished that we cannot have public virtue without private virtue, and that a fair legislative and executive machine will not produce an honest and temperate community. We have got into the habit of looking to legislation for everything, and if legislation will not answer, then to a change of the organic or constitutional law. The first thought that occurs to us about any evil in the social body is that we ought to legislate about it, and it does not often occur to us that the only real cure is personal and individual reform. We know, in an oratorical sense, that we cannot have a good state without good citizens. But at the same time we think that we can reform political corruption, the shameless traffic in votes and in offices, that we can cast out the lobby from our legislative halls, and stop the members of the legislature from taking money for passing laws or for rejecting bills, and for voting for Senators and other officers, by some other method than by making voters and legislators honest and honorable. The honest conduct of public affairs, that can only come by making the men engaged in them honest, we hope to compass by some sort of perfected machine. Of course, if we can get good restraining legislation on the statute-books, that gives those who love righteousness the same advantage that they gain from having the ten commandments behind them, but it remains true that the reform of the individual must take place before there is any real reform. If men had self-respect enough not to sell their votes, either in elections or in the legislature, we should no longer have politicians or agents of great corporations regret the necessity they are under of spending money to corrupt the very sources of our social and political life.

Is this straying into a line of comment inappropriate to the Study? But we can-

not escape the analogy between our political and our educational schemes. There is a defect somewhere that is the common root of the lack in both. And this is not only in the want of the recognition of the value of personal character (in our scheme of majority rule), but it arises from a notion that we can turn over the conduct of life to any mere machine. That is to say, that we can give up individual and family responsibility. The Study has had something to say before in regard to the surprising lacunæ in what is called our "examination" education, in which the studies of the secondary schools and colleges are more directed to covering certain ground than to awakening the minds of the pupils. And it may add now that the fault is not altogether in the schools, or curable by the schools.

Take this matter of ignorance of the Bible. Recent statistics show that it exists, to an extent inconceivable to any person a generation ago, in college students. And this ignorance is disclosed not in attempted religious instruction, but in the study of the ordinary branches of a literary education in our universities and colleges. The pupils are entirely unable to understand a great mass of allusions in the masterpieces of English poetry and prose. Some of these pupils are victims of the idea that the Bible should not be read by the young, for fear that they will be prejudiced in a religious way before their minds are mature enough to select a religion for themselves. Now, wholly apart from its religious or from its ethical value, the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated with it. There is scarcely a great work in the language that can be fully understood and enjoyed without this knowledge, so full is it of allusions and illustrations from the Bible. This is true of fiction, of poetry, of economic and of philosophic works, and also of the scientific and even agnostic treatises. It is not at all a question of religion, or the-

ology, or of dogma, it is a question of general intelligence. A boy or girl at college, in the presence of the works set for either to master, without a fair knowledge of the Bible, is an ignoramus, and is disadvantaged accordingly. It is in itself almost a liberal education, as many great masters in literature have testified. It has so entered into law, literature, thought, the whole modern life of the Christian world, that ignorance of it is a most serious disadvantage to the student.

How this is to be overcome in our machine system is a grave question. It results partly from the discontinuance of the use of the Bible in the public schools, but more especially from the change in the estimation in which it is held in the family. In comparison with its position in the family a generation ago, it is now a neglected book. It is neglected as literature. There are several suggestions for reviving interest in it. One of them is already in operation in Sunday-school work. Another is its study as literature in the schools and colleges. But we believe that the change will only come effectively by attention to the fundamental cause of this ignorance, the neglect of its use in the home in childhood. If its great treasures are not a part of growing childhood, they will always be external to the late possessor. In the family is where this education must begin, and it will then be, as it used to be, an easy and unconscious education, a stimulus to the imagination, and a ready key to the great world of tradition, custom, history, literature.

II.

Still speaking of our systematical education, it is more and more evident, as we are feeding more and more into it to be ground out in knowledge for the individual, that the scheme does not adequately provide for the training of the organ that is to acquire and assimilate the knowledge. Students are set to tasks, and the burden increases with every discovery of science and with our enlarged conception of the world of thought, quite beyond their mental power to manage. The result is intellectual confusion, and often a physical break-down. That which we call the mind is hardly ever trained to do that which is required of it. We treat it as if it were a receptacle which could be stuffed with ideas, instead of a living means of mastering and assimilating ideas.

And the distaste for study and the inability to carry on an ordinary school course are commonly due to lack of mental training. The mind is the tool with which the student has to work, and if it is dull and he does not know how to handle it, it is impossible for him to do the work required of him. As well expect an artist or a craftsman to succeed if he has not mastered the means of expressing his thought.

Of course we know that memory is essential in any study; that is, the power of recalling for use an impression. We also know that this power of recalling an impression depends much upon the vividness with which it is made, the accuracy of it; and that depends upon our closeness of observation and our fixed attention at the moment. We therefore say that to cultivate the power of accurate observation and fixed attention is the first requisite of mental discipline. This power of fixing the attention—it must be a habit constantly exercised on anything brought under observation if it is to be valuable—is not merely, however, for strengthening the memory, it is an essential mental training for investigation and for clarity of thought and expression every hour. Undeniably our common habit in this respect is bad and slovenly. We do not commonly fix the attention enough to listen intelligently. Take an ordinary conversation at a dinner table, or between a group of friends, or in a committee meeting, and notice how few accurately hear what is said, or comprehend, or keep to the point. This is commonly not from lack of intelligence, but from lack of attention. This slovenly habit not only deprives us of one of the keenest pleasures of life, but it is fatal to intellectual integrity, it is demoralizing to the mental power. The majority of people read with the same feeble attention, and sit out a lecture, or address, or a sermon, in the same inattentive wool-gathering state of mind. It is easy to test this. Mingle with any dispersing lecture audience, and see how few have intelligently followed the lecturer, or comprehended his argument and purpose, or taken his emphatic points, or can give anything like an analysis or a coherent statement of what has been said in their hearing. It has, as we say, gone into one ear and out at the other; probably very little of it has even passed through the

head even in that way. And the damage to the auditor is not in what he has missed—for the lecture or sermon may be valueless—but in the mental demoralization the process causes him. He is confirming a habit of inattention that is disadvantageous to him in anything he may attempt. It may not be important that he should go to any lecture, but if he does go it is all-important to his mind that he should give his fixed and best attention to it, irrespective of its quality; that he listen to it with an absorption that would enable him not only to follow it step by step, but to reproduce a complete analysis of it when he gets home. One great cause of the mental demoralization of the majority of people is the way they hear sermons and lectures. They hear without hearing, they do not fix their attention, their minds are not active on the thing in hand, and the result is cultivation of lack of mental power. I mean, of course, half-listening, the listless attitude, which catches now and then a sentence or an illustration, but mingles what is said with a confused muddle of its own wandering thoughts. The person who goes to sleep at church, or who never pretends to hear a word from the pulpit, but follows out a train of consecutive thought of his own, will sustain no damage. People sometimes have odd ideas of worship. Their attention, or lack of attention, to the sermon has no relation to worship, but it does concern the power of the mind.

I have said that memory, as well as mental vigor for investigation, depends upon this power of attention. But we have to recognize personal differences in memory. No matter what the training is, some memories are much more retentive than others, and this difference does not depend upon the ease or the difficulty with which the impression is made. With some the single reading of a poem enables them to recall it for an indefinite time; with others, the utmost labor of memorizing will only enable them to recall it for a little while. But with all, the power of attention will greatly improve the working quality of the memory. And this is a very practical matter in regard to our newspaper service. Almost the only reports we get now that are good for anything are made by the stenographer—that is, a literal report of the words, and not of the substance, of

the speech or lecture. No newspaper has space for long verbatim reports of all that would be interesting to its readers. Therefore only synopses can be given. And these are usually inaccurate, unsatisfactory, and often wholly misrepresent the speaker and his theme. The reason is that the reporters are either untrained in the power of attention, or they do not try to master and absorb the discourse, but depend for their report, without any mental effort, upon pencilling down a few phrases. It is needless to say that one cannot give a fair condensed report of the discourse unless he understands it, and he will not understand it unless he gives it continually and from beginning to end a keen and undistracted attention. I remember the case of a young man some years ago who was required to report, one winter, for a weekly newspaper, a series of lectures. He was neither a stenographer nor a practised long-hand reporter. He simply had some power of attention, of fixing his mind on the subject before him. Consequently he took no notes. He simply listened to the lecture with all his faculties on a strain of attention. This enabled him to grasp clearly the plan of the lecture, its logical sequence, and to take distinctly each proposition or argument and to tie to it the pertinent illustrations. As it went on, he found his mind running backward and reconstructing the whole, as link after link was added, binding the whole together, as a stitcher would throw his thread backward to preserve the solid continuity of an embroidered chain. And this state of alertness and absorption enabled him thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the lecturer, to be actually at the time in the world, amid the scenes, which the words created. Often the report was carried in the mind and not written out for several days, and a queer part of the phenomenon was that the act of writing seemed to discharge the lecture from the memory, showing that this individual's memory was not a very retentive one. The reports did not cover in space more than a fourth of the length of the lectures. Yet they were very satisfactory to the lecturers and to the audiences that heard them. They gave the analysis, the substance, the spirit, and, what is more interesting still as a mental exercise, their tone was fairly that of the lecturer, and the phraseology was his to a

degree that many persons supposed they must have been made from stenographic notes. The mental process was not a difficult one; it was simply a matter of attention and absorption, and the reporter got more out of it probably than any one else. I am told that he had a life-long habit of listening attentively to every speech, lecture, or sermon that he heard, irrespective of its value, for he always got the same mental discipline, which is a matter of habit, in whatever he listened to. And he found that if by lassitude or laziness he neglected this habit, he was deteriorating the power by which one keeps himself in active and pleasing relations with life generally. Can this power of attention be taught, and is it essential in our increasingly widening system of education?

III.

In this connection it seems a public service to give the widest publicity to a method of mind-training, or "concentrated attention," practised by Miss Catherine Aiken in her girls' school in Stamford, Connecticut. The training there, which occupies not more than twenty minutes a day, is distinctly a means to an end. It is well known that most students are at a disadvantage in attacking any subject, because their minds are untrained. It is also known that many who are bright and ambitious break down in a course of study from mere brain-weariness in the increasing number of hours needed to master the increasing tasks. It is also noticed that there is a great disproportion of labor to results—that is, of the time given to study, and the knowledge or cultivation attained. The successful teacher is the one who has the power to command and hold the attention of her pupils, but it is equally true that success in learning depends upon the ability of the scholar to concentrate her attention. To fix the attention is necessary in any occupation. Can the power of doing so be cultivated? Is there any means of cultivating the habit of concentrating the attention? If there is, then it is evident that the student will be saved a vast amount of mental drudgery, and will economize time which is so often wasted in study hours.

The means in use at Stamford are very simple, and I will give an example of them in Miss Aiken's own words: "At first the

experiments were tested, not upon the individual mind, but upon the minds of the whole school acting together to one end, thus securing an intensity of interest in that wondrous element of success, the contagion of enthusiasm. For example: a collection of figures was placed upon the reverse side of a revolving blackboard, then quickly turned; the figures were instantly recognized in their order. After considerable practice of this kind, the following is a specimen of the columns which were repeated after a single glance and then erased:

| | | |
|------|------|------|
| 54 | 16 | 48 |
| 100 | 800 | 1789 |
| 1483 | 1702 | 1452 |
| 621 | 1815 | 1323 |
| 1635 | 1300 | 11 |
| 476 | 600 | 751 |
| 1000 | 24 | 560 |
| 27 | 13 | 1492 |
| 10 | | |

"The purpose of the exercise was solely to arouse an eager attention which could be shared by all without regard to scholarship, to quicken the activities of the mind, fix the attention, and help to form the habit of looking at things accurately. There was no occasion for remembering the figures in the order of their arrangement, or even at all, and I was surprised when, after some days had passed, I discovered that my pupils could recall four or five columns of figures similar to the above in their order without hesitation or error—an experience which proved to me beyond a doubt, if any proof were needed, that the mind retains the impressions made upon it in proportion to the degree of attention given at the time the impressions are received."

Another exercise which developed quick perception is that of "unconscious counting," or of immediately recognizing the number of a group of objects without counting them. There are presented to the eye, for example, seven circles, and instead of counting one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, the pupil distinguishes at a glance that the numerical value of the group is seven. The position of the circles is changed and the practice continued until the group is as quickly perceived and as certain to mean seven to the mind as a single object to mean one. After a few weeks' practice, not exceeding five minutes each morning, the pupils could instantly recognize fifteen objects without counting. Sometimes algebraic formulæ,

or letters, or unfamiliar words, or parts of sentences, were shown for a moment, and then the pupils were required to write precisely what they had seen on the black-board. This would have been impossible to do unless the attention had been fully concentrated at the time.

These are examples of a variety of exercises with the sole object of concentrating the attention. Others are practised upon individual pupils. In all cases the inspiration of the moment urges the pupil to concentrated attention. Cognate to this is the cultivation of the art of listening. Exercises were practised for ten or fifteen minutes each day with the sole view of accustoming the mind to concentrate itself upon a subject, in listening to the reading of a book, or a lecture, or to oral instruction. A passage of the best English was read once only. The pupils were ignorant of text-book definitions, but they were shown the principal parts of the extract read, and the relation of each to the others. They were then asked to repeat the important words in the first two sentences, then in the whole paragraph, and then to repeat the entire selection. Little by little they acquired the power of seizing upon the principal parts of a sentence; and to do this in order, to hold them firmly in mind, and to group around each part the dependent words required unwavering attention to the once-heard reading. As this power of continuous attention increased with practice, the pupils could repeat long passages of prose and poetry heard but once. Incidentally, of course, were taught by this exercise the principles of rhetoric in the proper structure and forms of sentences.

I am able to add some testimony as to the value of this method. A lecturer recently read a somewhat technical paper to this school on English language. The girls listened intently. The following week, at the occasion of the next lecture, he was shown the reports of the first. Most of these reports astonished him: they were so superior to any other reporters' work that he had seen that he was certain they were accomplished by the use of stenography. They were a complete analysis of the whole lecture, the substance and form, and to a surprising extent the phraseology—as he said, "Why, they had the whole thing." There had been, however, no stenography, nor any extended note taking. The work was the result of the cultivation of the art of listening and of concentrated attention.

IV.

Owing to the popular notion that anybody can teach, and that teaching must be cheap, we have had cheap teaching in this country, especially in the lower schools, where untrained girls have been paid all they were worth. The Study has had something to say about the employment of incompetent teachers, the majority of them being women. It now desires to call attention to the fact that in the recent educational awakening, and the training of girls for their profession, two of the most important contributions to the science of education in our schools have been made by women: Miss Mary Burt's method of beginning with literature in the education of the very young, and Miss Catherine Aiken's method of mind-training or concentrated attention.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 9th of January. The massacre of Armenians by Turkish soldiers aroused indignation in all Christian countries.

M. Henri Brisson was elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies December 18th, in place of M. Auguste Burdeau, deceased.

The Lexow committee continued its investigation into the police department of New York until December 30th. The entire department was shown to be corrupt.

The Delevan House in Albany burned December 30th. Sixteen lives were lost.

Japanese troops continued to advance toward Peking without serious opposition.

OBITUARY.

December 3d.—At Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson, aged forty-four years.

December 12th.—At Windsor Castle, Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, aged fifty years.

December 31st.—At Cooperstown, New York, Susan Fenimore Cooper, author and second daughter of the novelist James Fenimore Cooper, aged eighty-two years.—At Indianapolis, David Buell Knickerbacker, Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Indiana.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A WATERLOGGED TOWN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

HE was backed up against the Column of the Lion, holding at bay a horde of gondoliers, who were shrieking "Gondola! Gondola!" as only Venetian gondoliers can. He had a half-defiant look, like a cornered stag, as he stood there protecting a small, wizened woman of an uncertain age, dressed in a long gray silk duster and pigeon-winged hat, her side curls glistening in the blazing sun.

"No, durn ye, I don't want no gon-do-la; I got one somewhere round here if I can find him."

If his tall gaunt frame, black chin whisker, and clearly defined features had not located him instantly in my mind, his dialect did.

"You'll probably find your gondola at the next landing," I said, pointing to the steps.

He looked at me kindly, took the woman by the arm, and marched her to the spot indi-



"MAKES A MUDDLE OF EVERYTHING."

cated. In another moment I felt a touch on my shoulder: "Neighbor, ain't you from the U. S. A.?"

I nodded my head.

"Shake! It's God's own land!" and he disappeared in the throng.

The next morning I was taking my coffee in the café at the Britannia, when I caught a pair of black eyes peering over a coffee-cup at a table opposite. Then six feet and an inch or two of raw untilled American rose in the air, picked up his plates, cup, and saucer, and crossed the room, hooked out a chair with his left foot from my table, and sat down.

"You're the painter-feller that helped me out of a hole yesterday? Yes, I knowed it; I see you come in to dinner last night. Elizabeth said it was you, but you was so almighty rigged up I didn't catch on for a minute, but Eliza-beth said she was dead-sure."

"The lady with you—your wife?"

"Not to any alarming extent, young man. Never had one—she's my sister—only one I got; and this summer she took it into her head—you don't mind my setting here, do you? I'm so durned lonesome among these jabbering Greeks I'm nearly dead—took it into her head she'd come over here, and of course I had to bring her. You 'ain't never travelled around, perhaps, with a young girl of fifty-five, with her head crammed full of hifalutin notions—convents and early masters and Mont Blancs and Bon Marchés—with just enough French to make a muddle of everything she wants to get. Well, that's Eliza-beth. First it was a circulating library, at Unionville, back of Troy, where I live; then come a course of lectures twice a week on old Edinburgh and the Alps and German cities; and then, to cap all, there come a feller with magic-lantern slides of 'most every old ruin in Europe, and half our women were crazy to get away from home, and Eliza-beth worse than any one of 'em; and so I got a couple of Cook's tickets, and here we are; and I don't mind saying," and a wicked, vindictive look filled his eyes, "that of all the cussed holes I ever got into in my life this here Venice takes—the—cake. Here, John Henry"—to the French waiter—"bring me another cup of coffee; this's stone-cold."

"Do not the palaces interest you?" I asked, inquiringly.

"Palaces be durned! Excuse my French. Palaces! A lot of caved-in old rookeries; with everybody living on the second floor because the first one's so damp ye'd get your die-and-never-get-over-it if you lived in the basement, and the top floors so leaky that you go to bed under an umbrella; and they all braced up with iron clamps to keep 'em from falling into the Canal, and not a square inch on any one of 'em clean enough to dry a shirt on! What kind of holes are they for decent— Now see here," laying his hand confidently on my shoulder, "just answer me one question—you seem like a level-headed young man, and ought to

give it to me straight. Been here all summer, 'ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Been coming years, 'ain't you?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, now, I want it straight," and he lowered his voice—"what does a sensible man find in an old waterlogged town like this?"

I gave him the customary answer: the glories of the past; the picturesque life of the lagoons; the beauty of its palaces, churches, and gardens; the luxury of its gondolas, etc., etc.

"Don't see it," he broke out before I had half finished. "As for the gon-do-las, they can't be beat—just as soft as a basket of kittens when you sit in 'em. As for the palaces, the State-house at Al-ba-ny knocks 'em cold; as for gardens, when I think of mine at home, all chock-full of hollyhocks and sunflowers and morning-glories—I've got a stock-farm six miles from Unionville, where I've got some three-year-olds can trot in 2.23—they simply ain't in it; and as for ler-goons, we've got a river sailing along in front of Troy that mayn't be so wide, but it's a durned sight safer and longer, and there ain't a gallon of water in it that ain't as sweet as a daisy; and that's what you can't say of these streaks of mud around here, that smell like a dumping-ground." Here he rose from his chair, his voice filling the room, the words dropping slowly: "I—'ain't—got—no—use—for—a—place—where—there—ain't—a—horse—in—the—town, and every—cellar—is—half—full—of—water."

A few mornings after I was stepping into my gondola when I caught sight of the man from Troy sitting in a gondola surrounded by his trunks. His face expressed supreme content, illumined by a sort of grim humor, as if some master effort of his life had been rewarded with more than usual success. Elizabeth was tucked away on "the basket of kittens," half hidden by the linen curtains.

"Off?" I said, inquiringly.

"You bet!"

"Which way?"

"Paris, and then a bee-line for New York."

"But you are an hour too early for your train."

He held his finger to his lips and knitted his eyebrows.

"What's that?" came a shrill plaintive voice from the curtains. "An hour more? George, please ask the gentleman to tell the gondolier to take us to Salviate's; we've got time for that glass mirror, and I can't bear to leave Venice without—"

"Eliza-beth, you sit where you air, if it takes a week. No Salviate's in mine, and no glass mirror. We are stuffed now so jammed full of wooden goats, glass bottles, copper buckets, and old church rags that I had to jump on my trunk to lock it." Then waving his hand to me, he called out, as I floated off, "This craft is pointed for home, and don't you forget it."



RIVALS.

"How did Jennie look at the ball?"

"Why, dear, I never *hoped* to see her look so ugly!"

AT THE MIDNIGHT CLUB.

THE Broker and the man from Boston were discussing bimetallism, and the Poet and the Doctor were not pleased.

"We don't want to go into great national questions," said the Poet. "If we do, we'll get to discussing politics, and that will break the club up."

"That's a fact," said the Doctor. "We were organized for a different purpose than breaking the club up, and politics is barred."

"Well, let's settle this bimetallism question, and then we'll quit for good," said the Broker.

"You two can't settle the question," said the Doctor. "That question won't be settled for years; and if you think I'm going to wait years to tell my batch of anecdotes, you're mistaken. I knew a fellow once who—"

"Wait a second," said the Broker, appealingly. "I have just one question to put to this bimetallist. How the dickens are you going to maintain the parity between gold and silver? You can't do it."

"By international agreement," returned the Boston man.

"In other words," put in the Broker, "by a mere paper agreement—"

"Once upon a time," said the Doctor, "there was a man who—"

"One moment, Doctor," said the Broker, impatiently. "By a mere agreement among men two things which are not equal are to be made equal—you are to work a miracle. Why not say two and two shall hereafter make five because America, France, and Germany say so? And if England won't agree to it we'll send a fleet over there and play skittles with her."

"There was a man who lived in the city of Worcester," continued the Doctor. "He was a man to whom all things were possible. He might have been a Russian, an Italian, or a Prussian, as the song says—"

"But remained an Englishman," warbled the Poet.

"Not he," said the Doctor, "and he'd have hit you for saying so if he'd heard you. He became an Irishman. He was a perfect specimen, too. His brogue was rich enough to declare big dividends and accumulate a surplus at the same time. Somebody once said it was a foot thick, and it made him a political power in his ward. And then there came about an election

in which there were complications far too great for himself and his fellow-members of the ward club to cope with, and so they sent up to a similar organization in Boston for assistance. This they received in unstinted measure, with the result that on election day they carried everything before them, and there was great rejoicing in the club, in which Mr. McFinnegan was a natural leader.

"'Begorra!' he cried, 'we should art to cilibrate this victory wid a cilibration.'

"'Oi sicond the motion,' cried another hardy worker.

"'An' phot is more,' roared McFinnegan, 'we should art to sind to thim Bosston fellys an' invoite thim to jine wid us.'

"'Siconded!' cried the other hardy worker.

"'An' the cilibration should art to be cilibrated wid a collaation made up uv plain substantial food like ham sandwidges and limonade wid a bit uv a wink in ut.'

"'So it should,' cried the enthusiastic worker.

"'Thin the quistion is, phwin? Oi say Froiday,' said McFinnegan.

"'Froiday ut is,' assented the club.

"'Good!' said McFinnegan; and then an idea struck him. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'Froiday is a bad daa for a collaation made uv ham, an' oi'd move you thot we amind the resolution providin' for the collaation so thot thim ham sandwidges shall be made uv fish!'

The Poet laughed, as did the Boston man; and as the Doctor settled back in his chair to enjoy his B. and S. the Broker glanced smilingly at him.

"That was a bimetallic resolution with a vengeance," said he.

And the others agreed, even the man from Boston.

TURKISH DISCIPLINE.

MAHMOUD Pasha was a very progressive Turk of the new school. He spoke French whenever he had an opportunity, read French novels, had only one wife, and, in short, aped Europeans generally. He was a good-natured, well-mannered fellow withal, and intelligent as Turks go; so it one day came to pass that he was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission. Although no love is generally lost between Turks and Russians, Mahmoud Pasha soon became popular in the diplomatic circles of St. Petersburg, owing to his good-nature and childlike ingenuousness. He caught eagerly at every new idea, and was always discussing the possibility of introducing reforms into Turkey. The Russians, on their side, were never tired of exciting his wonder by showing him the sights of their beautiful city, and explaining to him the systems of work in vogue in their different government departments.

One day he was at luncheon with a few guests at the quarters of a Russian officer named Birnedoff. The conversation had turned on the subject of the splendid discipline to be found in every branch of the Russian service. Birnedoff suddenly rang a bell. "I am

going to give you an example of the methodicity of my orderly," said he to Mahmoud Pasha. An instant later a trim-looking young officer entered the room, and, after saluting, stood quietly awaiting orders. Birnedoff took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and selecting one, gave it to the orderly.

"Go to my office," said he, "and open the upper right-hand drawer. You will see there a package of papers tied with blue tape. Bring those papers to me here directly."

The man saluted and left the room.

Birnedoff took out his watch. Keeping his eyes fixed on the face, he said: "He is going down the stairs—he is in the street." And then, after a long pause, "He has reached the War Office—he is going up stairs—he has entered my room—he has the papers, and has started to come back—he has reached the street." Another long pause. "He is down at the door—he is mounting the stairs—he is here." At this moment the door opened and the orderly reappeared. Saluting, he stepped forward and placed in Birnedoff's hands the key and a package of papers tied with blue tape. "Gentleman!" said the Russian, with a bow and a smile of triumph.

Soon after his return to Constantinople Mahmoud Pasha was appointed to a high post in the Turkish Foreign Office. The opportunity for introducing the reforms that he had so long talked of had now come, and he went to work with an energy quite unoriental to oil the government machinery that was under his control, so that it would run with something like predictable certainty.

A year passed by, and the Russian was, in his turn, sent to Constantinople as a member of a special commission, and, a week after his arrival, was sitting over his coffee as the guest of Mahmoud Pasha.

"Count Birnedoff," said the Pasha, taking advantage of an opening in the conversation, "I want to show you what I have accomplished in the way of discipline during the past year, thanks to your teaching. I want to prove to you that the Turk is as capable of methodical training as the Russian."

At the sound of a bell a liveried servant appeared. The fellow was a thick-set Kurd, with yellow skin and black eyes, dressed in baggy trousers and short jacket of dark blue cloth. Mahmoud Pasha gave the man a key, at the same time repeating to him some directions in Turkish. When the man had left the room the Pasha took his watch from his pocket and looked steadily at the face.

"Now he is going down stairs—he is in the street." A long pause. "He has reached the building where my office is—he is going up stairs—he is in my room—he has the papers—he is coming back—"

At this moment the door opened suddenly and the heavy Kurd reappeared. "Effendim," said he, with a low salaam, "I can't find my shoes."

R. H. B.



THE THIRD DAY OUT.

ETHEL. "This air is so bracing! I am fairly intoxicated with it."

MARIE. "Well, why not? Most people are intoxicated when they are half-seas-over."

THE CURIO CLERK.

He was a clerk in a curio-shop, and, curiously to say,
Was candid enough for a candy man, and honest as
is the day.

He told the truth whatever might come, no matter
the consequence;

For any deceit, or white or black, he had no slight
repense.

He showed me a peachblow vase, one morn, that I
was inclined to buy,

And when I asked, "Is it worth the price?" this
was that man's reply:

"It hangs upon what your income is. If you've got
such a store of cash

That a ten-dollar bill is as small as a dime, your
buying it won't be rash.

"To a man with a million a year I think the vase
is as cheap as can be,

But it's hardly worth a dollar and ten to a fellow
that's fixed like me.

In fact," he added, that lovely morn, "though it's
surely a wonderful bit,

Unless I should chance to lose my mind, I'd not
give a cent for it."

I looked at a bit of cloisonné, and it took my fancy
quite.

"A really superb bit of work," said I; and he an-
swered me: "You're right.

I've been in this business for seven years, and I'll
bet you a new silk hat

No man ever saw a choicer piece of real cloisonné
than that.

"But I saw for a dime in a country shop, where it
went with a pound of tea,

A little blue jug with a handle white that would do
much better for me;

For the cloisonné vase can't be used at all, while
the little white-handled jug

Can be used for cream or for lemonade, or e'en for
a shaving-mug."

And then I took up an antique bronze, and enthused
o'er an antique clock;

I gazed at an old-time knocker, and I raved o'er an
ancient lock.

"They're all of them fine," said that truthful clerk,
"but I really must say that I

Believe they make better antiques to-day than they
did in the days gone by.

"And I never could see any reason why the men
who have money to spend

Should pay out their thousands upon such things.
I have no wish to offend,

But where is the sense in a second-hand clock that
costs you a thousand or two,

When a hundred will get you a better timepiece,
old-looking, but warranted new?"

The fellow amused me so much that I sang his
praises wherever I could;

And once his employer o'erheard my remarks, but
I fear that he misunderstood;

For, strangely enough, the very next day that truly
remarkable youth

Was out of employment, I'm sorry to say, for no-
thing but telling the truth.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE COLONEL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the civil war people from every section of the East and South flocked to Kansas. Among those who left the defunct Confederacy was a certain Kentuckian who was called, by his numerous friends, "Colonel." His title stuck to him after coming to the new State, and the genial Colonel G—— soon became a universal favorite in the embryo city just laid out on the bank of the Missouri.

Strange as it may appear, the Colonel was possessed of considerable money, which he was ever ready to lend to his friends, because, for one reason, he could never say "No," and, besides, had a heart that overflowed with the milk of human kindness. His inability to refuse any demand made upon him made it a notorious fact that he would rather lend money to any one who asked for it than refuse.

As a matter of course he was frequently imposed upon, realizing which at last he established a rule of his own, from which he never after deviated, and which he was very particular to explain to applicants for funds. He usually did so in the following manner:

"Want to borrow ten dollars, do you? When can you return it? You see, I've got a good deal of money loaned out around here, and I like to keep it circulating, but I want to know just about the time it's coming back to me; and I hate to be disappointed—can't stand it. A man that disappoints me once never gets any more money from me."

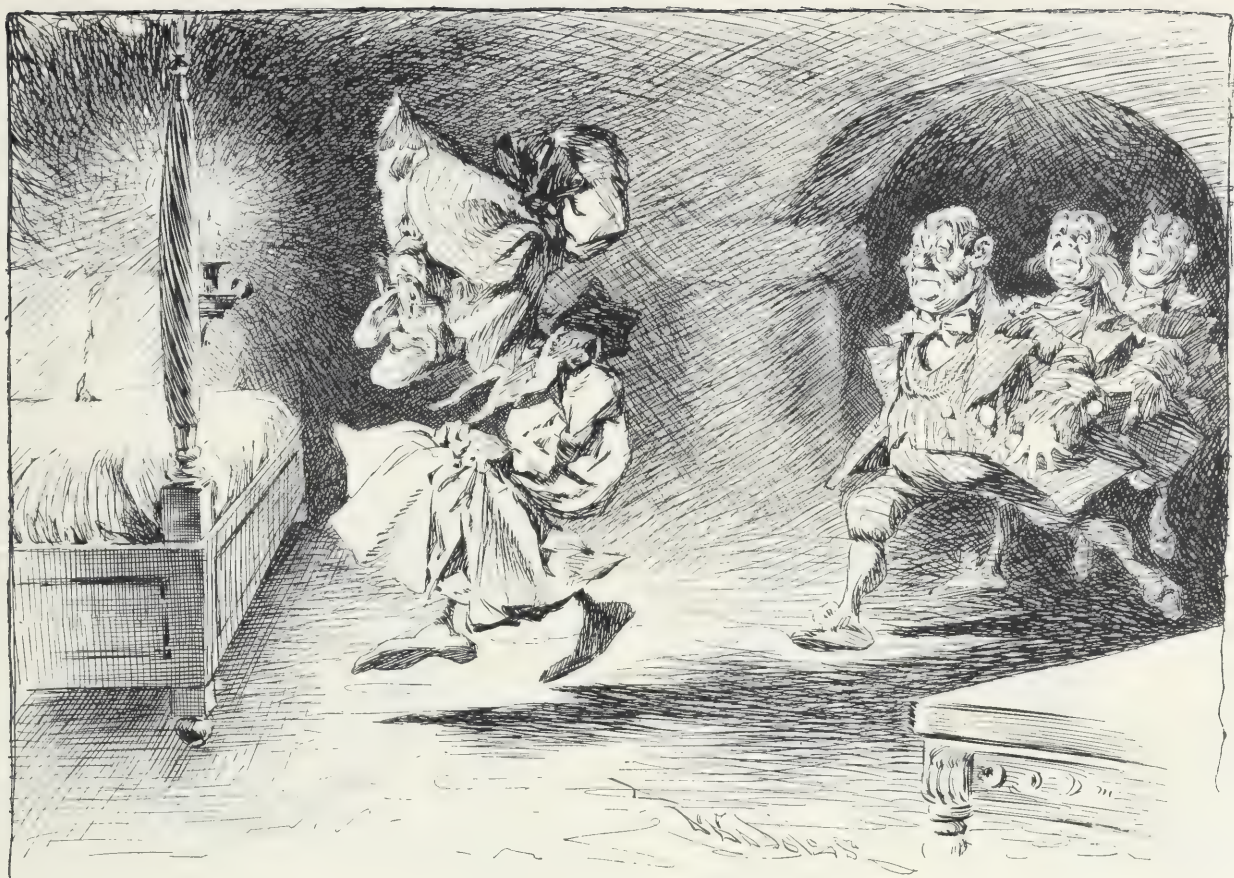
Thus it became notorious throughout the whole settlement that Colonel G—— was willing to lend money to any one on his first asking, and if he was prompt in payment he could "take his pile"—at least so people believed.

There were hosts of gamblers who frequented the new and prosperous place on the river, and one of them one day, acting on the general belief that Colonel G—— was willing to lend to any who asked him, applied for a loan of one hundred dollars, rather doubtful in his own mind of succeeding. Colonel G—— was somewhat dazed when he heard the demand, but his ever good-nature prevailing over his discretion, he replied:

"Want a hundred? Certainly you can have it. But when will you pay me back? I always want to know when my money is coming in, as I may want to use it elsewhere. Fix your own day, but be prompt on the day you fix, for a man who disappoints me once never gets any more money from me."

The gambler took the money, promising to return it the following Wednesday, and, punctual to the minute, he did return it, borrowing from all his friends to enable him to do so.

Now, according to the general supposition, the gambler's credit with the Colonel was established for any amount; and two weeks after the first transaction, his friends pressing him for payment of their loans, and wanting a "stake" himself, he applied boldly to the old



EXTRACTS FROM FICTION.

"HEARING THESE WORDS, MADAME THOUGHT IT BEST TO RETIRE QUICKLY, FOLLOWED BY HER SERVANTS."—*Dumas.*

Colonel, not doubting his success this time: "Colonel, let's have a couple of hundred for a day or so, will you?"

"Can't," replied the Colonel. "Really, you disappointed me so about the last, and I told you that a man who disappointed me once never could get any more money from me."

"Disappointed you!" said the gambler. "Why, Colonel, you mistake your man. I paid you to the hour and minute."

"Ah, exactly!" said Colonel G——; "that's just it. You see, I never expected to get it!"

A DIVISION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

ON the outskirts of one of our Southern cities there used to be an old colored blacksmith who did a thriving business, but who, in an evil hour, took to himself a young man as partner. The money matters of the concern soon became so involved that the old man begged for a release, but the young man assured him that the law in the case of partnership was so peculiar that it couldn't be broken. Six months later, when the younger partner was away, the old man consulted a friend, found out the truth, and nailed up the following placard:

"The partnership heretofore resisting between Micah Davis and myself is now resolved. Wha owes the firm will call on me. Wha the firm owes will call on Micah Davis."

J. R. GRAY.

"THE VIOLET IS A NUN."

THE Violet may be a nun,
But for all of her veil and her vows,
I've seen her in—shall we say one?—
Rather more than the convent allows.

I've seen—shall I say with surprise?—
This novice of blossoms caressed,
Kneeling under the abbess's eyes,
To a Bachelor's Button close pressed.

And though with a fine show of grace,
Looking now where a Sweet William stands,
She makes feint to cover her face,
I am sure that she peeps through her hands.

Ay, pose though she may as a nun,
There are some that could speak if they would;
But go back I will never on one
Of the shy-eyed and sweet sisterhood.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

VILLAGE AMENITIES.

MR. GREATHEAD, who keeps a corner store in a New Jersey village, greeted his rival across the street the other day with much courtesy, and said, "Won't you loan me your spiritual level a moment?"

Quick as a flash the rival called to the boy in his store, "John, take Mr. Greathead that old copy of the Bible under the counter."



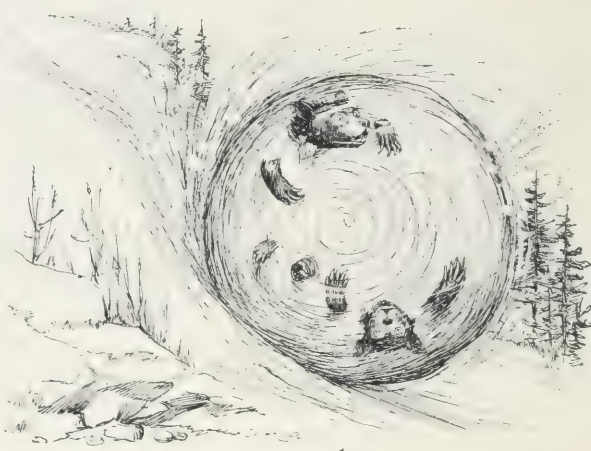
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A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.



See "Study Number Three."

"THE LIGHT OF THE TAPERS SLANTED ACROSS THE LITTLE FACE."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1895.

No. DXXXIX.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WASHINGTON is already the most beautiful city in our country. Planned by man, instead of being the outgrowth of circumstance, it greets the beholder as a work of art—a gem among cities, a place of parks and palaces. It has all the dignity that power and place reflect, and all the beauty that should go with the social rulership it is developing.

It is the capital of authority and pleasure. The confidence of the one and the restfulness of the other are in its soft and mainly languorous atmosphere. Take the Congressional Limited train from New York of a morning, so as to land on Pennsylvania Avenue in the afternoon. There are no crowds. Only on the 4th of March, when 200,000 sight-seers line one street, can there be crowds in those magnificent boulevards. But the avenue is alive with people. They are different from the people of our other cities. They are American. That is to say, they are persons from all the States and Territories, who are well enough established in citizenship to be of the government, of fashionable society, or of a population which has not manufactures or commerce to attract foreigners or new citizens.

The people on the avenue are well dressed, self-respecting, a little proud, and confident. As much freedom and equality as you will find reflected in the manners of any multitude on earth are visible in that assembly. They walk as no other cityful walks in this country—always with a parade step. There is no bolting along as in New York, or slouching along as in the South. There are no strained faces of men who plunge ahead muttering to themselves as in Chicago. The paraders of Washington all wear their best clothes, and move in stately measure—right foot, 1, 2, 3; left foot, 1, 2, 3; right foot—from

the Capitol to the Treasury, and back again, keeping to the right as the law directs.

Nobody works hard there except the present President. More than 70,000 persons live on assured incomes from the government, with ease of mind, and little need to lay a penny by. In turn 75,000 negroes live upon them, with greater ease of mind, and a constitutional objection to guarding against a rainy day. That accounts for close to 150,000 out of the less than 230,000 souls in the placid city. The rest are keeping stores, keeping great and nearly always white hotels, keeping boarding-houses, keeping saloons and livery-stables. Many are maintaining great mansions for the giving of balls and routs and receptions. Then there are the white servants and clerks and assistants of all these. And somewhere in the swarm (but I never saw a sign of them in all my intimacy with Washington) are the folks who have made Washington a manufacturing city.

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has said that "it is a government city and nothing else. It has practically no manufactures and no commerce, and its population is made up of persons engaged in the government service and of those who supply their wants, together with a constantly increasing class of people who come to dwell there because it is a pleasant place to live." And Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who also has lived there, finds the city unlike all others in the main, and particularly because it has no manufactories. That is the way it has struck me, and yet Special Bulletin 158 of the last census declares it to be the eighteenth city in the value of its manufactures. As the fact jars upon the very spirit of the Washington its admirers

know, the reader and I may be pardoned for pausing to examine this disturbing document. The parade on Pennsylvania Avenue will not mind halting. It would do as much for a half-dozen singing negroes with Salvation Army ribbons on their hats. It has all the time in the world, and would rather halt than not.

Lo! the twenty-five principal subjects of labor are bottling, brick and tile making, carpentering, carriages and wagons, candy, engraving, flour and grist milling, architectural and ornamental iron-working, furniture, liquors, lithographing, sash, door, and blind making, marble and stone work and masonry, painting and paper-hanging, plastering, paving, plumbing and gas-fitting, printing and publishing, saddlery and harness, tinware, tobacco, watch and clock and jewelry repairing. In other words, the city is building up very fast, and the work is mainly in support of that extension and in the maintenance of life and comfort there.

Pennsylvania Avenue's paraders pass the finest shops that any city of the size in the country can muster. They are not all so large as they are elegant. They reflect the prosperity and polish of the population. The windows form a beautiful exposition, one that interests and pleases the visitors from the biggest cities. The display is led by the jewellers, picture, art, and bric-à-brac dealers, photographers, furnishers, and fancy-goods dealers. A great book-store, such as few of our cities can show, is the rendezvous of the scholarly and literary folk, who love Washington best of all, I think.

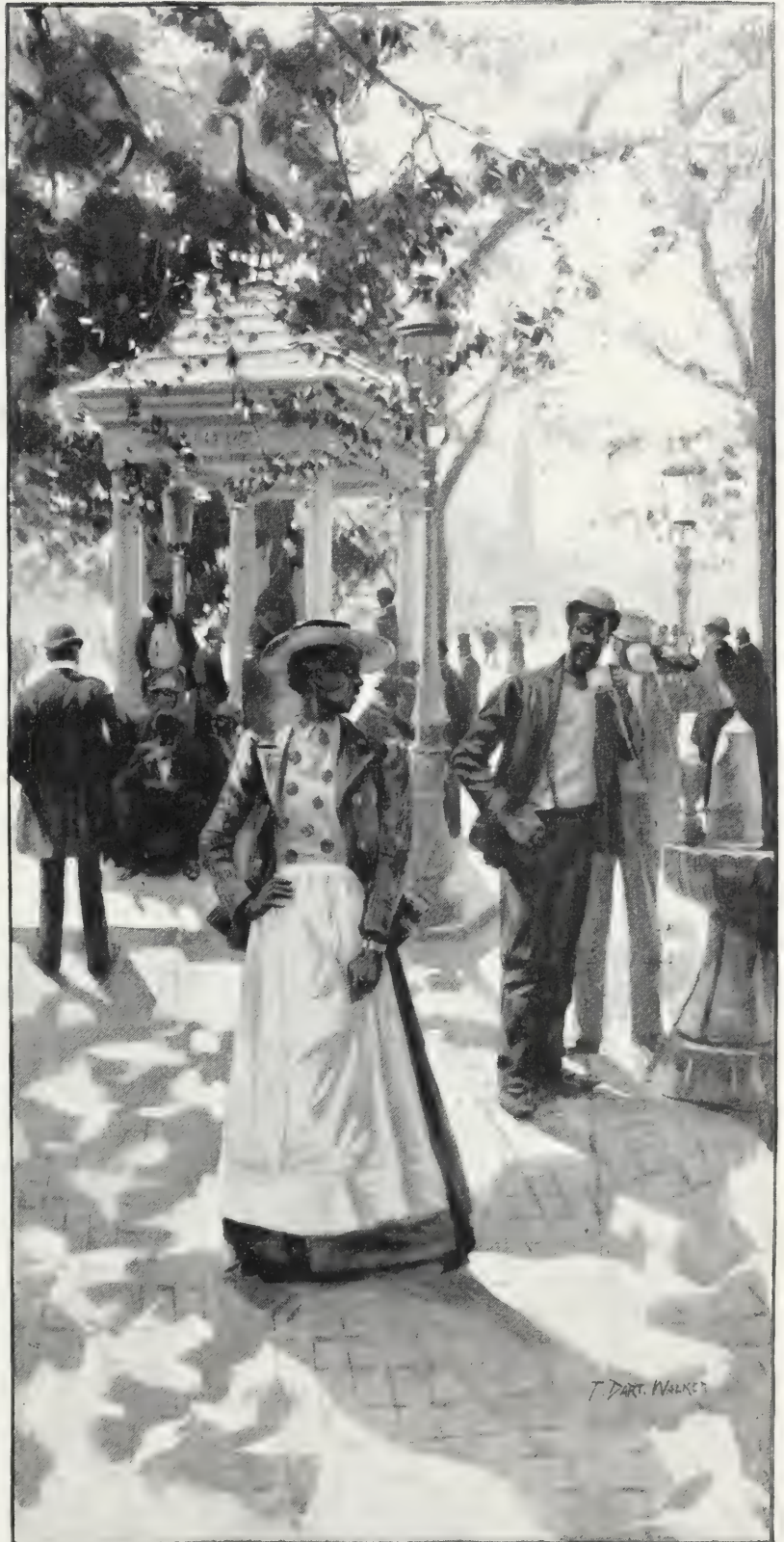
It is interesting to watch the people in the parade before the windows. In the quieter residence avenues of the north-western section one may see the rich to better advantage, in far separated couples or in carriages, and one may see the mansions and gardens, and the nurses, and those toddlers who are the luckiest children in the Union; for of all places Washington is the most heavenlike for children. But in the mixed throng on Pennsylvania Avenue there is a chance to see the people of a city so distinctively American as to contain only 18,000 foreign-born men and women. The Southerners attract the eye first. Their soft hats and Prince Albert coats betray them. The lawyer, the leader in the South, has set the fashion for all his people. So it comes that all Southern men dress like lawyers—

in sober black with long coat tails. In their carriage one sees a strange conflict of pride and slovenliness—pride in the pose of the head, and indolence in their gait. Their women, petted to the spoiling-point when they are young, are the life of the avenue, and of all Washington. To be typical they must be blondes, and we see hundreds of pure blondes in the parade. And they must be merry and much in evidence, having never been restrained. They are absolutely queens at home, and hesitate at nothing. Literature, art, wit, vocalization, dramatic entertainment, reform, equestrianism, leadership of fashion, social activity—there is nothing into which they do not plunge; and they and their peculiarities are all intensified in Washington. Their husbands and brothers look on in blind idolatry. For themselves the Southern men ask only to be considered orators; and that they all are. What should we do but for the Southerners in Washington—but for their spirited and pretty women especially? But there is no need to discuss doing without this leaven in the great lump. And it is fitting that they should be most conspicuous there, for Washington is a Southern city geographically. True, George Washington and his testy engineer, L'Enfant, planned to have it grow to the eastward of the Capitol, on the high plateau that was best suited for a city's site. And they intended the White House to be a semi-country-seat, apart from the town. The Southerners were in control then, and where they thought the city would come they laid out avenues for their beloved States—Virginia and Georgia and North and South Carolina avenues. Alas for their hopes! the greedy land-owners and speculators held that land too high, and we built the city so that to-day the elegant streets are the ones that bear the names of the down-East Yankee States.

Next in order of notability in the parade are the Western folk—great in numbers, as befits the representatives of nearly two-thirds of the Union. There is no mistaking them, either. Their men are bearded, hot-eyed, intense beings, self-concentrated, as you can see in their every action and movement and conversation. Their women include many of the leaders of the official and the social sets, and yet, taking them by and large, as the sailor phrase goes, the Western women

are the ones that come oftenest raw and ill at ease in the formal, ultra-conventional routine of the public and social life, where power and place are graded in one set, and etiquette and eating rule the other. The darkies are very conspicuous by reason of their peculiarities and their numbers. They divide themselves into two bodies. The elegant and ambitious form one, and the lazy, happy, easy-going work-folk and vagrants form the other. But the darky mob is most picturesque, with its red-waisted nurse-girls, its huge bandanna-crowned "mammies," its white-bearded, rheumatic old "uncles" in the whitewashing line, its ragtag and bobtail loafers, out at elbow, toggle-jointed, loose all over, and content whenever the sun shines on them.

That which we have called the parade is no parade at all. It is so spoken of because of the slow-measured pace and holiday air of the people on the main avenue, but it is the whole body of the population we have been describing, and not any fraction of them, except as we have particularized. There is no promenade in Washington, though there is a big Fifth Avenue following that wishes for one. These fashionables and official leaders have been for a long time endeavoring to establish a carriage parade like Rotten Row, for they have not even that. Back of the White House, where used to be "the Flats," is a vast meadow set with clumps of trees here and there, and cut by a great circular drive. It is called the White Lot, and lies between



EASY-GOING NEGROES IN THE MARKET-SPACE.

the Monument on the east and the Van Ness mansion on the west. Another ring of road encircles the adjoining Monument lot. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton lent the highest sanction to the plan for holding a carriage meet there once a

week, but it did not succeed. Again, as I write this, at Easter-time in 1894, the diversion has been revived, and with more success, since the assemblies have shown barons and counts and generals and millionairesses rolling in an endless circle, and bowing and lounging back upon upholstered seats quite in the way that has been wished for. The use of these two rather naked lots makes the plan somewhat too arbitrary, though it may succeed. But when the greatest of Washington improvements is accomplished we shall see a grand field for such a weekly meet—one that will resound with the heavy rumble of elegant landaus and drags on every fine day in the season. I refer to that time when the entire south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the Monument, shall be made a park. On that side of the avenue (excepting the buildings on the avenue itself) there is now a series of narrow parks all the way. It is broken only by the Pennsylvania Railway crossing; but between that greenery and the avenue the buildings form what is called "the Division"—the disreputable quarter of the city. It is an eyesore physically as well as morally. Legislation looking toward the razing of these buildings and the establishment of a noble park where they stand has been sought for in more than one bill that has failed of passage. But it is to be done as surely as anything mundane can be promised.

The park area of Washington is only 538 acres, but at every circle where the avenues cross one another is a little park. Every view along the avenues ends at a cloud of foliage, with an equestrian statue in the heart of it. Every avenue is doubly fringed with trees, and when one looks down on the city from an eminence the whole place—excepting the wide canal cut by Pennsylvania Avenue—is hid under foliage. A dome or two, the Monument, and a few steeples rise above the leaves, as if to suggest the presence of a city that has been abandoned and swallowed up by a forest. The planting of trees has been an official mania, and the faster they have multiplied, the faster the malaria, that once ruled the place, has dwindled out of consideration.

The basis of the unique plan of the city is a mathematical, checker-board arrangement of squares made by streets running north and south and streets running east

and west. One set is numbered, and the other set is known by letters, so that a child can easily master the system. But L'Enfant planned the city when the horrors of the French Revolution were fresh in mind, and in order that it should never be barricaded, and that troops could be swiftly moved to any point of it, he devised a double system of wheel spokes laid across the whole city—one set of spokes having the Capitol for its hub, and the other set meeting at the White House. The spokes that cut up the sub-system so peculiarly are the great avenues that bear the names of the States. The streets are from 80 to 120 feet wide, and the avenues are from 120 to 160 feet wide. Not only are many of the streets all but roofed over by trees, and not alone are there the numerous tree-filled squares of which I have spoken, but where the avenues cross the streets and cut off corners and leave little wedges of land cut off from the blocks, there also are flower-beds and shady little park bits. There are 235 miles of thoroughfares in the city, and of these 163 miles are paved, 90 miles being asphalt. The city is kept beautifully clean, and the loudest imitation of a city's roar that is heard in the bowery, begardened residential districts is the melodious click-a-tick made by the hoofs of the horses—a constant chorus peculiar to Washington.

There are many delightful country drives in the suburbs of Washington, and nearly all the suburbs are very beautiful. The city is in a basin, in the bottom of a pass, with a rim of hills all around it. The Virginia hills are on one side, and those of Maryland are on the other. The prime drive is along Rock Creek. For two or three miles along it the government has laid out a zoological park, which one great traveller characterizes as the most beautiful natural park in the world. On the hottest days this charming drive is shaded during the afternoons. It has a continuation called the Pierce's Mill Road, which starts from a picturesque old mill and leads to the Tenallytown (pronounced "Tenlytown") Road near Red Top, the President's first suburban home. Another drive in this pretty region leads behind Grasslands and ends in Georgetown, now a part of Washington, and one of the most substantial and interesting of our Southern cities. In the opposite end of town—in South Washington—is the St. Elizabeth Drive, which offers at least one view as fine as



THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

any in the rich gallery of Washington's natural scenes. The Bladensburg Road, and the drive to Arlington and on to Alexandria, are excellent, and there are many others almost as fine. The drive to Cabin John Bridge is perhaps the most famous, though no longer fashionable; the most popular is the one to and in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home. There are twenty miles of carriage roads within these superb grounds, and adjoining them is the new Roman Catholic university, which occupies one of the finest sites for the effective display of noble buildings and for the enjoyment of a beautiful outlook that can well be imagined.

There is not space to describe the grand houses of what is already called "old" Washington, or the palaces of those who seek to make the city a social capital. Perhaps it would be fairer to say, "the men and women who are seeking Washington and its society because it is the social capital." New Washington must be seen to be appreciated. Its houses are of as many designs as their owners have minds and tastes. They stand free and clear amid gardens. They are big and tall and roomy. Some are grand and many are pretty, and all are comfortable.

"Society in Washington," said one of the men who lead it, "is the only cosmopolitan society in America. That in New York is very narrow and provincial, controlled by a limited set of people of one origin. Here in Washington it is made up of high-bred people from all over Christendom, and it entertains all the people of distinction who come to this country, as well as all who are of the country and come to Washington."

"It is not pretentious," he said at another time. "In spite of the men of mere wealth who have come into it, one may entertain here with tea and ices at times when an elaborate dinner costing thousands would be the thing in New York."

The different social sets and their values and relations are as hard for a stranger to understand as the horns that are treated of in Revelation. The problem may be sim-



IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.



IN THE TOP OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

plified by dividing society into two sets—the official and the fashionable. The official society appeals tremendously to persons from small towns. The wife who comes to Washington with the member from Podunk, or with the Senator's private secretary from Lonely City, gets her first shock when, at the hotel where she is stopping, she attends a reception by a woman from her own section, and sees other women in low-necked dresses for the first time. She has always associated *décolleté* and disrepute together. Sometimes she withdraws into her little shell, and has a dreary stay in Washington with a few chosen spirits of like narrowness. Sometimes she broadens and meets the conditions around her. In numberless instances the husband broadens and leaves the wife at home; in many the wife takes up society and the husband takes to his shell.

The beginnings of official experience are peculiar. First the new-comers meet the persons from their locality. Then they make the acquaintance of the wives of Congressmen—other Congressmen if they are Congressional. They attend a reception at the National Hotel, perhaps, and meet the other Congressional new-comers, many clerks and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Third Assistant Comptroller So-and-so, Fish-Commissioner Thus, and Superintendent This. Then is the time the unsophisticated man and woman first see

the *décolleté* dresses and have their future determined. They will have established themselves in a hotel, and will breakfast, sup, and dine at a table set apart for the men and women of the Congress delegation of the State from which they hail. There they will anchor if they are of the kind that sing "provincial I was born and provincial I will die." But very many develop and widen, and quickly choose their own friends and resorts from among all the people and houses of Washington. They are aided to choose from a larger or a lesser field by their own merits, their personalities and brains, and ability to take part and place, high or low, as the case may be.

The Congressional people and their alphabetical friends at the hotel table, where all meet at first—I call them alphabetical because they are designated by counties and districts of one State—these people meet fragments of all circles at the President's receptions and the receptions of members of the cabinet, and at the houses of great politicians who have gone heavily into society. They go with crude ideas and crude sensations at first. They especially like to meet the members of the diplomatic corps. They are curious about the diplomats, and enjoy seeing them, as the people of the courts of Europe like to see the Shah and his retinue. Barons and Señors,

Dons and Counts, are novelties to them. They have all read about them in novels, and they consider them romantic. They like to write home that their wives and daughters have danced with these novelties. But at the same time—and in the course of business in Congress—they are getting their chances for *entrée* into whatever circles they admire and are fitted for.

Curiously enough, there is another body of persons that seek the diplomatic corps, and not for novelty, but to feel flattered by being known to its members. These are purely society people, and are mainly from the North and East. They always come with an exaggerated estimate of the diplomatic corps, and with a determination to court its members. The truth is that there are nice diplomats, as there are nice missionaries or nice Congressmen, but many who do not know the facts will be astonished to hear that we send a better grade of men abroad than the foreign rulers send to us. Often our ministers stand head and shoulders above theirs when measured from the standpoints of manhood, ability, presentableness, and sometimes family distinction. The men who come to us may excel in polish, but often that is nearly all they have to recommend them. An exception must be made in the case of the British ministers, who, since the Sackville-West episode, have been and will be men of ability. The actual fact in Washington is that the senatorial circle views the diplomatic circle from a slight eminence, good-humoredly, with indifference. And the Senatorial circle is not by itself a high circle outside of official society. That is where the author of a recent novel that has had great vogue shows a lack of knowledge of the real springs of Washington life as seen from the inside. He makes diplomatic recognition the "open sesame" to the best society. The truth is that there may be, once in a while, a society woman from another city who aspires to enter Washington society from abroad rather than by the home doorway, but such a person is apt to have doubts about her own social position.

The set that counts in Washington—the cream—is made up of the few who combine high official position with high social standing. They are so broad as to have established the only elegant society in this country to which a man of brains,

without wealth, can rise. I am in doubt whether mere wealth gives *entrée* to it; in doubt because good authorities deny that it is so, while others point to men and women within the circle who seem to them to have nothing but millions. Apart from wealth, it is certain that no public position carries the key with it. A cabinet position does not. It happens that there are and have been cabinet members who attend only purely official and formal receptions and levees. Some cabinet men have asked no more than to "keep solid" with the delegations from their own States.

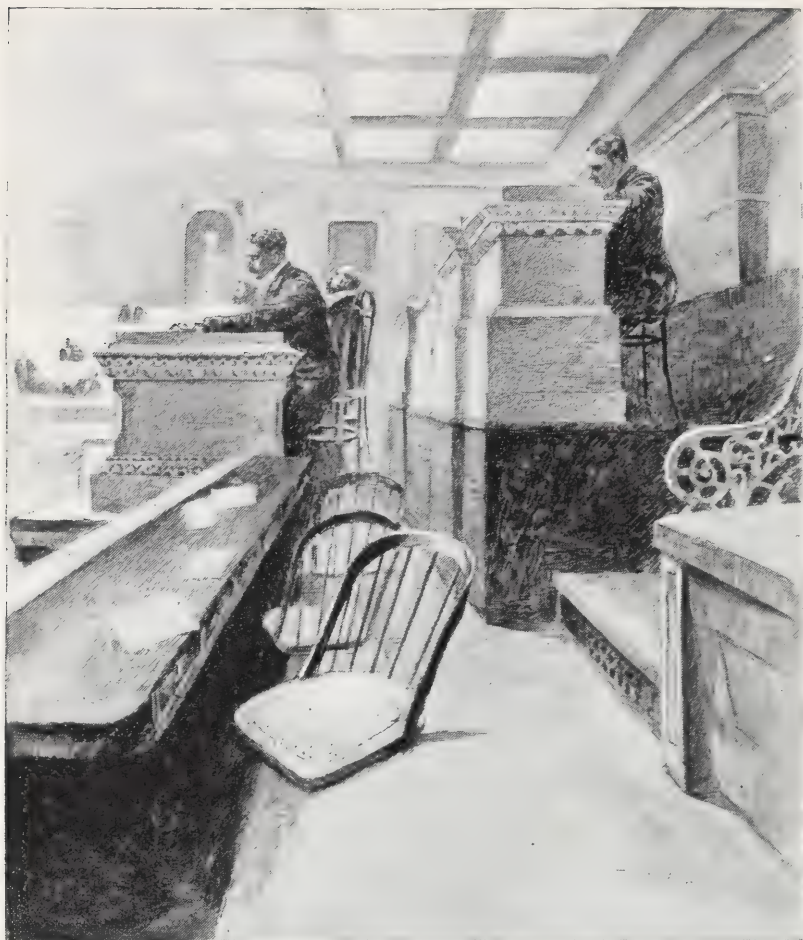
In the round of a winter's festivities in this leading social circle you see how cosmopolitan it is; you get bits of experience such as the cream of London society offers, and that of New York never does. You pay homage to explorers, army and navy heroes, historians, artists, scientists, and the lights that illumine the whole world of genius. In this society are people of Murray Hill and Beacon Street who never could force the geniuses of politics and statecraft and art and letters on their little circles at home, and yet they do so in Washington, and therefore enjoy the capital best.

This set has outgrown the stage at which it may have felt that a titled foreigner conferred distinction upon it. If James Bryce and the Duke of Westminster came simultaneously to Washington, the Duke would receive the attention his letters called for, but the historian would be sought and honored for his worth. Such, at least, is what the best-known men in that circle assure me. Any person of note who comes to America must bring letters to some one in this circle in order to enter it—another distinct stride in advance of some circles elsewhere that boast of exclusiveness.

This best Washington circle makes much of certain public men who are not in a position to entertain. There is a *quid pro quo* that it asks of all who enjoy its houses and dinners and assemblies, and that is that they must be entertaining; they must contribute their share toward the general enjoyment wherever they go. I am assured that the standard of morality is what one would expect in a circle made up of men and women from all parts of our young country. The case of a talented foreigner who brought a mistress to Washington with him is



EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



PRESS GALLERY IN THE SENATE.

still remembered. As he lived in Washington he could have lived in almost any Old World capital, but in Washington he was invited nowhere. He had to go home to be happy.

Despite what I have written of exclusive society, democracy is more evident at the seat of our government than anywhere else in America. Washington is a great leveller. Had the capital been set up in New York, or any great commercial or manufacturing city, the result would surely have been very different. The people or the officials would have drawn a line between the two classes. But as it is, Washington is nothing else than official, and the men who hold place become ordinary by mere force of numbers. Heart pangs come to new Congressmen, who find themselves counting for no more than ordinary citizens outside their council-chamber. Indeed, only the members of the Upper House have been able, by reason of their fewness and long tenure of office, to create an artificial dignity for themselves wholly within one wing of the Capitol. In the hotel lobbies

and in the streets no one points out a Senator as a Senator, though especial gifts and strong personality, or great wealth or eccentricity, may cause a few to be whispered about as they pass in the crowds.

And how can this help but be the case where even the President walks about the streets on fine afternoons, is met in the shops, goes on foot to and from church, and rides about the country roads in a carriage not different from those of his genteel neighbors? President Arthur's fine figure was a common feature of out-of-door life in Washington. General Garfield had been long known, by sight, to all Washington before he was President. Neither Grant nor Hayes nor Harrison ever secluded himself, and if President Cleveland does so it is because he is a

poor pedestrian and an ill-advised worker, attending to even the routine duties which other Presidents have shouldered upon subordinates. The custom of tri-weekly receptions to the public which Mr. Cleveland made a feature of Washington life during his first term, which Benjamin Harrison kept up, and which many Presidents have observed, had great levelling effect. The Member from Podunk could not give himself airs if his humblest constituent had shaken hands with the Executive that day, and meant to do so again day after to-morrow. The custom must have made many a foreigner marvel. It was ultra-American—the best thing for the people, and the most disagreeable for their chief servant of any phase of the relationship of the officeholder to the masses in our government. The man whose personality made him seem to fill the place more fully and majestically—to the eye, at any rate—than any man since Washington, used to hold such receptions wherever he went, and any man could shake his hand. I have seen him receive the people of a pastoral

region in the parlor of a country hotel, and put new pride into the Americanism of thousands.

It must be a singular strain upon a man to be President. Three of our Presidents have told me that the pains and penalties of that greatness were all but beyond endurance, and that they looked forward with grand impatience to a release from the cares of government. "I am hunted like a jack-rabbit," is the way one put it. "Everywhere I put up my head the office-seekers jump on me." Yet two of these felt a melancholy they could not hide when they left the White House, and all three worked hard to be re-elected.

to a royal personage. Will you attend to it for me? There are to be thirty-three at table." Mr. Chamberlin "saved the nation." He sent to the White House his best cook and his best waiters, and they prepared and served a dinner in which a few edible Americanisms so delighted royalty that it sent its plate away for second servings of more than one course. It was a peculiar dinner. It began with oysters roasted in their shells. Then came celery, for which Washington is celebrated and envied, and canvas-back ducks cut in two with a cleaver, and cooked so that one half was on the fire when the other was being eaten. Cakes



FEMALE LOBBYISTS.

Washington is the capital of good dining. It is true, as one leading entertainer said to me, that there is no really first-class restaurant there, but the truth of the assertion depends upon the standard one sets and the point from which one views the question. Washington society is the most cosmopolitan in this country, but its dishes, like the body of its population, are American. It is fitting that this should be so. Not long ago one of our Presidents sent for Mr. John F. Chamberlin, the heartiest celebrator of Americanism in dining in this country. "I am in trouble," said he. "I have no cook and no wines, but I am to give a dinner

of hominy came with it, of course. A rich and heavy dessert was followed by coffee and cheese and biscuit toasted. Champagne was served with the oysters, and burgundy with the duck.

The test of the quality of that dinner would be to ask any American now in Paris how he would like to sit down to just such another to-night. It is safe to say that the White House guests would rather have had that dinner than such a one as they would be entertained with to-day—since there is now a French cook, at \$150 a month, installed in the kitchen of that grand and beautiful old mansion.

Understanding, then, that the food, the

cooks, and the methods of cooking are all American, and that oysters, game-birds, terrapin, and fish are the monarchs of all the *menus* that are fit to discuss, the lover of good eating can decide for himself whether the facts are to his taste or not. In the mean time I will reproduce what a great gourmet told me of the *pièces de résistance* of the Washington markets. First came the Lynnhaven Bay oysters, whose supremacy was never disputed until fraud entered their field and began to call any and every cheaper sort of oyster by that name. The real ones still are plenty in Washington, and when broiled by a darky cook, or served with curry dressing by a white cook, are the most delicious bivalves in the world.

From the near-by waters of the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay come the rock-fish, which tastes like bass, but is so big as to weigh between six and twenty pounds; the hog-fish, which is a most delicious pan-fish; the Potomac perch, so extraordinarily sweet and melting that Roscoe Conkling ate one every morning in its season every year; the black bass of the Potomac; and the Chesapeake hard crabs, which come nearly the whole year around, and in Washington are eaten deviled after the most elaborate preparation. First the meat is scooped out until the shell is as clean as a whistle. Then the meat is chopped—but not as fine as French cooks chop it—and deviled, and put in the shells and cooked. From the same waters and the near-by land come many birds. In Washington the men who believe with Carlyle that this is “the age of the belly,” and is worth enduring on that account, all insist that the game-birds from the Chesapeake, like the oysters and fish from there, are not approached in excellence by the same creatures caught or shot anywhere else in America. The best canvas-back ducks, for instance, are the Chesapeake birds, and if they are beyond the diner’s purse, he will find that the Chesapeake yields mallard, teal, black-head, butterball, and red-head ducks, which are superior to any of their more northerly or southerly congeners. So true is this, at least of the famous canvas-backs of the Chesapeake, that during the past two years ducks have been sent up from the North Carolina marshes to dealers on the Chesapeake shores to be shipped as Chesapeake birds. All the game-ducks are abundant in

Washington at the very season when their presence is most opportune.

Quail, woodcock, and partridges from Maryland are also cheap and plenty there; and far from last or least is the abundant sora, delicious consort of the hog-fish in what the Washingtonians love and call their “hog-fish and sora dinners.” These repasts are a feature in the life of those who live to eat. We have said that the hog-fish is the greatest delicacy that the frying-pan produces. There are very few frying-pan delicacies, and most of those are deadly, but not so the hog-fish. It is caught in northern Virginia, in the Fortress Monroe neighborhood, in autumn, and the supply lasts a little longer than the birds abound. For about a month the fish and bird flock together—in the markets. The sora-birds are a species of rail, a third larger than the reed-bird. They come in September, and they stay a month or two. They are so plentiful in Virginia that men have killed them with clubs.

A Chesapeake terrapin is worth four times what any other terrapin fetches in the market. It is Chesapeake terrapin that the Washingtonians think they eat; but, alas! very few of them, or of us, have tasted terrapin of late. It is so expensive, so rare, that real diamond-back fetches \$80 the dozen, and only the rich and the people of Baltimore really get it. Chicken, veal, and mud-turtle are made to do duty for terrapin now. It is easy to deceive the diner with these substitutes, because the principal taste of the dish, as it is generally cooked, is that of the seasoning of the sauce. True Baltimoreans alone are not to be deceived in terrapin, because they serve the meat in thick slices on top of the sauce, and have very little sauce, and none of the sherry in it which would serve to hide counterfeit terrapin in other cities.

The subject of good living recalls the fact that at Hancock’s, one of the oldest resorts, where old-time dishes are prepared by an old-time Virginia cook, the *habitués* like to tell of the days when men of great renown made it a practice to stop there every day for a cobbler, a julep, or a toddy. That, in turn, suggests the good news that drinking is no longer done in public by men of national fame, and heavy drinking has no longer the privilege to mention many honored names among its votaries.



IN THE WHISPERING GALLERY OF THE CAPITOL.

It is astonishing how many persons at Washington are in the city and not of it, how many live there and enjoy life there without any certainty as to the tenure of their stay. Of all the vast body of the government's employees only those who come under the civil service rules regard the city as their permanent abiding-place. The rest are "long-termers" or "short-termers"—like those who go to prison—if so odious an illustration is permissible in explaining so delightful a condition. I have no doubt at all that this fact adds to the gayety of the place, enhances the holiday, pleasure-loving spirit of the populace, and is a great factor in the making of the delights of the beautiful city. To the rest of those who have merely camped there must be added the newspaper correspondents—a large and important body. The leading correspondents, heads of the bureaus of the great newspapers, are the flower of the flock of journalism. They are picked and trusted men. Their work is seldom and little edited. They are the guardians of the policies of their papers, like the editors themselves. Indeed, in the present deluge of news that has followed the abundance and cheapness of the facilities for distributing it, these gentlemen have become news-brokers and editors as well as correspondents. A swarm of unplaced men and women search the capital for items, and bring them to the bureaus. The special correspondents now command corps of reporters as well, and buy and order the news of fashion, dress, society, the courts, hotel arrivals, and all the rest. Interviews, descriptive articles, and even editorials are now arranged for by some of them. The rest follows—that they are talented, well known, prosperous, and influential. In Washington no bar is set against such inclinations of any of them as are reasonable in men of their means and duties. (I speak solely of the leaders, the heads of bureaus.) To such extent as their personalities, methods, and journals are respected they have access to the better clubs, their wives entertain, and their homes are the resorts of diplomats and statesmen.

Their contribution to the joyous life of Washington takes the form of the Gridiron Club, now the leading organization of its peculiar kind in this country. A party of Washington correspondents were dining at Chamberlin's with Judge Crowell on January 11, 1885, when it was sug-

gested that such a dining-club be formed. On January 24, 1885, at a meeting at Welcker's, a constitution and by-laws were submitted for a club that was then spoken of as the "Terrapin Club." A week later it was formally named the Gridiron Club. The first president was Ben: Perley Poore, and from the first dinner it grew steadily in fame and importance.

The club was at first planned upon the lines of the well-known Clover Club of Philadelphia, but has since developed characteristics of its own. At the Gridiron dinners the absurd and indefensible habit of interrupting and "guying" those who speak to the gatherings is not made an annoying characteristic. If a speaker at a Gridiron dinner is a bore or becomes offensive, he receives such sharp interruption that he is glad to sit down as quickly as he can. Then, again, a rigid rule of the Gridiron Club is that nothing shall be spoken that should not be said in the presence of women. No matter what their importance, or what the "news quality" of such addresses may be, it is a rule that what is said at these dinners is always spoken "under the rose." So thoroughly is this understood that at the annual dinner of 1892 ex-President Harrison spoke with as much ease as he would have talked in his own parlor, and with a frankness that rendered his speech an important contribution to the history of the day. Nearly every member of his cabinet sat at the table on that occasion. The Gridiron Club is one of the most interesting developments of the mania for after-dinner oratory which is epidemic in our country, and which is by no means always attended by such admirable, useful, or dignified consequences as at the symposiums of this famous club.

Of clubs that are notable, but not peculiar, the exclusive Metropolitan Club is at the head. The Cosmos and the University clubs are not far behind it. There are several others.

Washington is the Afro-American's earthly paradise, and there are 75,000 there to enjoy it. It is the only place in this country where these people have a genteel society of their own, and it is the place where they have the best standing and treatment. To explain the position of the negro, North and South, let me tell a true story. In one of the great

Southern States which I have been studying for HARPER'S MAGAZINE there is a fine cotton plantation that descended to an eccentric white man. He never married, but his negro housekeeper bore him two sons. The man was fond of them. They were as white to the eye as he was. He treated them as any well-to-do and kindly father would treat his boys. He sent them to a New England college, and before and after that they benefited by his guidance, his learning, and his fine library and genteel surroundings. In time he died, and left them the plantation and manor-house and what money he had. In worldly means they were the equals of any planters in that region. In polish and breeding and knowledge they were the superiors of very many.

Their credit at the banks of the nearest city was first-class, and they came to be known as scrupulously honest. When they went to town the bankers enjoyed conversing with them. They often talked of their hard lot, their pariahlike existence—of the curse that came with their color. The best men of the country-side bowed to them, even conversed with them, in passing on the roads, but no white man ever visited their beautiful, well-appointed home. They knew not a single white woman even to bow to. One of the brothers, perhaps a little finer in mettle than the other, rebelled against the unnatural, false, and heartless attitude of his neighbors, and sold out his interest in the plantation to his brother. He went West with his money to one of the new cities of the Pacific coast. He invested shrewdly, principally in street-car stocks. He made his dollars multiply. Perhaps there is a dark line down the spine of a man who has African blood in him, as some say; perhaps there is an uncommon whiteness in the eyes of such a man, a telltale pinkness of the finger-nails. But no one suspected that this handsome capitalist was a mulatto. He was tall, with Caucasian features and long black hair, and he carried himself proudly. He had his desire. He lived on terms of more than equality—great popularity, in fact—with the white men and women of his city.

The curse took the shape of Cupid. He fell in love with a charming woman, and she told him she returned his fond regard. A happy courtship was carried



THE WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE.

on, and at the end he, being honest, told her that African blood ran in his veins. She said he had insulted her, and she ordered him out of her house. He went, and blew his brains out.

All this has happened in our present day. The brother on the plantation said a few months ago that he was likely at any moment to follow the example of the suicide. In all his forty years of life only one white man had ever visited him. That was the Episcopal bishop of the diocese, who not only called upon but dined with him—a very brave thing for even a bishop to do in the South. He died soon afterward—last winter—and passed to God's judgment before many white men knew of his daring. The lonely brother is a married man. Years ago he went into the Southwest and married a woman of tainted blood, as white as himself. They have children who are as



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RECEIVING.

white as themselves. The blacks of the neighborhood hate and revile the entire family, and will have nothing to do with them. There is only one place in this country where they may hold up their heads and move in a society fitted for persons of their pride and intelligence. That is Washington. It would be an Afro-American society which they would enter, but one modelled closely upon the lines of white society, and living in amity with that body.

Of the 75,000 negroes in Washington, 3000 are in government employ. Negroes own eight millions of dollars' worth of real estate in the District of Columbia. They have their editors, teachers, professors, doctors, dentists, druggists, dancing-masters, their clubs, their saloons, their newspapers, churches, schools, and halls. Whites and blacks work together as mechanics and laborers, and the typographical union contains black printers, just as the barbers' union includes white barbers. Alas! the mortality among the blacks is very much larger than among the whites, and so is the percentage of illegitimacy—but this latter evil is the product of the swarm of ignorant "trash" that hives around the city and touch the regenerated colored folk at no point except as servants and laborers.

To estimate the apparent progress of the negroes in Washington, one must go to their fashionable churches. They have scores of churches, but the three leading ones are on Fifteenth Street, just back of the Monument, and in a line with it. The nearest to the heart of the city is the finest—the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church—but all three are among the notable "sights" of the capital. The Presbyterian church is known as the religious rendezvous of the educated set, and is necessarily small. The Rev. F. J. Grimke, a negro and a Princeton graduate, is the pastor. His flock is composed of school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and those colored folk from all over America who come to Washington when they have money to get the worth of it. You see nothing to laugh at, no darky peculiarities, in that edifice. The people dress, look, and behave precisely like nice white people, only some are black, and others are shaded off from white. You see women with lorgnettes, and men with pointed beards and button-hole bouquets. Polite ushers move softly to and fro, flowers

deck the altar at the proper times, a melodious choir enchants the ear, and young men dressed like the best-dressed men on Fifth Avenue wait on the sidewalk for sweethearts or drive up in fine carriages for mothers and sisters.

The next fine church is St. Augustine's Roman Catholic house of worship, farther down the street. It is a large pile of brick and stone. On last Palm-Sunday it was crowded. Of all things unexpected, Irish servant-girls were there worshipping beside the blacks. A portly and fashionable-looking white woman sat just within one door, in the vestibule, with an ivory and gold prayer-book open on her black satin lap. A white priest was assisted by black altar-boys. So great is the blockade when the women issue from that church that the police come to keep the street clear.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church, of stone, with a beautiful stained-glass window behind the chancel, is the last of these "swell" colored churches. A white-haired, white-bearded colored man is the rector, and on Palm-Sunday he preached to a congregation that included at least fifteen white women of the neighborhood, who came because it was convenient to do so. In this church ten days earlier the servant of a cultivated foreigner living in Washington was married to an Afro-American belle. The foreigner and many friends of his, whites of both sexes, and persons moving in high society, attended the wedding. They say they had expected to see something peculiar, but everything was ordered as at a white folks' wedding, and at the end the men handed their dark-toned women into the carriages and banged the doors and rode away quite as if they were accustomed to elaborate weddings and the comforts of the rich.

As you ride the length of Fifteenth Street you see the small houses and even the shanties of negroes close to the great mansions of the wealthy white people. The Hon. Levi P. Morton's great house is not more than a block from many negro tenements. I am told that the case is the same all over the edges of the newer and better parts of Washington. In that fact you see one reason for the wealth of so many families of colored persons. "Before 1870," says one historian, writing of the now elegant and populous north-western section of the town, "it was dreary and unhealthy, abounding in

swamps, and mainly occupied by the tumble-down shanties of negro squatters. But the Board of Public Works, under the leadership of Governor Shepherd, began an extensive system of public improvement; the swamps were drained, streets were laid out, and now the quarter is noted for the beauty of its highways and the elegance of its buildings." For the making of 'his beauty and elegance the property-holders were assessed. Many negroes surrendered their lots, but many others paid the assessments, held on, and were made wealthy when fashion led the rich to buy up the land and build upon it. Thus the provident colored folk who had worked and saved were able to become capitalists. Some other fortunes were made in trade, and by cooks, restaurateurs, and men who practise the professions among the people of their own race. One popular professional man of the ebon race is said to be son of a man who mixed cocktails for forty years in a saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue—but, hoity, toity! why should our white brothers in high fashionable circles look down on the man for that?

I have spoken of the musical click-a-tick of the horses' hoofs on the miles of asphalt pavement. But there is a part of the year when it is not heard. That is the long summer-time, when Washington is hot, and when, instead of regarding the capital as a majestic monument to the Father of his Country, those who are forced to live there speak of the place as the sub-basement of Hades. Oh, how hot it is then! The asphalt becomes hot lava. The horses' hoofs sink into it. The carriage wheels make ruts in it—ruts that quickly close up again as marks made in molasses will do. Detectives, equally hot upon the heels of a criminal, can trace the fugitive by his footprints where he has crossed a street. The beautiful city of gardens and palaces and power and pleasure becomes like a capital of the Congo country.

There are plenty of people there at that time. Sometimes Congress is sitting even in midsummer. But if it is not, still plenty are there—clerks, heads of departments, the whole of bureaucracy and trade and dependent labor, led by the members of the well-to-do who must direct the machinery. What a queer experience they have! After dark they venture out for breath and gentle exercise,

and the enjoyment of a respite from the terrors of the day; to prepare for the terrors of the night in the bedrooms. At nine o'clock at night all is dark. Heavy shadows and light shadows cover everything. All is silent as if it were a city on the Mozambique coast. Shadowy forms are seen on the porches of the dwellings, on the high stoops and the galleries over the bay-windows. They are the women. They have learned a trick from their negress servants and from the fixed tropical conditions. It regards their dress, which is such that they would not tell how little they have on. Though it is a trifle, it is not to be told. Upon the porches and the balconies, out of reach, they can and do dress like Sandwich Islanders. If a pedestrian turns towards a house, these feminine shadows rise and disappear in-doors.

In time the pedestrian turns in at his own gate and into his own bed. Exhausted, he sleeps, but it is fitful sleeping, and every now and then he wakes to find his pillow drenched. On some nights—and there are ten such in every summer—the oxygen leaves the air, and it becomes dead and motionless. When day breaks and the city bustles and the sun rises high, one sees the air shimmer in front of the Treasury Building as if that gray pile were a furnace. Then the people pray for rain. If it comes, it presents itself with tropical severity, in slanting sheets. It may do good, and probably does, but never enough to satisfy the populace. After it is over, the streets remind the beholder of pictures of the earth at the time of the coal formation—a hot, hissing, steaming mass.

During the entire hot season the people have time and inclination to reflect upon the disadvantages of having two extremes of climate in one year, and upon the impossibility of building a city to meet both extremes. Having to choose between the two, Washington necessarily elected to become a winter city. It is a Northern city on a Southern site. The winter is the time for business; it is the period of one session of each Congress, and it is when the people of the North resort there to enjoy what we may call social Washington. And yet it was not necessary to build the town of red brick and white asphalt. That was a sad mistake—a combination ingeniously contrived for turning the place into a cook-stove in summer.

"O TRAVELLER BY UNACCUSTOMED WAYS."

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

O TRAVELLER by unaccustomed ways—
Searcher among new worlds for pleasures new—
Art thou content because the skies are blue,
And blithe birds thrill the air with roundelays,
And those fair fields with sunshine are ablaze?
Dost thou not find thy heart's-ease twined with rue,
And long for some dear bloom on Earth that grew,
Some wild sweet fragrance of remembered days?

I send my message to thee by the stars—
Since other messenger I may not find
Till I go forth beyond Earth's prisoning bars,
Leaving this memory-haunted world behind,
To seek thee, claim thee, wheresoe'er thou be,
Since Heaven itself were empty, lacking thee.

GHOSTLY PREMONITIONS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

A FEW years ago I was one of a cheerful party in one of those New England country towns which suggest the supernatural, or the weird superstitions of human nature, and our hostess chanced one evening to bring the conversation about to witches, omens, ghosts, dreams, and the like. The talk was fanciful and entertaining, and it was astonishing how many "well-authenticated" experiences were related. It has seemed to me worth while to record some of the more curious I have known, either from the people directly concerned in them, or from their friends. Most of them come from English households, and in every case I have received the permission of the narrator to repeat them.

Few dreams ever did any one any good. Their vague suggestions seem only to injure people's peace of mind, increase superstition, and make the breakfast talk uncomfortable, but I know of one dream that had a very good result. A member of my own family, who was accustomed during a certain very severe winter to attend church—early service—every morning, dreamed that when he came to the river which had to be crossed (then frozen over), he beheld his own figure ahead of him in the gray dawn, and stood still on the bank to watch it. The figure walked on; suddenly the ice gave way, and in an instant this shadowy self was drowned.

The next morning he started on his usual walk, and on nearing the bank saw a man already on the ice some feet ahead of him. Though it was a stout old farmer, entirely unlike himself, my relative was impelled to stand still, as he had done in his dream. I don't know that he did so with any idea that the luckless farmer would presently go under, but, at all events, that is what followed; the ice broke, and before my uncle could get to the poor man's rescue, he was drowned.

This story, which I am sure is true in every particular, has afforded a great deal of hard-hearted scoffing and jesting, and also some partial analysis as to just how far the mind of a reasonable being is affected by superstition—consciously or unconsciously. "*If*," said one idler, "he *really* believed in his dream, why didn't he shout out to the old boy he'd be drowned if he went a step further? If he *didn't* believe, why didn't he go boldly on?"

Leaving dreamland for that much more populous and fascinating region of the ghosts, I find I have quite a collection of unpublished stories, one of which, though not to my personal knowledge true, has a flavor of such novelty in it that I will give it entire.

A lady in England, Mrs. A., while visiting at a country house took a great fancy to a young widow in the neighborhood. The widow, Mrs. B., was lodg-

ing in a simple way, being in moderate circumstances. She had come to the country for change of air, as she expected a visit from her mother and sister, and wanted to greet them with some color in her very pale cheeks. Before leaving Essex, she asked Mrs. A. to call upon her in town, which Mrs. A. promised to do. Soon after her return to London, Mrs. A. received a note from her young friend, asking her to lunch with her that day week. Mrs. A. wrote, accepting the invitation, and on the appointed day drove to the old-fashioned street where Mrs. B. lived. The house was one of those sombre-faced brick houses which in London streets look as if they resented any intrusion, and Mrs. A., on going in, knew just what to expect—a faded staircase carpet, a scrupulously neat hall, with old engravings, oak panelling, and a drawing-room full of dark shadows. The servant who admitted Mrs. A. explained at once that her mistress had been unexpectedly called out on business, but had left word that she particularly desired Mrs. A. to lunch without her. For a moment Mrs. A., standing in the hall, deliberated, but then her never-failing courtesy came to her rescue, and she decided that Mrs. B., in her sadness and her moderate circumstances, ought to be treated with every consideration, and so she went up to the drawing-room to await the announcement of lunch. As she entered the room she saw how it was Mrs. B. had left the request. Two ladies were sitting at the lower end of the room, and rose to greet her, introducing themselves as Mrs. B.'s mother and sister, who had arrived that day. The elder lady said little, but embarrassed Mrs. A. by looking at her with a strained expression, tears silently coursing down her cheeks. The conversation was conducted in low tones, and was chiefly about Mrs. B. They asked many questions about her health, her spirits, etc., and when luncheon was announced, and Mrs. A. went down stairs, preceding them, she thought the servant looked at her as though annoyed. She was made still more uncomfortable by finding the table only laid for one, the two ladies sitting at the lower end of the room, the mother still silently weeping. It was impossible to make the conversation cheerful, and the servant's manner be-

came positively annoying. She looked towards the ladies with an air of repugnance, and at Mrs. A. as though she wished her well out of the house. To escape for a moment, Mrs. A. made an excuse of getting her handkerchief for herself from the drawing-room, and on going up there was so much impressed by something unpleasant in her position that she quietly put on her cloak and left the house, intending to explain it all frankly to Mrs. B. This she accordingly did by letter that afternoon, desiring Mrs. B. to apologize for her to her mother and sister. "Something," she added, "so very singular in the manner of everything drove me out of the house in the face of all politeness."

The answer was a hurried line begging of her to come to Mrs. B. at once. Determined to see the end of the thing, she drove directly to H— Street in spite of a heavy storm. On entering, she was met with the same strange looks from the servant, who conducted her at once to Mrs. B.'s room.

The gentle little lady was in bed, evidently ill from weeping, and her first words were, "Are you *sane*?"

Mrs. A. declared herself possessed of every faculty.

"Then," said Mrs. B., "tell me whom you saw here to-day."

Mrs. A. gravely recounted her experiences, and her horror may be imagined *on learning that at that very hour the two unfortunate ladies had been drowned.* Whatever Mrs. A. had seen or talked to, the servant testified that no one had been present besides Mrs. A., whom, *from her apparent talking to herself, she had considered mad!*

Mrs. B. then related how she had expected them the day following; that a rumor of an accident on the river near which they were staying had reached her suddenly about four o'clock; and at five a telegram had told her the fatal truth. They were both drowned while rowing across the river to take a train at one o'clock. The servant was called, and being induced to believe in Mrs. A.'s soundness of mind, went over the details of the morning, confirming Mrs. A.'s statements, but declaring no one but Mrs. A. was present. There the mystery rested. Mrs. A. could only detail her conversation, depict the silent tears of the mother, the fixed gaze of the sister, but

nothing further ever transpired to explain it, and Mrs. A. is convinced she lunched with two phantoms.

Why ghosts should come back to weep is a strange problem, and one which believers in them ought to pry into. A story I have just been thinking of, apropos of this tearful faculty in "shapes," suggests one of the most hospitable houses in Great Britain, and the kindest host, who told the story, the truth of which he vouched for, and his word is as true as any I ever knew.

A friend of his, he said, was stopping at a great country house, full of traditions, haunted rooms, winding staircases, and the like; but no special ghost-story was known, though, aggravatingly enough, every one knew there *was* a story, but *what* it was, none could tell. Mr. D.'s friend, not being a timorous young lady, slept alone in a big room in a wing of the house, and the house being full of guests, many of whom she did not know, what followed her going to bed did not at first alarm her. She was in bed when the door of her room, near the curtains of the bed, was opened, and two ladies entered. Miss E. supposed, of course, they had come to her room by mistake, and would have spoken at once but for their curious behavior. One was in deep mourning, and evidently weeping; on her arm was a pretty young girl. The two paced the room, crying bitterly, up and down, up and down, finally drawing aside the bed-curtains, and gazing down upon Miss E.'s wondering features. Suddenly a fear seized her. She realized herself in some weird presence, and called or rang for her maid, the "shapes" vanishing, and Miss E. being found in a fainting condition. The next morning, on relating her adventure, she was desired to inspect a cabinet of miniatures, and select therefrom portraits of the ghostly visitants of the night before. After a careful scrutiny, she found the two. Her host at once declared that it was with the originals of these pictures *the* ghost-story of the house was connected. But the tale ends most provokingly, as Miss E.'s adventure had cast the only light upon it they had ever had; and one can only conjecture why the ladies wept in life since they wept in death, and *why* they paced that floor.

I suppose that until the scientific gentlemen of the day will be able kindly to

give us a concise account of the origin of things, and explain first principles minutely, the human mind will enjoy the fantastic speculations as to the travellers into that unknown country, and will continue to invest the soul with some qualities which another life may make complete, and possibly strong enough now and then to impress the life it has left. A great many interesting discussions would be ended if nobody believed in the supernatural. For instance, instead of the fascinating speculations over the famous "Strathmore mystery," I suppose a sort of official inquiry would be made into it. Fancy that stern old Scotch castle being forced to yield up its secret! One of the never-ending torments of my breast would then be put an end to, for I confess to finding myself in the most unexpected moments and in the most unexpected places asking the same question, "What *is* the Strathmore mystery?" and wishing I were Queen Victoria for half an hour, during which I would barter with Lord Strathmore for his secret a dukedom, or promise the dungeon if he withheld it. It is very foolish to let anything get possession of all the stock of curiosity you possess. What the Strathmore mystery really *is*, time seems only to be answering more and more vaguely. There is an old and noble house, in which no one denies there exists a mystery, not even the possessors of the secret, a tangible something, so people say, hidden in one of the many strange places in the strange old house. A lady visiting there told me that it was easy to believe in its being *hidden*, since one could lose one's self twenty times a day in any one wing. The secret is confided to the heir and the steward—to none else—even the bride of the heir is denied it! It is said one Lady Strathmore was forced to live and die abroad, because she questioned her lord too often. There are many stories I might tell, some half disclosing the secret, others relegating it delightfully to the supernatural; but to record them would be to give my neighbors' fireside away, and so I must content myself with merely chronicling the fact that really in this clear-eyed, sharply clever decade there exists as curious a mystery about an old castle in Scotland as anything in the days when the witches greeted Macbeth on that weird heath.

In my relation's native town there lived

during her girlhood a very interesting elderly gentleman of wealth and rank and other desirable things, but he was full of superstitions of all kinds, and a clairvoyant had made the future very burdensome to him by predicting that he would die from drowning on a certain birthday. Before the day came around he made every preparation to avoid such a catastrophe, but as he lived by a river which divided the residence part of the town from its business side (this the clairvoyant knew), he determined to transact no business on the day in question, but keep himself quietly within his own door. Fate or circumstance, however, designed that he should have to go into the town, which he did on horseback, riding most carefully over the firm bridge. All went well. His business attended to, he started to return, when it was discovered that—on this day of all others—repairs were going on on the bridge, and passengers were warned away from it. Our good gentleman at once became alarmed; but some friends who had a fine boat, and were about to cross in it, urged that he should join them. But in fancy he beheld himself thereby a drowning man, and he determined to do what he had often before accomplished in safety—to swim across the river on his good old horse. Now my relative's house looked out upon the water, and from her window she beheld what followed—the safe passage of the little boat, and midway in his progress the fright of the horse, the falling of some beam from the bridge, and in an instant, all too quickly for help to come, the drowning of the unhappy rider. There was no doubt whatever that his superstition had caused his death, since had he not been overawed by his dread, he would have sensibly rowed across the river, landed safely, and lived at least to scoff at the clairvoyant.

I knew a country family in England who were rendered quite miserable at times by family traditional superstitions. I used to think they ought to have a little superstitious sentence around their crest. I scarcely know more amiable or refined or hospitable people, yet they would grow most melancholy and nervous over the "death-cries" they and they only could hear, and Lady S— would say, with a look of unutterable woe, "It is our family death-cry—it need not always mean a death—but *we* are born with a faculty for hearing it."

There is always a peculiar kind of horror in stories which involve reflections of one's self in ghostly appearances. Nothing ever so filled my childish imagination as the story of one of our relations, which reached the children first through an old family servant, but later, divested of certain elaborations, was confirmed by her own family. This lady's husband was a famous hunting man, and, like all enthusiasts, reckless in his riding. It so chanced that one day Mrs. G. was to give a dinner party; her husband was in the field, but she expected him home in full time to dress. He did not come while she was making her own toilet. This finished, she was standing by her fireside, when, on looking up, she beheld the reflection of her own figure in the glass, but dressed in widow's weeds. The sequel is sufficiently ghastly. The unfortunate gentleman was carried home an hour later dead, having been killed by one of those not uncommon hunting accidents.

In this connection I cannot forbear relating a story for which I have no proofs, yet it is curious enough to be worth record. An American lady, travelling in Switzerland with her niece, fell in with a party of English people, among whom was an elderly man of strong personal and intellectual attractions. In place of giving his name, I will call him Mr. H. Mrs. J.'s niece and he speedily became intimate, as tourists of common language and interests are apt to do, and it was not long before their friendship grew into something warmer. Before a month had elapsed they were engaged. Mrs. J., although she consented to this, felt vaguely anxious. The man impressed her unfavorably, yet she could not tell why. It was an instinctive distrust, and it received a new impetus when, on asking him to go to a certain place with them some miles distant, he refused, with evident embarrassment and dismay. This made Mrs. J. all the more anxious that he should take the journey, and accordingly he was persuaded into it. Young Miss J. was a merry, light-hearted girl, a brunette, with rich dark coloring, bright eyes, and abundant brown hair. Every one admired her. When they reached L— she was in high spirits, and on hearing that in the neighborhood existed a cave with a "glassy pool of water" in which newly betrothed people could see their fortunes, they set out at her

actual command to see it. On reaching the place, Mr. H. showed an evident dislike to go into the cave, but Miss J. gayly insisted upon it. They went in hand in hand, and the girl bent down to look into the shining bit of water at the reflection of her lover and herself, but in an instant she drew back with a cry of horror. She had stooped to see her own reflection; instead, was given back a pallid face, with thin fair hair, blue eyes, and a sad smile; and the face, so others who saw it affirmed, *continued to look up after she had moved away.*

No solution of the mysterious occurrence offered until after Miss J.'s death. She married Mr. H., led a most unhappy life with him for two years, and died in

her aunt's arms. A few years later Mrs. J., on visiting some friends in Scotland, saw a miniature the exact counterpart of the dreadful face in the water, and on inquiring found that the original had been a young woman engaged to a man of the same name and occupation as Mr. H.; that after willing to him all her fortune she had been drowned in *the very cave* in which the appearance occurred; whether it was accident or intent none could say. Mr. H. had gone with her, but although he was not directly accused of murder, the case remained a doubtful one in the minds of many, and Mrs. J. died convinced that the dismal appearance had been a warning to her niece, unhappily not heeded.

ROMANCE.

BY ORRIN CEDESMAN STEVENS.

MOTHER of joy and loveliness,
A little longer stay with me;
Once more mine eyelids gently press,
That naught but beauty I may see;
Still make with light thy wondrous fusion,
Though all that follows is illusion.

A morn mirage, or evening marvel,
An earth aglow, a gladsome sea
Hope-strewn with many a questing carvel,—
These are the gifts that come from thee;
And better are such visions pure
Than what men reckon real and sure.

Some call thee but a witch's child
That casts false lights and magic spells,
And deem thy lovers as beguiled;
But yet I doubt these oracles,
And feel it is no elf-lamp's ray
That makes this glory day by day.

Lady of love and glamoured lands,
Stay with me till my heavy eyes
Have gained the vision that expands,
In beauty, unto Paradise;
And sees all life, in vistaed grace,
Move onward towards Jehovah's face.

Ah, who would keep the world from death,
If thou shouldst leave it for an hour?
How cold the clay without thy breath!
How shrivelled every human power!
Yet youth may die, and stars may fall,
But if thou stayest, good is all.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

FREELY TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ANCIENT FRENCH INTO MODERN ENGLISH FROM THE
ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT IN THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF FRANCE,
BY JEAN FRANÇOIS ALDEN. 1894.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

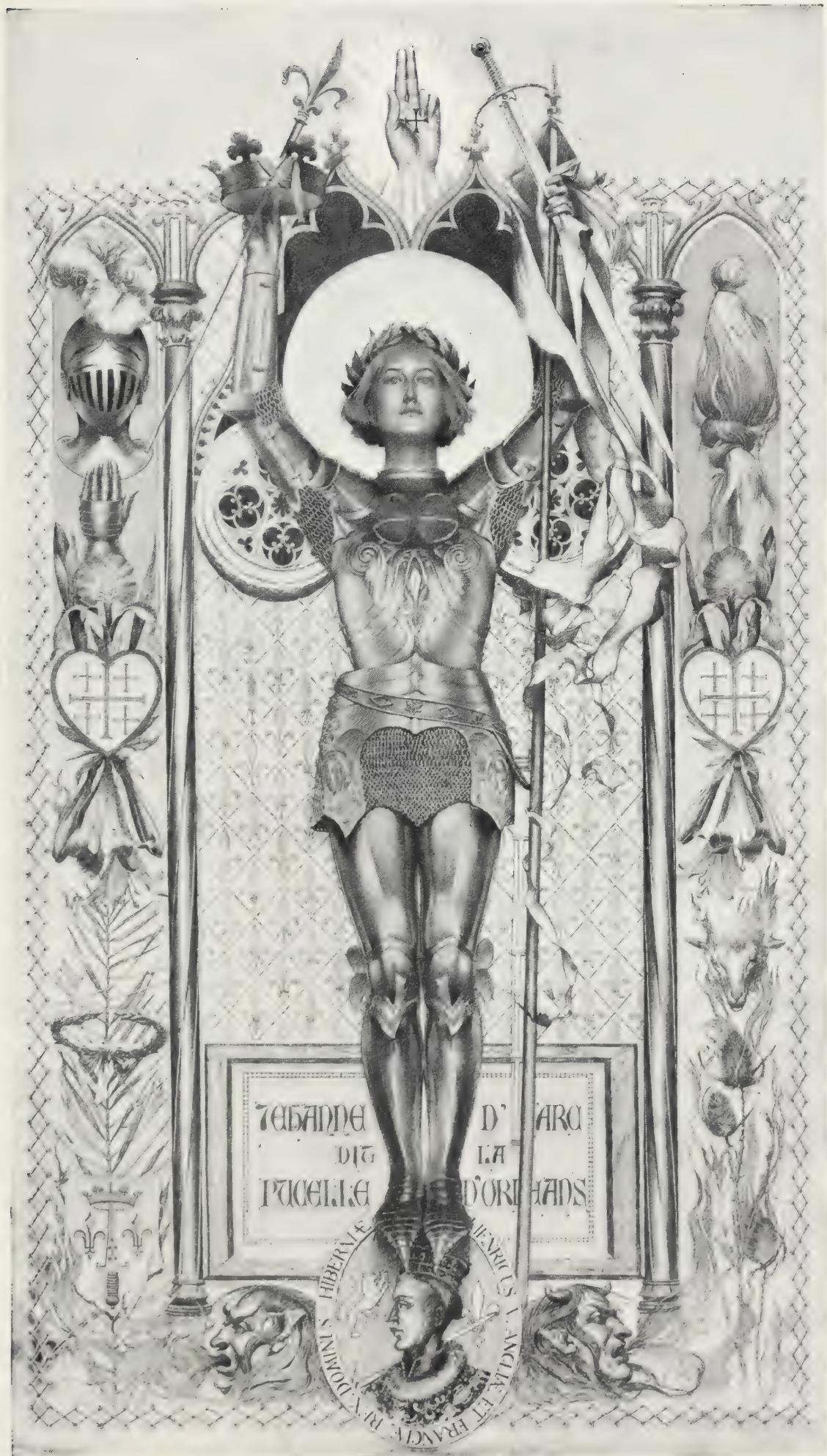
TO arrive at a just estimate of a renowned man's character one must judge it by the standards of his time, not ours. Judged by the standards of one century, the noblest characters of an earlier one lose much of their lustre; judged by the standards of to-day, there is probably no illustrious man of four or five centuries ago whose character could meet the test at all points. But the character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect; it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal.

When we reflect that her century was the brutalest, the wickedest, the rottenest in history since the darkest ages, we are lost in wonder at the miracle of such a product from such a soil. The contrast between her and her century is the contrast between day and night. She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when honesty was become a lost virtue; she was a keeper of promises when the keeping of a promise was expected of no one; she gave her great mind to great thoughts and great purposes when other great minds wasted themselves upon pretty fancies or upon poor ambitions; she was modest and fine and delicate when to be loud and coarse might be said to be universal; she was full of pity when a merciless cruelty was the rule; she was steadfast when stability was unknown, and honorable in an age which had forgotten what honor was; she was a rock of convictions in a time when men believed in nothing and scoffed at all things; she was unfailingly true in an age that was false to the core; she

maintained her personal dignity unimpaired in an age of fawnings and servilities; she was of a dauntless courage when hope and courage had perished in the hearts of her nation; she was spotlessly pure in mind and body when society in the highest places was foul in both—she was all these things in an age when crime was the common business of lords and princes, and when the highest personages in Christendom, the Roman Popes, vicegerents of God, representatives of Heaven upon earth, sole authorized agents and purveyors of salvation, only infallible models of human perfection, were able to astonish even that infamous era and make it stand aghast at the spectacle of their atrocious lives, black with unimaginable treacheries, butcheries, and bestialities.

She was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history. No vestige or suggestion of self-seeking can be found in any word or deed of hers. When her great work was done she was offered rewards and honors, but she refused them all, and would take nothing. All she would take for herself—if the King would grant it—was leave to go back to her village home, and tend her sheep again, and feel her mother's arms about her, and be her housemaid and helper. The selfishness of this unspoiled general of victorious armies, companion of princes, and idol of an applauding and grateful nation reached but that far and no farther.

The saving of the French crown and nation, accomplished by her, is incomparably the greatest achievement in human history, when one considers the conditions under which it was undertaken, the obstacles in the way, and the means at her disposal. Cæsar carried conquest far, but he did it with the trained and



TESSANDE
DIE
FIDELLE

D'ARC
LA
D'ORLEANS

JOHANNES HIBERNICUS
HENRICUS I. ANGLIE ET FRANCIE

confident veterans of Rome; and Napoleon swept away the disciplined armies of Europe, but he began with patriot battalions inflamed and inspired by the miracle-working new breath of Liberty breathed upon them by the Revolution; but Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unknown, and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, helpless and hopeless under an alien domination, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all spirit torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people through long years of foreign and domestic outrage and oppression, their King cowed, resigned to his fate, and preparing to fly the country; and she laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it rose and followed her. She broke its chains, she led it from victory to victory, she set it free, and it remains so to this day.

And for all reward, the French King whom she had crowned stood supine and indifferent while French priests took the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have

produced, and burned her alive at the stake.

A PECULIARITY OF JOAN OF ARC'S HISTORY.

The details of the life of Joan of Arc form a biography which is unique among the world's biographies in one respect: IT IS THE ONLY STORY OF A HUMAN LIFE WHICH COMES TO US UNDER OATH, the only one which comes to us from the witness-stand. The official records of the Great Trial of 1431, and of the Process of Rehabilitation of a quarter of a century later, are still preserved in the national archives of France, and they furnish with remarkable fulness the facts of her life. The history of no other life of that remote time is known with either the certainty or the comprehensiveness that attaches to hers.

The *Sieur Louis de Conte* is faithful to her official history in his *Personal Recollections*, and thus far his trustworthiness is unimpeachable; but his mass of added particulars must depend for credit upon his own word alone.

THE TRANSLATOR.

PART I.

THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE TO HIS GREAT-GREAT-GRAND NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is the year 1492. I am eighty-two years of age. The things I am going to tell you about are things which I saw myself as a child and as a youth.

In all the tales and songs and histories of Joan of Arc which you and the rest of the world read and sing and study in the books wrought in the late invented art of printing, mention is made of me, the *Sieur Louis de Conte*. I was her page and secretary. I was with her from the beginning until the end.

I was reared in the same village with her. I played with her every day, when we were little children together, just as you play with your mates. Now that we perceive how great she was, now that her name fills the whole world, it seems strange that what I am saying is true; for it is as if a perishable paltry candle should speak of the eternal sun riding in the heavens and say, "He was gossip and housemate to me when we were candles together."

And yet it is true, just as I say. I was her playmate, and I fought at her side in the wars; to this day I carry in my mind, fine and clear, the picture of that dear little figure, with breast bent to the flying horse's neck, charging at the head of the armies of France, her hair streaming back, her silver mail ploughing steadily deeper and deeper into the thick of the battle, sometimes nearly drowned from sight by tossing heads of horses, uplifted sword-arms, wind-blown plumes, and intercepting shields! I was with her to the end; and when that black day came whose accusing shadow will lie always upon the memory of the mitred French slaves of England who were her assassins, and upon France who stood idle and essayed no rescue, my hand was the last she touched in life.

As the years and the decades drifted by, and the spectacle of the marvellous child's meteor-flight across the war-firmament of France and its extinction in the smoke-clouds of the stake receded deeper and deeper into the past and grew ever more

strange and wonderful and divine and pathetic, I came to comprehend and recognize her at last for what she was—the most noble life that was ever born into this world save only One.

CHAPTER II.

I, THE Sieur Louis de Conte, was born in Neufchâteau, the 6th of January, 1410; that is to say, exactly two years before Joan of Arc was born in Domremy. My family had fled to those distant regions from the neighborhood of Paris in the first years of the century. In politics they were Armagnacs—patriots: they were for our own French King, crazy and impotent as he was. The Burgundian party, who were for the English, had stripped them, and done it well. They took everything but my father's small nobility, and when he reached Neufchâteau he reached it in poverty and with a broken spirit. But the political atmosphere there was the sort he liked, and that was something. He came to a region of comparative quiet; he left behind him a region peopled with furies, madmen, devils, where slaughter was a daily pastime and no man's life safe for a moment. In Paris, mobs roared through the streets nightly, sacking, burning, killing, unmolested, uninterrupted. The sun rose upon wrecked and smoking buildings, and upon mutilated corpses lying here, there, and yonder about the streets, just as they fell, and stripped naked by thieves, the unholy gleaners after the mob. None had the courage to gather these dead for burial; they were left there to rot and create plagues.

And plagues they did create. Epidemics swept away the people like flies, and the burials were conducted secretly and by night; for public funerals were not allowed, lest the revelation of the magnitude of the plague's work unman the people and plunge them into despair. Then came, finally, the bitterest winter which had visited France in five hundred years. Famine, pestilence, slaughter, ice, snow—Paris had all these at once. The dead lay in heaps about the streets, and wolves entered the city in daylight and devoured them.

Ah, France had fallen low—so low! For more than fifty years the English fangs had been bedded in her flesh, and so cowed had her armies become by ceaseless rout and defeat that it was said and

accepted that the mere sight of an English army was sufficient to put a French one to flight.

When I was five years old the prodigious disaster of Agincourt fell upon France; and although the English King went home to enjoy his glory, he left the country prostrate and a prey to roving bands of Free Companions in the service of the Burgundian party; and one of these bands came raiding through Neufchâteau one night, and by the light of our burning roof-thatch I saw all that were dear to me in this world (save an elder brother, your ancestor, left with the Court in Paris) butchered while they begged for mercy, and heard the butchers laugh at their prayers and mimic their pleadings. I was overlooked, and escaped without hurt. When the savages were gone I crept out and cried the night away watching the burning houses; and I was all alone, except for the company of the dead and the wounded, for the rest had taken flight and hidden themselves.

I was sent to Domremy, to the priest, whose housekeeper became a loving mother to me. The priest in the course of time taught me to read and write, and he and I were the only persons in the village who possessed this learning.

At the time that the house of this good priest, Guillaume Fronte, became my home, I was six years old. We lived close by the village church, and the small garden of Joan's parents was behind the church. As to that family, there were Jacques d'Arc the father, his wife Isabel Romée; three sons—Jacques, ten years old, Pierre, eight, and Jean, seven; Joan, four, and her baby sister Catherine, about a year old. I had these children for playmates from the beginning. I had some other playmates besides—particularly four boys: Pierre Morel, Étienne Roze, Noël Rainguesson, and Edmond Aubrey, whose father was maire at that time; also two girls, about Joan's age, who by-and-by became her favorites; one was named Haumette, the other was called Little Mengette. These girls were common peasant children, like Joan herself. When they grew up, both married common laborers. Their estate was lowly enough, you see; yet a time came, many years after, when no passing stranger, howsoever great he might be, failed to go and pay his reverence to those two humble old women who had been honored in



EMBELLISHMENT SHOWING THE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOAN WAS BORN.

their youth by the friendship of Joan of Arc.

These were all good children, just of the ordinary peasant type; not bright, of course—you would not expect that—but good-hearted and companionable, obedient to their parents and the priest; and as they grew up they became properly stocked with narrownesses and prejudices got at second hand from their elders, and adopted without reserve, and without examination also—which goes without saying. Their religion was inherited, their politics the same. John Huss and his sort might find fault with the Church, in Domremy it disturbed nobody's faith; and when the split came, when I was fourteen, and we had three Popes at once, nobody in Domremy was worried about how to

choose among them—the Pope of Rome was the right one, a Pope outside of Rome was no Pope at all. Every human creature in the village was an Armagnac—a patriot; and if we children hotly hated nothing else in the world, we did certainly hate the English and Burgundian name and polity in that way.

CHAPTER III.

OUR Domremy was like any other humble little hamlet of that remote time and region. It was a maze of crooked, narrow lanes and alleys shaded and sheltered by the overhanging thatch roofs of the barn-like houses. The houses were dimly lighted by wooden-shuttered windows—that is, holes in the walls which served for windows. The floors were of dirt,

and there was very little furniture. Sheep and cattle grazing was the main industry; all the young folks tended flocks.

The situation was beautiful. From one edge of the village a flowery plain extended in a wide sweep to the river—the Meuse; from the rear edge of the village a grassy slope rose gradually, and at the top was the great oak forest—a forest that was deep and gloomy and dense, and full of interest for us children, for many murders had been done in it by outlaws in old times, and in still earlier times prodigious dragons that spouted fire and poisonous vapors from their nostrils had their homes in there. In fact, one was still living in there in our own time. It was as long as a tree, and had a body as big around as a tierce, and scales like overlapping great tiles, and deep ruby eyes as large as a cavalier's hat, and an anchor fluke on its tail as big as I don't know what, but very big, even unusually so for a dragon, as everybody said who knew about dragons. It was thought that this dragon was of a brilliant blue color, with gold mottlings, but no one had ever seen it, therefore this was not known to be so, it was only an opinion. It was not my opinion: I think there is no sense in forming an opinion when there is no evidence to form it on. If you build a person without any bones in him he may look fair enough to the eye, but he will be limber and cannot stand up; and I consider that *evidence* is the bones of an opinion. But I will take up this matter more at large at another time, and try to make the justness of this position appear. As to that dragon, I always held the belief that its color was gold and without blue, for that has always been the color of dragons. That this dragon lay but a little way within the wood at one time is shown by the fact that Pierre Morel was in there one day and smelt it, and recognized it by the smell. It gives one a horrid idea of how near to us the deadliest danger can be and we not suspect it.

In the earliest times a hundred knights from many remote places in the earth would have gone in there one after another, to kill the dragon and get the reward, but in our time that method had gone out, and the priest had become the one that abolished dragons. Père Guillaume Fronte did it in this case. He had a procession, with candles and incense

and banners, and marched around the edge of the wood and exorcised the dragon, and it was never heard of again, although it was the opinion of many that the smell never wholly passed away. Not that any had ever smelt the smell again, for none had; it was only an opinion, like the other—and lacked bones, you see. I know that the creature was there before the exorcism, but whether it was there afterwards or not is a thing which I cannot be so positive about.

In a noble open space carpeted with grass on the high ground toward Vaucouleurs stood a most majestic beech-tree with wide-reaching arms and a grand spread of shade, and by it a limpid spring of cold water; and on summer days the children went there—oh, every summer for more than five hundred years—went there and sang and danced around the tree for hours together, refreshing themselves at the spring from time to time, and it was most lovely and enjoyable. Also they made wreaths of flowers and hung them upon the tree and about the spring to please the fairies that lived there, for they liked that, being idle, innocent little creatures, as all fairies are, and fond of anything delicate and pretty like wild flowers put together in that way. And in return for this attention the fairies did any friendly thing they could for the children, such as keeping the spring always full and clear and cold, and driving away serpents and insects that sting; and so there was never any unkindness between the fairies and the children during more than five hundred years, but only the warmest affection and the most perfect trust and confidence; and whenever a child died the fairies mourned just as that child's playmates did, and the sign of it was there to see; for before the dawn on the day of the funeral they hung a little *immortelle* over the place where that child was used to sit under the tree. I know this to be true by my own eyes; it is not hearsay. And the reason it was known that the fairies did it was this—that it was made all of black flowers of a sort not known in France anywhere.

Now from time immemorial all children reared in Domremy were called the Children of the Tree; and they loved that name, for it carried with it a mystic privilege not granted to any others of the children of this world. Which was this: whenever one of these came to die, then

beyond the vague and formless images drifting through his darkening mind rose soft and rich and fair a vision of the Tree—if all was well with his soul. That was what some said. Others said the vision came in two ways: once as a warning, one or two years in advance of death, when the soul was the captive of sin, and then the Tree appeared in its desolate winter aspect; then that soul was smitten with an awful fear. If repentance came, and purity of life, the vision came again, this time summer-clad and beautiful; but if it were otherwise with that soul the vision was withheld, and it passed from life knowing its doom. Still others said that the vision came but once, and then only to the sinless dying forlorn in distant lands, and pitifully longing for some last dear reminder of their home. And what reminder of it could go to their hearts like the picture of the Tree that was the darling of their love and the comrade of their joys and comforter of their small griefs all through the divine days of their vanished youth?

Now the several traditions were as I have said, some believing one and some another. One of them I knew to be the truth, and that was the last one. I do not say anything against the others; I think they were true, but I only *know* that the last one was: and it is my thought that if one keep to the things he knows, and not trouble about the things which he cannot be sure about, he will have the steadier mind for it—and there is profit in that. I know that when the Children of the Tree die in a far land, then—if they be at peace with God—they turn their longing eyes toward home, and there, far-shining, as through a rift in a cloud that curtains heaven, they see the soft picture of the Fairy Tree, clothed in a dream of golden light; and they see the bloomy mead sloping away to the river, and to their perishing nostrils is blown faint and sweet the fragrance of the flowers of home. And then the vision fades and passes; but *they* know, *they* know! and by their transfigured faces you know also, you who stand looking on; yes, you know the message that has come, and that it has come from heaven.

Joan and I believed alike about this matter. But Pierre Morel and Jacques d'Arc and many others believed that the vision appeared twice—to a sinner. In

fact, they and many others said they *knew* it. Probably because their fathers had known it and had told them; for one gets most things at second hand in this world.

Now one thing that does make it quite likely that there were really two apparitions of the Tree is this fact: From the most ancient times if one saw a villager of ours with his face ash-white and rigid with a ghastly fright, it was common for every one to whisper to his neighbor, "Ah, he is in sin, and has got his warning." And the neighbor would shudder at the thought, and whisper back, "Yes, poor soul, he has seen the Tree."

Such evidences as these have their weight; they are not to be put aside with a wave of the hand. A thing that is backed by the cumulative experience of centuries naturally gets nearer and nearer to being proof all the time; and if this continue and continue, it will some day become authority—and authority is a bedded rock, and will abide.

In my long life I have seen several cases where the Tree appeared announcing a death which was still far away; but in none of these was the person in a state of sin. No; the apparition was in these cases only a special grace; in place of deferring the tidings of that soul's redemption till the day of death, the apparition brought them long before, and with them peace—peace that might no more be disturbed—the eternal peace of God. I myself, old and broken, wait with serenity; for I have seen the vision of the Tree. I have seen it, and am content.

Always, from the remotest times, when the children joined hands and danced around the Fairy Tree, they sang a song which was the Tree's Song, the Song of *l'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont*. They sang it to a quaint sweet air—a solacing sweet air which has gone murmuring through my dreaming spirit all my life when I was weary and troubled, resting me and carrying me through night and distance home again. No stranger can know or feel what that song has been, through the drifting centuries, to exiled Children of the Tree, homeless and heavy of heart in countries foreign to their speech and ways. You will think it a simple thing, that song, and poor, perchance; but if you will remember what it was to us, and what it brought before our eyes when it floated through our memories, then



THE FAIRY TREE.

you will respect it. And you will understand how the water wells up in our eyes and makes all things dim, and our voices break and we cannot sing the last lines:

“And when in exile wand’ring we
Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
O rise upon our sight!”

And you will remember that Joan of Arc sang this song with us around the

Tree when she was a little child, and always loved it. And that hallows it; yes, you will grant that.

“L'ARBRE FÉE DE BOURLEMONT.

“SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

“Now what has kept your leaves so green,
Arbre Fée de Bourlemont?
The children’s tears! They brought each grief,

And you did comfort them and cheer
Their bruised hearts, and steal a tear
That healed rose a leaf.

“And what has built you up so strong,
Arbre Fée de Bourlemont?
The children’s love! They’ve loved you long:
Ten hundred years, in sooth,
They’ve nourished you with praise and song,
And warmed your heart and kept it young—
A thousand years of youth!

“Bide away green in our young hearts,
Arbre Fée de Bourlemont!
And we shall alway youthful be,
Not heeding Time his flight;
And when in exile wand’ring we
Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
O rise upon our sight!”

The fairies were still there when we were children, but we never saw them; because, a hundred years before that, the priest of Domremy had held a religious function under the tree, and denounced them as being blood kin of the Fiend and barred out from redemption; and then he warned them never to show themselves again, nor hang any more immortelles, on pain of perpetual banishment from that parish.

All the children pleaded for the fairies, and said they were their good friends and dear to them, and never did them any harm; but the priest would not listen, and said it was sin and shame to have such friends. The children mourned and could not be comforted; and they made an agreement among themselves that they would always continue to hang flower wreaths on the tree as a perpetual sign to the fairies that they were still loved and remembered though lost to sight.

But late one night a great misfortune befell. Edmond Aubrey’s mother passed by the tree, and the fairies were stealing a dance, not thinking anybody was by; and they were so busy, and so intoxicated with the wild happiness of it, and with the bumpers of dew sharpened up with honey which they had been drinking, that they noticed nothing; so Dame Aubrey stood there astonished and admiring, and saw the little fantastic atoms holding hands, as many as three hundred of them, tearing around in a great ring half as big as an ordinary bedroom, and leaning away back and spreading their mouths with laughter and song, which she could hear quite distinctly, and kicking their legs up as much as three inches from the ground in perfect abandon and hilarity—oh, the very maddest and witchingest dance the woman ever saw!

But in about a minute or two minutes the poor little ruined creatures discovered her. They burst out in one heart-breaking squeak of grief and terror and fled every-which-way, with their wee hazelnut fists in their eyes and crying; and so disappeared.

The heartless woman—no, the foolish woman, she was not heartless, but only thoughtless—went straight home and told the neighbors all about it, and we, the small friends of the fairies, asleep and not suspecting the calamity that was come upon us, and all unconscious that we ought to be up and trying to stop these fatal tongues. In the morning everybody knew, and the disaster was complete, for where everybody knows a thing the priest knows it, of course. We all flocked to Père Fronte, crying and begging, and he had to cry too, seeing our sorrow, for he had a most kind and gentle nature; and he did not want to banish the fairies, and said so, but said he had no choice, for it had been decreed that if they ever revealed themselves to man again, they must go. This all happened at the worst time possible, for Joan of Arc was ill of a fever and out of her head, and what could we do who had not her gifts of reasoning and persuasion? We flew in a swarm to her bed and cried out: “Joan, wake! wake! there is no moment to lose! Come and plead for the fairies. Come and save them; only you can do it!”

But her mind was wandering; she did not know what we said nor what we meant; so we went away knowing all was lost. Yes, all was lost, forever lost; the faithful friends of the children for five hundred years must go, and never come back any more.

It was a bitter day for us, that day that Père Fronte held the function under the tree and banished the fairies. We could not wear mourning that any could have noticed, it would not have been allowed; so we had to be content with some poor small rag of black tied upon our garments where it made no show; but in our hearts we wore mourning big and noble and occupying all the room, for our hearts were ours; they could not get at them to prevent that.

The great tree—*l’Arbre Fée de Bourlemont* was its beautiful name—was never afterward quite as much to us as it had been before; but it was always dear; is dear to me yet when I go there now, once

a year in my old age, to sit under it and bring back the lost playmates of my youth, and group them about me and look upon their faces through my tears and break my heart, oh, my God!

No, the place was not quite the same afterwards; in one or two ways it could not be; for, the fairies' protection being gone, the spring lost much of its freshness and coldness, and more than two-thirds of its volume, and the banished serpents and stinging insects returned, and multiplied, and became a torment, and have remained so to this day.

When that wise little child Joan got well, we realized how much her illness had cost us; for we found that we had been right in believing she could save the fairies. She burst into a great storm of anger, for so little a creature, and went straight to Père Fronte, and stood up before him where he sat, and made reverence, and said,

"The fairies were to go if they showed themselves to people again, is it not so?"

"Yes, that was it, dear."

"If a man comes prying into a person's room at midnight when that person is half naked, will you be so unjust as to say that that person is showing himself to that man?"

"Well—no." The good priest looked a little troubled and uneasy when he said it.

"Is a sin a sin anyway, even if one did not intend to commit it?"

Père Fronte threw up his hands and cried out, "Oh, my poor little child, I see all my fault!" and he drew her to his side and put his arm around her and tried to make his peace with her.

But her temper was up so high that she could not get it down right away, but buried her head against his breast and broke out crying, and said,

"Then the fairies committed no sin, for there was no intention to commit one, they not knowing that any one was by; and because they were little creatures and could not speak for themselves and say the law was against the intention, not against the innocent act, and because they had no friend to think that simple thing for them and say it, they have been sent away from their home forever, and it was wrong, *wrong* to do it!"

The good father hugged her yet closer to his side, and said:

"Oh, out of the mouths of babes and

sucklings the heedless and unthinking are condemned: would God I could bring the little creatures back, for your sake! And mine, yes, and mine; for I have been unjust. There, there, don't cry—nobody could be sorrier than your poor old friend—don't cry, dear."

"But I can't stop right away, I've got to. And it is no little matter, this thing that you have done. Is being sorry penance enough for such an act?"

Père Fronte turned away his face, for it would have hurt her to see him laugh, and said:

"Oh, thou remorseless but most just accuser, no, it is not. I will put on sackcloth and ashes. There—are you satisfied?"

Joan's sobs began to diminish, and she presently looked up at the old man through her tears, and said, in her simple way,

"Yes, that will do—if it will clear you."

Père Fronte would have been moved to laugh again, perhaps, if he had not remembered in time that he had made a contract, and not a very agreeable one. It must be fulfilled. So he got up and went to the fireplace, Joan watching him with deep interest, and took a shovelful of cold ashes, and was going to empty them on his old gray head, when a better idea came to him, and he said,

"Would you mind helping me, dear?"

"How, father?"

He got down on his knees and bent his head low, and said,

"Take the ashes and put them on my head for me."

The matter ended there, of course. The victory was with the priest. One can imagine how the idea of such a profanation would strike Joan or any other child in the village. She ran and dropped upon her knees by his side, and said:

"Oh, it is dreadful! I didn't know that that was what one meant by sackcloth and ashes—do please get up, father."

"But I can't until I am forgiven. Do you forgive me?"

"I? Oh, you have done nothing to me, father—it is *yourself* that must forgive yourself for wronging those poor things. Please get up, father, won't you?"

"But I am worse off now than I was before. I thought I was earning *your* forgiveness, but if it is my own, I can't be lenient, it would not become me. Now

what can I do? Find me some way out of this with your wise little head."

The Père would not stir, for all Joan's pleadings. She was about to cry again; then she had an idea, and seized the shovel and deluged her own head with the ashes, stammering out, through her chokings and suffocations:

"There—now it is done. Oh, please get up, father."

The old man gathered her to his breast, both touched and amused, and said:

"Oh, you incomparable child! It's a humble martyrdom, and not of a sort presentable in a picture, but the right and true spirit is in it; that I testify."

Then he brushed the ashes out of her hair, and helped her scour her face and neck and properly tidy herself up. He was in fine spirits now, and ready for further argument, so he took his seat and drew Joan to his side again, and said,

"Joan, you were used to make wreaths there at the Fairy Tree with the other children—is it not so?"

That was the way he always started out when he was going to corner me up and catch me in something—just that gentle indifferent way that fools a person so, and leads him into the trap, he never noticing which way he is travelling until he is in and the door shut on him. He enjoyed that. I knew he was going to drop corn along in front of Joan, now. Joan answered,

"Yes, father."

"Did you hang them on the tree?"

"No, father."

"Didn't hang them there?"

"No."

"Why didn't you?"

"I—well, I didn't wish to."

"Didn't wish to?"

"No, father."

"What did you do with them?"

"I hung them in the church."

"Why didn't you want to hang them in the Tree?"

"Because it was said that the fairies were of kin to the Fiend, and that it was sinful to shew them honor."

"Did you believe it was wrong to honor them so?"

"Yes. I thought it must be wrong."

"Then if it was wrong to honor them in that way, and if they were of kin to the Fiend, they could be dangerous company for you and the other children, couldn't they?"

"I suppose so—yes, I think so."

He studied a minute, and I judged he was going to spring his trap, and he did. He said:

"Then the matter stands like this. They were banned creatures, of fearful origin; they could be dangerous company for the children. Now give me a rational reason, dear, if you can think of any, why you call it a wrong to drive them into banishment, and why you would have saved them from it. In a word what loss have you suffered by it?"

How stupid of him to go and throw his case away like that? I could have boxed his ears for vexation if he had been a boy. He was going along all right until he ruined everything by winding up in that foolish and fatal way. What had *she* lost by it! Was he never going to find out what kind of a child Joan of Arc was? Was he never going to learn that things which merely concerned her own gain or loss she cared nothing about? Could he never get the simple fact into his head that the sure way and the only way to rouse her up and set her on fire was to show her where some *other* person was going to suffer wrong or hurt or loss? Why, he had gone and set a trap for himself—that was all he had accomplished.

The minute those words were out of his mouth her temper was up, the indignant tears rose in her eyes, and she burst out on him with an energy and passion which astonished him, but didn't astonish me, for I knew he had fired a mine when he touched off his ill-chosen climax.

"Oh, father, how can you talk like that? Who owns France?"

"God and the King."

"Not Satan?"

"Satan, my child? This is the footstool of the Most High—Satan holds no handful of its soil."

"Then who gave those poor creatures their home? God. Who protected them in it all those centuries? God. Who allowed them to dance and play there all those centuries and found no fault with it? God. Who disapproved of God's approval and put a threat upon them? A man. Who caught them again in harmless sports that God allowed and a man forbade, and carried out that threat, and drove the poor things away from the home the good God gave them in His mercy and His pity, and sent down

His rain and dew and sunshine upon it five hundred years in token of His peace? It was *their* home—theirs, by the grace of God and His good heart, and no man had a right to rob them of it. And they were the gentlest, truest friends that children ever had, and did them sweet and loving service all these five long centuries, and never any hurt or harm; and the children loved them, and now they mourn for them, and there is no healing for their grief. And what had the children done that they should suffer this cruel stroke? The poor fairies *could* have been dangerous company for the children? Yes, but never had been; and *could* is no argument. Kinsmen of the Fiend? What of it? Kinsmen of the Fiend have *rights*, and these had; and children have rights, and these had; and if I had been here I would have spoken—I would have begged for the children and the fiends, and stayed your hand and saved them all. But now—oh, now, all is lost, everything is lost, and there is no help more!”

Then she finished with a blast at that idea that fairy kinsmen of the Fiend ought to be shunned and denied human sympathy and friendship because salvation was barred against them. She said that for that very *reason* people ought to pity them, and do every humane and loving thing they could to make them forget the hard fate that had been put upon them by accident of birth and no fault of their own. “Poor little creatures!” she said. “What can a person’s heart be made of that can pity a Christian’s child and yet can’t pity a devil’s child that a thousand times more *needs* it!”

She had torn loose from Père Fronte, and was crying, with her knuckles in her eyes, and stamping her small feet in a fury; and now she burst out of the place and was gone before we could gather our senses together out of this storm of words and this whirlwind of passion.

The Père had got upon his feet, toward the last, and now he stood there passing his hand back and forth across his forehead like a person who is dazed and troubled; then he turned and wandered toward the door of his little work-room, and as he passed through it I heard him murmur sorrowfully:

“Ah me, poor children, poor fiends,

they *have* rights, and she said true. I never thought of that. God forgive me, I am to blame.”

When I heard that, I knew I was right in the thought that he had set a trap for himself. It was so, and he had walked into it, you see. I seemed to feel encouraged, and wondered if mayhap I might get him into one; but upon reflection my heart went down, for this was not my gift.

CHAPTER IV.

SPEAKING of this matter reminds me of many incidents, many things that I could tell, but I think I will not try to do it now. It will be more to my present humor to call back a little glimpse of the simple and colorless good times we used to have in our village homes in those peaceful days—especially in the winter. In the summer we children were out on the breezy uplands with the flocks from dawn till night, and then there was noisy frolicking and all that; but winter was the cozy time, winter was the snug time. Often we gathered in old Jacques d’Arc’s big dirt-floored apartment, with a great fire going, and played games, and sang songs, and told fortunes, and listened to the old villagers tell tales and histories and lies and one thing and another till twelve o’clock at night.

One winter’s night we were gathered there—it was the winter that for years afterward they called the hard winter—and that particular night was a sharp one. It blew a gale outside, and the screaming of the wind was a stirring sound, and I think I may say it was beautiful, for I think it *is* great and fine and beautiful to hear the wind rage and storm and blow its clarions like that, when you are inside and comfortable. And we were. We had a roaring fire, and the pleasant *spit-spit* of the snow and sleet falling in it down the chimney, and the yarning and laughing and singing went on at a noble rate till about ten o’clock, and then we had a supper of hot porridge and beans and meal cakes, with butter, and appetites to match.

Little Joan sat on a box apart, and had her bowl and bread on another one, and her pets around her, helping. She had more than was usual of them or economical, because all the outcast cats came and took up with her, and homeless or unlovable animals of other kinds heard about it and came, and these spread the

matter to the other creatures, and they came also; and as the birds and the other timid wild things of the woods were not afraid of her, but always had an idea she was a friend when they came across her, and generally struck up an acquaintance with her to get invited to the house, she always had samples of those breeds in stock. She was hospitable to them all, for an animal was an animal to her, and dear by mere reason of being an animal, no matter about its sort or social station; and as she would allow of no cages, no collars, no fetters, but left the creatures free to come and go as they liked, that contented them, and they came; but they didn't go, to any extent, and so they were a marvellous nuisance, and made Jacques d'Arc swear a good deal; but his wife said God gave the child the instinct, and knew what He was doing when He did it, therefore it must have its course; it would be no sound prudence to meddle with His affairs when no invitation had been extended. So the pets were left in peace, and here they were, as I have said, rabbits, birds, squirrels, cats, and other reptiles, all around the child, and full of interest in her supper, and helping what they could. There was a very small squirrel on her shoulder, sitting up, as those creatures do, and turning a rocky fragment of prehistoric chestnut cake over and over in its knotty hands, and hunting for the less indurated places, and giving its elevated bushy tail a flirt and its pointed ears a toss when it found one—signifying thankfulness and surprise—and then it filed that place off with those two slender front teeth which a squirrel carries for that purpose and not for ornament, for ornamental they never could be, as any will admit that have noticed them.

Everything was going fine and breezy and hilarious, but then there came an interruption, for somebody hammered on the door. It was one of those ragged road-stragglers—the eternal wars kept the country full of them. He came in, all over snow, and stamped his feet and shook and brushed himself, and shut the door, and took off his limp ruin of a hat and slapped it once or twice against his leg to knock off its fleece of snow, and then glanced around on the company with a pleased look upon his thin face, and a most yearning and famish-

ed one in his eye when it fell upon the victuals, and then he gave us a humble and conciliatory salutation, and said it was a blessed thing to have a fire like that on such a night, and a roof overhead like this, and that rich food to eat, and loving friends to talk with—ah, yes, this was true, and God help the homeless, and such as must trudge the roads in this weather!

Nobody said anything. The embarrassed poor creature stood there and appealed to one face after the other with his eyes, and finding no welcome in any, the smile on his own face flickering and fading and perishing, meanwhile; then he dropped his gaze, the muscles of his face began to twitch, and he put up his hand to cover this womanish sign of weakness.

"Sit down!"

This thunder-blast was from old Jacques d'Arc, and Joan was the object of it. The stranger was startled, and took his hand away, and there was Joan standing before him offering him her bowl of porridge. The man said,

"God Almighty bless you, my darling!" and then the tears came, and ran down his cheeks, but he was afraid to take the bowl.

"Do you hear me? Sit down, I say!"

There could not be a child more easy to persuade than Joan, but this was not the way. Her father had not the art; neither could he learn it. Joan said,

"Father, he is hungry, I can see it."

"Let him go work for food, then. We are being eaten out of house and home by his like, and I have said I would endure it no more, and will keep my word. He has the face of a rascal anyhow, and a villain. Sit—down, I tell you!"

"I know not if he is a rascal or no, but he is hungry, father, and shall have my porridge—I do not need it."

"If you don't obey me I'll— Rascals are not entitled to help from honest people, and no bite nor sup shall they have in this house. Joan!"

She set her bowl down on the box and came over and stood before her scowling father, and said:

"Father, if you will not let me, then it must be as you say; but I would that you would think—then you would see that it is not right to punish one part of him for what the other part has done; for it is that poor stranger's head that

does the evil things, but it is not his head that is hungry, it is his stomach, and it has done no harm to anybody, but is without blame, and innocent, not having any *way* to do a wrong, even if it was minded to it. Please let—"

"What an idea! It is the most idiotic speech I ever heard."

But Aubrey, the maire, broke in, he being fond of an argument, and having a pretty gift in that regard, as all acknowledged:

"I will differ with you there, gossip, and will undertake to show the company"—here he looked around upon us and nodded his head in a confident way—"that there is a grain of sense in what the child has said; for look you, it is of a certainty most true and demonstrable that it is a man's head that is master and supreme ruler over his whole body. Is that granted? Will any deny it?" He glanced around again; everybody indicated assent. "Very well, then; that being the case, no part of the body is responsible for the result when it carries out an order delivered to it by the head; ergo, the head is alone responsible for crimes done by a man's hands or feet or stomach—do you get the idea? am I right, thus far?" Everybody said yes, and said it with enthusiasm, and some said, one to another, that the maire was in great form to-night and at his very best, which pleased the maire exceedingly and made his eyes sparkle with pleasure, for he overheard these things; so he went on in the same fertile and brilliant way. "Now, then, we will consider what the term responsibility means, and how it affects the case in point. Responsibility makes a man responsible for only those things for which he is properly responsible"—and he waved his spoon around in a wide sweep to indicate the comprehensive nature of that class of responsibilities which render people responsible, and several exclaimed, admiringly, "He is right!—he has put that whole tangled thing into a nutshell—it is wonderful!" "Very good; let us suppose the case of a pair of tongs that falls upon a man's foot, causing a cruel hurt. Will you claim that the tongs are punishable for that? The question is answered: I see by your faces that you would call such a claim absurd. Now, why is it absurd? It is absurd because, there being no reasoning faculty, that is to say no faculty of personal com-

mand in a pair of tongs, personal responsibility for the acts of the tongs is wholly absent from the tongs, and therefore, responsibility being absent, punishment cannot ensue. Am I right?" A hearty burst of applause was his answer. "Now, then, we arrive at a man's stomach. Consider how exactly, how marvellously, indeed, its situation corresponds to that of a pair of tongs. Listen—and take careful note, I beg you. Can a man's stomach plan a murder? No. Can it plan a theft? No. Can it plan an incendiary fire? No. Now answer me—*can a pair of tongs?*" There were admiring shouts of "No!" and "The cases are just exact!" and "Don't he do it splendid!" "Now, then, friends and neighbors, a stomach which cannot plan a crime cannot be a principal in the commission of it—that is plain, as you see. The matter is narrowed down by that much; we will narrow it further. Can a stomach, of its own motion, assist at a crime? The answer is no, because command is absent, the reasoning faculty is absent, volition is absent—as in the case of the tongs. We perceive, now, do we not, that the stomach is totally irresponsible for crimes committed, either in whole or in part, by it?" He got a rousing cheer for response. "Then what do we arrive at as our verdict? Clearly this: that there is no such thing in this world as a guilty stomach; that in the body of the veriest rascal resides a pure and innocent stomach; that, whatever its owner may do, it at least should be sacred in our eyes; and that, while God gives us minds to think just and charitable and honorable thoughts, it should be and *is* our privilege, as well as our duty, not only to feed the hungry stomach that resides in a rascal, having pity for its sorrow and its need, but do it gladly, gratefully, in recognition of its sturdy and loyal maintenance of its purity and innocence in the midst of temptation and in company so repugnant to its better feelings. I am done."

Well, you never saw such an effect! They rose—the whole house rose, and clapped, and cheered, and praised him to the skies; and one after another, still clapping and shouting, they crowded forward, some with moisture in their eyes, and wrung his hands, and said such glorious things to him that he was clear overcome with pride and happiness, and couldn't say a word, for his voice would have broken, sure. It was splendid to see; and

everybody said he had never come up to that speech in his life before, and never could do it again. Eloquence is a power, there is no question of that. Even old Jacques d'Arc was carried away, for once in his life, and shouted out,

"It's all right, Joan—give him the porridge!"

She was embarrassed, and did not seem to know what to say, and so didn't say anything. It was because she had given the man the porridge long ago, and he had already eaten it all up. When she was asked why she had not waited until a decision was arrived at, she said the man's stomach was very hungry, and it would not have been wise to wait, since she could not tell what the decision would be. Now that was a good and thoughtful idea for a child.

The man was not a rascal at all. He was a very good fellow, only he was out of luck, and surely that was no crime at that time in France. Now that his stomach was proved to be innocent, it was allowed to make itself at home; and as soon as it was well filled and needed nothing more, the man unwound his tongue and turned it loose, and it was really a noble one to go. He had been in the wars for years, and the things he told, and the way he told them, fired everybody's patriotism away up high, and set all hearts to thumping and all pulses to leaping; then, before anybody rightly knew how the change was made, he was leading us a sublime march through the ancient glories of France, and in fancy we saw the titanic forms of the twelve paladins rise out of the mists of the past and face their fate; we heard the tread of the innumerable hosts sweeping down to shut them in; we saw this human tide flow and ebb, ebb and flow, and waste away before that little band of heroes; we saw each detail pass before us of that most stupendous, most disastrous, yet most adored and glorious day in French legendary history; here and there and yonder, across that vast field of the dead and dying, we saw this and that and the other paladin dealing his prodigious blows with weary arm and failing strength, and one by one we saw them fall, till only one remained—he that was without peer, he whose name gives name to the Song of Songs, the song which no Frenchman can hear and keep his feelings down and his pride of country cool; then, grandest and piti-

fulest scene of all, we saw his own pathetic death; and our stillness, as we sat with parted lips and breathless, hanging upon this man's words, gave us a sense of the awful stillness that reigned in that field of slaughter when that last surviving soul had passed.

And now, in this solemn hush, the stranger gave Joan a pat or two on the head and said:

"Little maid—whom God keep!—you have brought me from death to life this night; now listen, here is your reward," and at that supreme time for such a heart-melting, soul-rousing surprise, without another word he lifted up the most noble and pathetic voice that was ever heard, and began to pour out the Great Song of Roland!

Think of that, with a French audience all stirred up and ready. Oh, where was your spoken eloquence now! what was it to this! How fine he looked, how stately, how inspired, as he stood there with that mighty chant welling from his lips and his heart, his whole body transfigured, and his rags along with it.

Everybody rose and stood, and their faces glowed and their eyes burned; and the tears came and flowed down their cheeks, and their forms began to sway unconsciously to the swing of the song, and their bosoms to heave and pant; and moanings broke out, and deep ejaculations; and when the last verse was reached, and Roland lay dying, all alone, with his face to the field and to his slain, lying there in heaps and winrows, and took off and held up his gauntlet to God with his failing hand, and breathed his beautiful prayer with his paling lips, all burst out in sobs and wailings. But when the final great note died out and the song was done, they all flung themselves in a body at the singer, stark mad with love of him and love of France and pride in her great deeds and old renown, and smothered him with their embracings; but Joan was there first, hugged close to his breast, and covering his face with idolatrous kisses.

The storm raged on outside, but that was no matter; this was the stranger's home now, for as long as he might please.

CHAPTER V.

ALL children have nicknames, and we had ours. We got one apiece early, and they stuck to us; but Joan was richer in

this matter, for as time went on she earned a second, and then a third, and so on, and we gave them to her. First and last she had as many as half a dozen. Several of these she never lost. Peasant girls are bashful naturally; but she surpassed the rule so far, and colored so easily, and was so easily embarrassed in the presence of strangers, that we nicknamed her the Bashful. We were all patriots, but she was called *the* Patriot, because our warmest feeling for our country was cold beside hers. Also she was called the Beautiful; and this was not merely because of the extraordinary beauty of her face and form, but because of the loveliness of her character. These names she kept, and one other—the Brave.

We grew along up, in that plodding and peaceful region, and got to be good-sized boys and girls; big enough, in fact, to begin to know as much about the wars raging perpetually to the west and north of us as our elders, and also to feel as stirred up over the occasional news from those red fields as they did. I remember certain of these days very clearly. One Tuesday a crowd of us were romping and singing around the Fairy Tree, and hanging garlands on it in memory of our lost little fairy friends, when little Mengette cried out:

“Look! What is that?”

When one exclaims like that, in a way that shows astonishment and apprehension, he gets attention. All the panting breasts and flushed faces flocked together, and all the eager eyes were turned in one direction—down the slope, toward the village.

“It’s a black flag.”

“A black flag! No—is it?”

“You can see for yourself that it is nothing else.”

“It *is* a black flag, sure! Now, has any ever seen the like of that before?”

“What can it mean?”

“Mean? It means something dreadful—what else?”

“That is nothing to the point; anybody knows that without the telling. But *what?*—that is the question.”

“It is a chance that he that bears it can answer as well as any that are here, if you can contain yourself till he come.”

“He runs well. Who is it?”

Some named one, some another, but presently all saw that it was Étienne Roze, called the Sunflower, because he had yel-

low hair and a round pock-marked face; his ancestors had been Germans some centuries ago. He came straining up the slope, now and then projecting his flag-stick aloft and giving his black symbol of woe a wave in the air, whilst all eyes watched him and all tongues discussed him, and every heart beat faster and faster with impatience to know his news. At last he sprang among us, and struck his flag-stick into the ground, saying:

“There! Stand there and represent France while I get my breath. She needs no other flag, now.”

All the giddy chatter stopped. It was as if one had announced a death. In that chilly hush there was no sound audible but the panting of the breath-blown boy. When he was presently able to speak, he said:

“Black news is come. A treaty has been made at Troyes between France and the English and Burgundians. By it France is betrayed and delivered over, tied hand and foot, to the enemy. It is the work of the Duke of Burgundy and that she-devil the Queen of France. It marries Henry of England to Catherine of France—”

“Is not this a lie? Marries the daughter of France to the Butcher of Agincourt? It is not to be believed. You have not heard aright.”

“If you cannot believe that, Jacques d’Arc, then you have a difficult task indeed before you, for worse is to come. Any child that is born of that marriage—if even a girl—is to inherit the thrones of both England and France, and this double ownership is to remain with its posterity forever.”

“Now *that* is certainly a lie, for it runs counter to our Salic law, and so is not legal and cannot have effect,” said Edmond Aubrey, called the Paladin, because of the armies he was always going to eat up some day. He would have said more, but was drowned out by the clamors of the others, who all burst into a fury over this feature of the treaty, all talking at once and nobody hearing anybody; until presently Haumette persuaded them to be still, saying:

“It is not fair to break him up so in his tale; pray let him go on. You find fault with his history because it seems to be lies. That were reason for satisfaction—*that* kind of lies—not discontent. Tell the rest, Étienne.”

"There is but this yet to tell: Our King, Charles VI., is to reign until he dies, then Henry V. of England is to be Regent of France until a child of his shall be old enough to—"

"*That* man is to reign over us—the Butcher? It is lies! all lies!" cried the Paladin. "Besides, look you—what becomes of our Dauphin? What says the treaty about him?"

"Nothing. It takes away his throne and makes him an outcast."

Then everybody shouted at once and said the news was a lie, and all began to get cheerful again, saying, "Our King would have to sign the treaty to make it good; and that he would not do, seeing how it serves his own son."

But the Sunflower said: "I will ask you this: Would the *Queen* sign a treaty disinheriting her son?"

"That viper? Certainly. Nobody is talking of her. Nobody expects better of her. There is no villany she will stick at, if it feed her spite; and she hates her son. Her signing it is of no consequence. The King must sign."

"I will ask you another thing. What is the King's condition? Mad, isn't he?"

"Yes, and his people love him all the more for it. It brings him near to them by his sufferings; and pitying him makes them love him."

"You say right, Jacques d'Arc. Well, what would you of one that is mad? Does he know what he does? No. Does he do what others make him do? Yes. Now, then, I tell you he has signed the treaty."

"Who made him do it?"

"You know, without my telling. The Queen."

Then there was another uproar, everybody talking at once, all heaping execrations upon the Queen's head. Finally Jacques d'Arc said:

"But many reports come that are not true. Nothing so shameful as this has ever come before, nothing that cuts so deep, nothing that has dragged France so low; therefore there is hope that this tale is but another idle rumor. Where did you get it?"

The color went out of his sister Joan's face. She dreaded the answer; and her instinct was right.

"The curé of Maxey brought it."

There was a general gasp. We knew him, you see, for a trusty man.

"Did he believe it?"

The hearts almost stopped beating. Then came the answer:

"He did. And that is not all. He said he *knew* it to be true."

Some of the girls began to sob; the boys were struck silent. The distress in Joan's face was like that which one sees in the face of a dumb animal that has received a mortal hurt. The animal bears it, making no complaint; she bore it also, saying no word. Her brother Jacques put his hand on her head and caressed her hair to indicate his sympathy, and she gathered the hand to her lips and kissed it for thanks, not saying anything. Presently the reaction came, and the boys began to talk. Noël Rainguesson said:

"Oh, are we never going to be men! We do grow along so slowly, and France never needed soldiers as she needs them now, to wipe out this black insult."

"I hate youth!" said Pierre Morel, called the Dragon-Fly because his eyes stuck out so. "You've always got to wait, and wait, and wait—and here are the great wars wasting away for a hundred years and you never get a chance. If I could only be a soldier now!"

"As for me, I'm not going to wait much longer," said the Paladin; "and when I do start, you'll hear from me, I promise you that. There are some who, in storming a castle, prefer to be in the rear; but as for me, give me the front or none; I will have none in front of me but the officers."

Even the girls got the war spirit, and Marie Dupont said,

"I would I were a man; I would start this minute!" and looked very proud of herself, and glanced about for applause.

"So would I," said Cécile Letellier, sniffing the air like a war-horse that smells the battle; "I warrant you I would not turn back from the field though all England were in front of me."

"Pooh!" said the Paladin; "girls can brag, but that's all they are good for. Let a thousand of them come face to face with a handful of soldiers once, if you want to see what running is like. Here's little Joan—next *she'll* be threatening to go for a soldier!"

The idea was so funny, and got such a good laugh, that the Paladin gave it another trial, and said: "Why, you can just see her!—see her plunge into battle like any old veteran. Yes, indeed; and

not a poor shabby common soldier like us, but an officer—an officer, mind you, with armor on, and the bars of a steel helmet to blush behind and hide her embarrassment when she finds an army in front of her that she hasn't been introduced to. An officer? Why, she'll be a captain! A captain, I tell you, with a hundred men at her back—or maybe girls. Oh, no common-soldier business for her! And dear me, when she starts for that other army, you will think there's a hurricane blowing it away!"

Well, he kept it up like that till he made their sides ache with laughing; which was quite natural, for certainly it was a very funny idea—at that time—I mean, the idea of that gentle little creature, that wouldn't hurt a fly, and couldn't bear the sight of blood, and was so girlish and shrinking in all ways, rushing into battle with a gang of soldiers at her back. Poor thing, she sat there confused and ashamed to be so laughed at; and yet at that very minute there was something about to happen which would change the aspect of things, and make those young people see that when it comes to laughing, the person that laughs last has the best chance. For just then a face which we all knew and all feared projected itself from behind the Fairy Tree, and the thought that shot through us all was, crazy Benoist has gotten loose from his cage, and we are as good as dead! This ragged and hairy and horrible creature glided out from behind the tree, and raised an axe as he came. We all broke and fled, this way and that, the girls screaming and crying. No, not all; all but Joan. She stood up and faced the man, and remained so. As we reached the wood that borders the grassy clearing and jumped into its shelter, two or three of us glanced back to see if Benoist was gaining on us, and that is what we saw—Joan standing, and the maniac gliding stealthily toward her with his axe lifted. The sight was sickening. We stood where we were, trembling and not able to move. I did not want to see the murder done, and yet I could not take my eyes away. Now I saw Joan step forward to meet the man, though I believed my eyes must be deceiving me. Then I saw him stop. He threatened her with his axe, as if to warn her not to come further, but she paid no heed, but went steadily on, until she was right in front

of him—right under his axe. Then she stopped, and seemed to begin to talk with him. It made me sick, yes, giddy, and everything swam around me, and I could not see anything for a time—whether long or brief I do not know. When this passed and I looked again, Joan was walking by the man's side toward the village, holding him by his hand. The axe was in her other hand.

One by one the boys and girls crept out, and we stood there gazing, open-mouthed, till those two entered the village and were hid from sight. It was then that we named her the Brave.

We left the black flag there to continue its mournful office, for we had other matter to think of now. We started for the village on a run, to give warning, and get Joan out of her peril; though for one, after seeing what I had seen, it seemed to me that while Joan had the axe the man's chance was not the best of the two. When we arrived the danger was passed, the madman was in custody. All the people were flocking to the little square in front of the church to talk and exclaim and wonder over the event, and it even made the town forget the black news of the treaty for two or three hours.

All the women kept hugging and kissing Joan, and praising her, and crying, and the men patted her on the head and said they wished she was a man, they would send her to the wars and never doubt but that she would strike some blows that would be heard of. She had to tear herself away and go and hide, this glory was so trying to her diffidence.

Of course the people began to ask us for the particulars. I was so ashamed that I made an excuse to the first comer, and got privately away and went back to the Fairy Tree to get relief from the embarrassment of those questionings. There I found Joan, but she was there to get relief from the embarrassment of glory. One by one the others shirked the inquirers and joined us in our refuge. Then we gathered around Joan, and asked her how she had dared to do that thing. She was very modest about it, and said:

"You make a great thing of it, but you mistake; it was not a great matter. It was not as if I had been a stranger to the man. I know him, and have known him long; and he knows me, and likes

me. I have fed him through the bars of his cage many times; and last December when they chopped off two of his fingers to remind him to stop seizing and wounding people passing by, I dressed his hand every day till it was well again."

"That is all well enough," said Little Mengette, "but he is a madman, dear, and so his likings and his gratitude and friendliness go for nothing when his rage is up. You did a perilous thing."

"Of course you did," said the Sunflower. "Didn't he threaten to kill you with the axe?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he threaten you more than once?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you feel afraid?"

"No—at least not much—very little."

"Why didn't you?"

She thought a moment, then said, quite simply,

"I don't know."

It made everybody laugh. The Sunflower said it was like a lamb trying to think out how it had come to eat a wolf, but had to give it up.

Cécile Letellier asked, "Why didn't you run when we did?"

"Because it was necessary to get him to his cage; else he would kill some one. Then he would come to the like harm himself."

It is noticeable that this remark, which implies that Joan was entirely forgetful of herself and her own danger, and had thought and wrought for the preservation of other people alone, was not challenged, or criticised, or commented upon by anybody there, but was taken by all as matter of course and true. It shows how clearly her character was defined, and how well it was known and established.

There was silence for a time, and perhaps we were all thinking of the same thing, namely, what a poor figure we had cut in that adventure as contrasted with Joan's performance. I tried to think up some good way of explaining why I had run away and left a little girl at the mercy of a maniac armed with an axe, but all of the explanations that offered themselves to me seemed so cheap and shabby that I gave the matter up and remained still. But others were less wise. Noël Rainguesson fidgeted awhile, then broke

out with a remark which showed what his mind had been running on:

"The fact is, I was taken by surprise. That is the reason. If I had had a moment to think, I would no more have thought of running than I would think of running from a baby. For, after all, what is Théophile Benoist, that I should seem to be afraid of him? Pooh! the idea of being afraid of that poor thing! I only wish he would come along now—I'd show you!"

"So do I!" cried Pierre Morel. "If I wouldn't make him climb this tree quicker than—well, you'd see what I would do! Taking a person by surprise, that way—why, I never meant to run; not in earnest, I mean—I never thought of running in earnest, I only wanted to have some fun, and when I saw Joan standing there, and him threatening her, it was all I could do to restrain myself from going there and just tearing the livers and lights out of him—I *wanted* to do it bad enough, and if it was to do over again, I *would*! If ever he comes fooling around me again, I'll—"

"Oh, hush!" said the Paladin, breaking in with an air of disdain; "the way you people talk, a person would think there's something heroic about standing up and facing down that poor remnant of a man. Why, it's nothing! There's small glory to be got in facing *him* down, *I* should say. Why, I wouldn't want any better fun than to face down a hundred like him. If he was to come along here now, I would walk up to him just as I am now—I wouldn't care if he had a thousand axes—and say—"

And so he went on and on, telling the brave things he would say and the wonders he would do; and the others put in a word from time to time, describing over again the gory marvels they would do if ever that madman ventured to cross their path again, for next time they would be ready for him, and would soon teach him that if he thought he could surprise them twice because he had surprised them once, he would find himself very seriously mistaken, that's all.

And so, in the end, they all got back their self-respect; yes, and even added somewhat to it; indeed, when the sitting broke up they had a finer opinion of themselves than they had ever had before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS IN MOURNING.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



THE news of the assassination of President Carnot at Lyons reached Paris and the Café de la Paix at ten o'clock on Sunday night. What is told at the Café de la Paix is not long in traversing the length of the boulevards, and in crossing the Place de la Concorde to the cafés chantants and the public gardens in the Champs Élysées, so that by eleven o'clock on the night of the 24th of June "all Paris" was acquainted with the fact that the President of the Republic had been cruelly murdered.

There are many people in America who remember the night when President Garfield died, and how, when his death was announced from the stage of the different theatres, the audience in each theatre rose silently as one man and walked quietly out. To them the President's death was not unexpected; it did not stun them, it came with no sudden shock, but it was not necessary to announce to them that the performance for that evening was at an end. They did not leave because the manager had rung down the curtain, but because at such a time they felt more at ease with themselves outside of a place of amusement than in one.

This was not the feeling of the Parisians when President Carnot died. On that night no lights were put out in the cafés; no leader's bâton rapped for a sudden silence in the Jardin de Paris, and the Parisians continued to drink their hock and to dance, or to watch others dance, even though they knew that at that same moment Madame Carnot in a special train was hurrying through the night to reach the death-bed of her husband. It is never possible to tell which way the French people will jump, or how

they will act at a crisis. They have no precedents of conduct; they are as likely to do the characteristic thing, which in itself is different from what people of any other nation would do under like circumstances, as the uncharacteristic thing, which is even more unexpected. They complicate history by behaving with perfect tranquillity when other people would become excited, and by losing their heads when there is no occasion for it. As the Yale captain said of the Princeton team, "They keep you guessing."

So when I was convinced by the morning papers, after the first shock of unbelief, that the President of France was dead, I walked out into the streets to see what sign there would be of it in Paris. I argued that in a city given to demonstrations the feelings of the people would take some actual and visible form; that there would be meetings in the street, rioting perhaps in the Italian quarter, and extraordinary expressions of grief in the shape of crêpe and mourning. But the people were as undisturbed and tranquil as the sun; the same men were sitting at the same round tables; the same women were shopping in the Rue de la Paix, and but for an increased energy on the part of the newsboys there was no sign that a good man had died, that one who had harmed no one had himself been cruelly harmed, and that the highest office of the state was vacant.

When I complained of this to Parisians, or to those who were Parisians by choice and not by birth, they explained it by saying that the people were stunned. "They are too shocked to act. It is a horror without a precedent," they said; but it struck me that they were an inordinately long time in recovering from the blow. At one o'clock on Monday morning a workman crawled out upon the roof of the Invalides, and gathering the tricolored flag in his arms, tied a wisp of crêpe about it. The flags in the Chamber of Deputies and in the War-Office were draped in the same manner, and with these three exceptions I saw no other visible sign of mourning in all Paris. On Monday night those theatres subsidized by the government, and some others, but not all, were closed for that

evening. At three o'clock on Tuesday, two days after the death of the President, I counted but three flags draped with crêpe on the boulevards; but on the day following, all the shops on the Rue de la Paix and the hotels on the Rue de Rivoli put out flags covered with mourning, and so advertised themselves and their grief. It is interesting to remember that the most generous display of crêpe in Paris was made by an English firm of ladies' tailors. During this time the correspondents were cabling of the grief and rage of the Parisians to sympathetic peoples all over the world; and we, in our turn, were reading in Paris the telegrams of condolence and the resolutions of sympathy from as different sources as the Parliament of Cape Town and the Congress of the United States. What effect the reading of these sincere and honest words had upon the people of Paris I do not know, but I could not at the time conceive of their reading them without blushing. I looked up from the paper which gave Lord Rosebery's speech, and the brotherly words which came from little colonies in the Pacific, from barbarous monarchs, and from widows to Madame Carnot, and from corporations, Emperors, and Presidents to the city of Paris, and saw nothing in the countenances of the Parisians at the table next to mine but smiles of gratification at the importance that they had so suddenly attained in the eyes of the whole world.

It was also interesting to note by the Paris papers how the French valued the expressions of sympathy which poured in upon them. The fact that both Houses in the United States had adjourned to do honor to the memory of M. Carnot was not in their minds of as much importance as was the telegram from the Czar of Russia, which was given the most important place in every paper. It was followed almost invariably by the message from the German Emperor, whose telegram, it is also interesting to remember, was the second one to reach Paris after the death of the President was announced. When one reads a congratulatory telegram from the German Emperor on the result of the Cambridge-Oxford boat-race, and another of condolence to the King of Greece in reference to an earthquake, and then this one to the French people, it really seems as though the young ruler did not mean that any event of importance should take

place anywhere without his having something to say concerning it. But this last telegram was well timed, and the line which said that M. Carnot had died like a soldier at his post was well chosen to please the French love of things military, and please them it did, as the Emperor



"TO BRING A QUEEN BACK TO PARIS."

knew that it would. But the condolence from the sister republic across the sea was printed at the end of the column, after those from Bulgaria and Switzerland. In the eyes of the Parisian news editor, the sympathy of the people of a great nation was not so important to his readers as the few words from an Emperor to whom they looked for help in time of war.

This was not probably true of the whole of France, but it was true of the Parisians. Two years from now Carnot's assassination will have become history, and will impress them much more than it did at the time of his death. The next Salon will be filled with the apothe-

osis of Carnot, with his portrait and with pictures of his murder, and of France in mourning laying a wreath upon his tomb. His son will find quick promotion in the army, and may possibly aspire to Presidential honors, or threaten the safety of the republic with a military dictatorship. It sounds absurd now, but it is quite possible in a country where General Dodds at once became a dangerous Presidential possibility because he had conquered the Dahomans in the swamps of Africa.

Where the French will place Carnot in their history, and how they will reverence his memory, the next few years will show; but it is a fact that at the time of his death they treated him with scant consideration, and were much more impressed with the effect which their loss made upon others than with what it meant to them. It is not a pleasant thing to write about, nor is it the point of view that was taken at the time, but in writing of facts it is more interesting to report things as they happened than as they should have happened.

It is also true that those Parisians who could decently make a little money out of the nation's loss went about doing so with an avidity that showed a thrifty mind. Almost every one who had windows or balconies facing the line of the funeral procession offered them for rent, and advertised them vigorously by placards and through the papers; venders of knots of crêpe and emblems of mourning filled the streets with their cries. Portraits of Carnot in heavy black were hawked about by the same men who weeks before had sold ridiculous figures of him taking off his hat and bowing to an imaginary audience; the great shops removed their summer costumes from the windows and put stacks of flags bound with crêpe in their place; the flower-shops lined the sidewalks with specimens of their work in mourning-wreaths; and the papers, after their first expression of grief, proceeded to actively discuss Carnot's successor, quoting the popularity of different candidates by giving the betting odds for and against them, as they had done the week before, when the horses were entered for the Grand Prix. This was three days after Carnot's death, and while he was still lying unburied at the Élysée.

The French constitution provides that

in such an event as that of last June the National Assembly shall be convened immediately to select a new President. According to this the President of the Senate, in his capacity as President of the National Assembly, decided that the two Chambers should convene for that purpose at Versailles on Wednesday, June 27th, at one o'clock. This certainly seemed to promise a scene of unusual activity, and perhaps historical importance. I knew what the election of a President meant to us at home, and I argued that if the less excitable Americans could work themselves up into such a state of frenzy that they blocked the traffic of every great city, and reddened the sky with bonfires from Boston to San Francisco, the Frenchman's ecstasy of excitement would be a spectacle of momentous interest. This seemed to be all the more probable because to the American an election means a new Executive but for the next four years, while to the Frenchman the new state of affairs that threatened him would extend for seven. Young Howlett had a vacant place on the top of his public coach, and was just turning the corner as I came out of the hotel; so I went out with him, and looked anxiously down on each side to see the hurrying crowds pushing forward to the palace in the suburbs; and when I found that all roads did not lead to Versailles that day, I decided that it must be because we were on the wrong one, which would eventually lead us somewhere else.

It did not seem possible that the Parisians would feel so little interest as to who their new President might be that they would remain quietly in Paris while he was being elected on its outskirts. I expected to see them trooping out along the seven-mile road to Versailles in as great numbers as when they went there once before to bring a Queen back to Paris. But when we drove into Versailles the coach rattled through empty streets. There were no processions of cheering men in white hats tramping to the music of "Marching through Georgia." No red, white, and blue umbrellas, no skyrocket yells, no dangling badges with gold fringe, nothing that makes a Presidential convention in Chicago the sight of a lifetime. No one was shouting the name of his political club or his political favorite; no one had his handkerchief tucked inside his collar and a palm leaf in his hand;

there were no brass bands, no banners, and not even beer. Nor was there any of the excitement which surrounds the election of even a Parliamentary candidate in England. I saw no long line of sandwich-men tramping in each gutter, no violent Radicals hustling equally elated Conservatives, and crying, "Good old Smith!" or "Good old Brown!" no women with primrose badges stuck to their persons making speeches or soliciting votes from the back of dog-carts. And nobody was engaged in throwing kippered herring or blacking the eyes of anybody else. Versailles was as unmoved as the statues in her public squares. Her broad hospitable streets lay cool and quiet in the reflection of her yellow house fronts, and under the heavy shadows of the double rows of elms the round flat cobble-stones, unsoiled by hurrying footsteps, were as clean and regular as a pan of biscuit ready for the oven.

There were about six hundred Deputies in the town, who had not been there the day before, and who would leave it before the sun set that evening, but they bore themselves so modestly that their presence could not disturb the sleepy, sunny beauty of the grand old gardens and of the silent thoroughfares, and when we rattled up to the Hôtel des Réservoirs at one o'clock we made more of a disturbance with the coach horn than had the arrival of both Chambers of Deputies. These gentlemen were at *déjeuner* when we arrived, and eating and drinking as leisurely and good-naturedly as though they had nothing in hand of more importance than a few calls to make or a game of cards at the club. Indeed, it looked much more as though Versailles had been invaded by a huge wedding party than by a convention of Presidential electors. Some of the Deputies had brought their wives with them, and few as they were, they leavened and enlivened the group of black coats as the same number of women of no other nation could have done, and the men came from different tables to speak to them, to drink their health, and to pay them pretty compliments; and the good fellows of the two Chambers hustled about like so many *maîtres d'hôtel* seeing that such a one had a place at the crowded tables, that the salad of this one was being properly dressed, and that another had a match for his cigarette.

Besides the Deputies, there were a half-dozen young and old Parisians — those who make it a point to see everything and to be seen everywhere. They would have attended quite as willingly a fête of flowers, or a prize-fight between two English jockeys at Longchamps, and at either place they would have been as completely at home. They were typical Parisians of the highest world, to whom even the selection of a President for all France was not without its interest. With them were the diplomats, who were pretending to take the change of executive seriously, as representatives of the powers, but who were really whispering that it would probably bring back the leadership of the fashionable world to the Elysée, where it should be, and that it meant the reappearance of many royalist families in society, and the inauguration of magnificent functions, and the reopening of ball-rooms long unused.

It was throughout a pretty, lazy, well-bred scene. Outside the entrance to the hotel, coachmen with the cockades of the different embassies in their hats were standing at ease in their shirt sleeves, and with their pipes between their teeth; and the gentlemen, having finished their breakfast, strolled out into the court-yard and watched the hostlers rubbing down the coach-horses, or walked up the hill to the palace, where the boy sentries were hugging their guns, and waving back the few surprised tourists who had come to look at the pictures in the historical gallery, and who did not know that the palace on that day was being used for the prologue of a new historical play.

At the gates leading to the great Court of Honor there were possibly two hundred people in all. They came from the neighboring streets, and not from Paris. None of these people spoke in tones louder than those of ordinary converse, and they speculated with indolent interest as to the outcome of the afternoon's voting. A young man in a brown straw hat found an objection to Casimir-Perier as a candidate because he was so rich, but he withdrew his objection when an older man in a blouse pointed out that Casimir-Perier would make an excellent appearance on horseback.

"The President of France," he said, "must be a man who can look well on a horse;" and the crowd of old women in white caps, and boy soldiers with their

hands in their baggy red breeches, from the barracks across the square, nodded their heads approvingly. It was a most interesting sight when compared with the anxious howling mob that surrounds the building in which a Presidential convention is being held at home.

It is also interesting to remember that a special telephone wire was placed in the Chamber at Versailles in order that the news of the election might be communicated to the newspaper offices in Paris, and that this startling piece of enterprise was commented upon by the entire newspaper press of that city. In Chicago, at the time of the last Presidential convention, when a nomination merely and not an election was taking place, the interest of the people justified the Western Union Telegraph Company in sending out fifteen million words from the building during the three days of the convention. Wires ran from it directly to the offices of all the principal newspapers from San Francisco to Boston, and in Chicago itself there were two hundred extra operators, and relays of horsemen galloping continually with "copy" from the convention to the main offices of the different telegraph companies.

This merely shows a difference of temperament: the American likes to know what has happened while it is hot, and to know all that has happened. The European and the Parisian, on this occasion at least, was content to wait at a café in ease and comfort until he was told the result. He did not feel that he could change that result in any way by going out to Versailles in the hot sun and cheering his candidate from the outside of an iron fence.

At the gate of the Place d'Armes there was a crowd of fifty people, watched by a few hundred more from under the shade of the trees and the awnings of the restaurants around the square. The dust rose in little eddies, and swept across the square in yellow clouds, and the people turned their backs to it and shrugged their shoulders and waited patiently. Inside of the Court of Honor a single line of lancers stood at their horses' heads, their brass helmets flashing like the signals of a dozen heliographs. Officers with cigarettes and heavily braided sleeves strolled up and down, and took themselves much more seriously than they did the matter

in hand. A dozen white-waistcoated and high-batted Deputies standing outside of the Chamber suggested nothing more momentous or national than a meeting of a Presbyterian General Assembly. Bicyclers of both sexes swung themselves from their machines and peered curiously through the iron fence, and seeing nothing more interesting than the fluttering pennants of the lancers, mounted their wheels again and disappeared in the clouds of dust.

In the mean while Casimir-Perier has been elected on the first ballot, which was taken without incident, save when one Deputy refused to announce his vote as the roll was called until he was addressed as "citizen," and not as "monsieur." This silly person was finally humored, and the result was declared, and Casimir-Perier left the hall to put on a dress-suit in order that he might receive the congratulations of his friends. As the first act of the new President, this must not be considered as significant of the particular man who did it, but as illustrating the point of view of his countrymen, who do not see that if the highest office in the country cannot lend sufficient dignity to the man who holds it, a dress-suit or his appearance on horseback is hardly able to do so. The congratulations last a long time, and are given so heartily and with such eloquence that the new President weeps while he grasps the hand of his late confrères, and says to each, "You must help me; I need you all." Neither is the fact that the President wept on this occasion significant of anything but that he was laboring under much excitement, and that the temperament of the French is one easily moved. People who cannot see why a strong man should weep merely because he has become a President must remember that Casimir-Perier wears the cross of the Legion of Honor for bravery in action on the field of battle.

The congratulations come to an end at last, and the new President leaves the palace, and takes his place in the open carriage that has been waiting his pleasure these last two hours. There is a great crowd around the gate now, all Versailles having turned out to cheer him, and he can hear them crying "Vive le Président!" from far across the length of the Court of Honor.

M. Dupuy, his late rival at the polls, seats himself beside him on his left, and

two officers in uniform face him from the front. Before his carriage are two open lines of cavalry, proudly conscious in their steel breastplates and with their carbines on the hip that they are to convoy the new President to Paris; and behind him, in close order, are the lancers, with their flashing brass helmets, and their pennants fluttering in the wind. The horses start forward with a sharp clatter of hoofs on the broad stones of the square, the Deputies raise their high hats, and with a jan-

gling of steel chains and swords, and with the pennants snapping in the breeze like tiny whips, the new President starts on his triumphal ride into Paris. The colossal statues of France's great men, from Charlemagne to Richelieu, look down upon him curiously as he whirls between them to the iron gateway and disappears in the alley of mounted men and cheering civilians. He is out of it in a moment, and has galloped on in a whirling cloud of yellow dust towards the city lying seven



AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS.

miles away, where, six months later, by his unexpected resignation, he is to create a consternation as intense as that which preceded his election.

It would be interesting to know of what Casimir-Perier thought as he rode through the empty streets in the cool of the summer evening, startling the villagers at their dinners, and bringing them on a run to the doors by the ringing jangle of his mounted men and the echoing hoofs. Perhaps he thought of the anarchists who might attempt his life, or of those who succeeded with the man whose place he had taken, or, what is more likely, he gave himself up to the moment, and said to himself, as each new face was framed by a window or peered through a doorway: "Yes, it is the new President of France, Casimir-Perier; not only of France, but of all her colonies. By to-night they will know in Siam, in Tunis, in Algiers, and in the swamps of Dahomey that there is a new step on the floor, and governors of provinces, and native rulers of barbarous states, and *sous-préfets*, and pretenders to the throne of France, will consider anxiously what the change means to them, and will be measuring their fortunes with mine."

The carriage and its escort enter the cool shadows of the Bois de Boulogne at Passy, and pass Longchamps, where the French President annually reviews the army of France, and where now the victorias and broughams and fiacres draw to one side; and he notes the look of amused interest on the faces of their occupants as his outriders draw rapidly nearer, and the smiles of intelligence as they comprehend that it is the new President, and he catches a glimpse out of the corner of his eye of nodding faces, and hands half raised in salute as he gallops past. It must have been a pleasant drive. Very few men have taken it. Very few men have swept round the circle of the Arc de Triomphe and seen the mass of glittering carriages stretching far down the avenue part and make way for them on either side.

Casimir-Perier's brief term included many embitterments, but it is a question if they will ever destroy the sweetness of that moment when power first touched him as he was borne back to Paris the President of France; and in his retirement he will recall that ride in the summer twilight, which the refractory Deputies

who caused his downfall have never taken, and hear again the people cheering at Versailles, and the galloping horses, and see the crowd that waited for him in the Place de la Concorde and ran beside his carriage across the bridge.

Although the funeral procession was not to leave the Elysée until ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the thrifty citizens of Paris began to prepare for it as early as eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The Champs Elysées at that hour was lined with tables, boxes, and ladders, and any other portable object that could afford from its top a view of the pageant and standing-room, for which one might reasonably ask a franc. This barricade stretched in an unbroken front, which extended far back under the trees from the Avenue Marigny to the Place de la Concorde, where it spread out over the raised sidewalks and around the fountains and islands of safety, until the square was transformed into what looked like a great market-place. It was one of the most curious sights that Parisians have ever seen in time of peace. Over four thousand people were encamped around these temporary stands, some drinking and eating, others sleeping, and others busily and noisily engaged in erecting still more stands, while the falling of the boards that were to form them rattled as they fell from the carts to the asphalt like the reports of musketry. Each stand was lit by a lantern and a smoking lamp; and the men and women, as they moved about in the half-darkness, or slept curled up beneath the carts and tables, suggested the bivouac of an army, or that part of a besieged city where the people had gathered with their household goods for safety.

The procession the next morning moved down the Champs Elysées and across the Place de la Concorde and along the Rue de Rivoli to Notre Dame, from whence, after the ceremony there, it proceeded on to the Panthéon. All of this line of march was guarded on either side by double lines of infantry, and one can obtain an idea of how great was the crowd behind them by the fact that on the morning of the procession five hundred people were taken in ambulances to the different hospitals of Paris. This included those who had fainted in the crush, or who had been overcome by the heat, or who had



PORTRAITS OF CARNOT IN HEAVY BLACK.

fallen from one of the many tottering scaffoldings. Each of the great vases along the iron fence of the Tuileries held one or two men, one of whom sat opposite us across the Rue de Rivoli, who had been there six hours, like Stylites on his pillar, except that the Parisian had an opera-glass, a morning paper, and a bottle of red wine to keep him company. The trees in the Tuileries were blackened with men, and the sky-line of every house-top moved with them. The crowd was greatest perhaps in the Place de la Concorde, where it spread a black carpet over the great square, which parted and fell away before the repeated charges of the cavalry like a piece of cloth before a pair of shears. It was a most orderly crowd, and an extremely good-humored one, and it manifested no strong feeling at any time, except over two features of the procession, which had nothing to do with the death of Carnot. Except when there was music, which was much too seldom, the crowd chattered and laughed as it might have done at a purely military function, and only the stern hisses of a few kept the majority from applauding any one who

passed for whom they held an especial interest.

The procession left the Elysée at ten o'clock, to the accompaniment of minute-guns from the battery on the pier near the Chamber of Deputies. It was led by a very fine body of cuirassiers, who presented a better appearance than any of the soldiers in the procession. It was not the great military display that had been expected; there was no artillery in line, and the navy was not represented, save by a few guards around the wreath from the officers of that particular service. The regiments of infantry, who were followed by the cavalry, lacked form, and marched as though they had not convinced themselves that what they were doing was worth doing well. The infantry was followed by the mourning-wreaths sent by the Senate and by the different monarchs of Europe. These wreaths form an important and characteristic part of the funeral of a great man in France, and as the French have studied this form of expressing their grief for some time, they produce the most magnificent and beautiful tributes, of greater proportions

and in better taste than any that can be seen in any other country in the world. The larger of these wreaths were hung from great scaffoldings, supported on floats, each drawn by four or six horses. Some of these were so large that a man standing upright within them could not touch the opposite inner edges with his finger-tips. They were composed entirely of orchids or violets, with bands of purple silk stretching from side to side, and bearing the names of the senders in gold letters. The wreath sent by the Emperor of Russia was given a place by itself, and mounted magnificently on a car draped with black, and surrounded by a special guard of military and servants of the household. The wreaths of the royalties were followed by more soldiers, and then came the black and silver catafalque that bore the body of the late President. The wheels of this car were muffled with cloth, and the horses that drew it were completely hidden under trappings of black and silver; the reins were broad white ribbons, and there was a mute at each horse's head. As the car passed, there was the first absolute silence of the morning, and many people crossed themselves, and all of the men stood bareheaded.

Separated from the catafalque by but a few rods, and walking quite alone, was the new President, Casimir-Perier. There were soldiers and attendants between him and the line of soldiers which guarded the sidewalks, but he was alone in that there was no one near him. According to the protocol he should not have been there at all, as the etiquette of this function ruled that the new President should not intrude his person upon the occasion when the position held by his predecessor is being officially recognized for the last time. Casimir-Perier, however, chose to disregard the etiquette of this protocol, arguing that the occasion was exceptional, and that no one had a better right to mourn for the late President than the man who had succeeded to the dangers and responsibilities of that office. He was also undoubtedly moved by the fact that it was generally believed that his life would be attempted if he did walk conspicuously in the procession. Had Carnot died a natural death, Casimir-Perier's presence at the funeral would have been in debatable taste, but Carnot's assassination, and the threats which hung thick in the air, made

the President take the risk he did, in spite of the fact that Carnot had been murdered in a public place, and not on account of it.

It was distinctly a courageous thing for him to do, and it was done against the wishes of his best friends and the entreaties of his family, who spent the entire night before the procession in a chapel praying for his safety. He walked erect, with his eyes turned down, and with his hat at his side. He was in evening dress, with the crimson sash of the Legion of Honor across his breast, and he presented a fine and soldierly bearing, and made an impression, both by his appearance and by his action, that could not have been gained so soon in any other manner.

The embassies and legations followed Casimir-Perier in an irregular mass of glittering groups. All of these men were on foot. There was no exception permitted to this rule; and it was interesting to see Lord Dufferin in the uniform of a viceroy of India, which he wore instead of his diplomatic uniform, marching in the dust in the same line with the firemen and letter-carriers. The ambassadors and their attachés were undoubtedly the most brilliant and picturesque features of the occasion, and the United States ambassador and his secretaries were, on account of the contrast their black and white evening dress made to the colors and ribbons of the others, on this occasion, the most conspicuous and appropriately dressed men present.

But what best pleased the French people were two girls dressed in the native costumes of Alsace and Lorraine. They headed the deputation from those provinces. The girl who represented Alsace was particularly beautiful, with long black hair parted in the middle, and hanging down her back in long plaits. She wore the characteristic head-dress of the Alsatian women, and a short red skirt, black velvet bodice, and black stockings. She carried the French flag in front of her draped in *crêpe*, and as she stepped briskly forward the wind blew the black bow on her hair and the folds of the flag about her face, and gave her a living and spirited air that in no way suited the occasion, but which delighted the populace. They applauded her and her companion from one end of the march to the other, and the spectacle must have made the German ambassador somewhat uncom-

PARIS HAD TAKEN OFF HER MOURNING.





"THE GIRL WHO REPRESENTED ALSACE."

fortable, and wish for a billet among a people who could learn to forget. The only other feature of the procession which called forth applause, which no one tried to suppress, was the presence in it of an old general who was mistaken by the spectators for Marshal Canrobert. This last of the marshals of France was too ill to march in the funeral cortège; but the old soldier, who looked not unlike him, and whose limping gait and bent back and crutch-stick led him to be mistaken for the marshal, served the purpose quite as well. One wondered if it did not embarrass the veteran to find himself so suddenly elevated into the rôle of popular idol of the hour; but perhaps he persuaded himself that it was his white hair and crutch and many war-medals which called forth the ovation, and that he deserved it on his own account—as who can say he did not?

The unpleasant incident of the day was one which was unfortunately acted in full view of the balconies of the hotels Meurice and Continental. These were occupied by most of the foreigners visiting Paris, and were virtually the grand stands of the spectacle.

In the Rue Castiglione, which separated the two hotels, and in full sight of these critical on-lookers, a horse was taken with the blind staggers, and upset a stand, throwing those who sat upon it out into the street. In an instant the crash of the falling timbers and the cries of the half-dozen men and women who had been precipitated into the street struck panic into the crowd of sight-seers on the pavement and among the firemen who were at that moment marching past. The terror of another dynamite outrage was in the minds of all, and without waiting to learn what had happened, or to even look, the thousands of people broke into a confused mass of screaming, terrified creatures, running madly in every direction, and changing the quiet solemnity of the moment into a scene of horror and panic. The firemen dropped the wreath they were carrying and fled with the crowd; and then the French soldiers who were lining the pavements, to the astonishment and disgust of the Americans and English on the balconies, who were looking down like spectators at a play, tucked their guns under their arms and joined in the mad rush for safety. It was a sight that made even the women on the balconies keep silence in shame for them. It was pathetic, ridiculous, and inexcusable, and the boy officers on duty would have gained the sympathy of the unwilling spectators had they cut their men down with their swords, and shown the others that he who runs away from a falling grand stand is not needed to live to fight a German army later. It is true that the men who ran away were only boys fresh from the provinces, with dull minds filled with the fear of what an anarchist might do; but it showed a lack of discipline that should have made the directors of the Salon turn the military pictures in that gallery to the wall, until the picture exhibited in the Rue Castiglione was effaced from the minds of the visiting strangers. Imagine a squad of New York policemen running away from a horse with the blind staggers, and not, on the contrary, seizing the chance to club every one with-

in reach back to the sidewalk! Remember the London bobby who carried a dynamite bomb in his hand from the hall of the Houses of Parliament, and the Chicago police who walked into a real anarchist mob over the bodies of their comrades, and who answered the terrifying bombs with the popping of their revolvers!

After such an exhibition as this it was only natural that the people should turn from the soldiers to find the greater interest in the miles of wreaths that came from every corner of France. These were the expressions of the truer sympathy with the dead President, and there seemed to be more sentiment and real regret in the little black bead wreaths from the villages in the south and west of France than there were in all the great wreaths of orchids and violets purchased on the boulevards.

The procession had been two hours in passing a given point. It had moved at

ten o'clock, and it was four in the afternoon before it dispersed at the Panthéon, and Deputies in evening dress and attachés in uniform and judges in scarlet robes could be seen hurrying over Paris in fiacres, faint and hot and cross, for the first taste of food and drink that had touched their lips since early morning. A few hours later there was not a soldier out of his barracks, the scaffoldings had been taken to pieces, the spectators had been distributed in trains to the environs, the bands played again in the gardens, and the theatres opened their doors. Paris had taken off her mourning, and fallen back into her interrupted routine of pleasure, and had left nothing in the streets to show that Carnot's body had passed over them save thousands of scraps of greasy newspapers in which the sympathetic spectators of the solemn function had wrapped their breakfasts.

YOUTH.

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

FIRST splendor of our years,
When we had reached these shores,
The memory of thee cheers
Till our departing hours:
Though lingering for a day,
Fade not, fade not away!

Incarnate faith,
Pure-eyed and soft of hand,
With tender grace
Touched thee, and for thee planned
A larger life that stays
Our ebbing days.

And thou dost know
The fair and gentle ways
Of favoring tides, that flow
Again in sunlit bays,
Where tempests are defied,
And our proud ships may ride.

And thou dost sing anew
Songs of new lands,
The fair years through:
Songs of new lands
Arising from the main
We cross again.

With foot-prints neat,
A train of airy bands
With flying feet
Now dances on the sands;
And beckoning forms invite
To love's delight.

Soft voices in the air
Whisper immortal deeds:
"Wilt thou not dare
When glory leads?"
And in thine ears the sea
Sings a wild melody.


And on thy vision far
Bends a fair sky;
Nor sets one star
Of all the stars on high;
A path leads over sea,
A path shining for thee.

O fleeting grace
Of our Promethean years,
Haste not thy pace!
In thee, in thee appears
What touch in us there be
Of immortality.

CLUB LIFE AMONG OUTCASTS.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

I.



FOR several years it has been my privilege to come in contact with men and women, boys and girls, who have been turned out of respectable society, or born out of it, and who are known to the world as vagabonds, rowdies, and criminals. I have made the acquaintance of these people in a variety of ways, sometimes accidentally and sometimes purposely, but almost always voluntarily. I wanted to know what their life amounted to and what pleasures it contained. It appeals to me as a field for exploration just as Africa or Siberia appeals to so many other people, and in what follows I can say that there is no fact or opinion which is not founded on personal experience or personal inquiry.

One of the first notable features of low life is its gregariousness. To be alone, except in a few cases where a certain morbidity and peculiar fondness for isolation prevail, is almost the worst punishment that can befall the ne'er-do-well. There is a variety of causes for this, but I think the main one is the wish to feel that although he is forbidden the privileges and rights of a polite society, he can nevertheless identify himself with just as definite and exclusive a community as the one he has been turned out of.

His specialty in crime and rowdyism determines the particular form and direction of his social life. If he is a tramp he wants to know his partners, and the same instinct prevails in all other fields of outlawry. In time, and as he comes to see that his world is a large one—so large, in fact, that he can never understand it all—he chooses as he can those particular “pals” with whom he can get on the easiest. Out of this choice there develops what I call the outcasts’ club. He himself calls it a gang, and his clubhouse a hang-out. It is of such clubs that I want to write in this paper. I do not pretend to know all of them. Far from it! And some of those that I know

are too vile for description, but out of the various kinds that I can describe, I have picked out those which are the most representative.

II.

Low life as I know it in America is composed of three distinct classes, and they are called, in outcasts’ slang, the “Kids,” the “Natives,” and the “Old Bucks.” The Kids, as their name suggests, are boys and girls, the Natives are the middle-aged outcasts, and the Old Bucks are the superannuated. Each of these classes has clubs corresponding in character and purpose to the age of the members.

The clubs of the Kids are mainly composed of mischievous children and instinctively criminal children. As a rule they are organized by boys alone, but in a few instances I have known girls to also take part in them. The lads are usually between ten and fifteen years old. Sometimes they live at home with their parents, if they have any, and sometimes in lodging-houses. They get their living, such as it is, in numerous ways—by rag-picking, selling newspapers, blacking shoes, and doing odd errands fitted to their strength. None of them, not even the criminally inclined, are able to steal enough to take care of themselves.

To illustrate, I shall take two clubs which I knew, one in Chicago and one in Cincinnati. The Chicago club belonged exclusively to a set of lads on the North Side who called themselves the “Wildcats.” The most of them were homeless little fellows who lived in that district as newsboys and bootblacks. They numbered about twenty, and although they

had no officially elected leader, a little fellow called Fraxy was nevertheless a recognized “pres’dent,” and was supposed to know more about the city and certain tricks than the rest, and I think it was he who started the



club. He was an attractive lad, capable of exercising considerable influence over his companions, and I can easily understand how he persuaded them to form the club. For personality counts for just as much in low life as it does in "high life," and little Fraxy had a remarkably magnetic one. He drew boys

The youngest boy was ten and the oldest fourteen, and as I remember them they were not especially bad boys. I have often sat with them and listened to their stories and jokes, and although they could swear, and a few could drink like drunkards, the most of them had hearts still kind. But they were intensely mischiev-



THE SNEAKERS.

to him wherever he went, and before going to Chicago had organized a similar club in Toledo, Ohio.

The club-house of the Wildcats was a little cave which they had dug in a cabbage-field on the outskirts of the city. Here they gathered nearly every night in the week, to smoke cigarettes, read dime novels or hear them read, tell tales, crack jokes, and plan their mischievous raids on the neighboring districts. The cave contained a brick-work stove, some benches, some old pots and cans, one or two obscene pictures, and an old shoe-box, in which were stored from time to time various things to eat.

The more nuisances they could commit the happier they were; and the odd part of it all was that their misdemeanors never brought them the slightest profit, and were remarkable for nothing but their wantonness. I remember particularly one night when they stoned an old church simply because Fraxy had suggested it as sport. They left their cave about nine o'clock and went to a stone-pile near at hand where they filled their pockets full of rocks. Then they started off pell-mell for the church, the windows of which they "peppered 'n' salted" till they looked like "skeeter net-ting's," as Fraxy said. The moment they

had finished they scampered into town and brought up at various lodging-houses.

They never thieved or begged while I knew them, and not one of them had what could be called a criminal habit. They were simply full of boyishness, and having no homes, no parents, no wise friends, no refined instincts, it is no wonder that they worked off their animal spirits in pranks of this sort. Sometimes they used to take their girl friends out to the cave, too, and enlist them for a while in the same mischievousness that I have described, but they always treated them kindly, and spoke of them as their "dear little kiddy-widsies." The girls helped to make the cave more homelike, and the lads appreciated every decoration and knickknack given them.

Every city has clubs like this. They are a natural consequence of slum life, and to better them it is first necessary to better the slums themselves. Sun-

day-school lessons will not accomplish this; reading-rooms will not accomplish it; gymnasiums will not accomplish it; and nothing that I know of will accomplish it except personal contact with some man or boy who is willing to live among them and show them, as he alone can, a better life. There are many young men in the world who have remarkable ability, I believe, for just such work, if they would only go into it. By this I do not necessarily mean joining some organization or "settlement"—I mean that the would-be helper shall live his own individual life among these people, learn to understand their whims and passions, and try to be of use to them as a personal friend. If he is especially adapted to dealing with boys, he has only to take up his residence in any "slum" in any city and he will find plenty to do. But whatever he does, he must not let them think that he is among them as a reformer.



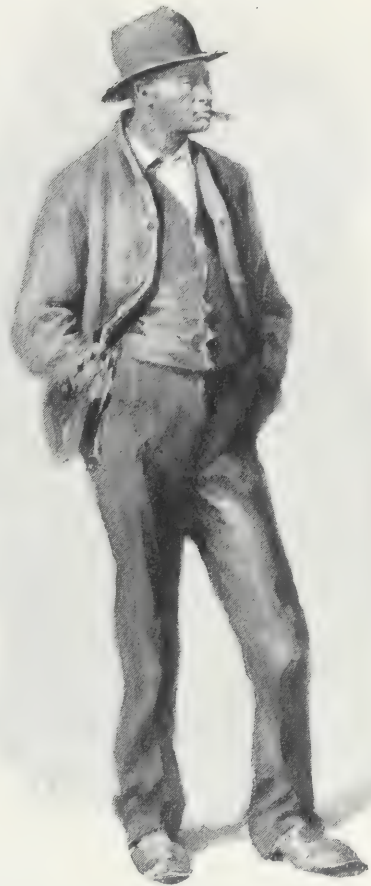
THE RAPPERS.

III.

The club in Cincinnati was of a different kind. It is true that it consisted of young boys, and that some of them were bootblacks and newsboys, but in other respects they were different. Their club name was the "Sneakers," and their hang-out was an old deserted house-boat, which lay stranded on the river-bank about a mile or so out of town. Some of them had homes, but the majority lived in lodging-houses or on the boat. When I first knew them, which is over six years ago, they had been organized about three months, and a few of their number had already been caught and sent to the reform school. Their business was stealing, pure and simple. Old metals were the things they looked for chiefly, because they were the handiest to get at. They had had no training in picking pockets or "sly work" of any particular sort, but they did know some untenanted houses, and these they entered and cut away the lead pipes to sell to dealers in such wares. Sometimes they also broke into engine-houses, and, if possible, unscrewed the brass-work on the engines, and I have even known them to take the wheels off wagons to get the tires. Their boat was their storehouse until the excitement over the theft had subsided, and then they persuaded some tramp or town "tough" to dispose of their goods. They never made very much profit, but enough to keep up interest in further crimes.

I became acquainted with them through an old vagabond in Cincinnati who helped them now and then. He took me out to see them one night, and I had a good opportunity to learn what their club was made of. Most of the lads were over fourteen years of age, and two had already been twice in reform schools in different States. These two were the leaders, and mainly, I think, on account of certain tough airs which they "put on." They talked criminal slang, and had an all-wise tone that was greatly liked by the other boys. They all were saturated with criminal ideas, and their faces gave evidence of crooked characteristics. How they came to club together is probably best explained by the older vagabond. I asked him how he accounted for such an organization, and he replied:

"Got it in 'em, I guess. It's the only reason I know. Some kids always is that way. The devil's born in 'em."



ONE OF THE "SCRAPPIN' GANG."

I think that is true, and I still consider it the best explanation of the Sneakers. They were criminals by instinct, and such boys, just as mischievous boys, drift together and combine plots and schemes. I know of other boys of the same type who, instead of stealing, burn barns and out-houses. Young as they are, their moral obliquity is so definitely developed that they do such things passionately. They like to see the blaze, and yet when asked wherein the fun lies, they cannot tell.

How to reform such boys is a question which, I think, has never been settled satisfactorily. For one, I do not believe that they can ever be helped by any clubs organized for their improvement. They have no interest in such things, and none can be awakened strong enough to kill their interest in criminal practices. They are mentally maimed, and practically belong in an insane asylum. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as paying tribute to the "fad" of some philanthropic circles, which regard the criminal as either diseased or delinquent—as

born lacking in mental and moral aptitudes, or perverted through no fault of his own. Without any attempt to tone down the reproach of criminality, or to account for the facts by heredity or environment, it still remains true that in thousands of cases there is as direct evidence of insanity in a boy's crimes and misdemeanors as in a man's, and I firmly believe that a more scientific century will institute medical treatment of juvenile crime, and found reform schools where the cure of insanity will be as much an object as moral instruction and character-building.

IV.

Club life among the "Natives"—the older outcasts—although in many respects quite different from that of the Kids, is in some ways strikingly similar. There are, for instance, young rowdies and roughs, whose main pleasures are mischief and petty misdemeanors, just as among the young boys I referred to in Chicago. But in place of breaking church windows and turning over horse-blocks, they join what are called "scrappin' gangs," and spend most of their time in fighting hostile clubs of the same order. They are not clever enough as yet to become successful criminals, they are too brutal and impolite to do profitable begging, and as rowdyism is about the only thing they can take part in, their associations become pugilistic clubs.

How these originated is an open question even among the rowdies themselves. My own explanation of their origin is this: Every community, if it is at all complex

and varied, has different sets of outcasts and ne'er-do-wells, just as it has a variety of respectable people. In time these different sets appropriate, often quite accidentally, territories of their own. One set, for example, will live mainly on the east side of a city, and another

set on the west side. After some residence in their distinct quarters, local prejudices and habits are formed, and, what is more to the point, a local patriotism grows. The east-sider thinks his hang-outs and dives are the best, and the

west-sider thinks the same of his. Out of this conceit there comes invariably a class hatred, which grows, and finally develops into the "scrappin' gangs," the purpose of

which is to defend the pride of each separate district. In New York I know of over half a dozen of these pugnacious organizations, and they fight for as many different territories. I have seen in one club young and old of both sexes joined together

to defend their "kentry," as they called the street or series of streets in which they lived. The majority of the real fighters, however, are strapping fellows between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. Sometimes they live at home, and a few pretend to do some work, but most of them are loafers, who spend their time in drinking, gambling, and petty thieving. They usually sleep in old "tenements" and cheap lodging-houses, and in the daytime they are either in the streets or at some dive, supported mainly by their patronage.

I knew such a place in the city of New York, on the east side, and not far from the Brooklyn Bridge. It was kept by an Irishman, and he had no customers other than those belonging to a "scrappin' gang" called the Rappers. There were two rooms—one fronting on the street, and used as a bar-room; the other, in the rear, was the gambling and "practisin'" room. Here they came every night, played cards, drank stale beer, and exercised themselves in fisticuffing and "scrappin'." I visited them one night, and saw some of their movements, as they called the various triangles and circles which they formed as strategic guards when attacking the hostile gangs of the west side. One of them they nicknamed "the V gag," and prided themselves on its efficiency. It was simply a triangle which they formed to charge the better into the ranks of their enemies, and it reminded me strongly of football tactics.

That same night they were to scuffle with a west side gang called the Ducks, as one of their members had been insulted by one of the Duck gang. Battle was to be joined in a certain alley not far from Eighth Avenue, and they





THE KANGAROO COURT.

started out, their pockets full of stones, in companies of two and three, to meet later in the alley. I accompanied the leader, a fellow called the slugger, and reached the alley about eleven o'clock. He wanted me to give my assistance, but I told him that I could play war-correspondent much better, and so was excused from action. And it was action indeed. They had hardly reached the battle-ground before the Ducks were onto them, and rocks flew and fists punched in a most terrific manner. Noses bled, coats were torn, hats were lost, and black eyes became the fashion. This went on for about fifteen minutes, and the battle was over. The Rappers were defeated fairly and squarely, but, as the slugger said, when we were all at the hang-out again, "we mought 'a' licked 'em ef we'd a-had 'em over 'eer."

Such is the "scrappin' gang." Every

large city supports one or two, and London has a score of them. They make some of its districts uninhabitable for respectable persons, and woe to the man who tries to interfere with them. As their members die or grow old, younger fellows come forward, often enough out of the very boys' clubs I have described, and take the place of the departed heroes. This is what rowdies call life.

Like the famous *Studenten Corps* in Germany, they need some sort of rough excitement, and the bloodier it is the happier they are. They have so much heart in them that no ordinary exercise relieves it, and they institute their foolish fighting clubs. It is possible that some sweet-natured philanthropist might go among them and accomplish wonders. In London the Salvation Army has done some splendid work with these same row-

dies, and I know personally several who are to-day respectable working-men. But as for organizing polite clubs among them on any large scale I think it useless.

V.

Among the other "Natives," club life, as a rule, centres around the saloon, where they gather to exchange news bulletins and meet their cronies. There are varieties of these saloons, corresponding to the varieties of outcasts, and in Chicago I know of over twenty, each one of which is supported by a different clique and species; but these are not exactly clubs. The saloons are meeting-places more than anything else, or a sort of post-office. In the main they are very much like any other saloon, except that their *clientèle* comes principally from the outcasts' world. And about all the life they afford is a boisterous joviality, which seldom takes definite shape. It is proper to say right here that criminal outcasts, as a rule,

never form clubs so marked in individuality as the "scrappin' gang." The thief, the burglar, the pick-pocket, and other "professionals," although gregarious and friendly enough, do not organize simply for the sake of sociability. When they combine it is more for the sake of busi-

ness than anything else, and whatever social life they seem to need is furnished them at the saloon or some private hang-out. This is also true to a great extent of all the "Natives" who have passed their thirtieth year. At that age they are usually so sobered, and have seen so much of the world, that they cannot get much pleasure out of such clubs as the younger men enjoy. The "scrappin' gang" no more appeals to them as a pastime or a source of happiness than it does to an old rounder. They feel happier in simply sitting on a bench in a saloon and talking over old times or planning new ones. Whatever excitement remains for them in life is found mainly in carousals. Of these I have seen a goodly number, but I must confess that after all they are

only too similar to carousals in "high life," the only noticeable difference being their greater frequency. They come just about four times as often as anywhere else, because the outcast, and especially the criminal, is intensely emotional; he can never be very long without some kind of excitement, and the older he grows the more alluring become his drinking bouts. When his opportunities in this direction are shut off by jail walls, he improvises something else, which often takes organized form; but it must be remembered that such organizations are purely makeshift, and that the members would rather sit in some low concert-hall or saloon and have an old-time carousal, if circumstances were only favorable.

VI.

The most interesting of these impromptu clubs is the one called in the vernacular "The Kangaroo Court." It is found almost entirely in county jails in which petty offenders and persons awaiting trial are confined. During the day the prisoners are allowed the freedom of a large hall, and at night they lodge in cells, the locks of which are sometimes fastened and sometimes not. The hall contains tables, benches, daily papers, and, in some instances, stoves and kitchen utensils. The prisoners can and do walk, jump, and play various games. After a while these games become tiresome, and "The Kangaroo Court" is formed. It consists of all the prisoners, and the officers are elected by them. The positions they fill are the "judgeship," the "searchership," the "spankership," and general "juryship." To illustrate the duties of these various officials, I shall give a personal experience in a county jail in New York State. It was my first encounter with "The Kangaroo Court."

I had been arrested for sleeping in an empty "box-car." The watchman found me and lodged me in the station-house, where I spent a most gloomy night wondering what my punishment would be. Early in the morning I was brought before "the squire." He asked me what my name might be, and I replied that "it might be Billy Rice."

"What are you doing around here, Billy?" he queried further.

"Looking for work, your Honor."

"Thirty days," he thundered at me, and I was led away to the jail proper. I



had three companions at the time, and after we had passed the sheriff and his clerk, who had noted down all the facts, imaginary and otherwise, that we had cared to give him about our family histories, we were ushered pell-mell into the large hall. Surrounded in a twinkling by the other prisoners, we were asked to explain our general principles and misdemeanors. This over, and a few salutations exchanged, a tall and lanky rogue cried out in a loud voice,

"The Kangru will now klect."

There were about twenty present, and they soon planted themselves about us in a most solemn manner. Some rested on their haunches, others lounged against the walls, and still others sat quietly on the flag-stones. As soon as entire quiet had been reached, the tall fellow, who, by-the-way, was the judge, instructed a half-grown companion, whom he nicknamed "the searcher," to bring his charges against the new-comers. He approached us solemnly and in a most conventional manner, and said:

"Prizners—you is charged with havin' boodle in yer pockets. Wha' does ye plead—guilty or not guilty?"

I was the first in line, and pleaded not guilty.

"Are ye willin' to be searched?" asked the judge.

"I am, your Honor," I replied.

Then the searcher inspected all my pockets, the lining of my coat, the leather band inside my hat, my shoes and socks, and finding nothing in the shape of money, declared that I was guiltless.

"You are discharged," exclaimed the judge, and the jurymen ratified the decision with a grunt.

A young fellow, a vagrant by profession, was the next case. He pleaded not guilty, and allowed himself to be searched.

But unfortunately he had forgotten a solitary cent which was in his vest pocket. It was quickly confiscated, and he was remanded for trial on the charge of contempt of the



LONG ON THE ROAD.

"Kangru." The next victim pleaded guilty to the possession of thirty-six cents, and was relieved of half. The last man, the guiltiest of all, although he pleaded innocence, was found out, and his three dollars were taken away from him instantaneously; he, too, was charged with contempt of court. His case came up soon after the preliminaries were over, and he was sentenced by the judge to walk the length of the corridor one hundred and three times each day of his confinement, besides washing all the dishes used at dinner for a week.

After all the trials were over, the confiscated money was handed to the genuine turnkey, with instructions that it be invested in tobacco. Later in the day the tobacco was brought into the jail and equally divided among all the prisoners.

The next day I, with the other late arrivals, was initiated as a member of the Kangaroo Court. It was a very simple proceeding. I had to promise that I would always do my share of the necessary cleaning and washing, and also be honest and fair in judging the cases which might come up for trial.

Since then I have had opportunities of





THE OLD BUCKS.

studying other Kangaroo Courts, but they have all been very much like the one I have just described. They are both socialistic and autocratic, and at times they are very funny. But wherever they are they command the respect of jail-birds, and if a prisoner insults the court he is punished very severely. Moreover, it avails him nothing to complain to the authorities. He has too many against him, and the best thing he can do is to become one of them as soon as possible.

Other clubs of this same impromptu character are simple makeshifts, which last sometimes a week, and sometimes but a day, if a more substantial amusement can be found to take their place. One of which I was a member existed for six hours only. It was organized to pass the time until a train came along to carry the men into a neighboring city. They selected a king and some princes, and called the club "The Royal Flush." Every half-hour a new king was chosen, in order to give as many members as possible the

privileges which these offices carried with them. They were not especially valuable, but nevertheless novel enough to be entertaining. The king, for instance, had the right to order any one to fill his pipe or bring him a drink of water, while the princes were permitted to call the commoners all sorts of names as long as their official dignity lasted. So far as I know they have never met since that afternoon camp on the prairies of Nebraska. And if they are comfortably seated in some favorite saloon, I can safely say that not one of them would care to exchange places with any half-hour king.

A little experience I had some time ago in New York will show how well posted the "Natives" are about these favorite saloons. I was calling on an old friend at a saloon in Third Avenue at the time. After I had told him of my plan to visit certain Western cities, and had mentioned some of them, he said:

"Well, ye wan' ter drop in at the Half in State Street when ye strike Chi [Chi-

cago]; 'n' doan' forget Red's place in Denver, 'n' Dutch Mary's in Omaha. They'll treat ye square. Jes left Mary's place 'bout a week ago, 'n' never had a better time. Happy all the while, 'n' one day nearly tasted meself, felt so good. There's nothin' like knowin' such places, ye know. 'F ye get into a strange town, takes ye a ter'ble while to find yer fun 'less yer posted. But you'll be all right at Red's 'n' Mary's, dead sure."

So the stranger is helped along in low life, and the "Natives" take just as much pride in passing him on to other friends and other clubs as does the high-life clubman. It gives them a feeling of importance, which is one of the main gratifications they have.

VII.

Of the "Old Bucks," the superannuated outcasts, and their club life there is very little to say. Walk into any low dive in any city where they congregate and you can see the whole affair. They sit there on the benches in tattered clothes, and rest their chins on crooked sticks or in their hands, and glare at each other with bloodshot eyes. Between drinks they discuss old times, old "pals," old winnings, and then wonder what the new times amount to. And now and then, when in the mood, they throw a little crude thought on politics into the air. I have heard them discuss home-rule, free trade, the Eastern question, and at the same time crack a joke on a hungry mosquito. A bit of wit, nasty or otherwise, will double them up in an instant, and then they cough and scramble to get their equilibrium again.

Late at night, when they can sit no longer on the whittled benches, and the bartender orders them home, they crawl away to musty lodging-houses and lie down in miserable bunks. The next morning they are on hand again at the same saloon, with the same old jokes and the same old laughs. They keep track of their younger pals if they can, and do their best to hold together their close relationships, and as one of their number tumbles down and dies, they remember his good points, and call for another beer. The "Natives" help them along now and then, and even the boys give them a dime on special occasions. But as they never need very much, and as low life is often the only one they know,

they find it not very difficult to pick their way on to the end. If you pity them they are likely to laugh at you, and I have even known them to ask a city missionary if he wouldn't take a drink with them.

To think of enticing such men into decent clubs is absurd; the only respectable place they ever enter is a reading-room—and then not to read. No, indeed! Watch them in Cooper Union. Half the time their newspapers are upside down and they are dozing. One eye is always on the alert, and the minute they think you are watching they grip the newspaper afresh, fairly pawing the print with their greasy fingers in their eagerness to carry out the rôle they have assumed. One day, in such a place, I scraped acquaintance with one of them, and, as if to show that it was the literary attraction which brought him there, he suddenly asked me in a most confidential tone what I thought of Tennyson. Of course I thought a good deal of him, and said so, but I had hardly finished before the old fellow querulously remarked,

"Don'cher think the best thing he ever did was that air charge of the seventeen hundred?"

VIII.

I have already said that, so far as the older outcasts are concerned, there is but little chance of helping them with respectable clubs; they are too fixed in their ways, and the best method of handling them is to destroy their own clubs and punish the members. The "scrappin' gang," for example, should be treated whenever and wherever it shows its bloody hand with severe law, and if such a course were adopted and followed it would accomplish more good than any other method I know of. The same treatment must be applied to the associations of other "Natives," for the more widely they are separated and prevented from concourse the better will it be. It is their gregariousness which makes it so difficult to treat with them successfully, and until they can be dealt with separately, man for man, and in a prison cell if necessary, not much can be accomplished. The evils in low life are contagious, and to be treated scientifically they must be quarantined and prevented from spreading. Break up its "gangs." Begin at their beginnings. For let two outcasts have even but a little influence over a weak

human being, and there are three outcasts; give them a few more similar chances, and there will be a "gang."

I would not have any word of mine lessen the growing interest in man's fellow-man, nor discourage by so much as a pen-stroke the brotherly influences on the "fallen brother" which are embodied in Neighborhood Guilds and College Settlements of the present, but I am deeply convinced that there is a work these or-

ganizations cannot, must not, do. That work must be done by law and government. Vice must be punished, and the vicious sequestered. Public spirit and citizenship duly appreciated and exercised must precede philanthropy in the slums. Government, municipal and State, must be a John the Baptist, preparing the way and making the paths straight, ere love of man and love of God can walk safely and effectively therein.

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XXII.

HE whisked Sue's clothing from the chair where it was drying, thrust it under the couch, and sat down to his book. Somebody knocked and opened the door immediately. It was the landlady.

"Oh, I didn't know whether you were in or not, Mr. Fawley. I wanted to know if you would require supper. I see you've a young gentleman—"

"Yes, ma'am. But I think I won't come down to-night. Will you bring supper up on a tray? and I'll have a cup of tea as well."

It was Jude's custom to go down stairs to the kitchen and eat his meals with the family, to save trouble. His landlady brought up the supper, however, on this occasion, and he took it from her at the door.

When she had descended he set the teapot on the hob, and drew out Sue's clothes anew; but they were far from dry. A thick woollen gown, he found, held a deal of water. So he hung them up again, and kept up his fire, and mused as the steam from the garments went up the chimney.

Suddenly she said, "Jude!"

"Yes. All right. How do you feel now?"

"Better. Quite well. Why, I fell asleep, didn't I? What time is it? Not late, surely?"

"It is past ten."

"Is it really? What shall I do?" she said, starting up.

"Stay where you are."

"Yes; but I don't know what they would say! And what will you do?"

"I am going to sit here by the fire all night and read. To-morrow is Sunday, and I haven't to go out anywhere. Perhaps you will be saved a severe illness by resting there. Don't be frightened. I'm all right. Look here, what I have got for you. Some supper."

When she had sat upright she breathed plaintively and said: "I do feel rather weak still. I thought I was well; and I ought not to be here, ought I?" But the supper fortified her somewhat, and when she had had some tea and had lain back again she was bright and cheerful.

The tea must have been green, or too long drawn, for she seemed preternaturally wakeful afterwards, though Jude, who had not taken any, began to feel heavy, till her conversation fixed his attention.

"You called me a creature of civilization, or something, didn't you?" she said, breaking a silence. "It was very odd you should have done that."

"Why?"

"Well, because it is provokingly wrong. I am a sort of negation of it."

"You are very philosophical. 'A negation' is profound talking."

"Is it? Do I strike you as being learned?" she asked, with a touch of raillery.

"No—not learned. Only you don't talk quite like a girl—well, a girl who has had no advantages."

"I have had advantages. I don't know Latin and Greek—though I know the grammars of those tongues. But I know most of the Greek and Latin classics

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through translations, and other books, too. I read Lempriere, Catullus, Martial, Juvenal, Lucian, Beaumont and Fletcher, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, the Bible, and other such; and found that all interest in the unwholesome part of these books ended with its mystery."

"You have read more than I," he said, with a sigh. "How came you to read some of those uncommoner ones?"

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "it was by accident. My life has been entirely shaped by what people call a peculiarity in me. I have no fear of men as such. I have mixed with them—one or two of them particularly—almost as one of their own sex. I mean I have not felt about them as most women are taught to feel—to be on their guard against attacks on their virtue; for no man short of a sensual savage will molest a woman by day or night, at home or abroad, unless she invites him. Until she says by a look 'Come on,' he is always afraid to; and if you never say it, or look it, he never comes. However, what I was going to say is that when I was eighteen I formed a friendly intimacy with an undergraduate at Christminster, and he taught me a great deal, and lent me books which I should never have got hold of otherwise."

"Is your friendship broken off?"

"Oh yes. He died, poor fellow, when he had taken his degree and honors and left Christminster."

"You saw a good deal of him, I suppose?"

"Yes," she went on, unconcernedly. "We used to go about together—on walking tours, reading tours, and things of that sort—like two men almost. He wanted to be my lover; in fact, I think he was in love with me, but I wasn't with him; and on my saying I should go away if he didn't agree to be merely my gratuitous tutor, he did so. He won a Fellowship, and became a leader-writer for one of the great London dailies; till he was taken ill, and had to go abroad, and never came back alive. I went over to his funeral, and was his only mourner."

"Good heavens—how strange of you! What did you do then?"

"There, now you are angry with me!" she said, with an audible lump in her throat. "I wouldn't have told you if I had known!"

"No, I am not. Tell me all."

"Well, then I returned to Christmin-

ster, as my father, who was also in London, wouldn't have me back; and I got that occupation in the artist shop where you found me."

Jude looked round upon the arm-chair and its occupant, as if to read more carefully the odd creature he had given shelter to. His voice trembled as he said, "Wherever you have loved, Sue, I know you are as innocent as you are unconventional!"

"I am not particularly innocent," said she, with an ostensible sneer, though she was really brimming with tears. "But I have never given my heart to any lover, if that's what you mean. I have remained as I began."

"I quite believe you. But some women would not have remained as they began."

"Perhaps not. And people say I must be cold-natured—sexless—on account of it. But I am not. Some of the most passionately erotic poets have been the most self-contained in their daily lives."

"Have you told Mr. Phillotson about this University-scholar friend?"

"Yes—long ago. I have never made any secret of it to anybody."

"What did he say?"

"He did not pass any criticism—only said I was everything to him, whatever I did; and things like that."

Jude felt much depressed; she seemed to get further and further away from him with her strange ways and curious unconsciousness of gender.

"Aren't you *really* vexed with me, dear Jude?" she suddenly asked, in a voice of such extraordinary tenderness that it hardly seemed to come from the same woman who had just told her story so lightly. "I would rather offend anybody in the world than you, I think."

"I don't know whether I am vexed or not. I know I care very much about you!"

"I care as much for you as for anybody I ever met."

"You don't care *more*! There! I ought not to say that. Don't answer it."

There was another long silence. He felt that, without knowing it, she was treating him cruelly. Her very helplessness seemed to make her so much stronger than he.

"I am awfully ignorant on general matters, although I have worked so hard," he said, to turn the subject. "I am ab-

sorbed in Theology, you know. And what do you think I should be doing just about now, if you weren't here? I should be saying my evening prayers. I suppose you wouldn't like—"

"Oh, no, no," she answered; "I would rather not, if you don't mind. I should seem so—such a hypocrite."

"I thought you wouldn't join, so I didn't propose it. You must remember that I hope to be a useful minister some day."

"To be ordained, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Then you haven't given up the idea? I thought that perhaps you had by this time."

"Of course not. I fondly thought at first that you felt as I do about that, as you were so steeped in Christminster. And Mr. Phillotson—"

"I have no respect for Christminster whatever, except, in a qualified degree, on its intellectual side," said Miss Bridehead, exaltedly. "My friend I spoke of took that out of me. He was the most irreligious man I ever knew; and the most moral. And intellect at Christminster is new wine in old bottles. The mediævalism of Christminster must go, be sloughed off, or Christminster itself will have to go. To be sure, at times one couldn't help having a sneaking liking for the traditions of the old faith, as preserved by a section of the thinkers there in touching and simple sincerity; but when I was in my right mind I always felt:

"O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods! . . .

Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend;

I kneel not, neither adore you, but, standing, look to the end."

"Sue, you are not a good friend of mine to talk like that!"

"Then I won't, dear."

"I still think Christminster has much that is glorious; though I was resentful because I couldn't get there."

"It is an ignorant place, except as to the towns-people, artisans, drunkards, and paupers. *They* see life as it is, of course; but few of the people in the colleges do. You prove it in your own person. You are one of the very men Christminster was intended for when the colleges were founded; a man with a passion for learning, but no money or opportunities or

friends. But you were elbowed off the pavement by the millionaires' sons."

"Well, I can do without what it confers. I care for something higher."

"And I for something broader, truer," she murmured. "At present intellect in Christminster is pushing one way and religion the other; and so they stand stock-still, like two rams butting each other."

"What would Mr. Phillotson—"

"It is a place full of fetichists and ghost-seers."

He noticed that whenever he tried to speak of the schoolmaster she turned the conversation to some generalizations about the offending University. Jude was extremely, morbidly curious about her life as Phillotson's *protégée* and betrothed; yet she would not enlighten him.

"Well, that's just what I am, too," he said. "I am fearful of life, spectre-seeing always."

"But you are good," she said, affectionately.

His heart bumped, and he made no reply.

"You are in the Tractarian stage just now, are you not?" she added, critically.

"Let me see—when was I there? In the year eighteen hundred and—"

"There's a sarcasm in that which is rather unpleasant to me, Sue. Now will you do what I want you to? At this time I read a chapter, and then say prayers, as I told you. Now will you concentrate your attention on any book of these you like, and sit with your back to me, and leave me to my custom? You are sure you won't join me?"

"I'll look at you."

"No. Don't tease, Sue!"

"Very well; I'll do just as you bid me, and I won't vex you, Jude," she replied, in the tone of a child who was going to be good forever after, turning her back upon him accordingly. A small Bible, other than the one he used, lay near her, and during his retreat she took it up and turned over the leaves.

"Jude," she said, brightly, when he had finished and come back to her, "will you let me make you a *new* New Testament—like the one I made for myself at Christminster?"

"Oh yes. How was that made?"

"I altered my old one by cutting up all the Epistles and Gospels into separate *brochures*, and rearranging them in chronological order as written, beginning

the book with Romans, following on with the early Epistles, and putting the Gospels much further on. Then I had the volume rebound. My University friend, Mr.—but never mind his name, poor fellow—said it was an excellent idea. I know that reading it afterwards made it twice as interesting as before, and twice as understandable.”

“H’m,” said Jude, with a sense of sacrilege.

“And what a literary enormity this is!” she said, as she glanced into the pages of Solomon’s Song. “I mean the synopsis at the head of each chapter, explaining away the real nature of that rhapsody. You needn’t be alarmed; nobody claims inspiration for the chapter headings. Indeed, many divines treat them with contempt. It seems the drollest thing to think of the four-and-twenty elders or bishops, or whatever number they were, sitting with long faces and writing down such misinformation.”

Jude looked pained. “You are quite Voltairian!” he murmured.

“Am I? Then I won’t say any more, except that people have no right to falsify the Bible. I *hate* such humbug as could attempt to plaster over with ecclesiastical abstractions such ecstatic, natural, human love as lies in that great and passionate song!” Her speech had grown spirited, and almost petulant, at his rebuke, and her eyes moist. “I wish I had a friend here to support me; but nobody is ever on my side.”

“But, my dear Sue, my very dear Sue, I am not against you!” he said, taking her hand, and surprised at her introducing personal feeling into mere argument.

“Yes, you are! yes, you are!” she cried, turning away her face, that he might not see her brimming eyes. “You are on the side of the people in the Training-School; at least, you seem almost to be. What I insist on is that to explain such verses as this, ‘Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women?’ by the note, ‘*The Church professeth her faith,*’ is supremely ridiculous.”

“Well, then, let it be. You make such a personal matter of everything! I am—only too inclined just now to apply the words profanely. You know *you* are fairest among women to me, come to that.”

“But you are not to say it now,” she replied, her voice changing to its softest

note of severity. Then their eyes met, and they shook hands like cronies in a tavern, and Jude saw the absurdity of quarrelling on such a hypothetical subject, and she the silliness of crying about what was written in an old book like the Bible.

“I won’t disturb your convictions—I really won’t,” she went on, soothingly, for now he was rather more ruffled than she. “But I did want and long to ennoble some man to high aims; and when I saw you, and knew you to be my cousin, I—shall I confess it?—thought that man might be you. But you take so much tradition on trust that I don’t know what to say.”

“Well, dear, I suppose one must take some things on trust. Life isn’t long enough to work out everything in Euclid problems before you believe it. I take Christianity.”

“Well, perhaps you might take something worse.”

“Indeed I might. Perhaps I have done so.” He thought of Arabella.

“I won’t ask what, because we are going to be nice with each other, aren’t we, and never, never vex each other any more?” She looked caressingly and trustfully at him.

“I shall always care for you?” said Jude.

“And I for you. Because you are good, and single-hearted, and forgiving to your faulty and tiresome little cousin.”

He looked away, for that epicene tenderness of hers was too harrowing. If he could only get over the sense of her sex, as she seemed to be able to do so easily of his, what a comrade she would make! For—possibly because of their relationship—their differences of opinion on conjectural subjects only drew them closer together on matters of daily human experience. She was nearer to him than any other woman he had ever met, and he could scarcely believe that time, creed, or absence would ever divide him from her.

But his grief at her incredulities returned. They sat on till she fell asleep again, and he nodded in his chair likewise. Whenever he aroused himself he turned her things, and made up the fire anew. About six o’clock he awoke completely, and lighting a candle, found that her clothes were dry. Her chair being a far more comfortable one than his, she

still slept on, inside his great-coat, looking warm as a new bunn and boyish as a Ganymede. Placing the garments by her, and touching her on the shoulder, he went down stairs and washed himself by starlight in the yard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN he returned she was dressed as usual.

"Now, could I get out without anybody seeing me?" she asked. "The town is not yet astir."

"But you have had no breakfast."

"Oh, I don't want any. I fear I ought not to have run away from that school. Things seem so different in the cold light of morning, don't they? What Mr. Philotson will say I don't know. It was quite by his wish that I went there. He is the only man in the world for whom I have any respect or fear. I hope he'll forgive me; but he'll scold me dreadfully, I expect."

"I'll go to him and explain—" began Jude.

"Oh no, you sha'n't! I don't care for him. He may think what he likes. I shall do just as I choose!"

"But you just this moment said—"

"I know I did. But I shall do as I like for all him! I have thought of what I shall do—go to the sister of one of my fellow-students in the Training-School, who has asked me to visit her. She has a school near Shaston, about eighteen miles from here, and I shall stay there till this has blown over, and I get back to the Training-School again."

At the last moment he persuaded her to let him make her a cup of coffee, in a portable apparatus he kept in his room for use on rising to go to his work every day before the household was astir.

"Now a dew-bit to eat with it," he said, "and off we go. You can have a regular breakfast when you get there."

They went quietly out of the house, Jude accompanying her to the station. As they departed along the street a head was softly thrust out of an upper window, and quickly withdrawn. Sue still seemed sorry for her rashness, and to wish she had not rebelled, telling him at parting that she would let him know as soon as she got readmitted to the Training-School. They stood rather miserably together on the platform, and it was apparent that he wanted to say more.

"I want to tell you something—two things," he said, hurriedly, as the train came up. "One is a warm one, the other a cold one!"

"Jude," she said, "I know one of them. And you mustn't."

"What?"

"You mustn't love me. You are to like me—that's all."

Jude's face became so full of complicated glooms that hers was agitated in sympathy as she bade him adieu through the carriage window. And then the train moved on; and waving her pretty hand to him, she vanished away.

Melchester was a dismal place enough for Jude that Sunday of her departure, and the Close so hateful that he did not go once to the Cathedral services. The next morning there came a letter from her, which, with her usual promptitude, she had written directly she had reached her friend's house. She told him of her safe arrival and comfortable quarters, and then added:

"What I really write about, dear Jude, is something I said to you at parting. You had been so very good and kind to me that when you were out of sight I felt what a cruel and ungrateful woman I was to say it, and it has reproached me ever since. *If you want to love me, Jude, you may*; I don't mind at all; and I'll never say again that you mustn't!

"Now I won't write any more about that. You do forgive your thoughtless cousin for her cruelty? and won't make her miserable by saying you don't?

Ever,

SUE."

It would be superfluous to say what his answer was, and how he thought what he would have done had he been free, which should have rendered a long residence with a female friend quite unnecessary for Sue. He felt he might have been pretty sure of his own victory if it had come to a conflict between Phillotson and himself for the possession of her.

Yet Jude was possibly attaching more meaning to Sue's impulsive note than it really was intended to bear.

After the lapse of a few days he found himself hoping that she would write again. But he received no further communication; and in the intensity of his solitude he sent another note, suggesting that he should pay her a visit some Sun-

day, the distance being under eighteen miles.

He expected a reply on the second morning after despatching his missive, but none came. The third morning arrived: the postman did not stop. This was Saturday, and in a feverish state of anxiety about her he sent off three brief lines, stating that he was coming the following day, for he felt sure something had happened.

His first and natural thought had been that she was ill from her immersion; but it soon occurred to him that somebody would have written for her in such a case. Conjectures were put an end to by his arrival at the village school-house near Shaston on the bright morning of Sunday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the parish was as vacant as a desert, most of the inhabitants having gathered inside the church, whence their voices could occasionally be heard in unison.

A little girl opened the door. "Miss Bridehead is upstairs," she said. "And will you please walk up to her?"

"Is she ill?" asked Jude, hastily.

"Only a little—not very."

Jude entered and ascended. On reaching the landing a voice told him which way to turn—the voice of Sue calling his name. He passed the doorway, and found her lying in a little bed in a room a dozen feet square.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried, sitting down beside her and taking her hand. "How is this? You couldn't write?"

"No—it wasn't that," she answered. "I did catch a bad cold—but I could have written. Only I wouldn't!"

"Why not? Frightening me like this!"

"Yes—that was what I was afraid of. But I had decided not to write to you any more. They won't have me back at the school—that's why I couldn't write. Not the fact, but the reason."

"Well?"

"They not only won't have me, but they give me a parting piece of advice—"

"What?"

"I vowed I never would tell you, Jude—it is so vulgar and distressing."

"Is it about us?"

"Yes. Somebody has sent them baseless reports about us, and they say—you and I ought to marry as soon as possible, for the sake of my reputation! There—now I have told you, and I wish I hadn't."

"Oh, poor Sue!"

"I don't think of you like that means. It never occurred to me to regard you in the way they think I do. I never had such an idea. My marrying you, dear Jude—why, of course, if I could have cared about marrying you I shouldn't have come to you so often. And I never supposed you thought of such a thing as marrying me till—the other evening, when I began to fancy you did love me a little. Perhaps I ought not to have been so intimate with you. It is all my fault. Everything is my fault always."

The sense that their sex was dividing them caused them to regard each other with a mutual distress.

"I was so blind at first," she went on. "I didn't see what you felt at all. Oh, you have been unkind to me—you have—to look upon me as a sweetheart without saying a word, and leaving me to discover it myself. Your attitude to me has become known; and naturally they think we've been doing wrong. I'll never trust you again."

"Sue," he said, simply, "I am to blame—more than you think. I was quite aware that you did not suspect till within the last meeting or two what I was feeling about you. But don't you think I deserve a little consideration for concealing my wrong, very wrong, sentiments, since I couldn't help having them?"

She turned her eyes doubtfully towards him, and then looked away, as if afraid she might forgive him.

By every law of nature and affection a kiss was the only rejoinder that fitted the mood and the moment, under the suasion of which Sue's undemonstrative regard of him might not inconceivably have changed its expression. Some men would have cast scruples to the winds and ventured it, oblivious both of Sue's declaration of her neutral feelings, and of the pair of autographs in the vestry chest of Arabella's parish church. Jude did not. He had, in fact, come in part to tell his own fatal story. It was upon his lips; yet at the hour of this distress he could not disclose it. He preferred to dwell upon the recognized barriers between them.

"Of course—I know you don't—care about me in any particular way," he said, huskily. "You ought not, and you are right. You belong to—Mr. Phillotson. I suppose he has been to see you?"

"Yes," she said, shortly, her face chan-

ging a little. "Though I didn't ask him to come. You are glad, of course, that he has been. But I shouldn't care if he didn't come any more."

It was very perplexing to her cousin that she should be piqued at his honest acquiescence in his rival, if Jude's feelings of love were deprecated by her. He went on to something else.

"This will blow over, dear Sue," he said. "The Training-School authorities are not all the world. You can get to be a student in some other, no doubt."

"I'll ask Mr. Phillotson," she said, decisively.

Sue's kind hostess now returned from church, and there was no more intimate conversation. Jude left in the afternoon, hopelessly unhappy. But he had seen her, and sat with her. Such intercourse as that would have to content him for the remainder of his life. The lesson of renunciation it was necessary and proper that he, as a parish priest, should learn.

But the next morning when he awoke he felt rather vexed with her, and decided that she was rather unreasonable, not to say capricious. Then, in illustration of what he had begun to discern as one of her redeeming characteristics, there came promptly a note, which she must have written almost immediately he had gone from her:

"Forgive me for my petulance yesterday! I was horrid to you; I know it, and I feel perfectly miserable at my horridness. It was so dear of you not to be angry! Jude, please still keep me as your friend and associate, with all my faults. I'll try not to be like it again.

"I am coming to Melchester on Saturday to get my things away from the T. S., etc. I could walk with you for half an hour, if you would like?

Your repentant SUE."

Jude forgave her straightway, and asked her to call for him at the Cathedral works when she came.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEANWHILE a middle-aged man was dreaming a dream of great beauty concerning the writer of the above letter. He was Richard Phillotson, who had recently removed from the mixed village school at Lumsdon, near Christminster, to undertake a large boys' school in his native

town of Shaston, sixty miles to the southwest as the crow flies.

Shaston, the ancient British Palladour, sung by Drayton and Barnes, was, and is, in itself, the city of a dream. Vague imaginings of its castle, its three mints, its magnificent apsidal abbey, the chief glory of Wessex, its twelve churches, its shrines, chantries, hospitals, its gabled freestone mansions—all now ruthlessly swept away—throw the visitor, even against his will, into a pensive melancholy which the stimulating atmosphere and limitless landscape can scarcely dispel. The spot was the burial-place of a king and a queen, of abbots and abbesses, saints and bishops, knights and squires. The bones of King Edward "the Martyr," carefully removed hither for holy preservation, brought Shaston a renown which made it the resort of pilgrims from every part, and enabled it to maintain a reputation extending far beyond English shores. To this fair creation of the great Middle Age the Dissolution was the death-knell. With the destruction of the enormous abbey the whole place collapsed in a general ruin; the Martyr's bones met with the fate of the abbey that held them, and not a stone is now left to tell where they lie.

The natural picturesqueness and singularity of the town still remain; but, strange to say, these qualities, which were noted by many writers in ages when scenic beauty was not understood, have been passed over in this, and one of the queerest and quaintest spots in England stands virtually unvisited to-day.

It has a unique position on the summit of an almost perpendicular scarp, rising on the north, south, and west sides of the borough out of the deep alluvial Vale of Blackmoor, the view from the Castle Green over three counties of verdant pasture—South, Mid, and Nether Wessex—being as sudden a surprise to the unexpectant traveller's eyes as the medicinal air is to his lungs. Impossible to a railway, it can best be reached on foot; next best by light vehicles; and it is hardly accessible to these but by a sort of isthmus on the northeast, that connects it with the high chalk table-land on that side.

Such is, and such was, the now world-forgotten Shaston, or Palladour. Its situation rendered water the great want of the town; and within living memory horses, donkeys, and men may have been

seen toiling up the winding ways to the top of the steep, laden with tubs and barrels filled from the wells beneath the mountain, and hawkers retailing their contents at the price of a halfpenny a bucketful.

This difficulty in the water-supply, together with two other odd facts, namely, that the chief graveyard slopes up as steeply as a roof behind the church, and that in former times the town had a curious period of corruption, conventual or domestic, gave rise to the saying that Shaston was remarkable for three comforts: It was a place where the churchyard was nearer heaven than the church steeple, where beer was more plentiful than water, and where light women were more numerous than strict ones. It is also said that in the Middle Ages the inhabitants were too poor to pay their priests, and hence were compelled to pull down their churches and refrain from public worship. Altogether the Shastonians seem not to have been devoid of a sense of humor.

There was another peculiarity—this a modern one—which Shaston appeared to owe to its site. It was the resting-place and headquarters of the proprietors of wandering vans, shows, shooting-galleries, and other itinerant concerns, whose business lay largely at fairs and markets. As strange wild birds are seen assembled on some lofty promontory, meditatively pausing for longer flights, or to return by the course they followed thither, so here, in this cliff town, stood in stultified silence the yellow and green caravans, bearing names not local, as if surprised by a change in the landscape so violent as to hinder their further progress; and here they usually remained all the winter, till they turned to seek again their old tracks in the following spring.

It was in this breezy and contrasting spot that Phillotson had settled after his years of residence in and near Christminster. A glance at the place and its accessories was almost enough to reveal that the schoolmaster's plans and dreams, so long indulged in, had been abandoned for some new dream, with which neither the Church nor literature had much in common. Essentially an unpractical man, he was now bent on making and saving money for a practical purpose—that of keeping a wife, who, if she chose, might conduct one of the girls' schools

adjoining his own, for which purpose he had advised her to go into training, since she would not marry him off-hand.

About the time that Jude was removing from Marygreen to Melchester, and entering on adventures at the latter place with Sue, the schoolmaster was settling down in the new school-house. All the furniture being fixed, the books shelved, and the nails driven, he had begun to sit in his parlor during the dark winter nights and reattempt some of his old studies—one branch of which had included Roman-Britannic antiquities—an unremunerative labor for a National School master, but a subject that, after his abandonment of the University scheme, had interested him as being a comparatively unworked mine; practicable to those who, like himself, had lived in lonely spots where these remains were abundant, and were seen to compel inferences in startling contrast to accepted views on the civilization of that time.

A resumption of this investigation was the outward and apparent hobby of Phillotson at present—his ostensible reason for going alone into fields where causeways, dikes, and tumuli abounded, or shutting himself up in his house with a few urns, tiles, and mosaics he had collected, instead of calling round upon his new neighbors, who, for their part, had showed themselves willing enough to be friendly with him. But it was not the real, or the whole, reason, after all. Thus on a particular evening in the month, when it had grown quite late—to near midnight, indeed—and the light of his lamp, shining from his window at a salient angle of the hill-top town over infinite miles of valley westward, announced as by words a place and person given over to study, he was not exactly studying.

The interior of the room—the books, the furniture, the schoolmaster's loose coat, his attitude at the table, even the flickering of the fire, bespoke the same dignified tale of undistracted research—more than creditable to a man who had had no advantages beyond those of his own making. And yet the tale, true enough till latterly, was not true now. What he was regarding was not history. They were historic notes, written in a bold womanly hand at his dictation some months before, and it was the clerical rendering of word after word that absorbed him.

He presently took from a drawer a care-

fully tied bundle of letters—few, very few, as correspondence counts nowadays. Each was in its envelope just as it had arrived, and the handwriting was of the same womanly character as the historic notes. He unfolded them one by one, and read them musingly. At first sight there seemed in these small documents to be absolutely nothing to muse over. They were straightforward, frank letters, signed “Sue B—”; just such ones as would be written during short absences, with no other thought than their speedy destruction, and chiefly concerning books in reading and other experiences of a Training-School, forgotten doubtless by the writer with the passing of the day of their inditing. In one of them—quite a recent note—the young woman said that she had received his considerate letter, and that it was honorable and generous of him to say he would not come to see her oftener than she desired (by reason of the school being such an awkward place for callers, and of her strong wish that her engagement to him should not be known, which it would infallibly be if he visited her often). Over these phrases the schoolmaster pored. What precise shade of satisfaction was to be gathered from a woman’s gratitude that the man who loved her had not been often to see her? The problem occupied him, distracted him.

He opened another drawer, and found therein an envelope, from which he drew a photograph of Sue as a child, long before he had known her, standing under trellis-work with a little basket in her hand. There was another of her, as a young woman, her dark eyes and hair making a very distinct and attractive picture of her, which just disclosed, too, the thoughtfulness that lay behind her lighter moods. Phillotson brought it half-way to his lips, but withdrew it in doubt at her perplexing phrases, ultimately kissing the dead pasteboard with all the passionateness and more than all the devotion of a young man of eighteen.

The schoolmaster’s was an unhealthy-looking, old-fashioned face, rendered more old-fashioned by his style of shaving; and it was full of an anxious gentlemanliness imparted by nature, and suggesting an inherent wish to do rightly by all. His speech was a little slow, but his tones were sincere enough to make his hesitation no defect. His graying hair was curly, and radiated from a point in the

middle of his crown. There were four lines across his forehead, and he only wore spectacles when reading at night. It was almost certainly a renunciation forced upon him by his academic purpose, rather than a distaste for them, which had hitherto kept him from closing with one of the sex in matrimony.

Such silent proceedings as those of this evening were repeated many and oft times when he was not under the eye of the boys, whose quick and penetrating regard would frequently become almost intolerable to the self-conscious master in his present anxious care for Sue, making him, in the gray hours of morning, dread to meet anew the gimlet glances, lest they should read what the dream within him was.

He had honorably acquiesced in Sue’s announced wish that he was not often to visit her at the Training-School; but at length, his patience being sorely tried, he set out one Saturday afternoon to pay her an unexpected call. There the news of her departure—expulsion, as it might almost have been considered—was flashed upon him without warning or mitigation as he stood at the door, expecting in a few minutes to behold her face; and when he turned away he could hardly see the road before him.

Sue had, in fact, never written a line to her suitor on the subject, although it was fourteen days old. A short reflection told him that this proved nothing, a natural delicacy being as ample a reason for silence as any degree of blameworthiness.

They had informed him at the school where she was living, and having no immediate anxiety about her comfort, his thoughts took the direction of a burning indignation against the Training-School Committee. In his bewilderment Phillotson entered the adjacent Cathedral, just now in a direly dismantled state by reason of the repairs. He sat down on a block of Tisbury stone, regardless of the dusty imprint it made on his breeches; and his listless eyes following the movements of the workmen, he presently became aware that the reputed culprit, Sue’s cousin, was one amongst them.

Jude had never spoken to his former exemplar since the meeting by the model of Jerusalem. Having inadvertently witnessed Phillotson’s tentative courtship of Sue in the lane, there had grown up in

the young man's mind a curious dislike to think of the elder, to meet him, to communicate in any way with him; and since Phillotson's success in obtaining at least her promise had become known to Jude, he had frankly recognized that he did not wish to see or hear of his senior any more, learn anything of his pursuits, or imagine what excellencies might appertain to his character. On this very day of the schoolmaster's visit Jude was expecting Sue, as she had promised, and when therefore he saw the schoolmaster in the nave of the building, saw, moreover, that he was coming to speak to him, he felt no little embarrassment, which Phillotson's own embarrassment, however, prevented his observing.

Jude joined him, and they both withdrew from the other workmen to the spot where Phillotson had been sitting, Jude offering him a piece of sackcloth for a cushion, and telling him it was dangerous to sit on the bare block.

"Yes, yes," said Phillotson, abstractedly, as he reseated himself, his eyes resting on the ground, as if he were trying to remember where he was. "I won't keep you long. It was merely that I have heard that you have seen my little friend Sue recently. It occurred to me to speak to you on that account. I merely want to ask—about her."

"I think I know what," Jude hurriedly said. "About her escaping from the Training-School, and her coming to me?"

"Yes."

"Well—" Jude for a moment felt an unprincipled and fiendish wish to annihilate his rival at all cost. By the exercise of that treachery which love for the same woman renders possible to men the most honorable in every other relation of life, he could send off Phillotson in agony and defeat by saying that the scandal was true, and that Sue had irretrievably committed herself to him. But his action did not respond for a moment to his animal instinct; and what he said was: "I am glad of your kindness in coming to talk plainly to me about it. For what they say is that I ought to marry her."

"What!"

"I wish with all my soul I could!"

Phillotson trembled, and his naturally pale face grew sharp in its lines. "I had no idea that it was of this nature! God forbid!"

"No, no!" said Jude, aghast. "I thought you understood. I mean that were I in a position to marry her, or some one, and settle down, instead of living in lodgings here and there, I should be glad!"

What he had really meant was simply that he loved her.

"But—since this painful matter has been opened up—what really happened?" asked Phillotson, with the firmness of a man who felt that a sharp smart now was better than a long agony of suspense hereafter. "Cases arise, and this is one, when even ungenerous questions must be put, to make false assumptions impossible and to kill scandal."

Jude explained readily, giving the whole series of adventures, including the night at the shepherd's, her wet arrival at his lodging, her indisposition from her immersion, their vigil of discussion, and his seeing her off next morning.

"Well, now," said Phillotson, at the conclusion, "I take it as your final word, and I know I can believe you, that the suspicion which led to her rustication is an absolutely baseless one."

"It is," said Jude, solemnly. "Absolutely. So help me God!"

The schoolmaster rose. Each of the twain felt that the interview could not comfortably merge in a friendly discussion of their recent experiences after the manner of friends; and when Jude had taken him round, and shown him some features of the renovation which the old Cathedral was undergoing, Phillotson bade the young man good-day and went away.

This visit took place about eleven o'clock in the morning; but no Sue appeared. When Jude went to his dinner, at one, he saw ahead of him, in the street leading up from the North Gate, his cousin herself, walking as if in no way looking for him. Speedily overtaking her, he remarked that he had asked her to come to him at the Cathedral, and she had promised.

"I have been to get my things from the College," she said—an observation which he was expected to take as an answer, though it was not one. Finding her to be in this evasive mood, he felt inclined to give her the information so long withheld.

"You have not seen Mr. Phillotson to-day?" he ventured to inquire.

"I have not. But I am not going to

be cross-examined; and if you ask anything more I won't answer."

"It is very odd that—" He stopped, regarding her.

"What?"

"That you are never so nice in your real presence as you are in your letters."

"Does it really seem so to you?" said she, smiling with quick curiosity. "Well, that is strange; but I feel just the same about you, Jude. When you are gone away I seem such a cold-hearted—"

As she knew his sentiment towards her, Jude saw that they were getting upon dangerous ground. It was now, he thought, that he must speak as an honest man.

But he did not speak, and she continued: "It was that which made me write and say—I didn't mind your loving me—if you wanted to, much!"

The exultation he might have felt at what that implied, or seemed to imply, was nullified by his intention, and he rested rigid till he began, "I have never told you—"

"Yes, you have," murmured she.

"I mean, I have never told you my history—all of it."

"But I guess it. I know nearly."

Jude looked up. Could she possibly know of that morning performance of his with Arabella, which in a few months had ceased to be a marriage more completely than by death? He saw that she did not.

"I can't quite tell you here in the street," he went on, with a gloomy tongue. "And you had better not come to my lodgings. Let us go in here."

The building by which they stood was the market-house; it was the only place available; and they entered, the market being over, and the stalls and areas empty. He would have preferred a more congenial spot, but, as usually happens, in place of a romantic field or solemn aisle for his tale, it was told while they walked up and down over a floor littered with rotten cabbage leaves, and amid all the usual squalors of decayed vegetable matter and unsaleable refuse. He began and finished his brief narrative, which merely led up to the information that his wife was living still. Almost before her countenance had time to change she spoke.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I couldn't. It seemed so cruel to tell it."

"To yourself, Jude. So it was better to be cruel to me."

"No, dear darling!" cried Jude, passionately. He tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it. Their old relations of confidence seemed suddenly to have ended, and the antagonisms of sex to sex were left without any counterpoising predilections. She was his comrade, friend, unconscious sweetheart, no longer, and her eyes regarded him in passionate silence. "I was ashamed of the episode in my life which brought about the marriage," he continued. "I can't explain it precisely now. I could have done it if you had taken it differently."

"But how can I? Here I have been saying or writing that—that you might love me, or something of the sort—just out of charity—and all the time— Oh, it is perfectly damnable how things are!" she said, stamping her foot passionately.

"You take me wrong, Sue. I never thought you cared for me at all till quite lately, so I felt it did not matter. Do you care for me, Sue? You know how I mean? I don't like 'out of charity' at all."

It was a question which in the circumstances Sue did not choose to answer.

"I suppose she—your wife—is—a very pretty woman, even if she's wicked?" she asked.

"She's pretty enough, as far as that goes."

"Prettier than I am, no doubt."

"You are not the least alike. And I have never seen her for years."

"How strange of you to stay apart from her like this! You, such a religious man! How will the demigods in your Pantheon—I mean those legendary frumps you call Saints—intercede for you after this? Now if I had done such a thing, it would have been different, and not remarkable, for I at least don't regard marriage as a Sacrament. Your theories are not so advanced as your practice, dear old Churchman!"

"Sue, you are terribly cutting when you like to be—a perfect Voltaire! But you must treat me as you will."

When she saw how wretched he was she softened, and trying to blink away her sympathetic tears, said, with all the winning reproachfulness of a heart-wounded woman: "Ah, you should have told me before you gave me that idea that you wanted to be allowed to love me! I had no feeling before that moment at the railway station, except—" For once Sue

was as miserable as he—in her attempts to keep herself free from emotion, and her less than half success.

They were quite screened from the Market Square without, and he could not help putting out his arm towards her waist. His momentary desire was the means of her rallying. "No, no!" she said, drawing back stringently. "Of course not. It would be hypocrisy to pretend that it would be allowed as from my cousin, and it can't be in any other way."

They moved on a dozen paces, and she showed herself recovered. It was distracting to Jude, and his heart would have ached less had she appeared anyhow but as she did appear—essentially large-minded and generous on reflection, despite a previous exercise of petty womanly humors on impulse; a woman with not a throb more of the animal in her than was necessary to give her sex.

"I don't blame you for what you couldn't help," she said, smiling. "How should I be so foolish! I do blame you a little bit for not telling me before. But, after all, it doesn't matter. We should have had to keep apart, you see, even if this had not been in your life."

"No, we shouldn't, Sue. This is the only obstacle."

"You forget that I must have loved you, and wanted to be your wife, even if there had been no obstacle," said Sue, with a gentle seriousness which did not reveal her mind. "And then we are cousins, and it is bad for cousins to marry. And—I am engaged to somebody else. As to our going on together as we were going, in a sort of friendly way, the people round us would have made it unable to continue. Their views of the relations of man and woman are narrow, as is proved by their expelling me from the school. Their philosophy only recognizes relations based on animal attraction. The wide field of strong attachment where desire plays at least only a secondary part is ignored by them—the part of—who is it?—Venus Urania."

Her being able to talk learnedly showed that she was mistress of herself again, and before they parted she had almost regained her speaking, vivacious eyes, her reciprocity of tone, her gay manner, and her attitude of critical largeness towards others of her age and sex.

He could speak more freely now. "There were several reasons against my

telling you rashly. One was what I said; another, that it was always impressed upon me that I ought not to marry—that I belonged to an odd and peculiar family—the wrong breed for marriage."

"Ah—who used to say that to you?"

"My great-aunt. She said it always ended badly with us Fawleys."

"That's strange. My father used to say the same to me."

They stood possessed by the same thought, ugly enough, even as an assumption: that a union between them, had such been possible, would have meant a terrible intensification of unfitnesses—two bitters in one dish.

"Oh, but there can't be anything in it!" she said, with nervous lightness. "Our family have been unlucky of late years in choosing mates—that's all."

And then they tried to persuade themselves that all that had happened was of no consequence, and that they could still be cousins and friends and warm correspondents, and have happy, genial times when they met, even if they met less frequently than before. Their parting was in good friendship, and yet Jude's last look into her eyes was tinged with inquiry, for he felt that he did not even now quite know her mind.

CHAPTER XXV.

TIDINGS from Sue a day or two after passed across Jude like a withering blast.

Before reading the letter he was led to suspect that its contents were of a somewhat serious kind by catching sight of the signature, which was in her full name, never used in her correspondence with him since her first note:

"MY DEAR JUDE,—I have something to tell you which perhaps you will not be surprised to hear, though certainly it may strike you as being accelerated (as the railway companies say of their trains). Mr. Phillotson and I are to be married quite soon—in three or four weeks. We had intended, as you know, to wait till I had gone through my course of training and obtained my certificate, so as to assist him if necessary in the teaching. But he generously says he does not see any object in waiting, now I am not at the Training-School. It is so good of him, because the awkwardness of my situation has really come about by my fault in getting expelled.

"Wish me joy. Remember I say you are to, and you mustn't refuse.

Your affectionate cousin,
SUSAN FLORENCE MARY BRIDEHEAD."

Jude staggered under the news, could eat no breakfast, and kept on drinking tea because his mouth was so dry. Then presently he went back to his work, and laughed the usual bitter laugh of a man so confronted. Everything seemed turning to satire. And yet what could the poor girl do? he asked himself, and felt worse than shedding tears.

"Oh, Susan Florence Mary!" he said, as he worked. "You don't know what marriage means."

Could it be possible that his announcement of his own marriage had spurred her on to this? To be sure, there seemed to exist these other and sufficient reasons, practical and social, for her decision; but Sue was not a very practical or calculating person, and he was compelled to think that a little pique at having his secret sprung upon her had moved her to give way to Phillotson's probable representations that the best course to prove how unfounded were the suspicions of the school authorities would be to marry him off-hand, as in fulfilment of an ordinary engagement. Sue had, in fact, been placed in an awkward corner. Poor Sue!

He determined to make the best of it, and support her; but he could not write the requested good wishes for a day or two. Meanwhile there came another note from his impatient little dear:

"Jude, will you give me away? I have nobody else who could do it so conveniently as you, being the only married relation I have here on the spot, even if my father were friendly enough to be willing, which he isn't. I hope you won't think it a trouble. I have been looking at the marriage service in the Prayer-book, and it seems to me very humiliating that a giver-away should be required at all. According to the ceremony as there printed, my bridegroom chooses me of his own will and pleasure; but I don't choose him. Somebody *gives* me to him, like a she-ass or a she-goat, or any other domestic animal. Bless your exalted views of woman, O Churchman! But I forget; I am no longer privileged to tease you.

Ever,

SUSAN FLORENCE MARY BRIDEHEAD."

Jude screwed himself up to heroic key, and replied:

"MY DEAR SUE,—Of course I wish you joy. And also of course I will give you away. What I suggest is that, as you have no house of your own, you do not marry from your friend's, but from mine. It would be more proper, I think, since I am, as you say, the person nearest related to you in this part of the world.

"I don't see why you sign your letter in such a new and terribly formal way. Surely you care a bit about me still!

Ever your affectionate

JUDE."

What had jarred on him even more than the signature was a little sting he had been silent on—the phrase "married relation." What an idiot it made him seem as her lover! If Sue had written that in satire he could hardly forgive her; if in suffering—ah, that was another thing!

His offer of his lodging must have commended itself to both Sue and Phillotson, for they each sent him a line of warm thanks, accepting the convenience. Jude immediately moved into more commodious quarters, as much to escape the espionage of the suspicious landlady who had been one cause of the unpleasant experience of poor Sue as for the sake of room.

Then Sue wrote to tell him the day fixed for the wedding; and Jude decided, after inquiry, that she should come into residence on the following Saturday, which would allow of a ten days' stay in the city prior to the ceremony, sufficiently representing a nominal residence of fifteen.

She arrived by the ten-o'clock train on the day aforesaid, Jude not going to meet her at the station, by her special request, that he should not lose a morning's work and pay, she said (if this were her true reason). But so well by this time did he know Sue that the remembrance of their mutual sensitiveness at emotional crises might, he thought, have weighed with her in this. When he came home to dinner she had taken possession of her apartment.

She lived in the same house with him, but on a different floor, and they saw each other little, an occasional supper being the only meal they took together,

when Sue's manner was something that of a scared child. What she felt he did not know. Their conversation was mechanical, though she did not look pale or ill. Phillotson came frequently, but mostly when Jude was absent. On the morning of the wedding, when Jude had given himself a holiday, Sue and her cousin had breakfasted together for the first and last time during this curious interval, in his room—the parlor—which he had hired for the period of Sue's residence. Seeing, as women do, how helpless he was in making the place comfortable, she bustled about.

"What's the matter, Jude?" she said, suddenly.

He was leaning with his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands, looking into a futurity which seemed to be sketched out on the table-cloth.

"Oh—nothing."

"You are 'father,' you know. That's what they call the man who gives you away."

Jude could have said, "Phillotson's age entitles him to be called that," but he would not annoy her by such a cheap retort.

She talked incessantly, as if she dreaded his indulgence in reflection, and before the meal was over both he and she wished they had not put such confidence in their new view of things, and had taken breakfast apart. What oppressed Jude was the thought that, having done a wrong thing of this sort himself, he was aiding and abetting the woman he loved in doing a like wrong thing, instead of imploring and warning her against it. It was on his tongue to say, "You have quite made up your mind?"

After breakfast they went out on an errand together, moved by a mutual thought that it was the last opportunity they would have of indulging in uncerecermonious companionship. By the irony of fate, and the curious trick in Sue's nature of tempting Providence at critical times, she took his arm as they walked through the muddy street—a thing she had never done before in her life—and on turning the corner they found themselves close to a gray Perpendicular church with a low-pitched roof—the Church of St. Thomas.

"That's the church," said Jude.

"Where I am going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with curiosity. "How I should like to go in and see what the spot is like where I am so soon to kneel and do it!"

He passively acquiesced, and they entered by the western door. The only person inside the gloomy building was a char-woman cleaning. Sue still held Jude's arm, almost as if she loved him. Cruelly sweet indeed she had been to him that morning, but his thoughts of a penance in store for her ran side by side with some modern lines:

"Plot as I may, I can find no way
How a blow should fall, such as falls on men,
Nor prove too much for your womanhood."

They strolled undemonstratively up the nave towards the altar railing, which they surveyed in silence, turning then and walking down the nave again, her hand still on his arm, precisely like a couple just married. The too-suggestive incident, entirely of her making, nearly broke down Jude.

"I like to do things like this," she said, in a reflective and tender voice, which left no doubt that she spoke the truth.

"I know you do!" said Jude.

"They are interesting because one never plans them beforehand. I shall walk down the church like this with my husband in about two hours, sha'n't I?"

"No doubt you will."

"Was it like this when you were married?"

"Good God, Sue—don't be so awfully merciless! . . . There, dear one, I didn't mean it."

"Ah—you are vexed," she said, looking askance as her eyes began to brim. "And I promised never to vex you! . . . I suppose I ought not to have asked you to bring me in here. Oh, I oughtn't! I see it now. My curiosity to hunt up a new sensation always leads me into these scrapes. Forgive me. . . . You will, won't you, Jude."

The appeal was so remorseful that Jude's eyes were even wetter than hers as he pressed her hand for Yes.

"Now we'll hurry away, and I won't do it any more," she continued, humbly; and they came out of the building, Sue intending to go on to the station to meet Phillotson. But the first person they encountered on entering the main street was the schoolmaster himself, whose train had arrived sooner than Sue expected. There was nothing really to demur to in her leaning on Jude's arm; but she withdrew

her hand, and Jude thought that Phillotson had looked surprised.

"We have been doing such a funny thing!" said she, smiling candidly. "We've been to the church, rehearsing, as it were. Haven't we, Jude?"

"How?" said Phillotson, curiously.

Jude deplored what he thought to be unnecessary frankness; but she had gone too far not to explain all, which she accordingly did.

"I am going to buy her another little present," said Jude, as cheerfully as he could. "Will you both come to the shop with me?"

"No," said Sue; "I'll go on to the house with him." And requesting her cousin not to be a long time, she departed with the schoolmaster.

Jude soon joined them at his rooms, and shortly after they prepared for the ceremony. Phillotson's hair was brushed to a painful extent, and his shirt collar appeared stiffer than it had been for the previous twenty years. Beyond this he looked dignified and thoughtful, and altogether a man of whom it was safe to predicate that he would make a kind and considerate husband. That he adored Sue was obvious; and she could almost be seen to feel that she was undeserving his adoration.

Although the distance was so short, he had hired a fly from the Red Lion, and six or seven women and children had gathered by the door when they came out. The schoolmaster and Sue were unknown, though Jude was getting to be recognized as a citizen; and the couple were judged to be some relations of his from a distance, nobody supposing Sue to have been a recent pupil at the Training-School.

In the carriage Jude took from his pocket his last little wedding-present, which turned out to be two or three yards of white tulle, which he threw over her, bonnet and all, as a veil.

"It looks so odd over a bonnet," she said. "I'll take the bonnet off."

"Oh no; let it stay," said Phillotson. And it remained.

When they had passed up the church, and were standing in their places, Jude found that the antecedent visit had certainly taken off the edge of this performance, but by the time they were half-way on with the service he wished from his heart that he had not undertaken the

business of giving her away. How could Sue have had the temerity to ask him to do it—a cruelty possibly to herself as well as to him? Women were different from men in such matters. Was it that they were, instead of more sensitive, as reputed, more callous and less romantic, or were they more heroic? Or was Sue simply so perverse that she wilfully gave herself and him pain for the odd and mournful luxury of practising long-suffering in her own person, and of being touched with tender pity at having made him practise it? He could perceive that her face was nervously set, and when they reached the trying ordeal of Jude giving her to Phillotson she could hardly command herself; mainly, however, as it seemed, from her knowledge of what her cousin must feel, whom she need not have had there at all, and not from self-regard. Possibly she would go on inflicting such pains again and again, and grieving for the sufferer again and again, in all her colossal inconsistency.

Phillotson seemed not to notice, to be surrounded by a mist which prevented his seeing the emotions of others. As soon as they had signed their names and come away, and the suspense was over, Jude felt relieved.

The meal at his lodging was a very simple affair, and at two o'clock they went away. In crossing the pavement to the fly she looked back, and there was a frightened light in her eyes. Could it be that Sue had acted with such unusual foolishness as to plunge into she knew not what for the sake of asserting her independence of him, of retaliating on him for his secrecy? Perhaps Sue was thus venturesome with men because she was childishly ignorant of that side of their natures which wore out women's hearts and lives.

When her foot was on the carriage step she turned round, saying that she had forgotten something. Jude and the landlady offered to get it.

"No," she said, running back; "it is my handkerchief. I know where I left it."

Jude followed her back. She had found it, and came holding it in her hand. She looked into his eyes with her own tearful ones, and her lips suddenly parted, as if she were going to say something. But she went on, and whatever she had meant to say remained unspoken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHE LOOKED INTO HIS EYES WITH HER OWN TEARFUL ONES."

See "Hearts Insurgent."

VENICE IN EASTER.
IMPRESSIONS AND SENSATIONS.
BY ARTHUR SYMONS.



COMING in the train from Milan, we seemed, for the last ten minutes, to be rushing straight into the sea. On each side of us was the water, stretching out vaguely under the pale evening light; nothing but water, and at first not a sign of land ahead. Then a wavering line, with dark ships, and thin shafts of rigging, came out against the horizon, like the first glimpse of an island; the line broadened, lights began to leap, one after another, out of the darkness, and a great warehouse, glowing like a furnace, grew up solidly out of the water. We were in Venice.

I had never been in Venice before, and in the excitement of the moment I resolved that I would find my way to St. Mark's unaided, through the labyrinth of streets and bridges. I had lost my guide-book in changing trains at Bâle; I did not even know in which direction to start; but I set out confidently, sure that St. Mark's would draw me, sooner or later, its own way. I walked fast, turning now to right, now to left, without knowing why; crossing little bridges, with their long, low, comfortable steps, seeing the black flash of a gondola round a sudden corner, under me, and down the vanishing waterway between tall houses; turn-

ing down narrow alleys, where two people could only just walk abreast, alleys which broadened all at once into vast empty squares; passing churches, from which came a sound of singing, and magical old houses with balconies, and brilliant-colored shops, where bright crowds were buying and selling, women in vivid shawls, who walked superbly, men in beautiful rags lounging against the wall and lying in doorways. I went on and on, turning back, trying another alley, and still the endless alleys seemed to reach out before me, and the bright crowds grew thinner and thinner; endless! and was I really going farther and farther away? I began to wonder; till, at last,

I turned back from a narrow street I had entered confidently enough, and confessed defeat by asking the way. It is true I confessed defeat; but I was unjust to myself, I was unjust to Venice. Straight on, they told me, up that very turning, and at the end of it, only a few steps... yes, at the end of it, only a few steps away, I found myself suddenly clear of all that coil of entangling alleys, which had seemed to be tightening around me like a snake: I came out into a great space, seeing for the first time a clear breadth of sky, and there, against the sky, there, before me, was St. Mark's!

I was glad to see Venice for the first time by night, and to come into it in just this casual fashion. A city is always at its best by night, and it is always at its best when you stray into it without intentions, merely taking what lies before you, and feasting on that. I had had my dreams of Venice, but I never fancied anything quite so impossible as what I really found. That first night, as I stared at the miraculous façade of St. Mark's, and the pale marble of the Doges' Palace, I seemed, after all, not to have left London, but to be still at the Alhambra, watching a marvellous ballet, a more marvellous *Aladdin*; and, in my favorite way, in the very midst of it, among

the glittering "properties," knocking at every step against bits of superb scenery, and, as my way is, losing none of the illusion by being so close to the frame-work of it. The Doges' Palace, in particular, looked like beautifully painted canvas, absolutely as if it were stretched on frames, and ready to be shunted into the wings for a fresh "set" to come forward as soon as you have turned your back and made way for a fresh audience. It is difficult to believe in Venice, most of all when you are there. It is one vast show-place, the stones of it and the people of it a finished, conscious work of art. Life at Venice is romantic and spectacular, somewhat too much so for the modern artist in life, who prefers to find his subject in what is generally thought uninteresting, and to give it interest by his manner of treating it. The modern spirit turns to La Bièvre, that desolate, fascinating stretch of crawling canal and dusty outskirts in Paris; to the attractive homeliness of Dieppe, where you get sudden effects of color and shade, which delight you partly because they are, after all, rare; to Islington, let us say, in London, with its dreary possibilities. But to live in Venice is like living in a room without a blind, in the full sunlight. Everything has been done, awaits you, enchants you, paralyzes you; the artistic effect is so enormous that it leaves you, if you have artistic intentions upon it, helpless. If you live too long in Venice you will become a romantic; you will discover that the picturesque has not entirely gone out of the world, or the effect of it out of your imagination. For *intimité*, and for workable artistic material in material things, go elsewhere; but come to Venice for the lyrical aspect of life; an aspect which will commend itself to a Décadent sense of things only be-

cause it has so much of the factitious in it.

And yet, after all—but perhaps it will only deepen your impression of the unreality of everything—the masque or ballet, you will soon find, is over. The scenery is still there, the lights have been left on; only the actors, the dancers, in that masque are gone. That is one reason of the melancholy, which is an element in the charm of Venice; but a certain sadness is inherent in the very sound and color of still water, and sadness must always have been a background of shadow, even at the most splendid moments of the masque. Now, when the whole city is asleep by midnight; when the great squares, by day and night, are too big for the biggest crowds that are ever to be found in them, and the great palaces too big for their owners; when you find palaces at every step, some of them quite neat, and lived in by the bourgeois, some of them mouldering and chipped and



ST. MARK'S AT NIGHT.

battered, with windows blocked up, and clothes hung out to dry on the carved balconies, lived in by the work-people—silence and desolation seem to have settled down like a cloud. Yes, the masque is over; the persons of the action are gone. But what is the use of people here, when the spectacle suffices? They seem an intrusion; and some of them, as they pass me on my way back, talk German tipsily. I prefer the stones of Venice.

II.

All Venice is a piece of superb, barbaric patch-work, in which the East and the West have an equal share. The lion of St. Mark's, with his head and shoulders in one piece, his hind quarters in another, is a symbol of the construction of Venice; just as the bronze horses, which have seen the downfall of Nero, the splendors of Constantinople, and, at Paris, the First Empire, are a symbol of its history. Venice, in one sense, is nearer to the East than it is to Italy; you are reminded of the East at every step; yet, after all, its interest is that it is really of the West, and has given a new touch of the fantastic to the fantasy which we call Oriental, yet which, in its own place, has a certain air of being at home, while here it frankly admits itself barbaric, a bastard. In the thirteenth century there was a law by which every Venetian merchant was obliged to bring back from his voyage something for the adornment of the basilica. Thus it is that St. Mark's is one vast mosaic, on which "the ends of the world are come." It is like an immense jewel, a piece of goldsmith's work, in which the exquisite and the fantastic are carried to the point of sublimity. Unlike other great churches, the beauty of St. Mark's is not so much structural as in ornament, ornament which seems, indeed, to become a part of the very substance. It is not for its proportions, for the actual science in stone of a Palladio or a Sansavino, that it comes to be the most beautiful church in the world, but because it has the changing colors of an opal, and the soft outlines of a living thing. It takes the reflection of every cloud, and, in certain lights, flushes into a rose, whitens to a lily. You enter, and there, before you, lies a vast pavement, stretching away in colored waves like a sea; above is a sky of pure gold, a jewelled sky, in which the colors and the

patterns are the history of the whole world. The gold, when the light strikes it, glitters in one part like rock-crystal, in another like gilt chain armor. Rosy lights play upon it, and the very vault dies away in soft fire. Yet it has nothing of the spiritual mysticism of a Gothic cathedral, like that extraordinarily dim and mysterious one at Barcelona. It is half temple, half mosque; it has the severity of an early Christian church, overlaid by the barbaric splendors of the East; and its splendors, too, are hieratic, in a strange and fantastic hierarchy which seems to partake of all the religions; where the beginnings of Christianity are seen visibly building themselves up out of the ruins of Paganism; where the rites of the Greek Church or of the Catholic would be equally in place. It is a church which is also the world, a little world into which everything enters; where everything that has human beauty, or curiosity, or value, is not too beautiful or valuable, and could in no way be inappropriate, for the Divine use. And St. Mark's has room, still, for all the world and all the Churches. Tourists walk about with their flaring Baedekers, listening to the chatter of guides; old people, with handkerchiefs over their heads, twisted like turbans, kneel with clasped hands and unconscious eyes; and the High Mass goes on in the choir, high above: you can see nothing, across the great barrier, only hear the voices chanting; and, in a side chapel, an old priest says his mass to a few devout persons. And nothing seems out of place—the priests, nor the tourists, nor the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire"; for here, as everywhere in Venice, all contradictions become beautifully right, and exist side by side, in some fine, fantastic unity of their own.

III.

The Easter ceremonies in St. Mark's this year were somewhat less splendid than usual. For the moment, owing to an ecclesiastical dispute between the Vatican and the Quirinal, Venice has no Patriarch, and so I missed that unique spectacle of the Patriarch reading his sermon in the great pulpit, with his manservant waiting upon him, and his canons grouped around, each with his linen mitre laid before him on the edge of the pulpit. But the Feet-Washing on Holy Thursday, the Benedictions on Holy Sat-

urday, and the High Mass on Easter-Sunday, were enough to show me the special characteristics of St. Mark's at Easter. The Lavanda dei Piedi is a ceremony which is only to be seen at the very few

seat, composed of two rows of benches, one higher than the other, covered in gold cloth; in front of the lower one, which I found was meant to be a footstool, was another, still lower, draped in



THE LAVANDA DEI PIEDI.

churches still under the rule of a Patriarch. When I entered the church, at eleven in the morning, I found that a great space had been squared out in the middle of the nave by means of a barrier of kneeling-desks. This enclosed space was carpeted; at one side of it was a long

white. A white-covered table stood opposite, and at the side of the table, facing the altar, some chairs were arranged in a semicircle. The church was full of people, who all squeezed eagerly round the barrier. Presently a Svizzero, in his festa dress, cleared the way, and thirteen old

men came hobbling down from the choir, two and two. They were dressed in long white dressing-gowns and drawers of thick woollen stuff, with girdles round their waists, white stockings carefully tied at the knees, and brown shoes. They scrambled up on the seat with some difficulty, pushing and shoving one another for several minutes before they could fit themselves exactly into the space they were intended to fill. Once seated, they became immediately masters of the situation; some of them were very fine old gentlemen indeed, quite impressive in the character. It took them some time to take off their stockings, which they removed from one foot only, their feet, I observed, being so faultlessly clean as to make the ceremony we were expecting something less than necessary. When the old men were ready, the priests came down from the choir, headed by acolytes bearing candles. The arciprête, in his gorgeous robes, seated himself in the chair of state; the other priests sat down on either side of him. After some intoning, he was disrobed, a sort of white apron was put over him, and white sleeves (such as waitresses sometimes use) were drawn up over the sleeves of his vestments, to keep them clean. A big brass ewer and some towels were brought forward; he dipped his hand in the water, stroked it once or twice over the top of the feet, and wiped them, and kissed them, one after another; then the feet were more carefully wiped by an assistant. While the old men were putting on their stockings and shoes, with even greater difficulty than they had had in taking them off, he washed his hands very thoroughly with the help of some slices of lemon, and the gorgeous garments were put on him again, after which he read a passage, and the procession returned to the choir. The old men turned aside to the baptistery, where they undressed, and put on their old clothes, which were very old. It was a pretty ceremony, a little theatrical, perhaps, in its insistence on the virtues of humility, which, to tell the truth, were scarcely conspicuous in the general demeanor of the performance. The people in the church were vastly amused and interested; it was a pretty ceremony, to them; and, indeed, it was a pretty ceremony.

The benediction of the Baptismal Font, on Sabato Santo, had also its somewhat

insistently spectacular element. The great door of the baptistery was opened, and a procession filed down from the choir, an enormous candle borne at its head. A little door in the iron covering of the font was then lifted, and the priest who had done the feet-washing waved his hands over the water, and breathed upon it; poured in oil from two little bottles, and dabbled it up with his hand; and then the candle was lowered by ceremonious and slow degrees into the water, and afterwards taken up and carefully wiped. The first virtues of the newly consecrated water were bestowed on a baby that I had heard, at intervals, squalling like a peacock. Then the crowds which had filled the baptistery flowed back again up the nave, and there was High Mass.

High Mass in St. Mark's, as I saw it then, and on Easter-Sunday, and afterwards at the feast of St. Mark, is, as a ceremony, less magnificent than in most cathedrals; for the elevation and seclusion of the choir permit the sight of the holy mysteries only to the few who can find room inside the screen, or in one of the side chapels, or in the galleries. The galleries afford much the best point of view. Looking down from a height, you see the priests move through their appointed courses, the vestments, the incense which mounts on the wings of the music among the voices; and you see the great crowd crawling over the pavement, with a constant motion, from the church to the Piazza, from the Piazza to the church, settling down, now and again, into solid groups, like the pigeons outside. And the church has an aspect, indeed, very similar to the aspect of the Piazza. It has the same air of space and leisure; it can be thronged, yet never appear to be full; and it has the same sense of belonging to the people. On a festa everybody comes in, as naturally as everybody walks up and down the Piazza; there is the same bright crowd, face for face, shawl for shawl. It is not an instinct of devotion; it is habit, and the attraction of the centre. In Venice all roads lead to the Piazza, and the Piazza is but the court-yard of St. Mark's.

IV.

The Piazza di San Marco always gives one the impression of vast space; yet, put into Trafalgar Square, how much room it would leave over! The buildings on three sides of it are all perfectly straight

and regular, and, at a general view, uniform; yet there is no sense of monotony, but rather of a distinguished precision, which, in its rich severity, is somehow more various than variety itself. And the Piazza, with its arcades of shops and cafés, though it is in one sense the Rue de Rivoli of Venice, the resort of every foreigner, is also, and always has been, the great resort of the people. The Englishman or the German, though he takes his ice at Florian's, or his coffee at the Quadri, is, after all, only an outside spectator of the really Venetian way of taking one's leisure. The first time I came into the Piazza, on an afternoon when the band was playing, I saw what seemed to me either a wedding or a funeral, for a procession was slowly making its way along. The procession seemed interminable, and on coming nearer I found that in effect it never ended, for the line returned upon itself like the winding line of the farandole; and while those nearer to the Procuratie Vecchie were always coming from the direction of St. Mark's, those further out were always going towards it. The order was rarely broken, and the incredible slowness of the step was never increased. It was the public promenade, and on sunny afternoons all Venice is in the Piazza. This double line of people goes drawling along—girls in shawls, two and two, soldiers, elderly couples, people with their children, and even the carabinieri, imposing, ornamental creatures, who, indeed, seem for once in their place, in such a procession. All this is on the older side of the Piazza, between the chairs of the cafés and the band-stand in the middle. Around the band-stand there is another crowd, standing attentively; and, wings wide in the sunlight, the pigeons come swooping down, each with his little pink feet poised delicately, close together, separating just as they touch the ground. At night the promenade is repeated; and now, under the gas-light, the winding line is denser than ever. There are little groups clustered in every corner, on every step, on the pedestals of the flag-staves, on the seats in front of the Loggetta, on the marble slabs of St. Mark's, between the porphyry columns; bare-headed women and children, with their bright shawls drawn round them, lounging so beautifully, in such colored outline, and with such a visible sense of repose.



ORNAMENTS IN ST. MARK'S.

V.

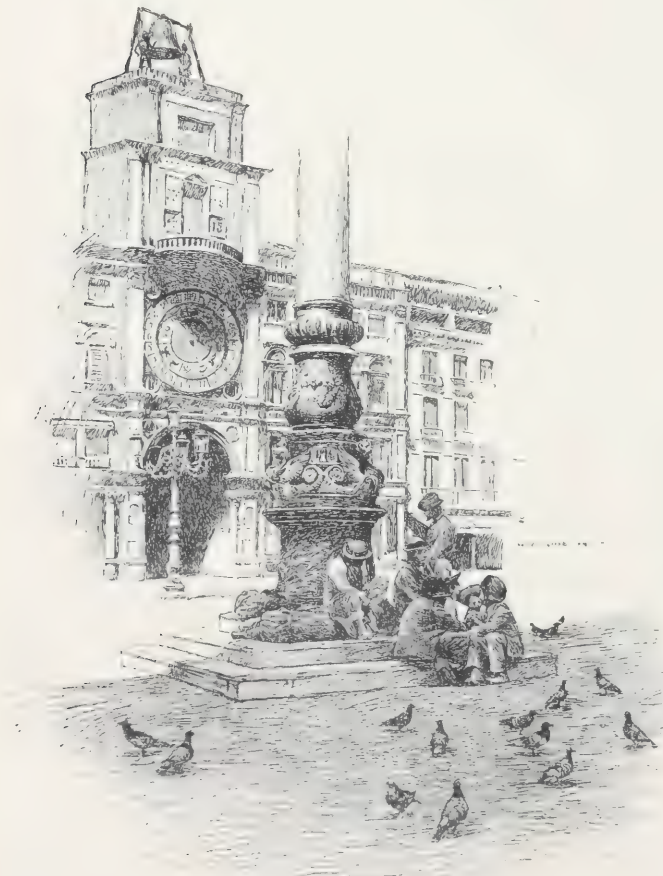
The main thoroughfare of Venice, the street of shops, which leads from the Piazza everywhere, is the Merceria, which you enter under the clock-tower. After many windings it broadens out, just before reaching the Rialto, into the Campo San Salvatore, and from that onwards to the Campo San Bartolommeo. From Good-Friday to Easter-Monday there is a sort of little fair here. There are stalls everywhere, under the church of San Salvatore, and all around the little railing inside which stands Goldoni's statue. He stands there, looking down on the people as if he saw in them one of his comedies; firmly planted, wearing his court dress with an air, and with an intensely self-satisfied smile of amused interest on his face. If he could only turn his head, he would look right up the steep stairs of the Rialto, which lie there to the right, bright with moving crowds of color, winding up on each side of the central line of stalls, between the shops, all hung with long colored stripes: shawls, and stockings, and handkerchiefs, and stuff for dresses. He stands there, looking down

on the crowd. All around are tall gray houses, with shutters of green and pale blue; in one corner is a note of intense blue, more vivid than any possible blue in a less sunny land. The stalls are scattered up and down the Campo—a few boards hastily put up on trestles. They are hung with bright rows of stockings, necklaces, and toys; heaped with sweets, and shirts and all kinds of garments; there are old book-stalls, with piles of worthless books in all languages, mostly in calf, and little works of gallantry and devotion, all in paper. There is a *Fonografico Excelsior*, and there are pots and pans, superb copper things, lying all over the ground; and at one end is a pentagonal kiosk of unpainted wood, with little flags flying, and paper placards stuck all across it; two women in striped blouses, aided by a man, are serving out endless tiny cups of coffee, at a halfpenny a cup. There is a constant cry of "Acqua!" and men pass, carrying their little frame-work of glasses, and their covered copper pans with the water. All the people at the

stalls are smoking. Some of them shout their wares, but they seem mainly indifferent, especially one old, long-haired, long-bearded Jew, who puffs placidly at his pipe as he watches the stall of cheap kerchiefs, to which no customer ever comes. Here is a group of five old women, with turbaned heads and a century of wrinkles; there, eleven *facchini* and beggars, some of them old men with tattered, impressive cloaks, huge brigandish hats, their vivid red stockings showing through the gaps in their boots. These old men are terribly dirty; but in Venice, where everything is beautiful, dirt has a special charm of its own. Think of the tone it gives to an old face, like one of those that Michelangelo drew, wrinkled like a withered apple, tanned red, framed in with long gray hair and beard. Dirt, on such a face, a kind of weather-stain, has that dignity which dirt, in England, gives to an old ruin. Here the old ruin is the beggar-man, and he is not less picturesque, not less dignified, than any castle in England.

VI.

A bit of old Venice that I like, just because it is so unlike the show Venice, and so like a fishing-village, with its smell of the sea and ships, is the Via Garibaldi, which runs along from Veneta Marina past the public gardens. Sailors are always passing, fishermen with their heavy heelless shoes, and the fine ruddy-brown knitted stockings, ribbed in circular coils, which they wear like top-boots; the faces here are bronzed to a deeper tone of red than in any other part of Venice, except the Giudecca. The houses are old, and mostly white, with green and brown shutters which have faded from their first crudeness into beautiful soft colors, lilac and chocolate. There are some booths in the middle of the road, under the little starved trees, mostly laid out with clothes, skirts, and handkerchiefs, and fruit: the two necessities of existence here—bright-colored things to wear, and fruit to eat. A *facchino* is lying flat on his face, asleep,



ENTRANCE TO THE MERCERIA.

on one of the polished marble benches, his vivid blue trousers glittering in the heat of the sun; another leans up against a tree, smoking; men, women, and children are lying along the walls, basking in the sunlight; some of the children are barefooted, for the people about here are a little more sordid in their poverty than in most parts of Venice, though without the depressed air of the Canareggio quarter. Two little red-shawled children are sitting on a seat opposite to me, counting their treasures; groups of small people, carrying just slightly smaller babies, are lounging about by the gates of the gardens. You hear at every moment the slipslop of heelless shoes dragging their way along the pavement, and catch a glimpse of the heels of brilliant stockings, red, striped, white, and occasionally a fine ecclesiastical purple; now a flock of greenish-yellow shawls passes, then a brighter one, solitary, then a gray, a blue, an amber: scarcely two are alike, dresses, shawls, or stockings; and the whole street flickers with color, dancing in the hot sunlight. Italian women are never at rest in their shawls; they are forever unwinding them, resetting their folds, shifting them from head to shoulders, and back again, slipping out a ringed hand to sketch a whole series of gestures. And they are never in a hurry. They stop in groups, talk leisurely, and go on their way, almost, I like to think, with the mechanical movement of



GOLDONI'S STATUE STANDS THERE.

a herd of cows, with the same deep sense of repose, which comes of living in the sun. And now a company of soldiers comes marching past, in their dark blue great-coats and helmets, their drab trousers and gaiters; they walk briskly, with that swinging gait of the Italian soldier. The *facchino* on the bench near me has finished his siesta, and now an ambulatory stocking-seller has taken his place; he opens out his little camp-stool before him, and lays out his goods. Then he puts his elbows on his knees, and nods in the sunlight.

VII.

Venetian women are rarely pretty, often charming, generally handsome. And all of them, without exception, walk splendidly, not taking little mincing feminine steps, but with a fine grave stride, due partly to the fact that they are accustomed to wear heelless slippers, which oblige them to plant the feet firmly, and the whole foot at once, without a chance of tripping on toes or pounding on heels, as women who wear tight boots are able, and apt, to do; they walk with much the same action as if they were barefooted, and just as well. And they use the whole body in walking, not with the undulatory motion of Spanish women, but with a movement of the whole back and shoulders, in the exact swing of the stride. Venetian women do, however, remind one in many ways of Spanish women, in their way of doing the hair, of wearing the mantilla, for instance—the Moorish element, that is, coming out in both, so that in Venice, for instance, one finds, quite as a matter of course, an *Antico Caffè dei Mori*, a cigarette is still known as a *spagnoletto*, and the dialect touches Spanish at all points. The types of Venetian women vary in every quarter: the women of the Castello have quite a different look from the women of the Dorsoduro. In a seaport town there is always a certain intermixture of races, and Venice, with the different layers of its different occupations and conquests, is variable to a greater degree than most seaports. Remembering that nearness which Venice has always had to the East, it is not altogether surprising to find among the Venetian types, and not least frequently, one which is almost Japanese. They are singularly charming, these small, dark, catlike creatures, with their small black eyes, vivid as the eyes of a wild animal, their little noses, prettily curved in at the tip, their mouths, with thick, finely curved lips, their hair, too, sometimes drawn back in the Japanese manner. And they have that look of catlike comfort and good-humor which is also a Japanese trait. Then there are many Jews here, and in the Jewish women you find often the finest type of Jewish beauty, in which the racial characteristics stop short just at the perfect moment. You find, too, but only now and again, the vivid swarthiness of the gypsy, with the shining black

hair, as black and polished as ebony, plaited and coiled tightly round the back of the head. Then there are many quite blond women, as is so often the case in seaports. The Venetian red does not exist, if, indeed, it ever did, in nature, for there are recipes for its production, a painful process, in which you sat in the full heat of the sun, with your face covered, and your hair laid out around you to get soaked and colored with sunlight. The women nowadays feel that the color is not worth the headache. But they add to nature in one matter with extraordinary persistence: they powder their faces, slightly on week-days, and thickly on festas, rarely with much art, with, rather, an ingenuous obviousness which, so far as my observation goes, is unique. Even quite young girls use *poudre de riz*, without the slightest necessity for its use; possibly, for one reason, because they think it bad for the complexion to wash the face much, and powder saves a good deal of washing. It gives a charming air of sophistication to people who are not too civilized to be frankly human, who are in most ways so natural, and who are so happily wanting in those “little ways” which we call, by way of reproach, feminine. But they are full of fantastic contradictions, powdering their faces, which are nice, and leaving their figures, which are inclined too much to the square, to take care of themselves, without the aid or the direction of stays. And there is something elaborately artificial in the way many of them have of doing their hair, in little kiss-curls, composed in all manner of different ways; in little rows of corkscrews, or harebells, tinkling along the forehead; or in trails down the side of the cheeks, like Carpaccio's great picture of the “Courtesans.” Women and girls, even children, dress exactly alike; and there is nothing more comical, more charming, than the little people of twelve who look like twenty; brilliant, fascinating little people, at once very childish and very mature, with their hair coiled at the back like their elders, their skirts down to their heels, their shawls too long for them, dangling to the ground, but worn with an air of infinite importance and self-sufficiency. And the colors of all these women, the elegant olives, the delicate blonds, are thrown out so well, so finely adorned, by the vivid colors of shawls, and dresses,

and stockings, which would be gaudy elsewhere, but which here, in the heat and glitter of such an atmosphere, are always in place, never immoderate. They are all a part of the picture, the great *genre* picture which is Venice.

VIII.

Spectacular as all Venice is, there is nothing in all Venice more spectacular than the gondola. It is always difficult for me to realize that a gondola is not a living thing. It responds so delicately to a touch, the turn of a muscle; is so exquisitely sympathetic, so vivid in its pride of motion, so gentle and courteous with an adversary. And just as a perfect rider becomes one body with his horse, realizing actually the fable of the centaur, so the gondolier and the gondola seem to flow into a single and most human rhythm. Nor is the gondola an easy creature to master. To poise yourself on the edge of the stern, and row forward, using only half a rowlock, and to shoot round corner after corner, from a narrow canal into a narrower, without so much as grazing the prow of the gondola which meets you: that requires, at every moment, the swift and certain address of a polo-player guiding his pony through a crashing *mêlée*. I never quite knew whether it was more delightful to lie in a gondola and watch the land from the water, or to watch the water and the gondola from land. From land, perhaps, at night, when something slim and dark glides by, the two rowers moving in silhouette, with the fantastic bowing motion of the little figures at the *Chat Noir*; or,

again at night, when you hear a strong voice singing, and a colored line floats down the canal, the singing boat in the midst, paper lanterns tossing a variable light over the man who stands at the prow, and the women with hooded heads, smiling, who play an accompaniment on mandolins. But from the water, certainly, if it is your good luck to see a great *serenata*, such as the one I saw when the King of Italy and the Emperor of Germany played that little masque of kings at Venice. The *galleggiante*, with its five thousand lights, a great floating dome of crystal, started from the Rialto; from the midst of the lights came music, Wagner and Rossini, Berlioz and the vivid, rattling, never quite sincere *Marcia Reale*; and the luminous house of sound floated slowly, almost imperceptibly, down the Grand Canal, with a black cluster of gondolas before it and beside it and behind



"A FACCHINO IS LYING ASLEEP ON ONE OF THE BENCHES."

it, gondolas so tightly packed that you could have walked across them from shore to shore. From my gondola, in the midst of all these black hulls and bristling steel prows, with the forest of oars upright in the water, the towering figures of the gondoliers bending against their oars, an immense mass of people heaped all over the solid, moving, changing floor of boats, I could see a yet greater crowd on every point of the shore, on the steps of the Salute, along the line of the Dogana, on

every landing-stage, at every window, high up on the roofs. Bengal lights burned steadily, flash-lights darted across the sky, with their crude, sudden illumination, rockets went up, paper lanterns swayed and smoked; and still we floated down, slowly, imperceptibly, palace after palace seeming to drift past us, through an impossible fairy night of color and music and still water.

What struck me then, as I found myself in the midst of this jostling, tightly

packed crowd, every gondolier in violent action, shouting in that hoarse, abrupt, stomachie voice which goes so well with the unconsonanted Venetian dialect, was that not a single one of them lost his temper, though each was doing his best to outwit the other and get his gondola a little nearer to the music; and, indeed, the whole situation would have tried the temper of a London cabman, I think, rather considerably. But they were all perfectly good-humored, and I have never found them anything else. The gondolier in Venice is quite as fine to look at as his gondola; he has color, too, in the ruddy dye of his face, the infinite variety of his amber shirts and blue trousers and scarlet sashes; and, if you really know him, he is one of the most charming of people. It is by no means knowing the gondoliers to have pronounced emphatically, on different occasions, the Italian numerals, coupled with nods and shakes of the head, with a view to business relations. Your probable ignorance of their language will scarcely allow you, even under these circumstances, to arrive at the more interesting developments of their character. But I have seen



THE "NOAH CORNER" OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.



A CHARACTERISTIC CANAL.

them, not as a master who hires a man, and gets him at the lowest bidding, but as they are among themselves. I have played *boccie* with them in the bowling-alley under the trellised vines, from which the first drops of sap were beginning to drip; I have sat with them in the tavern parlor, beside the great chimney-corner, under the burnished pots and pans, watching them play a mysterious game with fantastic cards. And I have always felt myself to be in the company of gentlemen.

IX.

Goldoni, in his memoirs, tells us that the Venetians sang all day long, "the

shopkeepers laying out their wares, the workmen coming home from work, the gondoliers waiting for their masters"; and he adds, "Le fond du caractère de la nation est la gaieté, et le fond du langage vénitien est la plaisanterie." The day is past when the gondoliers sang Tasso, and the shopkeepers do not sing now; but they stand at the doors of their shops, and smoke, and, like every one else in Venice, take things comfortably. "Il dolce far niente" is a sensation which can scarcely be realized more completely than in Venice; and with such a sky, such water, and such streets, you would hardly look for a bustling race of business people, like the

Milanese. In Venice no one will work very hard for the sake of "getting on": why should he? I never saw poor people who seemed so happy, and who were really so comfortable in their poverty, as the very poorest people here. The soft-

for in Venice, merely to live is a luxury. Think of a city where bread and wine, fruit and flowers, are the chief things hawked about in the streets! Wherever you go you hear the cry of "Acqua!" you see a basket heaped up with brilliant



NIGHT FÊTE ON THE GRAND CANAL.

ness of the climate, the little on which the comforts of life depend, permit poverty, even beggary, to remain dignified. Simply to lie in the sun, to have just enough to eat, and plenty of cigars to smoke: a poor man demands little more than that, and it is rare indeed that he does not get so much. Time scarcely exists in Venice; it certainly does not exist for the idle poor. They hanker after no luxuries;

flowers; and not far off, some one is lying asleep—a *facchino* in vivid blue, one wooden shoe under his head for a pillow, stretched at full length in any nook of shadow. The whole place belongs to the people, in a sense and to a degree in which scarcely any other city may be said to do. The beggar who curls up asleep on your door-step has an equal right with your own, and, so far as the door-step is con-

cerned, a greater; for you do not require it to sleep on, and he does. And there is scarcely an inch of Venice where he cannot lie down and go to sleep whenever he likes. Streets where a horse or cart is never to be seen are so surprisingly clean, comfortable, and leisurely; they are made to be loitered in, lain upon, and for every man to have his way with. The moral of "The Sick King in Bokhara"—

"That, though we take what we desire,
We must not snatch it eagerly"

—need never be insisted on in Venice. Every one takes what he wants; but he does it gently, gracefully, as a matter of course. Your cigars belong to your gondolier as much as to yourself; and if he has two oranges, one of them is yours.

The Venetians have hardly any amusements. There are but four theatres, and these are only open at certain seasons, and supported by strolling companies; there is a theatre of marionnettes; and that is all. Once upon a time there was a *café chantant*, with a little company from Vienna; but it has long been closed; and there is not a music-hall of any kind whatever, nor a public dancing-hall, in

the whole city. No doubt this is partly because the people are so poor that they cannot pay for even the cheapest amusements; but is it not, also, because they do not require them, finding sufficient pleasure in things as they are, in the mere quiet gayety of daily life, the mere fact of living always in the midst of a *décor de théâtre*? That animal content which comes over one in Venice, taking away the desire of action and the need of excitement which waylay the mind and the senses under less perfect skies, makes it just as possible to be happy without running after amusement, as the simplicity of the conditions of life makes it possible for the poor man to live on polenta and a little fruit. In London we go to the theatre to escape from the miserable grayness of the streets, from the dingy light that crawls through our windows. But in Venice, where everything is done for us, where everything that we find is better than we could have fancied, and we have but to open our arms to the bounty of sunlight, we have nothing to escape, except the thought of ever leaving it.

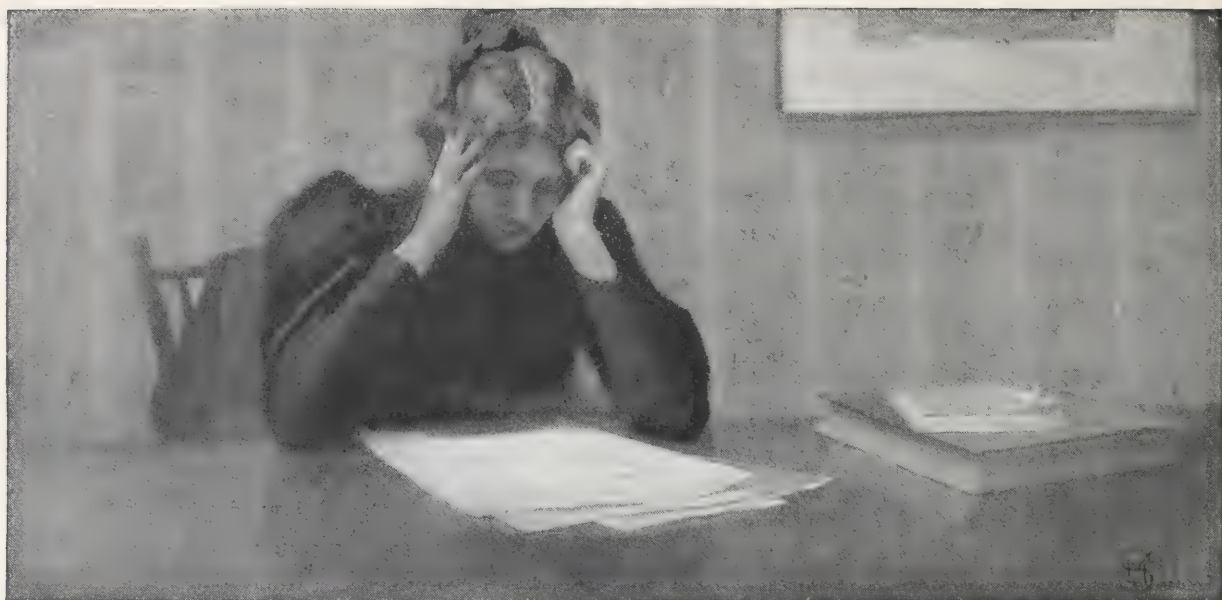
SANCTUARY.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HIGH above Hate I dwell:
O Storms! farewell.

Tho' at my sill your daggered thunders play
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall;
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In long ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but Love behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new-weanèd lamb,
With tasselled barberry spines,
Bluets, and columbines.
One grosbeak, too, 'mid apple-buds a guest
With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.



STUDY NUMBER THREE.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

"Yet, ah, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!"

I.

THE house was old—very old. Like all old things, it had once been very young. At that remote period, and on an early summer morning, a woman bearing a quiet burden descended a steep path-way leading from the mountain village to the town in which the house stood. Before the cross of a way-side shrine she stopped for a moment, and falling upon her knees, rested her head wearily against the quiet burden. A young man, evidently a stranger to the place and people, was also lingering by this same pious resting-place; not on account of the shrine, but because of the view which lay out-stretched beyond, for the shrine looked directly across high meadow-land on the stillness and whiteness of snow mountains. The stranger studied the kneeling woman's face, first idly, then curiously, then with great interest, then with great pity; and at this conclusion of his observations he put aside, unused, the book and pencil taken from his pocket with the intention of adding the way-side shrine to the souvenirs of his journey, and gently placed a bit of silver in the woman's hand. The woman arose presently and hurried downward, not stopping again until she

reached an arched doorway, on either side of which holy images looked gravely upon the children at play in the narrow streets. Within was a dim space, having at the far end an altar where lights were burning. A figure standing before the lights turned as the woman approached, showing a face that was neither good nor bad—a face that seemed quite empty of all expression, because that which should have given it expression had become dwarfed, and was daily growing less in significance. The words which failed the white lips before the mountain cross came now like a cry of pain:

"Père Antoine, save the soul of my son!"

The priest took the quiet burden from the tired arms.

"It was but yesterday," the woman began, "and Pierre is away. *Oh, mon enfant! mon enfant!* If thy father had only been different!"

The voice grew bitter, for if Pierre had only been different, the little soul would not have gone forth unnamed and unhallowed, the mother would not now be suffering this agony of double loss—loss for this world and for the world to come.

At a word from the priest, two younger

men appeared and busied themselves in making some changes about the altar. The woman watched them with eager anxiety.

"Père Antoine," she said, imploringly, "you have done it for others; but they had money, and I have nothing; moreover, you know Pierre—he would never give money for this; he has no faith, he says— But I will not repeat what he says. It is too terrible!"

"I know, I know," answered the priest, not unkindly. "Pierre is rebellious. It is hard for thee, my child."

Motioning for the woman to come nearer, he brushed aside the roses hanging from the vases on the altar, and placed the child so that its fair hair rested loosely upon the velvet cloth, and the light of the tapers slanted across the little face—a face as white and sweet as that of the marble angels looking down from above; and it may have been that there were other angels looking down from still higher, but of that one cannot be quite sure. The two younger priests began a low chant; the mother knelt with clasped hands, her eyes never leaving the child's face. Père Antoine, holding a feather before the colorless lips, stood motionless, like one awaiting the manifestation of some superior power. After a time the feather moved slightly, and a flush spread over the pale cheeks that was not the reflection of the rose petals. Had the soul indeed come back in search of its consecration?

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," murmured Père Antoine, and he passed his fingers dripping with holy water over the child's brow.

The little face grew pale again.

"You need not tell Pierre," said the priest, placing the child back in the mother's arms; "he will not understand."

The woman nodded, kissed the extended hand, dropped the bits of silver, which until now she had held half consciously, into an alms-box at the door, and leaving the church and the narrow street, she crossed the fields without the town to a rude staircase cut in the side of the mountain. The young stranger, who was coming down, ceased his careless humming of a student's song and looked inquiringly at the woman as their paths met for a second time. The woman, however, made no sign of recognition, but gravely

offering the customary salutation of the country, continued onward. The contented look in eyes that had been so full of trouble filled the young man with wonder, and puzzling himself vainly concerning its probable meaning, he painted two pictures—one, of a peasant woman whose face was heart-rending in its despair as she knelt before the cross of a way-side shrine; the other, of the same woman kneeling again before the same cross, and on the second face was the light of a great peace.

He called the pictures simply Studies Number One and Number Two.

II.

In due course of time the sunshine faded from the peasant woman's hair, Pierre's black locks changed to silver, and the young stranger, having in his distant land become famous by the skill of his brush, withdrew to a quiet life in his studio and garden. Thus the three waited for a few years, and then they ceased to wait. The ivy grew thick and heavy on the walls of the old monastery, in whose sunless court the bodies of Père Antoine and his brothers had long since been at rest; the building itself, although outwardly retaining much of its original character, became inwardly transformed to a place of modern dwellings. In the uppermost one of these lived Madame Victor, and with her Dimples, Daguerreotype, the Certain One, the Clever One, the Jolly One, the Engaged One, the Fins, and Rufina. To this little family and to stranger guests Madame Victor sometimes read aloud from an ancient volume which had strayed into her possession, and which contained much curious information concerning the early history of the house, the reading being the preliminary art of exploring expeditions down dark stairways, through half-underground rooms, to a little vaulted chapel, whose walls had escaped change, and from here out to the lower street, where the former entrance of the monastery stood, now closed and unused, its niches empty and lonely without their long-lost saints of stone. From Madame Victor's old book the following is an extract:

"In the demolition of the church various contrivances were discovered about the altar which gave the so-called miracles of its Madonna the character of natural events. One of the most important of

these miracles consisted in the momentary restoration of infants dead without the rite of baptism. The child was placed upon the altar, and a feather held before its lips. At the end of a brief space the feather moved slightly, and the pale lips flushed as with returning vitality. The latter change was accomplished through the application of a delicate wax lightly rubbed over the skin, and caused to melt by the near approach of a heated substance, while by means of an ingeniously constructed tube a gentle current of air played lightly upon the feather."

There were two ways of reaching the upper rooms of this former monastery; the convenience of the second caused the flight of stairs climbing up from the lower street to be seldom used by Madame Victor's family. For the town was a town of hills, and by following a street built upon a higher plane one came to a corner where a fountain splashed ceaselessly under a shading tree, where the air was cool, even on the hottest summer day, and where, just beyond the fountain, stood a curious old door, dark with years, and heavy with carven fruit and fish and flowers, having in their midst a lion's head. The door opened into a long passage, dimly lighted by a half-way window, and ending in a complication of short stairways leading to other dark doors, the nearest of which opened into the sunny gallery that served for an in-door garden to Madame Victor's apartment, and was used in the summer, when the family grew smaller, as a breakfast-room.

The Fins were not Fins from Finland, as the name would seem to indicate. They had chosen to privately and familiarly call themselves thus, because the name represented to them something as wholly at variance with their usual ways and habits as their present surroundings differed from their usual surroundings. Considering themselves therefore as Fins, it came about also that in private and familiar living they should call themselves Finona and Finella. It was Ruth, the younger of the two, who had suggested this nomenclature, as well as that applied to the six young men, she having from childhood preferred names of her own invention to those already invented.

The six young men were students of theology, much occupied in making ready for the needs of an approaching examination, and obliged to rise early and watch

late, that they might acquire, within an exceedingly limited period, the entire history of paganism and Christianity, with kindred matters of importance. They had achieved this attainment now—that is, so much of it as was indispensable to their present happiness—and on the afternoon of their triumph were gathered a joyful group on the gallery, a favorite lounging-place. Rufina's kitchen looked into this gallery by means of an immense window, which stood, according to the position of the observer, as a picture-frame either to the gay row of geraniums bordering the space without and the glimpse of blue sky beyond, or to the quaint neat room hung with shining tins.

Finona entered the kitchen.

"Ah, voilà, madame!" exclaimed the Certain One, leaving his comrades. And the two began to chat across the window-ledge.

"You were telling me that you write to your mother every morning," said Finona, resuming an interrupted conversation. "Now what can you possibly find to say, or rather what have you found to say all these last weeks, when you have been so busy, and one day so exactly like another?"

The Certain One laughed merrily. "I assure madame," he said, "I always find plenty to say."

"As this morning, for instance?"

"As this morning, for instance," repeated the Certain One. "This morning I wrote: 'My dear little mother, I am well; I am very happy; I have done my work. To-day is the great examination. I am not afraid. Some one has given me a beautiful rose.' Will madame permit me to bring her my rose?"

The Certain One tripped two steps at a time down the gallery towards his room, and Dimples took the place by the window.

"I have just sent my telegram," he said. "Imagine, dear madame, the state of my family when it shall arrive! My father will exclaim, '*Mais non, ce n'est pas possible!*' And my mother: 'Ah, the poor child! How he must have worked! He will surely return ill.' What a victory! I went forth this morning sure of but absolutely one question, namely, 'How should a visit of consolation be made?' Answer: 'Turn the afflicted's attention to the sanctification of grief.' I return crowned with a laurel wreath, cov-

ered with glory, worth the incomparable dinner which Mademoiselle Rufina is preparing."

"The dinner is no finer than usual," remarked Rufina, dryly. "Our dinners are always fine."

"You spoil us," said Finona, as she fastened the rose which the Certain One had brought into the belt of her dress; "but you are very fond of us, are you not? Say so just once."

"I am fond of no one," returned the woman. "Why should I be? It only makes life harder."

After the dinner, which, in spite of Rufina's assertion to the contrary, was decidedly finer than on other days, there was much passing to and fro in the rambling corridors, and a gradual assembling of bags, boxes, overcoats, and umbrellas by the gallery door. At midnight the lion's head, looking out from the midst of the fruit and fish and flowers, and the moon, looking down from above the splashing fountain, witnessed the jubilant departure of the Engaged One, the Jolly One, Dimples, and Daguerreotype, while those left behind settled themselves to the delights of a quiet summer filled with walks and talks, books and music, and every morning breakfast served among the geraniums on the gallery.

III.

Finona belonged, when at home in her own country, to a woman's literary club, whose members assembled weekly in very pretty bonnets, sipped tea, and read and discussed original papers. With the future demands of this club in her mind, she had set herself, as a part of the summer's occupation, to the preparation of an essay, and had chosen for its subject the Faust literature. She was working on this now every afternoon until four, when the sisters went off together for a long walk, and were generally joined before their return by one or both of the young men—"bothered by them," Finella expressed it, "as if they couldn't be contented with seeing us three times at meals and all the evening." On one of these afternoons Finella appeared at the appointed hour with a ball of twine and a large flat three-cornered parcel. While Finona was putting aside her papers and making ready to go out, the girl, who had sat down by her sister's desk, began taking scraps of paper from the waste-basket

and attaching them to the string at regular intervals. "There!" she said, when several yards had been thus prepared. "I think that will do, although I really haven't the slightest idea how long it ought to be."

They went down through the town, across the river, out into the country, where a winding way led up a wooded hill-side to an open field, quite sheltered from observation, unless some one happened to be walking in a neighboring graveyard. Here Finella undid her parcel, and disclosed a triangle of stiff brown paper fastened to a whalebone frame, and inscribed in bold lettering "Rondinella Pellegrina."

"I had such fun making it!" she said, as she fastened the twine prepared in Finona's room to one side of the triangle; "and now I expect it to soar straight up to heaven in the most lovely fashion. Do you mind holding it, please, while I run with the string? How fortunate that you are so tall!"

"I might make myself taller by mounting that fence," said Finona, obligingly.

She climbed up on the fence, and held Rondinella high above her head. There was no trouble whatever about this part of the performance; neither was there any about the running. Had Finella been twelve instead of twenty, she could not have gone more lightly over the sloping meadow. The trouble was with Rondinella, who at every trial fluttered to earth, and seemed most unambitiously disposed to remain there.

"What can possibly be the matter?" said Finella, out of breath with fruitless efforts. "Do you suppose it is too heavy?" She cut loose the twine with its attachments from her sister's waste-basket, now and then smoothing out the crumpled paper, and reading aloud fragments of torn sentences:

"Goethe's Faust shows us, as in a mirror, the eternal problem of—"

"In the old Faust book the Devil is called up, and he and Doctor Faustus indulge in weighty discussions concerning death and what—"

"And the Devil said, 'His soul is mine.' 'Not yours, but ours,' answered the angels in heaven, 'so long as he—'"

"Was ever a kite so laden?" said the girl. "No wonder it couldn't rise, listening to Dr. Faustus and the Devil talking over immortality. The only way to find

out much about that, my Rondinella, is to do just the opposite of what you have been doing—to keep going higher and higher until you get there. Now, then, suppose we try it again.” They tried it again, not once, but many times; Rondinella continued to remain totally unresponsive to the friendly advances of the summer breeze.

“I am really afraid there is some serious mistake in the construction, or the proportions, or something,” said Finella at last. “Who would have thought it so difficult to fly a kite? or do you suppose it isn’t windy enough? I am sure it is blowing a perfect gale. I wish you better luck with your Faust paper; although I believe you consider failures are more valuable than successes. Didn’t I hear you saying so last evening? Now and then very elevating sentiments come floating in to me from madame’s little salon as I sit reposing my mind over a novel. By-the-way, I wish you would get yourself a gown like the heroine in *John Halifax*. And why do you never wear that pretty white flannel one? You can mourn exactly as well in white or in gray as in black, especially in the summer. You would be sweet in a soft gray silk, with a little white fur around the neck and sleeves.”

“Some day, perhaps,” answered the woman, rather absently. And she asked how much her sister had heard of the conversation on the previous evening, and what she had made of it.

“Nothing,” answered the girl, decidedly. “It was much more interesting when he was teaching you geometrical drawing and flat washing. What does the boy mean when he announces without a word of explanation that the ‘entropy of the universe constantly tends towards zero’? What are you doing together now?”

“We are at work on an elaborate manuscript,” the woman answered. “I have become his private secretary. I write under dictation from nine to ten every evening.”

“You are far too good to him,” returned Finella, disapprovingly. “Women are always allowing themselves to be imposed upon by attractive young men. Just look at Rufina! She waits upon that boy by inches; gives him currant jelly when she only gives us plain bread-and-butter.”

“And you play his accompaniments by the hour,” added Finona; “but of course that is different. Isn’t that the Clever One coming up the road?”

Finella hastily bent poor Rondinella into an innocent-looking package, the young man joined them, and they wandered into the neighboring church-yard, lingering here and there to read the names and inscriptions.

“‘Au revoir’ seems to me rather trivial for a tombstone,” said Finona. “One thinks of the lightest kind of parting when one says *au revoir*. Do you notice that everywhere one reads ‘bon père,’ ‘bon époux,’ ‘au revoir,’ but never the same farewell words addressed to the wife or mother?”

“That may be because the husbands and fathers possess less faith than the wives and mothers,” observed the Clever One.

“Possibly,” assented Finona. “I wish there were not quite so many willow-trees and wreaths of black and white beads. It is all so dismally sad.”

“And why should it not be sad?” asked the Clever One. “It is sad.”

Finona making no comment, the young man continued, slowly:

“Not long ago I came under the influence of a man whom I loved and admired; he has written much, and I have read all that he has written. I followed him to his grave on Easter day. There were many learned men gathered about the grave; there were laurel wreaths scattered upon it; but there was no hope, no prayer, no one to whom a prayer could be offered—nothing but a beautiful life forever ended.”

“It is the story of many lives,” said Finona, in a strange tone, as if the words in some way hurt her.

The young man looked up inquiringly.

“How are you going to preach to your future parishioners?” she asked, more lightly, without noticing the look. “You cannot preach what you do not believe, although there is your sermon on forgiveness, which does not exactly commit you to anything, since, frankly, between ourselves, it only amounts to this, that it is better to forgive, because it is more simple, polite, and respectable.”

The young man smiled. “I hope to outgrow my doubts,” he answered. “My professor tells me that it will surely come out right in the end. Madame is clever. Has madame ever doubted?”

"I am very sorry," said Finona, ignoring the question. She wanted to add, "I too am sure that it will come out right in the end," but the words died on her lips.

They had reached the outer gate now. Close against the low wall, among a tangle of grass and daisies, stood an old stone, with a half-obliterated inscription. There was no name, no date, only the legend,

"However it may be, I commit this soul to God."

IV.

Late that night Finella pushed aside the crimson portière and came down the three steps separating her room from that designated by the family as "madame's little salon."

"I don't pretend to know very much about serious subjects," she said, "but of course I should like to learn, and there seem to be remarkable opportunities going on right at my elbow. What was it I heard him saying to-night? Oh, that everything must be reduced to a scientific statement, that nothing could be proved by sentiment, that one must build first a sure and solid foundation, and then put in one's flowers and ornaments. I lost the rest of it; I was rather exhausted running around with Rondinella. Pleasure has its drawbacks."

Finona was engaged in arranging a number of pink-covered copy-books, one above another, according to number. "These pages," she said, "represent the beginning of an extensive work, which, so I am told, is to contain all manner of rational ideas concerning both the known and the unknown."

"I am afraid I haven't any rational ideas concerning anything," said Finella. "I haven't thought enough. I have been living in the simple expectation of going to heaven when I die, and that dying would be a little like going to Italy—first a long black tunnel, and then the gladness of a beautiful land. I have been vaguely supposing that

'The task, the joys of earth, the same in heaven would be,

Only the little brook has widen'd to a sea,'

and that the soul is the something which smiles out of my friends' eyes. Are all those little pink books full? Have I permission to open them?"

"As much as you like," answered Finona. "They are all full, except one."

"It is my opinion," resumed Finella, as she took up the first of the twelve pink copy-books, "that the Certain One is nothing but a very conceited boy. He has got hold of a subject which interests him, and in which you and I are decidedly weak, therefore we are at a great disadvantage."

"If you are allowed to look through the manuscript," said Finona, "you are not allowed to criticise it in any unkindly way. The Certain One has asked me to work with him on this subject, because he believes in my sympathy, and that I too have a beautiful soul like his own. It is all so pleasant and good that I cannot bring myself to undeceive him, cannot tell him that I do not expect, like my little sister here, to go on a journey when I die that shall in some respects resemble a journey to Italy; cannot tell him that I believe life worth living principally because in each life there comes a moment which is worth life and worth death. By-the-way, what were you quoting to me the other day about education and eternity? I have been thinking since it might serve as a heading for one of the Certain One's chapters."

"It is too long for a heading," answered Finella; "it is a chapter in itself." The girl went up the three steps and disappeared behind the crimson portière. She came back presently with a book open in her hand. "'It seems a man ought to know three things,'" she said, reading: "'First, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under those circumstances. First: Where he is. That is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly: Where he is going. That is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this, what seems to be the nature of that other world, and whether for information respecting it he had better consult the Bible, Koran, or Council of Trent. Thirdly: What he had best do under those circumstances. That is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it.' The man who knows these things, and who has had his will so subdued in the learn-

ing them that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, I should call educated; and the man who knows them not, uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel. I can understand that," continued Finella, going back to the pink copy-books, "but I cannot understand a word of this. What, for instance, have potential and kinetic energy, or the composition of atoms, or the separation of white light, or the vortex-ring theory, or the experiments of a certain individual named Bastien, whoever he may be—what have all these things to do with life everlasting and world without end?" She closed the book, and coming to the window, nestled down by Finona's side. "No matter about all that stupid abstruseness," she said. "It is of much more consequence about you and the dear kind brother you gave me. When I think of you two, I mean of that part of your life, I have to think at the same time of something which Uncle Tom once said, else I could never be reconciled to it."

"And what did Uncle Tom once say?" asked Finona, with that lingering tenderness in her voice which always came into it when she spoke of the man who had adopted and cared for the two orphan girls as if they had been his own.

"He said," answered Finella, "that you were dear children, who had wandered into the depths of a bewildering forest, full of strange and inexplicable mysteries, but that you had failed to find the most beautiful path, and therefore the ramble had seemed at times a little unsatisfactory. He said there were many paths in the forest, each one leading more or less directly to the same gateway, and that those people who were fortunate enough to find the beautiful path had been told the story of a fair country waiting for them beyond the gate. Being sure of this, they became more and more contented, and were always busy gathering the rare fruit and flowers which were only to be found in this part of the forest. The others, following other ways, were also contented, and busy after a different fashion, but in their heart of hearts they never felt quite sure of anything, unless it might be that at last they should grow weary and fall into an endless sleep. Thus they too would wander on, never dreaming that one day they were to pass, without knowing it, through the gate

which they had so firmly believed would never open, and having entered in, they would look at each other surprised, confused, and a little ashamed, thinking how simple it all is, and how foolish we were not to have understood it before."

Finona arose and closed the window. "You may say good-night to me now, my grown-up little girl sister," she said, gently.

V.

When the Certain One came again for the usual evening work, he pushed aside the last of the twelve pink copy-books waiting open on the table, and replaced it by a square package.

Finona, unfolding the wrapping, found within a quantity of heavy cream-white paper, bordered an inch from the edge by a fine red line.

"It is like parchment," she said. "What is to be written on it?"

The Certain One drew from a separate wrapping two squares of white vellum corresponding in size with the paper, only, in place of the red lines, the lines were gold.

"The whole is to be confined together by a gold-colored ribbon," he explained. "And now I will proceed to say that, having seriously considered our work, I see the amount of material accumulated cannot be put into proper shape under a number of years, and, moreover, my head is so tired that I begin to feel as if I could not hear the word 'soul' mentioned before me without running away. Therefore I have evolved the following plan, only it will bring about more work for you, and you have been so endlessly kind already."

"I would do a good deal for the sake of this beautiful paper," said Finona. "Should you expect me to make a copy in illuminated text?"

"I am ashamed to let you make a copy in any text," said the Certain One, gratefully, "but it does seem as if the thing would not mean so much in any other writing. My plan now is to put the main work aside for the present, and to write a short condensed essay, using a part of our material. I shall make it very clear and concise, giving the most convincing and unbiassed reasons I have been able to collect in favor of both sides, and in conclusion I shall neatly and quietly balance these reasons."

Finona looked at the paper with rather

a doubtful expression, and she asked how many pages, approximately, the essay was to contain.

"Oh, not all of that; not even half of it," said the Certain One, reassuringly. "I ordered a good many sheets, thinking they might be useful for other purposes. Of course the work must be done with the very best ink: there is such a difference in inks. I have brought an assortment of pens, that we may select a kind perfectly adapted to your style of writing. I have also brought some lines, but I fear they will not show through, the paper is so heavy."

"Dictate something to me," said Finona, taking up one of the sheets. "You shall see how evenly I can write without lines."

The Certain One opened at random a book from the table.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame."

Be very careful to end each line exactly at the red border when you write the real paper."

"Like this," said Finona, continuing the verse in prose:

"Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!"

"That's jolly," said the Certain One, with much approval.

"There was once a Queen," began Finona. "She was not very young; neither was she very old—about my age, perhaps."

"Which will always be a nice age," observed the Certain One.

"And the Queen had a friend, just as I have; only, instead of being a wise young man who knew nearly everything, the Queen's friend was a wise old man who knew nearly everything. This wise old man was fond of speculation, and with him the Queen studied philosophy. One day, when the Queen was still neither very young nor very old, but younger than old, she fell ill and died. Just before her death she said to a maid of honor, who stood weeping by her bedside: 'Do not weep. I am going to satisfy my curiosity concerning the original source of things, which Leibnitz has never been able to explain—concerning space, eternity, existence, and nothingness.' Would you not expect me to say something like this, were I dying, my young and learned Leibnitz?"

"It might be, my young and learned

Queen; and that reminds me of something very important. I am trying to find a name for you. I want it very sweet in sound, to mean 'always,' and to hold good forever, and to be entirely mine, for me to use to you. I was looking for a suitable word, or root of a word, this morning. I think I am more likely to find it in some Oriental language."

"I should like to have a name from you," said Finona. "I have already one or two dear particular names from dear particular friends, and it gives me great pleasure to be called by these names; but I have none meaning 'always,' and intended to hold good forever. I never knew any one who would dare to give such a name before."

"I shall dare," the Certain One answered.

VI.

The wonderful fête of Vevey was at hand, a fête which occurred but four times in a century, and should be seen at any sacrifice, according to the oft-repeated opinion of Madame Victor and Rufina, mistress and maid having been respectively present at the representations of fifty and twenty-five years before, and being still under the charm of the impressions then received.

The sisters had planned to reach the town of this high festival by means of a delightful little roundabout journey, ending in Vevey, where the two young men were to join them.

A roundabout journey, therefore, and first a winding way, with frequent changes of horses and drivers, until at noontime the glory of the Mont Blanc range becomes visible. Plenty of dust after this, and plenty of sun, and a long straight road leading into Chamonix. Then sunset, with its rose-colored clouds resting on high snows, and fading softly until the dimness opened to let the round moon through. On again in the early morning by a climbing road, sweet with odors of forest and meadows. Brown villages hang on the cliffs; cascades make their trial plunges; forget-me-nots nod over mountain brooks; blackberry vines droop from wild-rose hedges; lady's-delights blossom under the shadow of mighty rocks; and among them all, the way, still winding, goes up hill and down towards the wonderful fête of Vevey. The sisters had marked it as a curious fact that from the moment of starting on their journey

they had heard so little regarding the great festival. In Chamonix the fête was as if it were not. But in Chamonix one thought only of the beauty of the valley, of the rush of the river, of crossing the Mer de Glace, and of the snows of Mont Blanc. On the other side of the mountain-pass, however, the unusual event was again the absorbing topic.

"A magnificent spectacle," said the landlord of the hotel at Vernayaz. "A sight not to be missed, and never to be forgotten." On again after a second night's rest, through the Rhone Valley, past quiet Villeneuve, past Chillon's castle, past Montreux and its row of hotels, into the joyful bewilderment of the holiday town, the outlines of whose doors and windows were lost under a festive burden of garlands and banners, and through whose streets Ethiopian slaves, fauns, satyrs, herdsmen, huntsmen, haymakers, harvesters, gleaners, and pretty maidens in the peasant dress of two hundred years ago crossed and recrossed, a motley crowd.

VII.

On three sides of the great marketplace stood vast "*estrades*" crowded with eager spectators; on the fourth, the triumphal gateways; beyond all, the peaceful background of near mountains. At the awaited signal a guard of honor in mediæval dress ushered in the president of the Vintners, accompanied by his councillors, and those members of the society whose vines had been found in the highest state of cultivation. Then from the gateway on the right came the chariot of Spring, drawn by milk-white oxen with wreaths of roses about their snowy necks; through the central archway entered the chariot of the young God of the Vintage; from the left the chariot of the blond-haired maiden Summer. The divinities occupying the thrones of these three chariots were followed by trains of numerous attendants, and the great space became suddenly filled with life and color. After the invocations of the high priests joyful dances and songs were given, the performers indicating by pantomime the various occupations represented. The shepherds and shepherdesses advanced with crook in hand, one band of Little Bopeeps keeping watch over their flocks while their companions danced. The gardeners and flower-girls wound in and out among the garlands. The mower with his scythe,

the pretty haymaker with her rake, the reaper with his sickle, executed graceful movements; the busy cooper beat in the nails of the wine-cask; the thrasher thrashed the golden grain. A mill was drawn across the scene, having a most correct miller, with a fair daughter. Alpine herdsmen led in their cows, the tinkling of the enormous bells mingling gravely with the music of dance and song. Cheese was made; yodlers yodled. The "*Ranz des Vaches*" was sung:

"Lio ba, lio ba, come to the milking,
Come ye all hither,
Black, white, red, and speckled,
The young, and the others,
Under the oak-tree, where I will milk ye,
Lio ba, lio ba, come to the milking."

And now the chariot of Autumn drew near. Before it peasant girls, having first simulated the gathering of grapes, emptied the pretended fruit from low tubs into larger receptacles, and the pretended juice was pressed out with long wooden pestles by young men in picturesque dress of white and green.

After this were heard the wild sounds of cymbals clashing; and the strange cry of "*Évohé! évohé! évohé!*" brought fauns and bacchantes face to face. "*Évohé!*" again, and a delirious movement began—a movement of swaying, of bounding, of rushing, and then round and round in a mad whirl. These singular dancers vanished. A wedding party entered in gayly colored procession. Another song and dance, the most merry and tripping of all, during which Winter and a band of sturdy wood-cutters came laboriously in. A final hymn, sung by the entire assembly, and the great fête was over.

But the Certain One and the Clever One had not appeared.

What could have happened? "And they were always so sure to be there when we didn't particularly want them," said Finella; "and now to go and disappoint us to-day of all days!"

Had Madame Victor perhaps fallen ill? No, that seemed impossible. Madame Victor was not the sort of person to fall ill. Well, whatever it was, they must wait in patience until evening, when the mystery would probably be explained by some very simple reason. There being still a brief interval before the hour for the homeward departure, Finella went off to visit the neighboring castle of Chillon,

while the older sister lingered behind with her sketch-book. They were to meet on the deck of the late afternoon steamer; but when Finona appeared at the place appointed she found only unfamiliar faces, and was forced to conclude that her companion had either, under some misapprehension, taken an earlier steamer, or else have been belated, and in that case would follow her.

With the prospect, therefore, of a solitary evening, she settled herself in a sheltered corner, watching the white gulls skimming over the water, and with her mind full of the scenes of the day, humming idly under her breath the air of the wedding-dance to carelessly improvised words:

"O bridegroom gay, dressed in rose and gray,
With ruffles under your chin,
'Twas the fairest sight of the summer day
When you led the sweet bride in.

"And pity 'tis that all bridegrooms gay,
In all lands where true love grows,
Might not wear, like you, on the wedding-day
The colors of gray and rose.

"O joyous fête on the painted green!
O music of dance and song!—"

Suddenly a woman's hand swept by her face, and an alarmingly determined voice shouted in her ear, "If you are not quiet at once, I will throw you into the lake."

There was a moment's utter silence among some small boys playing about her, and to whom this threat had been more particularly addressed. Then Theodore, the eldest, broke into a howl of despair. In the rare pause he had discovered the loss of a gilded medal, his precious souvenir of the "Fête des Vignerons." Finona, the mother, the two younger brothers, and some of the nearer passengers joined in the search; the deck of the steamer was swept in vain, the howl of despair grew louder and more hopeless, when, to the unexpected relief of all present, the missing medal was drawn forth by Master Theodore himself from the depths of his own pocket.

The little company again resumed their places, this time with more promise of peace, for the children's eyes were growing heavy. The twilight faded into night; the night was a chilly one. Finona drew the shawl more closely about Master Theodore's youngest brother, whose head rested against her shoulder. And so she sat, thinking a little of the pleasant sum-

mer and the friendship that was to give her a name meaning "always," thinking more of other summers, of another friendship, deep and dear, once hers, and since whose loss she had lived seemingly content, that those about her might not be saddened, yet under her smile sorrowful, comfortless.

In the distance the lights became more and more distinct, forming a glowing semi-circle. The tired mother aroused herself and the children.

"Madame has been very kind," she said. "Their father will be waiting on the shore;" and as the steamer touched the landing she called, "Théodore, Théodore, nous voilà!" The elder Theodore responded. The younger Theodore, disturbed in his slumbers, gave himself up to an injured fit of weeping—an example in which he was speedily followed by the younger brothers. Finona, engaged in quieting them, did not at first notice a tall figure, whose owner was eagerly scanning each face as the passengers landed, until a hand touched her arm, and she heard the Clever One saying: "Miss Ruth came an hour ago. I am so glad to have found you at once."

VIII.

"To have found me at once?" repeated Finona, half-questioningly, half-mechanically, as she looked into the young man's face and caught the import of its expression.

He took her hand, and drew her arm gently within his own. "Miss Ruth is quite well," he said; "and Madame Victor is also well, and Rufina. Miss Ruth and Madame Victor and Rufina, they sent me to meet you, to prepare you, to tell you—" He hesitated, as if helpless to finish the sentence.

"I understand," said the woman, quietly. "Shall we not walk faster?"

"He does not realize that he is so ill," the Clever One went on, after a little; "at least we think he does not. One of the few times he has spoken has been about you. He said, 'When she comes in, I—want to see her in the pretty white dress.' It is an old trouble. Madame Victor knew about it. The same thing happened to his father. One night he went up to his room, and there they found him later, seated before his writing-desk, a smile upon his face, quite as if he had fallen asleep."

The fountain was still splashing merrily under the tree as they crossed the bridge leading over the lower street, and in "madame's little salon" a low fire burned upon the hearth. Rufina had taken the white dress from the wardrobe and hung it on a chair by the fire.

When Finona came presently into the other room, the Certain One seemed to be sleeping, but he roused at once as her hand gently closed over his, and in the old voice, with the old look in his eyes, he said it was nice to see her in the pretty gown, and that he had found the name, and he added: "It is just what I wanted. It is like you, and it means 'forever.' I was obliged to hunt a long time for it." A puzzled look passed over his face. "I cannot remember it now," he said, "but I shall directly, when my head is clearer."

"Yes," assented Finona, seeing that he expected an answer—"yes, you will surely remember it directly."

"It is such a good name for you," he repeated. "I know you will be pleased with it." He closed his eyes contentedly. When he opened them again his thoughts had apparently gone back to the beginning of his friendship with the woman whose hand he so firmly held, and he said: "You were asking what I wrote to my mother"—he was speaking French now—"this morning. I wrote: 'My dear little mother, I am very happy. I have done my work. To-day is the great examination. I am not afraid. Some—one—has—given—me—'" But those in the room did not hear him finish the sentence. And he too, with a smile upon his face, became silent, quite as if he had fallen asleep.

IX.

"O Everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant, that as Thy holy Angels always do Thee service in heaven, so, by Thy appointment, they may succor and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Amen," responded the congregation, kneeling. "Amen," responded Finona, who was not kneeling; neither did she in any way number herself as one of the congregation among whom she sat, and it was a long time since she had said a prayer, or even "Amen" to a prayer.

One day in May, standing in a little church of southern Tyrol, she had thought,

as some peasant girls came in and knelt before a shrine, that if she could only believe it would be of any avail she should like to kneel with them; but even were it possible for the old faith to come again, she felt that she had lost her right to it. One could not drop people and take them up at pleasure, much less a God.

She was thinking of the Tyrolean church, with its kneeling peasant girls, when her attention became arrested by the unfamiliar petition to which she had so unexpectedly to herself responded.

How long would it take to become an angel?—if, indeed, angels there were; or did the prayer only have reference to angels that had been since the beginning? And Finona, opening a prayer-book, read the collect for the feast of St. Michael and all Angels, and wondered why she had said "Amen."

There flitted through her mind a remembrance of the words used by the Clever One that afternoon in the churchyard: "Many learned men were gathered about his grave; there were laurel wreaths scattered upon it; but there was no hope, no prayer, no one to whom a prayer could be offered—nothing but a beautiful life forever ended."

She thought of other words, spoken as another beautiful life was ending, seemingly forever, and he who spoke them went forth un murmuringly alone into the darkness. In a strange way it comforted her to know that she herself had been deep in the forest of Uncle Tom's allegory when she met this dear companion. He had not led her in, nor she him, but their paths having brought the two together, together they had wandered on.

She had noticed that when a great sorrow fell upon people they often became what the world termed religious, although until then perhaps they had been indifferent to things of religion; and the change came, so she reasoned, because there was nothing that comforted like religion, and because it was good to be comforted. Therefore, she concluded, this religion was not the outgrowth of thought, but rather of a bitter need. They were like children, frightened at finding themselves alone in the dark, and turning for protection as a child turns to its father. After all, it might be that there was no greater mystery than this.

The essay of which she was to make

a fair copy had been found finished among the Certain One's papers. She opened this to-night and carefully considered its arguments. But although they suggested much, they promised nothing, since science ceases to be science when it strays into the domains of speculation. Still, more complete results might come with more complete research, and it was perhaps possible that eventually, through considerations of a purely scientific nature, a position should be reached hitherto only attainable by way of the Christian faith.

In her desk, side by side with her Faust manuscript, was a second essay, the summer work of the Clever One, which he had brought for her reading and comment, and whose conclusion offered the woman something that in a manner completed the incompleteness of the pages just put aside:

"Pour vivre, et surtout pour bien vivre, à la science il faut joindre la foi, la foi sans la science est aveugle, la science sans la foi est impuissante à régler la vie."

Then she turned to her Faust manuscript, and glanced over it indifferently until her attention was arrested by these words:

"There was a struggle between Mephistopheles and the angels; the latter, triumphing, bore the soul heavenward. Whereupon Margaret, her hour of full pardon having arrived, appeared to guide Faust through various paths, until by way of the atonement he should be led to his salvation."

"By way of the atonement!" The words, which at the time of writing held only a poet's fancy, had grown in significance.

A crucifix hung on the wall above the desk—a curious old bit of bronze having angel heads at the four corners. Madame Victor had obtained it from a former proprietor of the house. There was a tradition of its being found in the walls, hidden there since the days of the old monks.

Finona took the crucifix from its nail and examined it thoughtfully. She remembered that when the Certain One had spoken of Jesus of Nazareth he had spoken in a reverent spirit of grateful acknowledgment if giving allegiance, but so much time had been occupied in the arrangement of scientific proof concerning an unseen

universe and a higher governing intelligence that he had scarcely touched upon the story of the cross.

She hung the crucifix back in its place, and wished that they had talked about this also.

Here was a point at which all possible investigation ceased; here was a page of history containing it might be the most lovely of legends, it might be the most sweet and tender and faithful of all true records; here was a question having no answer, unless, indeed, one accepted that offered by the untaught knowledge of the human heart, by the never-wavering testimony of "saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs."

X.

It was at the end of these same weeks that the long-accustomed silence of the narrow street became broken by an omnibus rattling up to the hidden doorway, repeating the noisy performance at intervals until a late hour, and bringing with it Dimples, Daguerreotype, the Engaged One, and the Jolly One. A confusion of bags, boxes, overcoats, and umbrellas again encumbered the sunny gallery. Rufina had that morning removed the nail upon which the Certain One had been used to hang his hat and coat; otherwise the place was unchanged, as were also the four merry students. But with all the chatting and interchange of experience that the coming together brought, not one word did any of them utter concerning their absent comrade—not even when, after the old custom on Sundays and high festivals, they sat at coffee around the little corner table, where Madame Victor in her best silk gown presided over the flowered cups, and where now upon the wall was hung the portrait of him whose voice had once been the merriest of all.

Finella pulled out her handkerchief and rubbed the glass of the picture when the young men had left the room. Then she rubbed her eyes a little, and said she did not see how people could be so unnatural.

"It was better to get the first meeting over as easily as possible," answered Madame Victor, wisely. "It was not a suitable moment for speaking of a matter which each one felt so deeply."

"It was unnatural just the same," insisted the girl. "Isn't one journey very much like another journey? If he had

gone to the Holy Land instead of to heaven they would never have ceased talking about it; but when a person dies it seems a little as if he had committed a sin or met with a misfortune. One either avoids mentioning his name, or one does it in a constrained way, or one says, 'Poor So-and-so! how sad that he should die so young!'

Finona, who had been quietly collecting the pretty cups and silver, went out of the room.

"I can manage to understand the awkwardness of men when it is a question of handling delicate things," continued Finella as the door closed; "not knowing what to do with their feelings, the poor things are obliged to conceal them; but there is my sister, who is never awkward, and never at loss, and yet when it comes to this she is worse than any one. It is very discouraging to live with unnatural people. One gets all worn out trying to think up unobjectionable ways of approaching them."

"I cannot quite agree with mademoiselle in calling the manner an unnatural one," said Madame Victor. "It is certainly most natural to be shy, to be silent, to be at loss before a mystery, and mademoiselle must surely acknowledge that a journey to heaven, as she calls it, is the greatest of all mysteries."

XI.

Finona wondered, as she gazed across the high meadow-lands on to the stillness and whiteness of snow mountains, what it was about the place that in some unaccountable way recalled the days when Ruth was a little girl, and when Uncle Tom's favorite nephew and namesake used to come to them for the holidays. He was coming now, this one-time school-boy grown to manhood; they had been expecting him all the week, and had gone away in the morning for a day's climb up the Grand Salève, leaving many injunctions that in case of his arrival he should be sent directly after them.

A little higher up the mountain, at the next turn of the winding path, Finella stood with the Clever One.

"Are you not coming?" called the girl.

"Presently," the woman below answered. "Do not wait for me."

The two above continued their climbing.

It was the birthday of the friend with

whom Finona had wandered in Uncle Tom's allegory—the friend who had fallen asleep in the deepest part of the forest, while she herself kept on by tangled ways, full of perplexing doubts and experiences, until she had reached a free open place, a field of clearer vision. Before to-day she had hardly dared to think of accepting the assurance of a long-rejected faith, had not understood how loyalty to her friend could only gain in worthiness by this very acceptance, had not believed, although the Certain One had made her write it in one of the pink copy-books, that the soul of an honest man or woman conscientiously striving, yet unable, for manifold reasons, to recognize in itself the germ of immortality, was a soul in a troubled dream, and that a God of infinite love and mercy and wisdom would surely care for and comfort such a soul at its awakening. It was Uncle Tom's allegory told in a different manner; it was a repetition of the legend hidden among daisies and tangled grass in the church-yard:

"However it may be, I commit this soul to God."

Souls! souls! souls! How many had gone forth with work undone, yea, untouched? How many had lost all chance of development on earth, either through ignorance, or a limited intelligence, or a blind belief in endless nothingness! What had become of these countless souls? The woman pressed her hands tightly across her eyes, as if to shut out the overwhelming possibility of this incomprehensible multitude.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Thus was consecration so often pronounced in the old monastery over the lifeless forms of little children.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Thus was enrolment publicly proclaimed into the citizenship of the eternal city. Thus with sweet faith had pledges once been given concerning him for whom her heart was so ceaselessly lonely, and concerning herself ^{set} well. But the signatures which would have given the pledges validity ^{h'kering ver} ^{okerfath} had been added.

"In the name of the Father ^{ad} ^{lowas} ^{or} the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ^{ad be}

There were some who said ^{ientio} ^{man}



“SOULS! SOULS! SOULS! HOW MANY HAD GONE FORTH WITH THEIR WORK UNDONE?”

one be three, and three be one? The thing is impossible; let us rather have nothing to do with it.”

There were others who said, “Let us thankfully accept what is told us, and ask no questions; for since it is an unseemly occupation to be idly curious regarding the affairs of one’s neighbors, how much more unseemly is it to be idly curious regarding the affairs of the Almighty!”

There were others still whose love for the Son held no room for the love due to those who believed in the Father only.

Remembering these men of many minds, she found herself remembering also the conclusion of Uncle Tom’s allegory—“and having entered in, they would look at each other, surprised, confused, and a little ashamed, thinking how simple it all is, and how foolish we were not to have understood it before.”

A peasant came up from the village, and as he reached the cross he knelt before it with uncovered head. Rising, he offered the greeting of the country to the woman so thoughtfully watching him, and continued the ascent. Some distance beyond, a young man, hurriedly descending the mountain, stopped the peasant to ask if he had passed any one on his upward way.

“Oui, monsieur,” answered the man; “certainly, below, near the cross, a stranger is resting.”

The young man ran lightly down the pathway; but as he came nearer he stood still, and, exactly as Finona had done, wondered what it was about the place that seemed so strangely familiar, that in some unaccountable manner suggested the days when the picturesque young woman whom he had just left on the mountain-top was a little girl wearing short frocks and floating hair, and possessing an inexhaustible talent for inventing games and stories.

Uncle Tom’s favorite nephew and namesake, having been provided with a map of that portion of the town where the fountain splashed under the shading tree, had experienced no difficulty in discovering the hidden doorway. With equal ease he had been able to follow Rufina’s explicit directions in crossing the fields without the town, and in climbing a steep path which brought him to the summit of the mountain at a moment when Finella and her companion, coming by a longer and less difficult way, appeared from the opposite direction. All this had been simple enough, but now he stood looking about him in a state of astonished

bewilderment. Below was the cross of which the peasant had spoken, and on the further side of this, half concealed in the shadow, a kneeling figure. Beyond lay outstretched a far-reaching view of high meadow-lands facing the stillness and whiteness of snow mountains.

The young man rubbed his eyes incredulously. Way-side shrines, high meadows, and snow-covered mountains were in themselves not unusual in the land through which he was journeying; it was the composition of the scene which so arrested his attention.

The kneeling woman below raised her head and stood erect, with the sunlight falling full upon her.

In a moment the young man was by her side, holding her hands fast within his own.

"It is such a joy to see you again!" he said. "And do you realize what a remarkable thing has happened—do you know that you are Number Three? Do you remember the cross, and the high meadows, and the snow mountains, and the woman kneeling, with just such a look in her eyes as your dear eyes have

in them now? Do you remember 'Study Number Two,' that Uncle Tom bought at an auction of old pictures, and how we used to imagine stories about it, and about the unknown 'Number One,' and how Ruth insisted that there must be a 'Number Three' also, and that the 'Number Three' would certainly be the most beautiful, because the third thing was always best, and by way of illustration she gave Faith, Hope, and Charity?"

"Yes," said Finona, smiling through unbidden tears; "and do you remember, too, how she used to persuade Uncle Tom to take her to picture sales that she might look for 'Number Three' with her own eyes? And, after all, it is you who have found it. Some day I will tell you the story, to you and to Ruth together; only, this is a story that must be considered a little before the telling. I am not quite ready to tell it yet."

"And we are not ready to hear until you are ready to tell," said the young man, raising the woman's hand to his cheek and holding it there for a moment, after an old caressing fashion of his boyhood.



AUTUMN IN JAPAN.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.



FROM the spring-time, when I reached Japan in the rain and began to grumble at the weather, and all through the damp and the downpour of the summer months, I had been consoled by the promises of my friends. They assured me that when the autumn came I should have week after week of glorious sunshine, a

clear fresh air, and probably not a wet day between Michaelmas and Christmas. Either the season was an exceptional one, or else this is a cherished myth; there certainly were more fine days in October and November, but not a week passed without one or two when work out-of-doors was impossible. They talked, too, of the glory of the maples, of hill-sides and rocky ravines clothed with scarlet and crimson, and their enthusiasm in this matter was amply justified, but no one had told me of the beauty of the lilies of the field, which decorate so many of the banks between the rice patches with their tassels of glowing scarlet. I saw them first near Hamamatsu, a pleasant town on the Tokaido, which I reached on the 16th of September, after a little tour in the interior; their brilliant color at once attracted me, and I hastened to make drawings of them, for my passport had almost expired, and I feared that I might not find them elsewhere. There was no need to be in such a hurry, for they seem to grow abundantly wherever they get a chance. Hamamatsu was quite unlike any other Japanese town I had seen; the houses had a projecting upper story and broad overhanging roofs, and the principal trade seemed to be in toys. There were shops full of drums and kites, and dolls with all their belongings, and the thousand and one things which the Japanese delight in giving to their beloved children.

As I passed a little garden I saw what looked like a fearful atrocity—dozens of babies' heads, pale and gray as if in death, cut off at the neck and impaled on short stakes, stood about the ground; but on coming nearer, the mystery was explained: they were life-sized dolls' heads of papier-maché, put out to dry in the sun before receiving their final coat of paint. The neighboring villages were peculiar; every cottage was protected from the winds by a high hedge of clipped yew, and the street seemed to pass between two green walls, over which the heavily thatched roofs just peeped. The openings gave a glimpse of courtyards and cottage fronts where women and men were hard at work, threshing their beans of many colors and spreading them on mats to dry, weaving blue cotton cloths, or winding off the skeins of shining yellow silk. The typhoon a fortnight earlier had strewn the Tokaido with pine-trees; a passage wide enough for a jinrikisha to pass had been sawn through some of the great prostrate trunks, and others were still supported by their mangled limbs, so that we could squeeze under them. They sadly impeded the work of a company of white-clad engineers, who, with all the latest military contrivances, were laying a field-telegraph along the road. What a contrast were these sons of change to the fishermen returning from their morning's work with heavy loads of bonito, and to the peasants with their simple and primitive implements, all working and living



THE AUTUMN LILY.

as they have done for centuries past! Politics and changes of government matter very little to them; the rice crop and the take of fish are affairs of much more importance; they are the real life of a country, preserving its habits, costumes, and traditions, and staving off for a time the influences of railroads and steamships, which threaten to reduce man's condition throughout the world to one dull level of uniformity.

Fortunately they form a solid majority in every land, a mass not easily

trance to the Inland Sea, leaving a narrow passage at each end; but the tide rushes so violently through the Naruta Channel to the south, between Awaji and Shikoku, that it is often unnavigable, and most of the shipping comes this way. There are the remains of a Daimio's castle at Akashi; the main building is gone, and the plateau on which it stood is now a garden with tea-booths, but the foundation walls, the corner turrets, and the moat show what an important stronghold it must have been; and the view from it,



THE EDGE OF THE TOKAIDO, NEAR HAMAMATSU.

moved, and even in progressive Japan it will be a long time before ill-cut trousers and steam-ploughs replace the kimono and the spade. The Tokaido Railway takes you in twelve hours from Hamamatsu to Kobé, and while waiting till a new passport came from Tokyo I had time to see a little more of the beautiful country around that hospitable port. The shores near Suma and Maiko, a little to the westward, are picturesque, and close by are the straits of Akashi, through which a constant stream of traffic passes, ships of all kinds and sizes, from the little fishing-boats towed from the beach, to the big steamers from Europe and America. The island of Awaji lies across the en-

down the Inland Sea to the west, over to the Shikoku Mountains on the south, and eastward to Osaka Bay and the hills of Yamato, is extensive and very fine in its outlines. At Maiko there is a grove of curiously blown and twisted pine-trees, with the quaint forms which are loved by all artists, especially by the Japanese; and near Suma, wherever the wiry grasses had got a foothold among the sand, the shore was gay with scarlet lilies. The botanic name of this flower, which is really more like an amaryllis than a lily, is *Nerine japonica*. Its Japanese name is not so easy to determine, for wherever I went it had a different one; some of these names are shiwata-bana, tekusari, chi-



FIELDS NEAR HAMAMATSU.

ridji, and ushi-no-ninniku (cow-garlic), but I think the commonest is higambana (equinox flower), and the best, for its opening marks the change of the season, the beginning of the end. It is probably because of this that, beautiful as it appears to European eyes, to the Japanese it is a flower of ill omen, associated in their minds with death and decay, and never used in art or in floral arrangements. The children, indeed, gather great armfuls of it; but they never take it inside their homes; the great bunches they have collected are either scattered among the family tombstones or left to wither on the foot-paths. They seem to like picking it because its juicy stem snaps so easily, and often amuse themselves as they sit by the road-side by breaking the stalks half through, leaving them hang-

ing in regular joints, much as our children make dandelion or daisy chains. Near a little graveyard set down among the rice-fields the flowers grew in great profusion, making a gorgeous splash of brilliant color as a foreground to the gray stones, the yellowing grain, and the pale blue distant hills. The rice was ripening fast, and flocks of rice-birds flew hurriedly across as they were chased from field to field by shouting boys. I wish I had made a sketch of a Japanese scarecrow; there were plenty of them about, and I never saw one without laughing; they were full of quaint humor and invention, and the little birds seemed to enjoy them as much as I did. They recalled the remark of a stranger in a fly-haunted parlor in South Carolina, where a small clock-work windmill revolved in the cen-



ON THE SHORE NEAR MAIKO, THE STRAITS OF AKASHI TO THE RIGHT.

tre of the table. I asked whether it drove the flies away, and he replied, "At first it scared them some, but now they come in to ride round on it." The shore was always full of life and activity; bronzed fishermen, naked except for a narrow white loin-cloth, were launching their boats or hauling them ashore, towing along the beach, pulling up nets, or chanting as they rowed their heavy craft, standing up and pushing the long bent oars with a forward jerk, in the same way that a gondolier works. The smaller sailing-boats are all rigged with the simple oblong sail which is so often shown in Japanese drawings, made of narrow strips of

but the arrangements are not so primitive as those I saw at Yumoto; the baths and dressing-rooms are private enough for the shy foreigner. There is so much iron in the water that you come out of it covered with a red deposit which takes some days of washing to remove. On this excursion, as my boots were in hospital, I tried Japanese foot-gear—thick cotton socks and straw sandals; they were very light and comfortable at first, but after a time I was conscious of every little pebble I trod on, and I got back to Kobé with a good deal of pain and many blisters. Foreigners who have often worn them get hardened between the toes, and



A GRAVEYARD AT SUMA.

cotton cloth loosely laced together; the larger ones have a jib and a jib-sail as well.

Futa-tabi, Maya-san, and the other hills which rise behind Kobé are as well worth seeing as the shore, full of picturesque walks; the country at the back of them, commonly called "Aden" by the foreign residents, on account of its barrenness, is a curious waste of disintegrating granite, seamed and furrowed by the heavy rains, where only some scrubby bushes find a precarious foothold on the shifting soil. Coolies from the neighboring villages come and cut these for firewood, and carry the heavy fagots for miles to earn a few halfpence. In Arima, one of the hill villages, there are hot ferruginous springs where hundreds of people go to bathe;

many good walkers and mountaineers use them habitually; heavy boots are an encumbrance when not on your feet, and though the straw sandals are quickly worn out, a few extra pairs are no serious addition to your baggage.

On the 6th of October I had finished my drawings among the pines and the sand hills, and a new passport had come, which gave me permission to wander for three months longer through the provinces near the Tokaido, so I bade farewell to my good friends and the comfortable club-house in Kobé, and Matsuba once more left his wife and family to follow my fortunes.

Our destination was Maibara, a little town on Lake Biwa, not many miles from Hikone. As I passed it by rail I had no-



LILIES BY THE SHORE, SUMA.

ticed that the flooded fields on the margin of the lake were covered with a blue-flowered water-plant, a good foreground to the blue water and the distant mountains, and I hoped for blue skies to complete the picture, but they came only at rare intervals. On a piece of waste ground near my tea-house a travelling theatre had been erected, a structure of bamboo poles with mats hung over them, which was not calculated to keep an audience dry, and not once during my stay were the company able to give a performance. The manager occupied the room next mine; he was an excellent performer on the samisen, and a pious man withal. Every morning from seven till half past he said his prayers, repeating in a monotonous singsong voice a sentence which sounded to me like "Ya ya yura no," and tapping two blocks of wood together to keep time. He belonged to the Shingon sect of Buddhists. The prayer formula of the Monto sect, one of the most popular and powerful, owning the great Hongwanji temples which are found in all large towns, is, "Namu Amida Butsu," while the followers of Nichiren, as they beat their drums, murmur constantly, "Namu myōhō renge kyō."

We soon became good friends, the manager and I, and he spent many hours in my room drinking tea, looking at my

sketches, and in such conversation as my rudimentary knowledge of the language permitted, but unfortunately I never had an opportunity of seeing him act. When I left he presented me with a printed cotton towel in an ornamental wrapper, and I gave him a penny black-lead pencil, and we parted with mutual expressions of esteem. I had other visitors too: the station-master and the chief of police wanted to see my pictures, and Takaki, O Shige San, and little Kazu, with the brown velvet eyes, came over from Hikone to call on me, and arranged to meet me at the Nagahama matsuri. This annual festival takes place in the middle of October, and



LAUNCHING A BOAT.

seems to be a gathering-ground for all the country-side. In many respects it was very like a country fair in England, but the main event on all the three days is the perambulation of large triumphal cars,



A BAMBOO-YARD AT MAIBARA.

called yama, on which companies of children give dramatic performances. I was fortunate in having a brilliantly fine day, and as I bowled along the five miles of level road from Maibara in a kuruma with two good runners, I passed troops of people in holiday attire, old peasants, gayly dressed young girls, and wandering friars with huge bamboo hats that looked like bushel baskets. The town was gayly decorated with flags and with lanterns bearing the device of the city, and crowds were pouring into it by road and rail and boat; for Nagahama is a busy port at the northern end of Lake Biwa, and a regular service of steamers runs between there and Otsu, at the southern end. This mixture of things ancient and modern in Japan always seems amusing, especially when, as in Nagahama, there is not much of the modern. The row-boats which came in with their loads of passengers

were of unvarnished wood, decorated with black patterns on the bows, and, except the police and the railway officials, I saw very few men in European dress; there certainly were no women in anything but their own becoming costume, and I was the only foreigner in the town. My landlord had been thoughtful enough to engage a place for me in a tea-house opposite which the yama stopped and gave a performance; all the partitions had been removed, and the floor, divided into squares by low movable railings, was covered with family parties who had brought their own cushions and provisions.

My heart was filled with covetousness as I saw the fine old lacquer bento boxes which they produced after carefully removing many silk wrappings. There are twelve yama in the town, each owned by a different guild or society, the members of which teach the children their parts, provide dresses for their play, and accompany the yama on the festival days. The cars are huge things, taller than most of the Japanese houses, and quite fill up the narrow streets; they are built on solid wooden wheels, and are dragged about by strings of coolies, the young men of the guild dancing and shouting in front of them, waving fans by day and lanterns after dark to direct the coolies' movements, while the older members follow in white-curtained carts. The wood-work around the stage is lacquered, gold and black and red, with elaborate brass ornaments, and the pagodalike roof which covers it is of burnished gold, surmounted with a dragon or phoenix or other mythical animal. The part behind the



BLUE WATER-WEED.

stage is enclosed with hangings, Chinese embroideries, Persian rugs, or silk brocades, and two of them had fine pieces of Flemish tapestry, which must have come over with the Dutch centuries ago; the buxom ladies and knights in armor looked odd, and yet pleasantly familiar, and my heart went out to the expatriated strangers, so lonely amid that Eastern crowd. In front of each stage hung a bunch of "gohei," the twisted strips of white paper which are the universal emblem of the Shinto religion, the only simple things among the masses of gorgeous color, and they seemed to give the key-

father at the right moment. During the afternoon I walked round the town, first to the Buddhist temple, the great hall of which was crowded with people sleeping, eating, and praying, and then up the long avenue leading to the Shinto temple of Hachiman. It was lined with stalls and booths for refreshments of all kinds, with conjurers, purse-trick men, lucky wheels, quack-medicine venders, and so on, and near the big granite torii and lanterns were the market-gardeners with dwarf pines, oranges laden with fruit, camellias, and other trees. One had nothing but orchid-plants, none of them, unfortu-



HILLS BEHIND KOBÉ.

note to the whole; for Shinto is, above everything else, an ancestor-worship, a religious respect for the country and for the men whose heroic deeds still inspire its people, and the short dramas which the children acted were all founded on old stories—how Yoritomo's son sacrificed his life to save the young Mikado, and other well-known motives from Japanese history. The boys were admirably trained and beautifully dressed; they rolled their eyes and grimaced in exactly the same way as their elders of the profession, and the crowd vigorously applauded their facial contortions. In one company there was a little mite of two years old; he had not to speak at all, only to cry out once or twice, but he knew his part as well as the rest, and always looked up at his boy

nately, in flower. I joined a large circle of spectators who were watching a scribe, which is, I believe, the professional name for the artists who draw on the flagstones; this one had no pavement, so he prepared an even ground by sprinkling some light gray sand over the dusty road; his colors were bags of black, white, red, and blue sand; from one of these he took a handful, and drew his design by letting the powder run from his closed fist in a line which varied in thickness as he tightened or loosened his grasp. He wrote or drew in this way with wonderful rapidity as he squatted on the ground, and he talked all the time, obliterating each drawing as soon as he had finished it. I watched him draw a figure of a girl, and he began by putting down the spots of

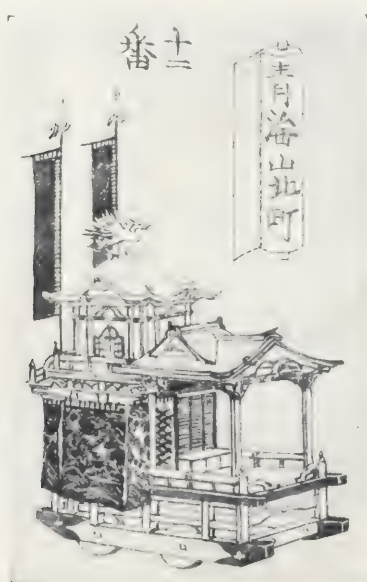


LAKE BIWA WITH FLOODED RICE-FIELDS, NEAR MAIBARA.

the pattern on her kimono with blue, then added the shadow lines of the dress, relieved it here and there with white, sketched the face and hands in red, and finally added a bold outline in black, which completed the picture, thus working in that reverse way to our natural instincts which you so often notice in this land of Topsy-turvydom.

As evening approached, all the yama began to collect in the square in front of

another Shinto temple, where the great Hachiman car with colossal swords, and the Mikoshi, a shrine carried about on men's shoulders, were already placed. In the river on one side of this square many boats were moored, spread with rush mats and with the red blankets which have become so common in Japan, and in them people were picnicking; over the bridge which crossed it the unwieldy structures were dragged from the town by shouting crowds; each in turn gave a final performance in front of the temple, and was then drawn aside to make room for the next. This began at half past five, and it was eleven o'clock before the last of them had been ranged with the others to the right of the temple steps. As night came on they were covered with big lanterns, the stages were lighted by lamps in glass shades, and attendants with candles on long sticks illuminated the face of each little actor while he was speaking. When the six gorgeous yama with their attendants and gayly dressed performers were all drawn up in line against a background of solemn cryptomerias, with an excited crowd dancing and waving lanterns in front of them, the spectacle was more beautiful than any words of mine can suggest. In spite of the excitement, I saw only one quarrel; a young man, in order to get nearer to the stage, had pushed



ONE OF THE "YAMA" AT THE NAGAHAMA MATSURI.
From a printed programme sold on the streets.

past a big coolie, who had evidently taken as much saké as he could carry, and for a few seconds I thought there would be a fight; but a bystander pointed out to the indignant man that the youth had to get nearer because he was short-sighted and wore spectacles, and peace was at once restored. On the way back to

our tea-house, where my friends from Tennenji had dined with me, we passed a street full of stalls, with pipes and pouches, cheap jewelry, hair-pins and combs, and many other knickknacks suitable for presents. I wanted a few of them, and found that O Shige San was a talented shopper; she had her limit, ten sen, and usually succeeded in getting the article for that sum, whatever the original price might have been. As I wandered round early the next morning I found that the yama had already been moved to their stations in various streets, and were being cleaned up in preparation for the day's performances. The town is studded with tall fire-proof go-downs, in which the precious vehicles are safely stored during the rest of the year.

Near Maibara there were large orchards



SOME HATS AT THE NAGAHAMA MATSURI.

of persimmons with brilliant colored fruit, which, as Andrew Marvel says of the oranges, "hang like gold lamps in a green night." They were particularly beautiful in the well-designed garden of Seigwanji, where I made some sketches. It is a fine example of a temple garden, and some massive evergreen oaks form an impressive background to the gray stones, the carefully trained pines, and the trimly clipped shrubs; but except for the persimmons, a few reddening maple leaves, some late blooms of platycodon, and the scarlet berries of a little ardisia, it was all green and gray.

In the cottage gardens near Suzukawa, a little station on the Tokaido to the south of Fuji where I made a short halt late in October, I began to see some chrysanthemum flowers; they were not particularly



THE ISLAND OF AWAJI, FROM MAIKO.



THE TEMPLE GARDEN, SEIGWANJI.

fine or effective, but I found plenty to paint there, and wished very much that the days and my remaining weeks in Japan were not getting so short. The village lies behind a range of sand dunes, which are overgrown with ancient pines, and beyond them is the shore of Suruga Bay, a grand expanse of gray volcanic sand, called by the Japanese Tago-no-ura, where fishermen are always hauling at nets in lines of naked brown figures against the blue sea, or wandering back in groups across the sands in long dark

blue coats, with pale blue and white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, carrying their nets and parcels of fish wrapped in straw. At my tea-house, the Koshuya, I reaped the result of their labors, and got excellent dinners of red or gray tai, lobsters, and huge prawns, cooked by a man who was a real artist and took a pride in his profession.

The first really fine chrysanthemums I saw were in Yokohama, when I got back there early in November; I was disappointed to find that they were in tempo-

rary sheds put up to protect them from rain and sun, and not in masses out-of-doors, as I expected to see them; but they were excellently grown, and in the softened light of the oil-paper shades their colors showed to great advantage. The plants are treated much as they are with us, raised in pots from cuttings taken in the spring, and encouraged with plenty of manure until the buds are formed; before flowering they are removed from their pots and planted out in bold groups of color in the beds which have been prepared for them. Some plants are reduced to a single stem, on which only one enormous blossom is allowed to develop; these are generally arranged in a line, with each flower stiffly tied to a horizontal bamboo support, and the effect is very sad; but the excellence of the gardeners is best shown in growing large bushes, which have been known to carry as many as four hundred flowers of medium size, all in perfect condition, on the same day. An English gardener who had visited every show within reach of Tokyo, including the Emperor's celebrated collection in the palace grounds, told me that he had seen no individual blossoms equal to the best dozen or so at a first-rate London exhibition, but that these great plants with their hundreds of flowers were triumphs of horticulture. The most curious exam-

ples of chrysanthemum-growing were to be seen in the Dangozaka quarter of Tokyo. The long hilly street is bordered on each side with gardens enclosed with high bamboo fences, and in every one, by paying three rin, you could see groups of life-size figures mainly covered with chrysanthemum leaves and flowers. They represented scenes from history, the drama, or Buddhist mythology, and were constructed with frame-works of bamboo, inside which the flower-pots were concealed, the shoots being brought through the openings and trained over the outer surface. The heads and hands were made of painted wood, and swords and other accessories were added to make them more lifelike; the draperies of living leaves and flowers were skilfully arranged



MINIATURE PAGODA IN THE
TEMPLE GARDEN, SEIGWANJI.



THE TRAVELLING THEATRE, MAIBARA.

in large folds, and, as in most of the popular shows, they depicted the costumes of Daimio and Samurai of the past. At each entrance I was given a sort of play-bill, a roughly printed broad-sheet with a wood-cut and a description of the different groups, serving as an advertisement of the gardener's establishment. One of the finest places for autumn colors is the large garden behind the arsenal in the Koishikawa quarter, laid out by a former Prince of Mito as a quiet retreat for his old age. It covers several acres, and is certainly very beautiful, with its lakes

cade on its surface." Another poem, dating from the time when it was customary to present silk or cloth to the Shinto gods instead of the "gohei," which now serve as a symbol, shows the national admiration of the autumn leaves: "This time I bring no offering; the gods can take the damask of the maple-trees on Tamukayama."

There are many other trees in the rich flora of Japan which are as gay as the maples, though no others which show as great a variety of color; the dark leaves of the tulip-tree turn to a rich cadmium



THE ARSENAL GARDEN, KOISHIKAWA, TOKYO.

and islands, solemn groves and shrines; but it is silent and deserted; the people are only admitted by a special permission; and I liked better the maples which line the banks of the Taki-no-gawa near Oji, where crowds were quietly enjoying themselves, sipping tea and saké as they sat in front of the tea-houses and gazed down on the trees, or strolling along in picturesque groups under the crimson canopy of foliage. The little river glides along with barely a ripple, and it reflected all the glory of the leaves which stretched over it in sprays of scarlet and gold, reminding me of a Japanese poem, "I wish to cross the river, but fear to cut the bro-

yellow, and the icho (*Salisburia*) is covered with pale gold, while many of the shrubs, grasses, and herbaceous plants with bright and varied tints help to relieve the solemn everlasting green of the pines and cryptomerias which clothe the eternal hills.

And so in a blaze of glory the Japanese year ends; but long before these last leaves have fallen the camellias are once more in flower, and continue until the plum blossom comes in February, a connecting link in the chain of beauty and flowers which encircles this happy land. One of my last days in Tokyo was spent in showing my drawings to the students



A CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT YOKOHAMA.

of the Uyeno School of Art, where Professor Okakura, the president, who combines with a good knowledge of Western art a great reverence for that of his own country, is attempting with no small success to keep up the artistic tradition, and to revive those artistic industries which were falling into decay. He had invited artists of other schools, some of whom had studied in Paris and Rome, but I was most interested in the remarks and questions of the purely Japanese students, and in their eagerness to discover any motive,

besides the reproduction of nature, in work so different from their own.

At the Asakusa matsuri they were already selling emblems suited for the new year—the rice-rake to scrape together dollars; the rice-bag, daikon, and red tai, suggestive of good fare; and the target with an arrow in the bull's-eye, meaning, “May you hit the mark!” arranged round a mask of the goddess of fortune; and with a stock of these to bring me good luck, I sailed away on the 10th of December across the dreary and flowerless Pacific.





THE RIVAL

BY
GERTRUDE HALL

THIS is the hardest of my fate—
She's better whom he doth prefer
Than I am, that he worshipped late
As well as so much prettier,
So much more fortunate!

He'll not repent it—you will see
She'll never give him cause to grieve.
I dream that he comes back to me,
Leaving her; but he'll never leave.
Hopelessly sweet is she!

So that if in my place she stood
She'd spare to curse him; she'd forgive.
I loathe her, but I know she would;
And so will I—God—as I live!
Not she alone is good.

Oliver



CORDELIA'S NIGHT OF ROMANCE.

CORDELIA ANGELINE MAHONEY was dressing, as she would say, "to keep a date" with a beau, who would soon be waiting on the corner nearest her home in the Big Barracks tenement-house. She smiled as she heard the shrill catcall of a lad in Forsyth Street. She knew it was Dutch Johnny's signal to Chrissie Bergen to come down and meet him at the street doorway. Presently she heard another call—a birdlike whistle—and she knew which boy's note it was, and which girl it called out of her home for a sidewalk stroll. She smiled, a trifle sadly, and yet triumphantly. She had enjoyed herself when she was no wiser and looked no higher than the younger Barracks girls, who took up the boys of the neighborhood as if there were no others.

She was in her own little dark inner room, which she shared with only two others of the family, arranging a careful toilet by kerosene-light. The photograph of herself in trunks and tights, of which we heard in the story of Elsa Muller's hopeless love, was before her, among several portraits of actresses and salaried beauties. She had taken them out from under the paper in the top drawer of the bureau. She always kept them there, and always took them out and spread them in the lamp-light when she was alone in her room. She glanced approvingly at the portrait of herself as a picture of which she had said to more than one girlish confidante that it showed as neat a figure and as perfectly shaped limbs as any actress's she had ever seen. But the suggestion of a frown flitted across her brow as she thought how silly she was to have once

been "stage-struck"—how foolish to have thought that mere beauty could quickly raise a poor girl to a high place on the stage. Julia Fogarty's case proved that. Julia and she were stage-struck together, and where was Julia—or Corynne Belvedere, as she now called herself? She started well as a figurante in a comic opera company uptown, but from that she dropped to a female minstrel troupe in the Bowery, and now, Lewy Tusch told Cordelia, she was "tooting ter skirt-tance in ter pickernic parks for ter sick-baby fund, ant passin' ter hat around afterwards." And evil was being whispered of her—a pretty high price to pay for such small success; and it must be true, because she sometimes came home late at night in cabs, which are devilish, except when used at funerals.

It was Cordelia who attracted Elsa Muller's sweetheart, Yank Hurst, to her side, and left Elsa to die yearning for his return. And it was Cordelia who threw Hurst aside when he took to drink and stabbed the young man who, during a mere walk from church, took his place beside Cordelia. And yet Cordelia was only ambitious, not wicked. Few men live who would not look twice at her. She was not of the stunted tenement type, like her friends Rosie Mulvey and Minnie Bechman and Julia Moriarty. She was tall and large and stately, and yet plump in every outline. Moreover, she had the "style" of an American girl, and looked as well in five dollars' worth of clothes—all home-made, except her shoes and stockings—as almost any girl in richer circles. It was too bad that she

was called a flirt by the young men, and a stuck-up thing by the girls, when in fact she was merely more shrewd and calculating than the others, who were content to drift out of the primary schools into the shops, and out of the shops into haphazard matrimony. Cordelia was not lovable, but not all of us are who may be better than she. She was monopolized by the hope of getting a man; but a mere alliance with trousers was not the sum of her hope; they must jingle with coin.

It was strange, then, that she should be dressing to meet Jerry Donahue, who was no better than gilly to the Commissioner of Public Works, drawing a small salary from a clerkship he never filled, while he served the Commissioner as a second left-hand. But if we could see into Cordelia's mind we would be surprised to discover that she did not regard herself as flesh-and-blood Mahoney, but as romantic Clarice Delamour, and she only thought of Jerry as James the butler. The voracious reader of the novels of to-day will recall the story of *Clarice, or Only a Lady's-Maid*, which many consider the best of the several absorbing tales that Lulu Jane Tilley has written. Cordelia had read it twenty times, and almost knew it by heart. Her constant dream was that she could be another Clarice, and shape her life like hers. The plot of the novel needs to be briefly told, since it guided Cordelia's course.

Clarice was maid to a wealthy society dowager. James the butler fell in love with Clarice when she first entered the household, and she, hearing the servants' gossip about James's savings and salary, had encouraged his attentions. He pressed her to marry him. But young Nicholas Stuyvesant came home from abroad to find his mother ill and Clarice nursing her. Every day he noticed the modest rosy maid moving noiselessly about like a sunbeam. Her physical perfection profoundly impressed him. In her presence he constantly talked to his mother about his admiration for healthy women. Each evening Clarice reported to him the condition of the mother, and on one occasion mentioned that she had never known ache, pain, or malady in her life. The young man often chatted with her in the drawing-room, and James the butler got his *congé*. Mr. Stuyvesant induced his mother to make Clarice her

companion, and then he met her at picture exhibitions, and in Central Park by chance, and next—every one will recall the exciting scene—he paid passionate court to her “in the pink sewing-room, where she half reclined on soft silken sofa pillows, with her tiny slippers upon the head of a lion whose skin formed a rug before her.” Clarice thought him unprincipled, and repulsed him. When the widow recovered her health and went to Newport, the former maid met all society there. A gifted lawyer fell a victim to Clarice's charms, and, on a moonlit porch overlooking the sea, warned her against young Stuyvesant. On learning that the *roué* had already attempted to weaken the girl's high principles, to rescue her he made her his wife. He was soon afterward elected Mayor of New York, but remained a suitor for his beautiful wife's approbation, waiting upon her in gilded halls with the fidelity of a knight of old.

Cordelia adored Clarice and fancied herself just like her—beautiful, ambitious, poor, with a future for her own carving. Of course such a case is phenomenal. No other young woman was ever so ridiculous.

“You have on your besht dresh, Cordalia,” said her mother. “It 'll soon be wore out, an' ye'll git no other, wid your father oidle, an' no wan airnin' a pinny but you an' Johnny an' Sarah Rosabel. Fwhere are ye goin'?”

“I won't be gone long,” said Cordelia, half out of the hall door.

“Cordalia Angeline, darlin’,” said her mother, “mind, now, doan't let them be talkin' about ye, fwherever ye go—shakin' yer shkirts an' rollin' yer eyes. It doan't luk well for a gyurl to be makin' hersel' attractive.”

“Oh, mother, I'm not attractive, and you know it.”

With her head full of meeting Jerry Donahue, Cordelia tripped down the four flights of stairs to the street door. As Clarice, she thought of Jerry as James the butler; in fact, all the beaux she had had of late were so many repetitions of the unfortunate James in her mind. All the other characters in her acquaintance were made to fit more or less loosely into her romance life, and she thought of everything she did as if it all happened in Lulu Jane Tilley's beautiful novel. Let the reader fancy, if possible, what a

feat that must have been for a tenement girl who had never known what it was to have a parlor, in our sense of the word, who had never known courtship to be carried on in-doors, except in a tenement hallway, and who had to imagine that

rich Mayor, who must be either the bachelor police captain of the precinct, or George Fletcher, the wealthy and unmarried factory-owner near by, or, perhaps, Senator Eisenstone, the district leader, who, she was forced to reflect, was an un-



"ARRANGING A CAREFUL TOILET BY KEROSENE-LIGHT."

the sidewalk flirtations of actual life were meetings in private parks, that the wharves and public squares and tenement roofs where she had seen all the young men and women making love were heavily carpeted drawing-rooms, broad manor-house verandas, and the fragrant conservatories of luxurious mansions! But Cordelia managed all this mental necromancy easily, to her own satisfaction. And now she was tripping down the bare wooden stairs beside the dark greasy wall, and thinking of her future husband, the

likely hero for a Catholic girl, since he was a Hebrew. But just as she reached the street door and decided that Jerry would do well enough as a mere temporary James the butler, and while Jerry was waiting for her on the corner, she stepped from the stoop directly in front of George Fletcher.

"Good-evening," said the wealthy young employer.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fletcher."

"It's very embarrassing," said Mr. Fletcher: "I know your given name—

Cordelia, isn't it?—but your last na— Oh, thank you—Miss Mahoney, of course. You know we met at that very queer wedding in the home of my little apprentice, Joe—the line-man's wedding, you know."

"Te he!" Cordelia giggled. "Wasn't that a terrible strange wedding? I think it was just terrible."

"Were you going somewhere?"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Fletcher," with another nervous giggle or two. "I have no plans on me mind, only to get out of doors. It's terrible hot, ain't it?"

"May I take a walk with you, Miss Mahoney?"

It seemed to her that if he had called her Clarice the whole novel would have come true then and there.

"I can't be out very late, Mr. Fletcher," said she, with a giggle of delight.

"Are you sure I am not disarranging your plans? Had you no engagements?"

"Oh no," said she; "I was only going out with me lonely."

"Let us take just a short walk, then," said Fletcher; "only you must be the man and take me in charge, Miss Mahoney, for I never walked with a young lady in my life."

"Oh, certainly not; you never did—I don't think."

"Upon my honor, Miss Mahoney, I know only one woman in this city—Miss Whitfield, the doctor's daughter, who lives in the same house with you; and only one other in the world—my aunt, who brought me up, in Vermont."

Well indeed did Cordelia know this. All the neighborhood knew it, and most of the other girls were conscious of a little flutter in their breasts when his eyes fell upon them in the streets, for it was the gossip of all who knew his workmen that the prosperous ladder-builder lived in his factory, where he had spent the life of a monk, without any society except of his canaries, his books, and his workmen.

"Well, I declare!" sighed Cordelia. "How terrible cunning you men are, to get up such a story to make all the girls think you're romantic!"

But, oh, how happy Cordelia was! At last she had met her prince—the future Mayor—her Sultan of the gilded halls. In that humid, sticky, midsummer heat among the tenements, every other woman dragged along as if she weighed a thousand pounds, but Cordelia

felt like a feather floating among clouds. The babel—did the reader ever walk up Forsyth Street on a hot night, into Second Avenue, and across to Avenue A, and up to Tompkins Park? The noise of the tens of thousands on the pavements makes a babel that drowns the racket of the carts and cars. The talking of so many persons, the squalling of so many babies, the mothers scolding and slapping every third child, the yelling of the children at play, the shouts and loud repartee of the men and women—all these noises rolled together in the air make a steady hum and roar that not even the breakers on a hard sea-beach can equal. You might say that the tenements were empty, as only the very sick, who could not move, were in them. For miles and miles they were bare of humanity, each flat unguarded and unlocked, with the women on the sidewalks, with the youngest children in arms or in perambulators, while those of the next sizes romped in the streets; with the girls and boys of fourteen giggling in groups in the doorways (the age and places where sex first asserts itself), and only the young men and women missing; for they were in the parks, on the wharves, and on the roofs, all frolicking and love-making. And every house front was like a Russian stove, expending the heat it had sucked from the all-day sun. And every door and window breathed bad air—air without oxygen, rich and rank and stifling.

But Cordelia was Clarice, the future Mayoress. She did not know she was picking a tiresome way around the boys at leap-frog, and the mothers and babies and baby-carriages. She did not notice the smells, or feel the bumps she got from those who ran against her. She thought she was in the blue drawing-room at Newport, where a famous Hungarian count was trilling the soft prelude to a *csárdás* on the piano, and Mr. Stuyvesant had just introduced her to the future Mayor, who was spellbound by her charms, and was by her side, a captive. She reached out her hand, and it touched Mr. Fletcher's arm (just as a ragamuffin propelled himself head first against her), and Mr. Fletcher bent his elbow, and her wrist rested in the crook of his arm. Oh, her dream was true; her dream was true!

Mr. Fletcher, on the other hand, was hardly in a more natural relation. He was trying to think how the men talked



THE STROLL.

to women in all the literature he had read. The myriad jokes about the fondness of girls for ice-cream recurred to him, and he risked everything on their fidelity to fact.

"Are you fond of ice-cream?" he inquired.

"Oh no; I *don't* think," said Cordelia. "What 'll you ask next? What girl ain't crushed on ice-cream, I'd like to know?"

"Do you know of a nice place to get some?"

"Do I? The Dutchman's, on the av'noo, another block up, is the finest in the city. You get mo—that is, you get everything 'way up in G there, with cakes on the side, and it don't cost no more than anywhere else."

So to the German's they went, and Clarice fancied herself at the Casino in Newport. All the girls around her, who seemed to be trying to swallow the spoons, took on the guise of blue-blooded belles, while the noisy boys and young men (calling out, "Hully gee, fellers! look at Nifty gittin' out der winder widout pay-in'!") and, "Say, Tilly, what kind er cream is dat you're feedin' your face wid?") seemed to her so many millionaires and the exquisite sons thereof. To Mr. Fletcher the German's back-yard saloon, with its green lattice walls, and its rusty dead Christmas trees in painted butter-kegs, appeared uncommonly brilliant and fine. The fact that whenever he took a swallow of water the ice-cream turned to cold candle-grease in his mouth made no difference. He was happy, and Cordelia was in an ecstasy by the time he had paid a shock-headed, bare-armed German waiter, and they were again on the avenue side by side. She put out her hand and rested it on his arm again—to make sure she was Clarice.

One would like to know whether, in the breasts of such as these, familiar environment exerts any remarkable influence. If so, it could have been in but one direction. For that part of town was one vast nursery. Everywhere, on every side, were the swarming babies—a baby for every flag-stone in the pavements. Babies and babies, and little besides babies, except larger children and the mothers. Perambulators with two, even three, baby passengers; mothers with as many as five children trailing after them; babies in broad baggy laps, babies at the breast, babies creeping, toppling, scream-

ing, overflowing into the gutters. Such was the unbroken scene from the Big Barracks to Tompkins Square; ay, to Harlem and to the East River, and almost to Broadway. In the park, as if the street scenes had been merely preliminary, the paths were alive, wriggling, with babies of every age, from the new-born to the children in pigtailed and knickerbockers—and, lo! these were already paired and practising at courtship. The walk that Cordelia was taking was amid a fever, a delirium, of maternity—a rhapsody, a baby's opera, if one considered its noise. In that vast region no one inquired whether marriage was a failure. Nothing that is old and long-beloved and human is a failure there.

In Tompkins Park, while they dodged babies and stepped around babies and over them, they saw many happy couples on the settees, and they noticed that often the men held their arms around the waists of their sweethearts. Girls, too, in other instances, leaned loving heads against the young men's breasts, blissfully regardless of publicity. They passed a young man and woman kissing passionately, as kissing is described by unmarried girl novelists. Cordelia thought it no harm to nudge Mr. Fletcher and whisper:

"Sakes alive! They're right in it, ain't they? 'It's funny when you feel that way,' ain't it?"

As many another man who does not know the frankness and simplicity of the plain people might have done, Mr. Fletcher misjudged the girl. He thought her the sort of girl he was far from seeking. He grew instantly cold and reserved, and she knew, vaguely, that she had displeased him.

"I think people who make love in public should be locked up," said he.

"Some folks wants everybody put away that enjoys themselves," said Cordelia. Then, lest she had spoken too strongly, she added, "Present company not intended, Mr. Fletcher, but you said that like them mission folks that come around praising themselves and tellin' us all we're wicked."

"And do you think a girl can be good who behaves so in public?"

"I know plenty that's done it," said she; "and I don't know any girls but what's good. They ain't got wings, maybe, but you don't want to monkey with 'em, neither."

He recollected her words for many a year afterward and pondered them, and perhaps they enlarged his understanding. She also often thought of his condemnation of love-making out-of-doors. Kissing in public, especially promiscuous kissing, she knew to be a *débatable* pastime, but she also knew that there was not a flat in the Big Barracks in which a girl could carry on a courtship. Fancy her attempting it in her front room, with the room choked with people, with the baby squalling, and her little brothers and sisters quarrelling, with her mother entertaining half a dozen women visitors with tea or beer, and with a man or two dropping in to smoke with her father! Parlor courtship was to her, like precise English, a thing only known in novels. The thought of novels floated her soul back into the dream state.

"I think Cordelia's a pretty name," said Fletcher, cold at heart but struggling to be companionable.

"I don't," said Cordelia. "I'm not at all crushed on it. Your name's terrible pretty. I think my three names looks like a map of Ireland when they're written down. I know a killin' name for a girl. It's Clarice. Maybe some day I'll give you a dare. I'll double dare you, maybe, to call me Clarice."

Oh, if he only would, she thought—if he would only call her so now! But she forgot how unelastic his strange routine of life must have left him, and she did not dream how her behavior in the park had displeased him.

"Cordelia is a pretty name," he repeated. "At any rate, I think we should try to make the most and best of whatever name has come to us. I wouldn't sail under false colors for a minute."

"Oh!" said she, with a giggle to hide her disappointment; "you're so terrible wise! When you talk them big words you can pass me in a walk."

Anxious to display her great conquest to the other girls of the Barracks neighborhood, Cordelia persuaded Mr. Fletcher to go to what she called "the dock," to enjoy the cool breath of the river. All the piers and wharves are called "docks" by the people. Those which are semi-public and are rented to miscellaneous excursion and river steamers are crowded nightly.

The wharf to which our couple strolled was a mere flooring above the water, edged with a stout string-piece, which

formed a bench for the mothers. They were there in groups, some seated on the string-piece with babes in arms or with perambulators before them, and others, facing these, standing and joining in the gossip, and swaying to and fro to soothe their little ones. Those who gave their offspring the breast did so publicly, unembarrassed by a modesty they would have considered false. A few youthful couples, boy by girl and girl by boy, sat on the string-piece and whispered, or bandied fun with those other lovers who patrolled the flooring of the wharf. A "gang" of rude young men—toughs—walked up and down, teasing the girls, wrestling, scuffling, and roaring out bad language. Troops of children played at leap-frog, high-spy, jack-stones, bean-bag, hop-scotch, and tag. At the far end of the pier some young men and women waltzed, while a lad on the string-piece played for them on his mouth-organ. A steady, cool, vivifying breeze from the bay swept across the wharf and fanned all the idlers, and blew out of their heads almost all recollection of the furnacelike heat of the town.

Cordelia forgot her desire to display her conquest. She forgot her true self. She likened the wharf to that "lordly veranda overlooking the sea," where the future Mayor begged Clarice to be his bride. She knew just what she would say when her prince spoke his lines. She and Mr. Fletcher were just about to seat themselves on the great rim of the wharf, when an uproar of the harsh, froglike voices of half-grown men caused them to turn around. They saw Jerry Donahue striding toward them, but with difficulty, because half a dozen lads and youths were endeavoring to hold him back.

"Dat's Mr. Fletcher," they said. "It ain't his fault, Jerry. He's dead square; he's a gent, Jerry."

The politician's gilly tore himself away from his friends. The gang of toughs gathered behind the others. Jerry planted himself in front of Cordelia. Evidently he did not know the submissive part he should have played in Cordelia's romance. James the butler made no out-break, but here was Jerry angry through and through.

"You didn't keep de date wid me," he began.

"Oh, Jerry, I did—I tried to, but you—" Cordelia was rose red with shame.



"HERE WAS JERRY."

"The hell you did! Wasn't I—"

"Here!" said Mr. Fletcher; "you can't swear at this lady."

"Why wouldn't I?" Jerry asked. "What would you do?"

"He's right, Jerry. Leave him be—see?" said the chorus of Jerry's friends.

"A-a-a-h!" snarled Jerry. "Let him leave me be, then. Cordelia, I heard you was a dead fraud, an' now I know it, and

I'm a-tellin' you so, straight—see? I was a-waitin' 'cross der street, an' I seen you come out an' meet dis mug, an' you never turned yer head to see was I on me post. I seen dat, an' I'm a-tellin' yer friend just der kind of a racket you give me, der same's you've give a hunderd other fellers. Den, if he likes it he knows what he's gittin'."

Jerry was so angry that he all but pushed his distorted face against that of the humiliated girl as he denounced her. Mr. Fletcher gently moved her backward a step or two, and advanced to where she had stood.

"That will do," he said to Jerry. "I want no trouble, but you've said enough. If there's more, say it to me."

"A-a-a-h!" exclaimed the gilly, expectorating theatrically over one shoulder. "Me friends is on your side, an' I ain't pickin' no muss wid you. But she's got der front of der City Hall to do me like she done. And say, fellers, den she was goin' ter give me a song an' dance 'bout lookin' fer me. Ba-a-a! She knows my 'pinion of her—see?"

The crowd parted to let Mr. Fletcher finish his first evening's gallantry to a lady by escorting Cordelia to her home. It was a chilly and mainly a silent journey. Cordelia falteringly apologized for Jerry's misbehavior, but she inferred from what Mr. Fletcher said that he did not fully join her in blaming the angry youth. Mr. Fletcher touched her fingertips in bidding her good-night, and nothing was said of a meeting in the future. Clarice was forgotten, and Cordelia was not only herself again, but quite a miserable self, for her sobs awoke the little brother and sister who shared her bed.

AWAKENING.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NEVER yet was a spring-time,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a spring-time
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mould;
Life, that has known no dying,
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till sudden, the bourgeoning Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY W. T. HARRIS, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

IN all the schools of the United States, public and private, elementary, secondary, and higher, there were enrolled in the year 1894 about fifteen and one-half millions of pupils. This number includes all who attended at any time in the year for any period, however short. But the actual average attendance for each pupil did not exceed ninety days, although the average length of the school session was 137. Sixty-nine pupils were enrolled out of each 100 of the population between the ages of five and eighteen years. At this rate of attendance the entire population is receiving on an average a little less than four and one-half years' schooling of 200 days each. In some States this average falls as low as two years, and in others it rises to nearly seven years (as in Massachusetts).

Out of this entire number deduct the private and parochial schools of all kinds, elementary, secondary, higher, and schools for art, industry, and business, for defective classes and Indians, and there remain over thirteen and one-half millions for the public-school enrolment, or nearly 88 per cent. of the whole. In the twenty-four years since 1870 the attendance on the public schools has increased from less than seven millions to thirteen and one-half millions. The expenditures have increased somewhat more, namely, from sixty-three millions to one hundred and sixty-three millions of dollars per annum, an increase from \$1 64 per capita to \$2 47. To account for this pro rata increase of 50 per cent. in the cost of the common schools one must allow for a slight increase in the average length of the school term, and for the increase of enrolment from less than 17 to more than 20 per cent. of the population. But the chief items of increase are to be found in teachers' wages and the cost of expert supervision. These account for more than two-thirds of the 50 per cent., while the remaining one-sixth is due to better apparatus and more commodious school buildings.

The increase of cities and large villages, owing to the influence of the railroad, has brought nearly one-half the school population within reach of the graded school holding a long session of from 180 to 200 days per year and taught by professional

teachers. The rural schools in sparsely settled districts still continue their old practice of holding a winter school, with a session of sixty to eighty days only, and taught by the makeshift teacher who works at some other employment for two-thirds of the year. The school year should be about two hundred days, or five days per week for forty weeks, or nine and one-half months. In the early days of city schools the attempt was made to hold a session of over forty-six weeks in length, allowing only six weeks or less for three short vacations. But experience of the advantage to the pupil has led to the increase of the holidays to nearly double the former amount.

The average schooling, it appears from the above showing, amounts to enough to secure about one-half of an elementary school course of eight years—enough to enable the future citizen to read the newspaper without spelling more than half of the difficult words, to write fairly well, to count, add, subtract, multiply, and divide, and use the simplest fractions. To this he adds a little geographical knowledge, so important to enable him to understand his daily newspaper. But the multiplicity of books and periodicals makes the life of the average citizen a continuation of school to some extent. His knowledge of reading is called into use constantly, and he is obliged to extend gradually his knowledge of the rudiments of geography and history. Even his daily gossip in his family, in the shop, or in the field is to some extent made up of comments on the affairs of the State, the nation, and distant peoples—China, Japan, Nicaragua, or the Sandwich Islands, as the case may be—and world interests, to a degree, take the place of local scandals. Thus, too, he picks up scraps of science and literature from the newspaper, and everything that he learns becomes at once an instrument for the acquirement of further knowledge. In a nation governed chiefly by public opinion digested and uttered by the daily newspaper this knowledge of the rudiments of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography is of vital importance. An illiterate population is impenetrable by newspaper influence, and for it public opinion in any wide sense is impossible; its local

prejudices are not purified and eliminated by thought and feeling on objects common to the whole civilized world.

I mention these statistical items, and point out their import here at the beginning, in order that I may not overlook the significance of the general trend of the school system when I discuss the details of improvement in methods, and am at times forced to admit that much of the change is only the substitution of one partial good for another. The transformation of an illiterate population into a population that reads the daily newspaper, and perforce thinks on national and international interests, is the great good accomplished by the free public-school system thus far. It must be borne in mind that the enrolment in school of one person in every five of the entire population of the country means the same result for the South as for the North, the Gulf States, in fact, enrolling nearly 22 per cent. of their total population, colored and white, and the South Atlantic 20.70, while the North Atlantic and the Western, Mountain, and Pacific divisions enroll 18 per cent., having a much smaller ratio of children of school age. In a reading population one section understands the motives of the other, and this prevents political differences from becoming too wide for party solution. When one section cannot any longer accredit the other with honest and patriotic motives, war is only a question of time. That this general prevalence of elementary education is accompanied by a comparative neglect of the secondary and higher courses of study is evident from the fact that out of the number of pupils enrolled more than ninety-six in every hundred are pursuing elementary studies; less than three in a hundred are in secondary studies in high-schools, academies, and other institutions; only one in a hundred is in a college or school for higher studies. It is poor comfort to know that the proportion of pupils in grades above elementary, as compared with the whole population, is no larger in the nations of Europe, although in some particulars the instruction may be superior to our own.

In considering the reasons for the increase of the length of the term of the elementary school, and its adoption of a graded course of study, I have mentioned the most important item of improvement that belongs to the recent history of edu-

cation, namely, the introduction of professionally trained teachers. The first normal school established in the United States recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. It was founded at Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1839. The number of public normal schools supported by the State or municipal governments has increased to 140, with nearly 35,000 students, and graduating nearly 6000 per annum. To this number are to be added private normal schools, with an aggregate of 11,000 students and 1000 graduates.

The professionally educated teacher finds his place in the graded schools above mentioned as established in cities and large villages, and kept in session for the entire scholastic year of 200 days. It is the experience of school superintendents that graduates of normal schools continue to improve in skill and efficiency for many years. The advantage of the professionally educated teacher over others is to be found in the fact that he has been trained to observe methods and devices of instruction. On entering a school taught by another teacher he at once sees, without special effort, the methods of teaching and management, and notes defects and improvements, if there are any. He is constantly increasing his *répertoire* of successful devices to secure good behavior without harsh measures, and to secure industry and critical attention in study. Every normal school has a thorough course of study in the elementary branches, taking them up in view of the higher branches from which they are derived, and explaining their difficult topics. This kind of work prepares the teacher in advance for the mishaps of the pupil, and arms him with the skill to assist self-activity by teaching the pupil to analyze his problem into its elements. He can divide each step, that is too long for the pupil to take, into its component steps, down to any required degree of simplicity. The normal-school graduate, too, other things being equal, has a better idea than other teachers of the educational value of a branch of study. He knows what points are essential, and what are accidental and subsidiary. He therefore makes his pupils thoroughly acquainted with those strategical positions, and shows him how to conquer all the rest through these.

As it would appear from the statistics given, the rural districts are precluded by

their short school terms from securing professional teachers. The corps of teachers in a fortunate city will be able to claim a large percentage of its rank and file as graduates of its municipal training-schools—perhaps 50 to 60 per cent. But the cities and villages as a whole in their graded schools cannot as yet show an average of more than one in four who have received the diploma of a normal school.

Another important advantage has been named as belonging to the schools of the village or city. They are graded schools, and have a regular course of study, uniformity of text-books, and a proper classification of pupils. In the small rural schools some twenty to fifty pupils are brought together under one teacher. Their ages vary from four years to twenty, and their degree of advancement ranges from new beginners in the alphabet up to those who have attended school for ten or twelve winters, and are now attempting Latin and algebra. There is no uniformity of text-books, except perhaps in the spelling-book and reader, each pupil bringing such arithmetic, geography, or grammar as his family at home happens to possess. Twenty pupils are classified in three classes in reading, three in spelling, and perhaps as many classes in arithmetic, geography, grammar, and other studies as there are pupils pursuing those branches. The result is from twenty to forty separate lessons to look after, and perhaps five or ten minutes to devote to each recitation. The teacher finds himself limited to examining the pupil on the work done in memorizing the words of the book, or to comparing the answers he has found to the arithmetic problems with those in the key, occasionally giving assistance in some difficult problem that has baffled the efforts of the pupil: no probing of the lesson by analytical questions, no restatement of the ideas in the pupil's own words, and no criticism on the data and methods of the text-book.

This was the case in the old-time district school—as in 1790, when twenty-nine out of thirty of the population lived in rural districts; also as late as 1840, when only one in twelve lived in the city. As the railroad has caused villages to grow into cities, so it has moved into the city a vast population living near railway stations in the country by giving them the morning newspaper and rapid transit. In 1890 one in three of the population was

living in cities of not less than 8000 inhabitants. But the suburban populations made urban by the railroad would swell the city population to one-half of the whole nation. Hence the great change in progress in methods of building school-houses and in organizing schools.

In the ungraded school the naturally bright pupils accomplished a fair amount of work if they happened to have good text-books. They were able to teach themselves from the books. But the rank and file of the school learned a little reading, writing, and "ciphering," and probably studied the same book for several winters, beginning at the first page on the first day of school each year. Those who needed no help from the teacher learned to help themselves, and enjoyed a delightful freedom. Those who were slow and dull did not get much aid. Their industry may have been stimulated by fear of the rod, which was often used in cases of real or supposed indolence. Harsh measures may succeed in forcing pupils to do mechanical work, but they cannot secure much development of the power of thought. Hence the resource of the so-called "strict" teacher was to compel the memorizing of the words of the book.

The method of "individual instruction," as it is called, giving it a fine name, has been supplanted by class instruction, which prevails in village and city schools. The individual did not get much instruction under the old plan, for the simple reason that his teacher had only ten minutes at best, and usually less than five minutes, to examine his work daily. In the properly graded school each teacher has two classes, and hears one recite while the other learns a new lesson. Each class is composed of twenty to thirty pupils of nearly the same qualifications as regards the degree of progress made in their studies. The teacher has thirty minutes for a recitation, and can go into the merits of the topic, and discuss the real thoughts that it involves. The meaning of the words in the book is probed, and the pupil made to explain them in his own language. But all pupils learn more by a class recitation than by an individual recitation. For in the class each can see the lesson reflected in the minds of his fellow-pupils, and understand his teacher's views much better when drawn out in the form of a running commentary on the mistakes of the dull

or indolent pupils. The dull ones are encouraged and awakened to effort by finding themselves able to see the errors and absurdities of fellow-pupils almost as dull as they. For no two minds take precisely the same view of a text-book exposition of a topic. One child is impressed by one phase of it, and another by a different phase. In the class recitation each one has his crude and one-sided views corrected more or less by his fellows, some of whom have a better comprehension of this point, and some of that point, in the lesson. He himself has some glimpses of the subject that are more adequate than those of his fellows.

The possibilities of a class recitation are therefore very great for efficient instruction in the hands of a teacher who understands his business. For he can marshal the crude notions of the members of the class one after another, and turn on them the light of all the critical acumen of the class as a whole, supplemented by his own knowledge and experience. From beginning to end, for thirty minutes, it is a vigorous training of critical alertness. The pupil afterwards commences the preparation of his next lesson from the book with what are called new "apperceptive" powers; for he finds himself noticing and comprehending many statements and many more implications of meaning in his lesson that before had not been seen or even suspected. He is armed with a better power of analysis, and can "apperceive," or recognize and identify, more of the items of information, and especially more of the thoughts and reflections, than he was able to see before the discussions of the recitation. He has in a sense gained the points of view of fellow-pupils and teacher in addition to his own. This is a good definition of school education. It is the process of re-enforcing the sense-perception of the individual pupil by adding the experience of the race as preserved in books, and it is more especially the strengthening of his powers of thought and insight by adding to his native store the points of view and the critical observations of books interpreted by his teachers and fellow-pupils.

In the graded school the pupil is held responsible for his work in a way that is impossible in the rural school in sparsely settled districts. For where each pupil forms a class by himself there is too little

time for the teacher to ascertain the character of the pupil's understanding of his book. Even if he sees that there has been a step missed somewhere he cannot take time to determine precisely what it is. Where the ungraded school makes some attempt at classification it is obliged to unite into one class, say of arithmetic, grammar, or geography, pupils of very different degrees of progress. The consequence is that the most advanced pupils have not enough work assigned them, being held back to the standard of the average. They must "mark time" while the rest are coming up. The least advanced find the average lesson rather too much for them, and become discouraged after trying in vain to keep step with their better-prepared fellow-pupils. This condition of affairs is to be found in many rural districts of those States where the advantages of classification are seen and appreciated in city schools, and an effort is in progress to extend those advantages to the rural schools. The remedy is perhaps worse than the disease. For it results that classification gets in the way of self-help which the bright pupil is capable of, and the best scholars mark time listlessly, while the poorest get discouraged, and only the average pupils gain something.

It must be admitted, too, that in many village schools just adopting the system of grading this evil of holding back the bright pupils and of over-pressure on the dull ones exists, and furnishes just occasion for the criticism which is made against the so-called "machine" character of the modern public school. The school that permits such poor classification, or that does not keep up a continual process of readjusting the classification by promoting pupils from lower classes to those above them, certainly has no claim to be ranked with schools organized on a modern ideal.

I have dwelt on this somewhat technical matter because of its importance in understanding the most noteworthy improvement in modern methods of organizing schools. Briefly, the population is rapidly becoming urban, the schools are becoming "graded," the pupils of the lowest year's work placed under one teacher, and those of the next degree of advancement under a second teacher; perhaps eight to twenty teachers in the same building, thus forming a "Union

School," as it is called in some sections. Here there is division of labor on the part of teachers, one taking only classes just beginning to learn to read and write, another taking the pupils in a higher grade. The inevitable consequence of such division of labor is increase of skill. The teacher comes to know just what to do in a given case of obstructed progress, just what minute steps of work to introduce—just what thin wedges—to lift the pupil over the sill that holds back the feeble intellect from entering a new and higher degree of human learning.

If I am asked at this point by the critics of schools what proportion of the teachers of cities and villages habitually use this higher method in conducting recitations, I reply that at least one-half may reasonably claim to have some skill in its use. Perhaps three-fourths of the teachers in the high-schools actually use it. Of the one-half in the elementary schools who use it perhaps two-fifths conduct all their recitations so as to make the work of their pupils help each individual in correcting defects of observation and critical alertness. Perhaps the other three-fifths use the method in teaching some branches, but cling to the old memoriter system for the rest. It may be claimed for graduates of normal schools that a large majority follow the better method.

I have mentioned the complaint urged against the machine character of the modern school. I suppose that this complaint is made quite as often against good schools as against poor ones. Certainly the critical-probing method of conducting a recitation is not machinelike in its effects. It arouses in the most powerful manner the activity of the pupil to think and observe for himself. Machinelike schools do not follow this critical method, but are content with the memoriter system, that prescribes so many pages of the book to be learned verbally, but does not inquire into the degree of understanding, or "apperception," as the Herbartians call it. I admit that about 50 per cent. of the teachers actually teaching in the schools of villages and cities use this poor method. But I am certain that their proportion in the corps of teachers is diminishing, thanks to two causes: first, the multiplication of professional schools for the training of teachers; and second, the employment of educational experts as supervisors of schools.

The rural schools, which enroll one-half of the entire number of children, certainly lack good class-teaching, even when they are so fortunate as to obtain professionally educated teachers, and not five per cent. of such schools in the land succeed in procuring better services than the makeshift teacher can give. The worst that can be said of the worst-taught schools is that the pupils are either left to help themselves to knowledge by reading their books under the plan of individual instruction, or, in the attempt at classification and grading, the average pupils learn something, while the bright pupils become listless and indolent for want of sufficient tasks, and the dull become discouraged for want of ability to keep step. Even under these circumstances the great good is accomplished that all the pupils learn the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and all are made able to become readers of the newspapers, the magazines, and finally of books.

Another phase of the modern school that more than anything else gives it the appearance of a machine is its discipline, or method of organization and government. In the rural school with twenty-five pupils, more or less, it makes little difference whether pupils come in and go out in order, so far as the work of the school is concerned. But in the graded school with three hundred to eight hundred pupils order and discipline are necessary down to the last particular, for the safety of the pupils as well as for the accomplishment of the ends for which the school exists. There must be regularity and punctuality, silence and conformity to order, in coming and going. The whole school seems to move like a machine. In the ungraded school a delightful individuality prevailed, the pupil helping himself to knowledge by the use of the book, and coming and going pretty much as he pleased, with no subordination to rigid discipline, except perhaps when standing in class for recitation. Regularity, punctuality, silence, and conformity to order—military drill—seem at first to be so much waste of energy—necessary, it is true, for the large school, but to be subtracted from the amount of force available for study and thought. But the moment the question of moral training comes to be investigated, the superiority of the education given in the large school is manifest. The pu-

pil is taught to be regular and punctual in his attendance on school and in all his movements, not for the sake of the school alone, but for all his relations to his fellow-men. Social combination is made possible by these semi-mechanical virtues. The pupil learns to hold back his animal impulse to chatter or whisper to his fellows, and interrupt their serious absorption in recitation or study, and by so much begins to form a good habit for life. He learns to respect the serious business of others. By whispering he can waste his own time and also that of others. Then in moving to and fro he acquires the instinct to behave in an orderly manner, to stay in his own place and not get in the way of others. Hence he prepares for concerted action—another important lesson in citizenship, leaving entirely out of account its military significance.

With the increase of cities and the growth of great industrial combinations this discipline in the virtues that lie at the basis of concerted action is not merely important, but essential. In the railroad system a lack of those semi-mechanical virtues would entirely unfit one for any position; so, too, in a great mill or a great business house. Precision, accuracy, implicit obedience to the head or the directive power, are necessary for the safety of others and for the production of any positive results. Does the rural school fit its pupils for an age of productive industry and emancipation from drudgery by means of machinery? The city school performs this so well that it reminds some people unpleasantly of a machine! But there is really nothing in the machinery of a large school which will injure the pupil.

The ungraded school has been famous for its harsh methods of discipline ever since the time of the flogging schoolmaster Orbilius that Horace mentions. The rural schoolmaster to this day often prides himself on his ability to "govern" his unruly boys by corporal punishment. They must be respectful to his authority, obedient and studious, or else they are made to suffer. But harsh discipline leaves indurations on the soul itself, and is not compatible with a refined type of civilization. The schoolmaster who bullies his pupils into obedience does what he can to nurture them into the same type as himself.

In the matter of school discipline the graded school has a great advantage over the school of the rural district. A corps of teachers can secure good behavior more efficiently than a single teacher. The system, and what is disparaged as its "mechanism," help this result. I know of many cities of the largest size wherein corporal punishment is seldom resorted to, or entirely dispensed with. The discipline of the school seems to improve after the discontinuance of harsh punishments. I think, however, that the adoption of a plan of building better suited for the purpose of graded schools has had much to do with the disuse of the rod. As long as the children studied in a large room under the eye of the principal of the school, and were sent out to small rooms to recite to assistant teachers, the order of the school was preserved by corporal punishment. When Boston introduced the new style of school building with the erection of the Quincy School in 1847, giving each class-teacher a room to herself, in which pupils to the number of fifty or so prepared their lessons under the eye of the same teacher that afterwards heard them recite, a new era in school discipline began. It is possible to manage a school in such a building with little or no corporal punishment.

The ideal of discipline is to train the pupil into habits of self-government. This is accomplished partly by perfecting the habit of moving in concert with others, and by self-restraint in all actions that interfere with the work of other pupils.

That the public schools have worked great and favorable changes to the advantage of civil order cannot be doubted. They have generally broken up the feuds that used to prevail between the people of different precincts. One may study with profit in this connection the effect of the public schools of London on its civil order.

The rural school, with all its shortcomings, was and is a great moral force, bringing together the youth of the scattered families, and forming friendships, cultivating polite behavior, affording to each an insight into the motives and springs of action of his neighbors, and teaching him how to co-operate with them in securing a common good.

The city school is a stronger moral force than the rural school because of its su-

perior training in the social habits named—regularity, punctuality, orderly concerted action, and self-restraint.

Take any country with a school system, and compare the number of illiterate criminals with the total number of illiterate inhabitants, and also the number of criminals able to read and write with the entire reading population, and it will be found that the representation from the illiterate population is many times larger than from an equal number of people who can read and write. In the United States the prevailing ratio is about eight to one—that is to say, the illiterate population sends eight times its quota to jails and prisons. School education is perhaps in this case not a cause so much as an index of orderly tendencies in the family. A wayward tendency will show itself in a dislike of the restraints of school. If, however, the wayward can be brought under the humanizing influences of school, trained in good behavior, which means self-restraint and orderly concerted action, interested in school studies and the pursuit of truth, what can do more to insure a moral life, unless it be religion?

When possessed of this insight into the true function of the school in our civilization we are in a proper condition to estimate its shortcomings—for example, its failure to give the average child more than four and one-half years of schooling; its retention of ungraded schools for one-half of the population because of thinly settled districts; its employment, even in its urban schools, of 75 per cent. of teachers who have received no professional education.

On the other hand, we are then in a position to see the comprehensiveness of the course of study which, in teaching literature, arithmetic, geography, history, and grammar, opens the intellect to the great provinces of human learning—mathematics, natural and social science, history, and philosophy. We can then value the improvements in this course of study by which the first elements of natural science may now be taught successfully, although there is no way of teaching the methods of scientific discovery, as used by experts, without doing violence to the human nature of the child or arresting its development in other directions. Then, too, we can see the great benefit of the addition of the kindergarten to the city school systems. Into the slums of the

cities flock the three classes of weaklings—the unthrifty, the criminal, and the inebriates. The kindergarten can do much to stop the increase of the slum classes by educating their children in the tender years when their education is possible. The kindergarten is potent also in the training of the precocious and wayward children of rich people, giving them occupation for their powers, and cultivating self-restraint. Out of the writings of Froebel comes a stream of influence modifying the educational ideas of the time, inducing more attention to the educational value of what is taught in the schools. The study of children, with a view to discover and map out all the roads to development that naturally manifest themselves, has become a great movement in this country, thanks to the enthusiastic efforts of Dr. Stanley Hall. Very important, too, is the movement of higher education toward the preparation of better professional training for teachers, shown by the establishment of chairs of pedagogy in the colleges; also the other movement looking toward conferences of experts appointed to discuss existing courses of study, and to recommend better programmes and better methods of teaching—the report of the Committee of Ten being the typical example of this latter movement.

From this point of view, also, we must include among improvements the successful attempt within the last twenty years to make the elements of manual training teachable in progressive lessons, also cookery and sewing for girls; to introduce these branches into public schools in such a manner as not to weaken or injure the other branches taught; to familiarize children with photographic reproductions of great works of art; to teach civics, or the duties of citizenship; to connect the public school with the public library by instigating courses of supplementary reading at home to re-enforce the study of fine selections in the school readers.

It is easy for an advocate of an improvement in method to convince himself and others that the old education is so inferior to the new that it may be described as a failure.

The result of my studies gives me more and more respect for the old education without causing me to doubt the superiority of the new. The new is better, but the old was good in manifold ways.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

"I DON'T hesitate to say to you that I regard him as but a small remove in nature from absolute trash, Phyllis—absolute trash! His character may be good—doubtless it is; but he is not of good family, and he shows it. What is he but a mountain cracker? There is no middle ground; trash is trash!"

Colonel Mobley Sommerton spoke in a rich bass voice, slowly rolling his words. The bagging of his trousers at the knees made his straight legs appear bent, as if for a jump at something, while his daughter Phyllis looked at him searchingly, but not in the least impatiently, her fine gray eyes wide open, and her face, with its delicately blooming cheeks, its peach-petal lips, and its saucy little nose, all attention and half-indignant surprise.

"Of course," the Colonel went on, with a conciliatory touch in his words, when he had waited some time for his daughter to speak and she spoke not—"Of course you do not care a straw for him, Phyllis; I know that. The daughter of a Sommerton couldn't care for such a—"

"I don't mind saying to you that I do care for him, and that I love him, and want to marry him," broke in Phyllis, with tremulous vehemence, tears gushing from her eyes at the same time; and a depth of touching pathos seemed to open behind her words, albeit they rang like so many notes of rank boldness in the old man's ears.

"Phyllis!" he exclaimed; then he stooped a little, his trousers bagging still more, and he stood in an attitude almost stagy, a flare of choleric surprise leaping into his face. "Phyllis Sommerton, what *do* you mean? Are you crazy? You say that to me?"

The girl—she was just eighteen—faced her father with a look at once tearfully saucy and lovingly firm. The sauciness, however, was superficial and physical, not in any degree a part of her mental mood. She could not, had she tried, have been the least bit wilful or impertinent with her father, who had always been a model of tenderness. Besides, a girl never lived who loved a parent more unreservedly than Phyllis loved Colonel Sommerton.

"Go to your room, miss! go to your room! Step lively at that, and let me

have no more of this nonsense. Go! I command you!"

The stamp with which the Colonel's rather substantial boot just then shook the floor seemed to generate some current of force sufficient to whirl Phyllis about and send her up stairs in an old-fashioned fit of hysteria. She was crying and talking and running all at the same time, her voice made liquid like a bird's, and yet jangling with its mixed emotions. Down fell her wavy long brown hair almost to her feet, one rich strand trailing over the rail as she mounted the steps, while the rustling of her muslin dress told off the springy motion of her limbs till she disappeared in the gilt-papered gloom aloft, where the windowless hall turned at right angles with the stairway.

Colonel Sommerton was smiling grimly by this time, and his iron-gray mustache quivered humorously.

"She's a little brick," he muttered; "a chip off the old log—by zounds, she is! She means business. Got the bit in her teeth, and fairly splitting the air!" He chuckled raucously. "Let her go; she'll soon tire out."

Sommerton Place, a picturesque old mansion, as mansions have always gone in north Georgia, stood in a grove of oaks on a hill-top overlooking a little mountain town, beyond which uprose a crescent of blue peaks against a dreamy summer sky. Behind the house a broad plantation rolled its billowlike ridges of corn and cotton.

The Colonel went out on the veranda and lit a cigar, after breaking two or three matches that he nervously scratched on a column.

This was the first quarrel that he had ever had with Phyllis.

Mrs. Sommerton had died when Phyllis was twelve years old, leaving the little girl to be brought up in a boarding-school in Atlanta. The widowed man did not marry again, and when his daughter came home, six months before the opening of our story, it was natural that he should see nothing but loveliness in the fair, bright, only child of his happy wedded life, now ended forever.

The reader must have taken for granted that the person under discussion in the conversation touched upon at the outset

of this writing was a young man; but Tom Bannister stood for more than the sum of the average young man's values. He was what in our republic is recognized as a promising fellow, bright, magnetic, shifty, well forward in the neologies of society, business, and politics, a born leader in a small way, and as ambitious as poverty and a brimming self-esteem could make him. From his humble law-office window he had seen Phyllis pass along the street in the old Sommerton carriage, and had fallen in love as promptly as possible with her plump, lissome form and pretty face.

He sought her acquaintance, avoided with cleverness a number of annoying barriers, assaulted her heart, and won it, all of which stood as mere play when compared with climbing over the pride and prejudice of Colonel Sommerton. For Bannister was nobody in a social way, as viewed from the lofty top of the hill at Sommerton Place; indeed, all of his kinspeople were mountaineers, honest, it is true, but decidedly woodsy, who tilled stony acres in a pocket beyond the first blue ridge yonder. His education seemed good, but it had been snatched from the books by force, with the savage certainty of grip which belongs to genius.

Colonel Sommerton, having unbounded confidence in Phyllis's aristocratic breeding, would not open his eyes to the attitude of the young people until suddenly it came into his head that possibly the almost briefless plebeian lawyer had ulterior designs while climbing the hill, as he was doing noticeably often, from town to Sommerton Place. But when this thought arrived the Colonel was prompt to act. He called up the subject at once, and we have seen the close of his interview with Phyllis.

Now he stood on the veranda and puffed his cigar with quick short draughts, as a man does who falters between two horns of a dilemma. He turned his head to one side as if listening to his own thoughts, his tall pointed collar meantime fitting snugly in a crease of his furrowed jaw.

At this moment the shambling, yet in a way facile, footsteps of Barnaby, the sporadic freedman of the household, were soothing. Colonel Sommerton turned his eyes on the comer inquiringly, almost eagerly.

"Well, Barn, you're back," he said.

"Yah, sah; I's had er confab wid 'em,"

remarked the negro, seating himself on the top step of the veranda, and mopping his coal-black face with a red cotton handkerchief; "an' hit do beat all. Niggahs is mos'ly eejits, spacially w'en yo' wants 'em to hab some sense."

He was a huge, ill-shapen, muscular fellow, old but still vigorous, and in his small black eyes twinkled an unsounded depth of shrewdness. He had been the Colonel's slave from his young manhood to the close of the war; since then he had hung around Ellijay what time he was not sponging a livelihood from Sommerton Place under color of doing various light turns in the vegetable garden, and of attending to his quondam master's horses.

Barnaby was a great banjoist, a charming song-singer, and a leader of the negroes round about. Lately he was gaining some reputation as a political boss.

There was but one political party in the county (for the colored people were so few that they could not be called a party), and the only struggle for office came in the pursuit of a nomination, which was always equivalent to election. Candidates were chosen at a convention or mass-meeting of the whites, and the only figure that the blacks were able to cut in the matter was by reason of a pretended, rather than a real, prejudice against them which was used by the candidates (who are always white men) to further their electioneering schemes, as will presently appear.

"Hit do beat all," Barnaby repeated, shaking his heavy head reflectively, and making a grimace both comical and hideous. "Dat young man desput sma't an' cunnin', sho's yo' bo'n he is. He done been foolin' wid dem niggahs a'ready."

The reader may as well be told at once that if a candidate could by any means make the negroes support his opponent for the nomination it was the best card he could possibly play; or, if he could not quite do this, but make it appear that the other fellow was not unpopular in colored circles, it served nearly the same turn.

Phyllis, when she ran crying up stairs after the conversation with her father, went to her room, and fell into a chair by the window. So it chanced that she overheard the conference between Colonel Sommerton and Barnaby, and long after it was ended she still sat there lean-

ing on the window-sill. Her eyes showed a trifle of irritation, but the tears were all gone.

"Why didn't Tom tell me that he was going to run against my father?" she inquired of herself over and over. "I think he might have trusted me, so I do. It's mean of him. And if he should beat papa! Papa couldn't bear that."

She sprang to her feet and walked across the room, stopping on the way to rub her apple-bloom cheeks before a looking-glass. Vaguely enough, but insistently, the outline of a political plot glimmered in her consciousness and troubled her understanding. Plainly her father and Tom Bannister were rival candidates, and just as plainly each was scheming to make it appear that the negroes were supporting his opponent; but the girl's little head could not gather up and comprehend all that such a condition of things meant. She supposed that a sort of disgrace would attach to defeat, and she clasped her hands and poised her winsome body melodramatically when she asked herself which she would rather the defeat would fall upon, her father or Tom. She leaned out of the window and saw Colonel Sommerton walking down the road toward town, with his cigar elevated at an acute angle with his nose, his hat pulled well down in front, by which she knew that he was still excited. Days went by, as days will in any state of affairs, with just such faultless weather as August engenders amid the cool hills of the old Cherokee country; and Phyllis noted, by an indirect attention to what she had never before been interested in, that Colonel Sommerton was growing strangely confidential and familiar with Barnaby. She had a distinct but remote impression that her father had hitherto never, at least never openly, shown such irenic solicitude in that direction, and she knew that his sudden peace-making with the old negro meant ill to her lover. She pondered the matter with such discrimination and logic as her clever little brain could compass; and at last she one evening called Barnaby to come into the garden with his banjo.

The sun was down, and the half-grown moon swung yellow and clear against the violet arch of mid-heaven. Through the sheen a softened outline of the town wavered fantastically.

Phyllis sat on a great fragment of

limestone, which, embossed with curious fossils, formed the immovable centre-piece of the garden.

Barnaby, at a respectful distance, crumpled himself satyrlike on the ground, with his banjo across his knee, and gazed expectantly aslant at the girl's sweet face.

"Now play me my father's favorite song," she said.

They heard Mrs. Wren, the housekeeper, opening the windows in the upper rooms of the mansion to let in the night air, which was stirring over the valley with a delicious mountain chill on its wings. All around in the trees and shrubbery the katydids were rasping away in immelodious statement and denial of the ancient accusation.

Barnaby demurred. He did not imagine, so at least he said, that Miss Phyllis would be pleased with the ballad that recently had been the Colonel's chief musical delight; but he must obey the young lady, and so, after some throat-clearing and string-tuning, he proceeded:

"I'd rudder be er niggah
Dan ter be er whi' man,
Dough the whi' man considadah
He se'f biggah;

But ef yo' mus' be white, w'y be hones' ef yo' can,
An' ac' es much es poss'ble like er niggah!

"De colah ob yo' skin
Hit don't constertoot no sin,
An' yo' fambly ain't er-
Cuttin' any figgah;

Min' w'at yo's er-doin', an' do de bes' yo' kin,
An' ac' es much es poss'ble like er niggah!"

The tune of this song was melody itself, brimming with that unkempt, sarcastic humor which always strikes as if obliquely, and with a flurry of tippy fun, into one's ears.

When the performance was ended, and the final tinkle of the rollicking banjo accompaniment died away down the slope of Sommerton Hill, Phyllis put her plump chin in her hands and, with her elbows on her knees, looked steadily at Barnaby for a while.

"Barn," she said, "is my father going to get the colored people to indorse Mr. Tom Bannister?"

"Yas, ma'm," replied the old negro; and then he caught his breath and checked himself in confusion. "Da-da-dat is, er-I spec' so-er-I dun'no', ma'm," he stammered. "Fo' de Lor' I's—"

Phyllis interrupted him with an impatient laugh, but said no more. In due

time Barnaby sang her some other ditties, and then she went into the house. She gave the negro a large coin, and on the veranda steps she called back to him, "Good-night, Uncle Barn," in a voice that made him shake his head and mutter:

"De bressed chile! De bressed chile!" And yet he was aware that she had outwitted him and gained his secret. He knew how matters stood between the young lady and Tom Bannister, and there arose in his mind a vivid sense of the danger that might result to his own and Colonel Sommerton's plans from a disclosure of this one vital detail. Would Phyllis tell her lover? Barnaby shook his head in a dubious way.

"Gals is pow'ful onsartin, so dey is," he muttered. "Dey tells der sweethearts mos'ly all what dey knows, spacially secrets. Spec' de ole boss an' he plan done gone up de chimbly er-kallyhootin' fo' good."

Then the old scamp began to turn over in his brain a scheme which seemed to offer him a fair way of approaching Mr. Tom Bannister's pocket and the portemonnaie of Phyllis as well. He chuckled atrociously as a pretty comprehensive view of "practical politics" opened itself to him.

Tom Bannister had not been to see Phyllis since her father had delivered his opinion to her touching the intrinsic merits of that young man, and she felt uneasy.

Colonel Sommerton, though notably eccentric, could be depended upon for outright dealing in general; still Phyllis had a pretty substantial belief that in politics success lay largely on the side of the trickster. For many years the Colonel had been in the Legislature. No man had been able to beat him for the nomination. She had often heard him tell how he laid out his antagonists by taking excellent and popular short turns on them, and it was plain to her mind now that he was weaving a snare for Tom Bannister.

She thought of Tom's running for office against her father as something prodigiously strange. Certainly it was a bold and daring piece of youthful audacity for him to be guilty of. He, a young sprig of the law, with his brown mustache not yet grown, setting himself up to beat Colonel Mobley Sommerton! Phyllis blushed whenever she thought of it; but

the Colonel had never once mentioned Tom's candidacy to her.

The convention was approaching, and day by day signs of popular interest in it increased as the time shortened. Colonel Sommerton was preparing a speech for the occasion. The manuscript of it lay on the desk in his library.

About this time—it was near the 1st of September, and the watermelons and cantaloupes were in their glory—the Colonel was called away to a distant town for a few days. In his absence Tom Bannister chanced to visit Sommerton Place. Of course Phyllis was not expecting him; indeed, she told him that he ought not to have come; but Tom thought differently in a very persuasive way. The melons were good, the library delightfully cool, and conversation caught the fragrance of innocent albeit stolen pleasure.

Tom Bannister was unquestionably a handsome young fellow, carrying a hearty, whole-souled expression in his open, almost rosy face. His large brown eyes, curly brown hair, silken young mustache, and firmly set mouth and chin well matched his stalwart, symmetrical form. He was not only handsome, he was brilliant in a way, and his memory was something prodigious. Unquestionably he would rise rapidly.

"I am going to beat your father for the nomination," he remarked, midmost the discussion of their melons, speaking in a tone of absolute confidence.

"Tom," she exclaimed, "you mustn't do it!"

"Why, I'd like to know?"

She looked at him as if she felt a sudden fright. His eyes fell before her intense, searching gaze.

"It would be dreadful," she presently managed to say. "Papa couldn't bear it."

"It will ruin me forever if I let him beat me. I shall have to go away from here." It was now his turn to become intense.

"I don't see what makes men think so much of office," she complained, evasively. "I've heard papa say that there was absolutely no profit in going to the Legislature." Then, becoming insistent, she exclaimed, "Withdraw, Tom; please do, for my sake!"

She made a rudimentary movement as if to throw her arms around him, but it came to nothing. Her voice, however,

carried a mighty appeal to Tom's heart. He looked at her, and thought how commonplace other young women were when compared with her.

"You will withdraw, won't you, Tom?" she prayed. One of her hands touched his arm. "Say yes, Tom."

For a moment his political ambition and his standing with men appeared to dissolve into a mere mist, a finely comminuted sentiment of love; but he kept a good hold upon himself.

"I cannot do it, Phyllis," he said, in a firm voice, which disclosed by some indescribable inflection how much it pained him to refuse. "My whole future depends upon success in this race. I am sorry it is your father I must beat, but, Phyllis, I must be nominated. I can't afford to sit down in your father's shadow. As sure as you live, I am going to beat him."

In her heart she was proud of him, and proud of this resolution that not even she could break. From that moment she was between the millstones. She loved her father, it seemed to her, more than ever, and she could not bear the thought of his defeat. Indeed, with that generosity characteristic of the sex which can be truly humorous only when absolutely unconscious of it, she wanted both Tom and the Colonel nominated, and both elected. She was the partisan on Tom's side, the adherent on her father's.

Colonel Sommerton returned on the day before the convention, and found his friends enthusiastic, all his "fences" in good condition, and his nomination evidently certain. It followed that he was in high good-humor. He hugged Phyllis, and in a casual way brought up the thought of how pleasantly they could spend the winter in Atlanta when the Legislature met.

"But Tom—I mean Mr. Bannister—is going to beat you, and get the nomination," she archly remarked.

"If he does, I'll deed you Sommerton Place!" As he spoke he glared at her as a lion might glare at thought of being defeated by a cub.

"To him and me?" she inquired, with sudden eagerness of tone. "If he—"

"Phyllis!" he interrupted, savagely, "no joking on that subject. I won't—"

"No; I'm serious," she sweetly said. "If he can't beat you, I don't want him."

"Zounds! Is that a bargain?" He put his hand on her shoulder, and bent down

so that his eyes were on a level with hers.

"Yes," she replied; "and I'll hold you to it."

"You promise me?" he insisted.

"A man must go ahead of my papa," she said, putting her arms about the old gentleman's neck, "or I'll stay by papa."

He kissed her with atrocious violence. Even the knee-sag of his trousers suggested more than ordinary vigor of feeling.

"Well, it's good-by Tom," he said, pushing her away from him, and letting go a profound bass laugh. "I'll settle him to-morrow."

"You'll see," she rejoined. "He may not be so easy to settle."

He gave her a savage but friendly cuff as they parted.

That evening old Barnaby brought his banjo around to the veranda. Colonel Sommerton was down in town mixing with the "boys," and doing up his final political chores so that there might be no slip on the morrow. It was near eleven o'clock when he came up the hill and stopped at the gate to hear the song that Barnaby was singing. He supposed that the old negro was all alone. Certainly the captivating voice, with its unkempt melody, and its throbbing, skipping, harum-scarum banjo accompaniment, was all that broke the silence of the place.

His song was:

"DE SASSAFRAS BLOOM.

"Dey's sugah in de win' when de sassafras bloom,

When de little co'n fluttah in de row,
When de robin in de tree, like er young gal
in de loom,
Sing sweet, sing sof', sing low.

"Oh, de sassafras blossom hab de keen smell o' de root,

An' it hab sich er tender yaller green!
De co'n hit kinder twinkle when hit firs' begin
ter shoot,
While de bum'le-bee hit bum'le in between.

"Oh, de sassafras tassel, an' de young shoot o' de co'n,

An' de young gal er-singing in de loom,
Dey's somefin' 'licious in 'em f'om de day 'at
dey is bo'n,
An' dis darky's sort o' took er likin' to 'm.

"Hit's kind o' sort o' glor'us when yo' feels so
quare an' cur'us,

An' yo' don' know what it is yo' wants ter do;
But I takes de chances on it 'at hit jes can't be
injur'us

When de whole endurin' natur tells yo' to!

"Den wake up, niggah, see de sassafras in bloom!
 Lis'n how de sleepy wedder blow!
 An' de robin in de haw-bush an' de young gal
 in de loom
 Is er-singin' so sof' an' low."

"Thank you, Barn; here's your dollar," said the voice of Tom Bannister when the song was ended. "You may go now."

And while Colonel Sommerton stood amazed, the young man came down the veranda steps with Phyllis on his arm. They stopped when they reached the ground.

"Good-night, dear. I'll win you to-morrow or my name is not Tom Bannister. I'll win you, and Sommerton Place too." And when they parted he came right down the walk between the trees, to run almost against Colonel Sommerton.

"Why, good-evening, Colonel," he said, with a cordial, liberal spirit in his voice. "I have been waiting in hopes of seeing you."

"You'll get enough of me to-morrow to last you a lifetime, sah," promptly responded the old man, marching straight on into the house. Nothing could express more concentrated and yet comprehensive contempt than Colonel Sommerton's manner.

"The impudent young scamp," he growled. "I'll show him!"

Phyllis sprang from ambush behind a vine, and covered her father's face with warm kisses, then broke away before he could say a word, and ran up to her room.

In the distant kitchen Barnaby was singing:

"Kick so high I broke my neck,
 An' fling my right foot off'm my leg;
 Went to work mos' awful quick,
 An' mended 'em wid er wooden peg."

Next morning at nine o'clock sharp the convention was called to order, General John Duff Tolliver in the chair. Speeches were expected, and it had been arranged that Tom Bannister should first appear, Colonel Sommerton would follow, and then the ballot would be taken.

This order of business showed the fine tactics of the Colonel, who well understood how much advantage lay in the vivid impression of a closing speech.

As the two candidates made their way from opposite directions through the throng to the platform, which was under

a tree in a beautiful suburban grove, both were greeted with effusive warmth by admiring constituents. Many women were present, and Tom Bannister felt the blood surge mightily through his veins at sight of Phyllis standing tall and beautiful before him with her hand extended.

"If you lose, die game, Tom," she murmured, as he pressed her fingers and passed on.

The young man's appearance on the stand called forth a tremendous roar of applause. Certainly he was popular. Colonel Sommerton felt a queer shock of surprise thrill along his nerves. Could it be possible that he would lose? No; the thought was intolerable. He sat a trifle straighter on his bench, and began gathering the points of his well-conned speech. He saw old Barnaby moving around the rim of the crowd, apparently looking for a seat.

Meantime Tom was proceeding in a clear, soft, far-reaching voice. The Colonel started and looked askance. What did it mean? At first his brain was confused, but presently he understood. Word for word, sentence for sentence, paragraph for paragraph, Tom was delivering the Colonel's own sonorous speech! Of course the application was reversed here and there, so that the wit, the humor, and the personal thrusts all went home. It was a wonderful piece of *ad captandum* oratory. The crowd went wild from start to finish.

Colonel Mobley Sommerton sat dazed and stupefied, mopping his forehead and trying to collect his faculties. He felt beaten, annihilated, while Tom soared superbly on the wings of Sommertonian oratory so mysteriously at his command.

From a most eligible point of view Phyllis was gazing at Tom and receiving the full brilliant current of his speech, and she appeared to catch a fine stimulus from the flow of its opening sentences. As it proceeded her face alternately flushed and paled, and her heart pounded heavily. All around rose the tumult of unbridled applause. Men flung up their hats and yelled themselves hoarse. A speech of that sort from a young fellow like Tom Bannister was something to create irrepressible enthusiasm. It ended in such a din that when General John Duff Tolliver arose to introduce Colonel Sommerton he had to wait some time to be heard.

The situation was one that absolutely appalled, though it did not quite paralyze, the older candidate, who, even after he had gained his feet and stalked to the front of the rude rostrum, was as empty of thought as he was full of despair. This sudden and unexpected appropriation of his great speech had sapped and stupefied his intellect. He slowly swept the crowd with his dazed eyes, and by some accident the only countenance clearly visible to him was that of old Barnaby, who now sat far back on a stump, looking for all the world like a mightily mystified baboon. The negro winked and grimaced, and scratched his flat nose in sheer vacant stupidity. Colonel Sommerton saw this, and it added an enfeebling increment to his mental torpor.

"Fellow-citizens," he presently roared, in his melodious bass voice, "I am proud of this honor." He was not sure of another word as he stood, with bagging trousers and sweat-beaded face, but he made a superhuman effort to call up his comatose wits. "I should be ungrateful were I not proud of this great demonstration." Just then his gaze fell upon the face of his daughter. Their eyes met with a mutual flash of retrospection. They were remembering the bargain. The Colonel was not aware of it, but the deliberateness and vocal volume of his opening phrases made them very impressive. "I assure you," he went on, fumbling for something to say, "that my heart is brimming with gratitude so that my lips find it hard to utter the words that crowd into my mind." At this point some kindly friend in the audience gingerly set going a ripple of applause, which, though evidently forced, was like wine to the old man's intellect; it flung a glow through his imagination.

"The speech you have heard the youthful limb of law declaim is a very good one, a very eloquent one indeed. If it were his own, I should not hesitate to say right here that I ought to stand aside and let him be nominated; but, fellow-citizens, that speech belongs to another and far more distinguished and eligible man than Tom Bannister." Here he paused again, and stood silent for a moment. Then, lifting his voice to a clarion pitch, he added:

"Fellow-citizens, I wrote that speech, intending to deliver it here to-day. I was called to Canton on business early in

the week, and during my absence Tom Bannister went to my house and got my manuscript and learned it by heart. To prove to you that what I say is true, I will now read."

At this point the Colonel, after deliberately wiping his glasses, drew from his capacious coat-pocket the manuscript of his address, and proceeded to read it word for word, just as Bannister had declaimed it. The audience listened in silence, quite unable to comprehend the situation. There was no applause. Evidently sentiment was dormant, or it was still with Tom. Colonel Sommerton, feeling the desperation of the moment, reached forth at random, and seeing Barnaby's old black face, it amused him, and he chanced to grab a thought as if out of the expression he saw there.

"Fellow-citizens," he added, "there is one thing I desire to say upon this important occasion. Whatever you do, be sure not to nominate to-day a man who would, if elected, ally himself with the niggers. I don't pretend to hint that my young opponent, Tom Bannister, would favor nigger rule, but I do say—do you hear me, fellow-citizens?—I do say that every nigger in this county is a Bannister man! How do I know? I will tell you. Last Saturday night the niggers had a meeting in an old stable on my premises. Wishing to know what they were up to, I stole slyly to where I could overhear their proceedings. My old nigger, Barnaby—yonder he sits, and he can't deny it—was presiding, and the question before the meeting was, 'Which of the two candidates, Tom Bannister and Colonel Sommerton, shall we niggers support?' On this question there was some debate and difference of opinion, until old Bob War-mus arose and said, 'Mistah Pres'dent, dey's no use er talkin'; I likes Colonel Sommerton mighty well; he's a berry good man; dey's not a bit er niggah in 'im. On t' oder han', Mistah Pres'dent, Mistah Tom Bannistah is er white man too, jes de same; but I kin say fo' Mistah Bannistah 'at he's mo' like er niggah 'an any white man 'at I ebber seed afore!'"

Here the Colonel paused to wait for the shouting and the hat-throwing to subside. Meantime the face of old Barnaby was drawn into one indescribable pucker of amazement. He could not believe his eyes or his ears. Surely that was not Colonel Sommerton standing up there

telling such an enormous falsehood on him! He shook his woolly head dolefully, and gnawed a little splinter that he had plucked from the stump.

"Of course, fellow-citizens," the Colonel went on, "that settled the matter, and the niggers endorsed Tom Bannister unanimously by a rising vote!"

The yell that went up when the speaker, bowing profoundly, took his seat, made it seem certain that Bannister would be beaten; but when the ballot was taken it was found that he had been chosen by one vote majority.

Colonel Mobley Sommerton's face turned as white as his hair. The iron of defeat went home to his proud heart with terrible effect, and as he tried to rise, the features of the hundreds of countenances below him swam and blended confusedly in his vision. The sedentary bubbles on the knees of his trousers fluttered with sympathetic violence.

Tom Bannister was on his feet in a moment, it was an appealing look from Phyllis that inspired him, and once more his genial voice rang out clear and strong.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "I have a motion to make. Hear me." He waved his right hand to command silence, then proceeded: "Mr. President, I withdraw my name from this convention, and move that the nomination of Colonel Mobley Sommerton be made unanimous by acclamation. I have no right to this nomination, and nothing, save a matter greater than life or death to me, could have induced me to steal it as I this day have done. Colonel Sommerton knows why I did it. He gave his word of honor that he would cease all objections to giving his daughter to me in marriage, and that furthermore he would deed Sommerton Place to us as a wedding-present, if I beat him for the nomination. Mr. President and fellow-citizens, do you blame me for memorizing his speech? That magnificent speech meant to me the most beautiful wife in America, and the handsomest estate in this noble county."

If Tom Bannister had been boisterously applauded before this, it was as nothing beside the noise which followed when Colonel Mobley Sommerton was declared the unanimous nominee of the convention. Meantime Phyllis had hurried to the carriage and been driven home: she dared not stay and let the crowd gaze at her after that bold confession of Tom's.

The cheering for the nominee was yet at its flood when Bannister leaped at Colonel Sommerton and grasped his hand. The old gentleman was flushed and smiling, as became a politician so wonderfully favored. It was a moment never to be forgotten by either of the men.

"I cordially congratulate you, Colonel Sommerton, on your nomination," said Tom, with great feeling, "and you may count on my hearty support."

"If I don't have to support you, and pay your office rent in the bargain, all the rest of my life, I miss my guess, you young scamp!" growled the Colonel, in a major key. "Be off with you!"

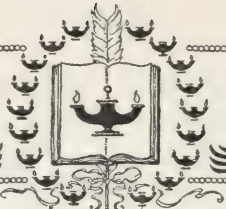
Tom moved away to let the Colonel's friends crowd up and shake hands with him; but the delighted youth could not withhold a Parthian shaft. As he retreated he said, "Oh, Colonel, don't bother about my support; Sommerton Plantation will be ample for that!"

"Hit do beat all thunder how dese white men syfoogles eroun' in politics," old Barnaby thought to himself. Then he rattled the coins in his two pockets. The contributions of Colonel Sommerton chinked on the left, those of Tom Bannister and Phyllis rang on the right. "Blame this here ole chile's eyes," he went on, "but 'twar a close shabe! Seem lak I's kinder holdin' de balernce ob power. I use my infloonce fer bofe ob 'em—yah, yah, yah-r-r! an' hit did look lak I's gwine ter balernce fings up tell I 'lec' 'em bofe ter oncet right dar! Bofe ob 'em got de nomernation—yah, yah, yah-r-r! But I say 'rah fo' little Miss Phyllis! She de one 'at know how to pull de right string—yah, yah, yah-r-r!"

The wedding at Sommerton Place came on the Wednesday following the fall election. Besides the great number of guests and the striking beauty of the bride there was nothing notable in it, unless the song prepared by Barnaby for the occasion, and sung by him thereupon to a captivating banjo accompaniment, may be so distinguished. A stanza, the final one of that masterpiece, has been preserved. It may serve as an informal ending, a charcoal tail-piece, to our light but truthful little story.

"Stan' by yo' frien's and nebber mek trouble,
An' so, ef yo's got any sense,
Yo'll know hit's a good t'ing ter be sorter double,
An' walk on bofe sides ob de fence!"

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

WE still fail to get much light on the question why the occupation of teacher involves the loss of social standing. By all analogy it should not be so. The possessor of money ranks the needy person. The one able to impart knowledge ought to rank the one destitute of it. This would happen in a society not artificial. Children, so long as they take a natural view of life, "look up to their teacher." It is only when they learn the artificial values in life that they begin to feel superior to the person who is paid to evoke their latent powers or to create aspirations in them. We go on repeating the adage that knowledge is power, meaning by it, however, the knowledge how to get money, and when we see either erudition or faculty that does not get its possessor money we lose our respect (our common commercial respect) for that sort of knowledge. By this kind of reasoning, then, we might come to the conclusion that the profession of teacher would be more respected if it were better paid, and it certainly would be better paid, especially in the lower grades, if its importance were at all apprehended. The whole future of the State depends on a proper education of the children, and for that education is demanded the best talent and the highest character. It is possible that if men and women of the best talent and the highest character were employed in the primary schools and received high pay for their services—as high, say, as drummers for life-insurance—the teacher would stand higher in the social scale. But it is not altogether a matter of remuneration. The position of the soldier does not depend upon his pay. The officers of lower grade scarcely have enough in any country on which to support a wife and family. They do very well if they can procure their resplendent uniform. Yet the military officer, without a cent of patrimony, takes, even in republican America, as good a social position as any one. To be in the army or the navy is to be socially well placed. There has always been something of this glamour about the soldier, even in the centuries when he was little more than the hireling of the

rich merchants, or of legitimate and illegitimate princes. Naturally we should say that he won admiration and the submissive love of women because his profession was one of imminent peril, because he took his life in his hands and kept it only by the weight and sharpness of his sword. But all occupations of danger do not bring this reward, the respect of men and the love of women. The fireman who constantly risks his life in extinguishing conflagrations, in saving property and rescuing lives, gains thereby no social position. His business is to preserve; the soldier's is to destroy. It seems a perverse view of the world that the destroyer should outrank in honor the preserver. There must be some other reason that guides the world in this election of its heroes. In Spain it is the matador who is the popular idol; in a large proportion of the population of England and the United States it is the slugger.

Is it, then, because brute force and physical prowess are held in such honor that the inoffensive teacher is looked down on? The briefless lawyer, the physician without a case, the clergyman who has had no "call" to a large salary, feel that they have a position above that of a teacher. And it is not here a case of pay or of prowess. Many teachers earn as much as many lawyers, and have as much physical courage. If we look at the matter from one point of view the ability to earn money does not seem to give social rank, nor always the possession of money. The man who has made his money finds it hard to come into his kingdom of heaven and sit down by the side of the blessed man who has inherited it. To be born rich brings a man more respect than to become rich by any exertion of his own.

This matter is brought forward here again merely to ask what the New Woman is going to do about it. In the United States the New Woman is not so much a surprise to herself as she is in England and on the Continent. Over there she seems to fancy that she is a new type of humanity, something not before catalogued. What she is exactly or is to be she has not determined. She has

only got so far as to say that she is to have the earth, and that Man is to be submissive to her. The question now is whether she is going to change the social laws so that they shall not bear so hard upon women as they now do. She is the arbiter of social matters. It is she, and not the man, who makes the position of the governess in the house—the person intrusted with the most important duty in life, the education of children—humiliating and uncomfortable. It is she who says of her sister, both in England and America, “She is nothing but a schoolmarm,” and puts her below the salt. There is scarcely anywhere a chit of a girl who is not taught at home to look down upon her teacher as a social inferior, though the teacher may be more charming as a woman in every way than she or any of her relations. Is the New Woman going to have any sense of justice in matters social? Not long ago a woman wrote to the *London Times* that she had had a well-paid and excellent position in an elementary government school. The labor was not excessive for the pay, and this profession seemed a good career for intelligent, well-born, and educated women. She became, after a year of study, a London head certificated schoolmistress. But she married, and went with her husband, an English village country gentleman, to his country residence. She was cut, socially ostracized; she had absolutely no social position in the county with those she was entitled to visit and receive, and simply because she had been a teacher in a government school. What was there in this, in the opinion of the New Woman, to degrade her? She had earned her living; but other ladies in the county may have added to their income by writing books for Mudie. At any rate, it is not man, the Tyrant, who has done this thing; it is woman ruling in her own sphere; and if this is a specimen of the justice she will exhibit in the other spheres when she ousts the man from them, the men had better hire some Jeremiah to prophesy the gloomy times ahead of them.

II.

The increasing travel by the Mediterranean route to and from Europe is not a mere whim of the travelling public, but indicative of large commercial and social changes. It means possibly new trade relations for the United States, that shall

not pay toll to the commercial lions of the North. It brings the United States into easy and familiar connection with North Africa and southern Europe, with the Grecian and Egyptian lands of romance and historic charms and attractions, and cannot but lead to a more direct and intimate exchange of commodities and social relations. We fall back, after four hundred years, into the track of Columbus, and find again the passage from which the energy and capital, and the kindred ties also, of England have diverted us. The movement may be of more importance to the Mediterranean than to us, for a great revival in the classic cities is not improbable in direct and frequent communication with a nation that will soon in population, production, and wealth stand at the head of the list of civilized peoples. The distance from New York to Gibraltar is about three thousand miles, not much different from that to Liverpool or Southampton or Havre. With the service as at present conducted the passage is eight days, but with increasing travel, and increase of commercial reasons for speed, the future boats are certain to take this route, and the time will fall below six days. This will bring the passenger to Genoa or Naples or Palermo in the same time now used to reach Havre, or less. As a winter route even now, notwithstanding the extra days, it is more agreeable. To be sure, the rough Atlantic has to be sailed over, and it is liable always to be in a passionate and hateful mood, but the voyage is much warmer than farther north, and it is free from the danger and haunting fear of fogs and wandering icebergs. The advantages of it as a spring and summer route are also great. The traveller is landed exactly where he wishes to be for exploring Spain in April and May, the best season to begin his journey from Seville northward; and for Switzerland and the Tyrol, to which the American is drawn in the warm months, Genoa suits him exactly. We speak of the increase of travel, but it is something more than transient travel. Americans are beginning to frequent Spain, to form little resident colonies in Tangier and Algiers, many of them escaping the frost and the ill preparations for winter in southern France and Italy, and to go to Cairo regularly as they would go to any other agreeable winter resort. It is becoming in the na-

ture of a permanent occupation. Never before in one year have so many people gone from the United States to Egypt as in 1895. Many of them will wander through Syria and about the Levant, and return with enlarged conceptions of the life of nations, and the possibilities of commercial expansion. They are led now by curiosity, by historic interest, or by the restlessness that accompanies leisure and wealth, but no popular movement taking on the proportions that this one has assumed can fail of more important international changes. The Arab in New York is almost as common as the American in Cairo, the Italians go and come by every ship by the hundreds, and this movement makes inevitable more important relations between the Mediterranean and the United States. American paper money is current in the shops in Gibraltar, and it is not a wild prediction that before long it will have a purchasing power all around the Mediterranean shores.

III.

This Mediterranean movement of pleasure and of profit has only just begun. It is only from one American port. But the long line of the United States lies opposite the historic fertile shores. Why voyage always in tempestuous Northern seas, into the fogs and long nights of the latitude of Labrador? Does not North Africa and the Mediterranean beckon to Norfolk, Charleston, and New Orleans—New Orleans, the natural funnel of the wealth of the Mississippi Valley—to send out ships laden with freight, steamers for swift passenger transit, to voyage by spicy islands and through comparatively calm seas? It is perhaps a far prophecy, this ferrying across from our Southern coast, but the statesmen at Washington may as well take notice of this new commercial movement, which will so vitally affect our relations with southern Europe. They may be able to see no connection between it and the Nicaraguan Canal, about the construction of which we hesitate, with small conception of our destiny as an arbiter of trade. We are offered this door to a sea-passage that will change the commerce of the world—a door which we have power to control absolutely, the key of which we should never surrender.

IV.

When we reflect that we live in this

world largely in the imagination, and that we travel back for recreation or pleasure on historic and literary lines, we do not need to explain why the leisurely inhabitant of the United States goes for his recreation in winter to southern Europe rather than to southern California or Mexico or the West Indies. His sympathies run back along the lines of his reading, his history, among the races from whom he gets his art, his literature, and his religion. He does not easily put himself into relation with the Spanish development, not enough even to understand the romance of his own New Mexico, or to enter with sympathy into the fascinating past of the Aztecs and the Spanish adventurers. The attractions of climate are not sufficient. If they were, he would not brave the Atlantic passage or shun the long railway journey which will land him by the genial smiling shores of the Pacific, or in Mexico, where he may dwell in tropical gardens and look upon aerial snow peaks and domes rising in the serene air superior to the inhospitable Alps. The warmth, the color of sea and sky, the luxuriance of everlasting bloom in the West Indies, would attract him more than the fitful temperature of the Mediterranean shores. He must go as far as Egypt before he comes to any weather he can trust as he can trust the Mexican, and even then his indolent enjoyment has a touch of lassitude which is not present in the wholly genial and yet stimulating highlands of Mexico and the West Indies. For mere physical enjoyment, for continuing days and weeks when the temper of the body is at one with the supreme leisure and keen susceptibility of the mind to the delight of existence, for nights without chill, and days without disturbance or foreboding of change, there is no comparison of the Mediterranean shores with Mexico, where one may find the exact spot for which he was born to be at ease by choosing an elevation that suits his individual constitution. If one carries his world with him, as Stevenson did to Samoa, he would not need to dwell in the fogs of London, or to shiver in the cold galleries of Florence, or to run in social harness at Nice; Morelia would content him more than Rome. But we are most of us social animals; we have a capacity of being amused rather than amusing ourselves; we are students and

curiosity-hunters in a world that is mapped out for us by our race affinities and traditions.

V.

Will the reader object to have the windows of the Study transferred to look upon a Tuscan landscape? Let there be no illusions about it. It is the month of January, in the depth of winter. The distant hills are snow-clad. There is an Apennine chill in the air. There is snow on the hills of Vallombrosa, and the leaves are not as thick there now as when Milton saw them. There is a blue sky now and again, and a burst of sun over the picturesque landscape, but there is fog and mist and drizzling rain, a dust of snow of a morning upon the evergreen foliage, and ice along the limestone roads. A Sandwich-Islander would shiver and perish. The old women and priests who come out on the terraces to get the sun carry *scaldini*, earthen dishes of charcoal, in their chilblained fingers; the ruddy-cheeked and bareheaded and homely maidens go about with their hands under their aprons, and the old men draw their cloaks about them with an air of patient endurance as they slink along the walls. It is never too cold for a beggar to present his hat. But it is Italy all the same, and the winter is not that of New England. The rose hedges have scarcely ceased blooming, and look as if they needed only a little encouragement to take color again; the tall cypresses, in lines and masses pointing their slender spires into the sky, the hardy ilexes, keep up the tradition of perpetual summer; in the gardens and among the vineyards there are spots of green vegetation; the spaders are turning up the soil for the next crop, and chattering and humming as they work; and over all the hills and the terraced land are the olives, green and silver, keeping still their sheen, giving a soft and poetic color to the wide landscape, and I know not what sentiment of times long gone and of primeval youth.

For Italy renews her youth, and has the fatal gift of beauty which recreates while it destroys. Romance follows romance, and the tradition of genius, of suffering, of cruelty, of passion, and of pity is hardly broken from the Middle Ages. If Italy in any generation fail to furnish a succession of adventure and talent and eccentricity, then the barbarians come in, and England and America keep alive the

tradition. Foreign artists, authors, men and women with careers and histories, passionate poets, writers of strange romances, crack-brained people with genius flashing from the crevices of their skulls, the declassed, the misanthropes, men of strong character accented to whimsicality, the English who are misfits even in a country where all are mad, charming men and women who find here the surroundings with which their natures are most in accord, all these continue to make the history of Florence unique. Nothing, not even the commonplace and vulgar, seems able to vulgarize it. The point of view for the moment is from the Villa Landor. This lies on one of the points of vantage under the heights of Fiesole, about two miles from the city. In the midst of its olive and grape farm and its lovely terraced gardens it looks on one side up to Fiesole, and on another on the hills of Vallombrosa, upon castles and villas, and the southern part of Florence, through which lies the road to Rome. Not far off is the village and convent of San Domenico, and above that, in a villa just under the tower of Fiesole, is the centre of the Jesuit world, the residence of the General of the order. Many times a day the soft bells of San Domenico call to those of Fiesole, and those send down the message to Maiano, which takes up the melody till Settignano responds, and the echoes drop sweetly about the hills and the watercourses in a flow of harmonious sound, dying away and rising again, heard of the quarrymen and the peasants in the vineyards, and the drivers cracking their whips on the highway, and the group of incipient priests out for a walk—a blessing on the neighborhood—is it not?—which the shimmering olive-trees acknowledge with a smile which runs over the landscape.

This is Boccaccio's country. The students are able to fit the scenes of the stories in the *Decameron* more accurately than Schliemann located those of the *Iliad* in Troy. It can be almost assumed that if the personages of the *Decameron* went anywhere to escape the horrors of the plague and tell stories, they went the first day out about two miles to the Villa Gherardo, which lies upon a bold projection between the Mensola and the Africo. From there they went up the Valley of the Ladies along the Africo. Now a branch of the Africo flows through the

garden of the Villa Landor, and it would be natural that the idle pleasure-seekers should halt in such a spot. From there they wandered over to the Mugnone, down that stream past two mills, which are still grinding when there is water enough, and so on the last day to the noble Villa Palmieri, now the possession of the Earl of Crawford, where the Queen Victoria recently spent a couple of winters, not, however, by way of approving the *Decameron*. This identical Villa Landor may not have been in existence in the day of Boccaccio's story; but then it may have been, for it was sold in 1427 by a man who inherited it from his father. The Villa Gherardo, a magnificent pile, one of the finest in situation and prospect in the region of Florence, probably dates from the ninth century. It has lost nothing of its charm since the day that gay company met there to hear and tell tales that Professor Villari says were read by the nuns in the convents, but to which it would be difficult to assemble a company of ladies now that would listen. The suite of rooms that open on the terrace are full of the objects that delight the refined tastes of this period of worship of the past. But the tastes of one era are

not those of another. In this very music-room the companions of Boccaccio may have sat, grouped in Florentine attitudes about the story-teller; but there was no piano, and the only literary atmosphere was that the poet carried with him. But see how the traditions are continued! In place of the poet and his stories is the master-player on the violin, an English Sarasate, one might say, with compliment to both artists; and while the company, which is mostly from over seas and from lands undreamed of by the Italian of the fourteenth century, yields itself to the enchantment of the view from the windows and the memories the place recalls, the player draws the bow, which in his hands is a wand of witchery, and has a magic to bring together all the past and the future into an ecstasy of present enjoyment. It is a winter's day. The Duomo is seen through the mist. Slanting lines of rain slash the hill-sides; there is a dripping on the terrace and a splashing in the pools. Yet the marvellous player has the power to make us forget all this, to see Florence in the light of its romance only, and to feel the sentiment of the fourteenth-century landscape still remains, only it is expressing itself differently.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 13th of February. —A great strike of electric railway employees began in Brooklyn January 14th, and lasted for a month, stopping or impeding travel on fifty surface lines. Rioting was put down by 7000 militia.

M. Casimir-Perier on January 15th resigned the Presidency of France. M. François Félix Faure was chosen his successor on January 17th by a vote of 430, to 361 for M. Henri Brisson, Radical.

An unsuccessful uprising against the government of the Hawaiian Republic occurred January 6th.

On February 12th Admiral Ting surrendered all the forts and Chinese ships at Wei-Hai-Wei to the Japanese Admiral Ito.

DISASTERS.

January 16th.—Explosions of giant-powder at Butte, Montana, killed fifty-three persons.

January 30th.—The North German Lloyd steamship *Elbe* was sunk off the Hook of Holland in a collision with the steamer *Crathie*, and 335 lives were lost. Those saved numbered twenty-two.

February 6th-12th.—The severest cold weather for fifteen years prevailed over a large part of the United States and western Europe.

OBITUARY.

January 18th.—At Troy, New York, Henry B. Nason, Professor of Chemistry at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

January 19th.—At Athens, Greece, Professor Augustus C. Merriam, of Columbia College, N. Y.

January 23d.—At New York, Alfred L. Loomis, M.D., aged sixty-four years.

January 24th.—At London, Lord Randolph Churchill, aged forty-six years.

January 26th.—At St. Petersburg, M. de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, aged seventy-five years.

January 28th.—At Paris, François Certain Canrobert, last of the Marshals of France, aged eighty-four years.

January 31st.—At Concord, Massachusetts, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, aged seventy-nine years.—At New York, Ward McAllister, aged sixty years.

February 5th.—At Concord, New Hampshire, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, rector of St. Paul's School, aged sixty-five years.

February 8th.—At New York, Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, aged sixty-six years.—At Augusta, Maine, John L. Stevens, ex-Minister of the United States at Hawaii, aged seventy-five years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

GREELEY'S HANDWRITING.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

I HAD never known a tramp printer of sufficient age who had not worked on the New York *Tribune* in the Greeley days, and who did not, consequently, have reminiscences of the great editor's copy. With this fact in mind one evening, when old Mark Wallis, my compositor, was sober, and therefore in a colloquial mood, I gently led up to the subject.

"Yes," he said, with the utmost confidence, "I was on the *Tribune* for a year in the early sixties. I never saw much of Greeley's copy, as that was mostly set by one man—a hoary-headed anachronism, who smoked a cob pipe with the corn still on it. He boasted that he could read Greeley's copy at three yards with one eye shut. Tangled and terrible as it was, it was said to be really less difficult to read when taken in detail than you might suppose, much of its bad reputation having sprung from the horror inspired in surveying a page of it as a whole. But whether difficult or not, there were few errors made in setting it. I never knew of an instance in the *Tribune* office like the one I once met with in a small Ohio town, where the editor was one week obliged to put this on his first page, after his second and third had been printed: '✎ Erratum: For "Price of Nails," in the foreign editorial on our inside, read "Prince of Wales."' "

"This man of the agricultural pipe, who was named Larkway, and who, I hope, in the interest of archæology, has been preserved in some museum, was so much given to bragging about his ability to read Greeley's copy that he was a burden to the office. There came to be a tacit understanding that an attempt must be made to humble him; but when the attempt was made it was practically a failure.

"Mr. Greeley was constantly receiving offerings of the products of the earth from rural admirers, as if he were a sort of modern Ceres and the *Tribune* office his temple. Sometimes it would be a big melon; again a prize squash; on another occasion a champion pumpkin. From the choice ears of corn which he got, Larkway used to make his pipes. Often he would not even remove the husks, and on one occasion these caught fire as he was studying an obscure word, and gained considerable headway before he noticed it. Sometimes an aspiring country boy would send Mr. Greeley a whistle made out of a pig's tail, just to show that it could be done, despite the popular belief to the contrary; and Larkway would take one of these, bore a hole through it, and use it for a stem to his pipe, thus getting, in a crude form, along with his tobacco, that Southern staple, hog and hominy.

"One day a worshipper in Herkimer County sacrificed on the Greeley altar two young roosters, alive. They were of a new strain, originated by the man, and he had named it the 'Go-West' breed. Mr. Greeley was much interested in the new fowls, and gave the man a good notice in the agricultural department, and cooped them under his desk, bestowing upon them an old straw hat for their brooding-place, since they were not large enough to roost.

"In fact, the man, in his eagerness to pour out his feathery libation, had sent these cockerels when they could not have been over a month old. They were so young that they required soft food, so Greeley used to bring down corn meal and mix it up with water for them. This pabulum, together with the cockroaches, which they soon learned to run to earth, constituted their diet, and they prospered and grew. But they had not been in the office a fortnight before they developed a trick which brought them into disfavor. They learned to eat the paste. They would hop up on their owner's desk and gorge themselves from the paste-pot as regularly as he went out, seldom leaving enough to stick a gumless postage-stamp. It was a favorite plan of Greeley's to clip an item from a loathed contemporary, paste it on the top of a sheet of copy paper, and then proceed to tear the unfortunate author of the paragraph limb from limb, beginning with the truculent, 'You lie, you villain, you lie!' and ending with the crushing, 'We don't want to hear from you again.' Several times, when boiling with rage at something he had just clipped, he started to dab it on a piece of paper, and found the paste-pot polished out like a lamp chimney, and saw those two roosters standing about in a calm attitude almost ready to burst. He endured it a week for the sake of the breed, but it happened once too often, and Greeley was the one who burst. He sent for the foreman, and said to him:

"Do you see those two confounded young roosters? They've eaten up my paste. They're full of it. They're waiting for me to get some more. I want you to take 'em up stairs, and never let me see 'em again.'

"The foreman tucked a rooster under either arm, and did as he was told; and thus they came to make their home in the composing-room.

"Here they continued to prosper, getting plenty of cockroaches and corn meal, with an occasional snatch at the foreman's paste-pot; and once in a while the galley-boy used to

give them a mouthful of news ink on the end of a column rule, which seemed to agree with them, though this, or something else, had a bad effect on their tempers, and they began to fight each other a good deal. They constantly grew more combative, until it seemed that, instead of being called the Go-Wests, a more appropriate name would have been the On-to-Richmonds.

"After they had been with us a couple of weeks the boy one day left the ink-roller of the proof-press on the floor. One of the roosters walked over it, and then across a piece of white paper. The foreman saw him, and a great light burst in upon his mind, which nearly stunned him. He slapped his leg with his hand hard enough to break it, and shut his jaws together like a vise to keep from breaking out in a volcano of laughter. He walked to his desk as if in a trance, keeping his eye on Larkway. Before he went home he spoke to the proof-reader and one or two others, and they fractured their legs with their hands; and then they all went off to the hospital for the night.

"The next afternoon they were back at the office two hours before the usual time. The foreman caught one rooster and the proof-reader the other, and they took them over in the corner behind the imposing-stones. They had previously sent the devil down to Mr. Greeley's room to get a dozen sheets of the paper he always wrote on. These they spread on the floor in the form of a square, carefully inked the feet of the fowls, and set them to fighting on the copy paper. They had just had a meal of cockroaches, and they went at each other savagely. Every two or three minutes the men would take them off, ink the bottoms of their feet, and toss them into the ring again. At the end of twenty minutes every sheet of the paper was covered with their tracks, and the foreman gathered up the pages, numbered them, and scrawled a head on the first one, 'The Plain Duty of Congress,' in imitation of Greeley's hand, marked the whole 'Brevier—Double Lead,' and hung it on the copy-hook.

"Pretty soon the men began to drop in, but they had all heard of the game that was on, and picked around the article. After a while Larkway came lumbering along. He had just

made a new pipe out of the biggest ear of corn ever raised in Cayuga County, and a particularly crooked pig's tail from Brattleboro, Vermont, and seemed unusually pert. He started the conflagration in his pipe, put on his spectacles, and walked to the hook.

"Hey? You fellers still soldiering, ain't you?" he cried. "Still afraid of the old man's stuff, hey? Can't rastle it, can you? Had to leave it for old Larkway, didn't you? Well, that's all right; I like it. You do me a favor when you leave it for me."

"He took it, walked over and slammed it down on his upper case, planted a handful of leads on the bottom of it, and picked up his stick. Every man in the room held his sides, and watched to see the old fossil flabbergasted; but, by the Goddess of Truth, he began to set it!

"Yes, Larkway started to set it. At the end of the second line he began to look a little troubled, laid down his stick, and we thought our moment of victory was come; but he only swore a little, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled it, lit it with a husk stripped from the outside, picked up his stick, and went on. You could have packed every one of us in a hat-box. The old cave-dweller worked on, and never looked up again until he got almost to the bottom of the last page. Here he stuck, on a place where one of the roosters had slapped down the edge of his wing, also inky. Larkway studied over it for a long time, then he said to the foreman:

"Darn it, the best of us get hung up on a word once in a while. What's that, down there?"

"Don't ask me," said the foreman. "You know I can't read the stuff. Go down and ask the old man himself."

Larkway shuffled out with a long face, carrying his pipe in one hand and the copy in the other. He went into the chief's room, and said, in a low tone: "Mr. Greeley, I'm stuck. What is that word?"

"Greeley snatched the sheet from his hand impatiently, studied it a moment, and then squeaked, in his highest voice:

"Unconstitutional," sir! Great Jehoshaphat! it seems to me sometimes as if this office was full of pesky college graduates, and after I've given the janitor strict orders not to allow one of 'em in the building!"

THE REASON.

Poor old Si Barker and his neighbor had long been on anything but friendly terms. What they had quarrelled about no one ever knew, but they had parted in anger, and never made it up. What the neighbor thought of Si was returned with interest by Si when thinking of his neighbor, and it was the firmest conviction in the mind of each that the other was destined to the most heated horrors of the hereafter. A year ago Barker was drowned,

and for once the neighbor weakened. "I'm glad the poor old feller died that way," he said. "Sorry he's gone; but if he had t' go, 'twas the best way he could ha' done it."

Some interest was expressed by a friend as to the why and wherefore of this remark, and the following was the answer:

"Why 'm I glad he's gone to his last accountin' drowned? Well, becuz I knowed him well enough to know that the place he's a-goin' to he'd better go thar wet than dry."



A SAFE RULE.

"I don't know whether you'll like this. It's a peculiar mixture of mine—half English breakfast and half Oolong."

"It certainly ought to be right. One of the first rules I learned in school was that we should always cross our teas."

VERY INGENIOUS MEN.

"THERE is no ingenuity I admire so much as that of the men who get up cyclopædias," said Mr. Cawker to his wife.

"Why?"

"Because it is the most ingeniously ingenious ingenuity extant, that's why. I'll illustrate. I wanted a little information on the planet Jupiter. I went down stairs to the library, and in my simplicity took out the book which, according to the inscriptions on the back, contained the J's. 'J' is the first letter in the word 'Jupiter,' you understand."

Mrs. Cawker nodded.

"Well, I carried the book up stairs and settled myself to absorb useful information about Jupiter. Opening the book, I tracked along alphabetically until I came to where Jupiter ought to be—and what do you suppose I found?"

"I can't imagine."

"Just this—'Jupiter, see Planetary System.' Here comes in the ingenuity of the cyclopædia men. First, they never put the information you want under the head you would naturally look for it to be under, and then they carefully put the article to which they refer you in

another volume entirely. To do this unerringly requires a great mind, madam."

And Mr. Cawker stalked off down stairs to pursue his hunt for information about Jupiter.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A YOUNG housekeeper who lives in a small Kentucky town had occasion to reprimand her cook for neglecting her duties.

"Well, Miss Laura, I's been worried," was the reply. "I's studyin' a most 'portant question. Tell de trute, I don' know which to get, a winter cloak or a divohee."

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

A WELL-KNOWN critic recently wrote a bitter attack on the work of a celebrated novelist. After it was published, the novelist, a good-natured man, wished to meet the critic who had assailed him, and asked a common friend to bring him up to dinner some evening.

When invited, the critic replied:

"I certainly shall not go! He simply wants to heap coals of fire on my head, and do you suppose I am fool enough to hold the scuttle for him?"

P. MCARTHUR.

OVER THE ENTRÉE.

YOUNG Bell is a very bright boy. He is rarely at a loss at times when repartee is in order. At a hotel dinner table one day last summer, a friend, desirous of putting him to his trumps, asked him, apropos of one of the entrées, *Bouchées à la financière*, whether or not the little pâtés were stuffed with five-dollar bills, the term *financière* suggesting the question.

"Well, no, not exactly," he said. "I just ate one of them, and from the way I feel I think a doctor's bill is involved."

A PROBLEM.

AMONG the many slaves upon the plantation of a distinguished Southerner during the late war was a blind and decrepit old woman known as Aunt Idy. Aunt Idy, for some reason best known to herself, thought to better her condition by taking the oath of allegiance.

One of the younger members, hearing what had taken place, went to "ole miss" to get the solution, and after being told her friend had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, exclaimed, "Fo' de Lohd! I don't know how Aunt Idy is gwine to s'pote the United States, when she can't s'pote herself."

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

"HAVE you ever thought of what your dying words would be?" said a friend to another. "You know old Newcome's last word has been quoted constantly, and has immortalized his name—*Adsum*."

"Well, my experience in life may have been different from his," said the other; "but I think when my time comes to go, I shall simply say, '*Ad enough*.'"

OFF AND ON.

A LAWYER noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it off and on, but have worked at it steady for the past twelve years."

"How long off and on have you worked at it?"

"Sixty-five years."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five."

"Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?"

"No, sir; of course I haven't."

"Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?"

"Because you asked how long off and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off."

Here there was a roar in the court-room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.

HE OBEYED ORDERS.

A THEATRICAL manager recently had printed a number of costly lithographs of the leading members of his company. Being busy behind the scenes when they were brought to him, he called a stage attendant, and ordered him to place them in the foyer. On entering the theatre in the evening he noticed that the lithographs were not visible. He immediately hunted up the attendant, and asked him where they were.

"Shure I burnt thim, sorr," said the attendant.

"Burnt them, you idiot! What did you do that for?"

"Bekase ye tould me to," was the reply, in an injured tone.

"I didn't tell you to burn them!" the manager said, impatiently.

"Faith, sorr, ye did. Ye tould me to put thim in the foire, an' I wint roight aff an' put them in the stove beyant."

HE KNEW HOW A WOMAN THROWS.

THE small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh,

"Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

MODERN PAINTERS.

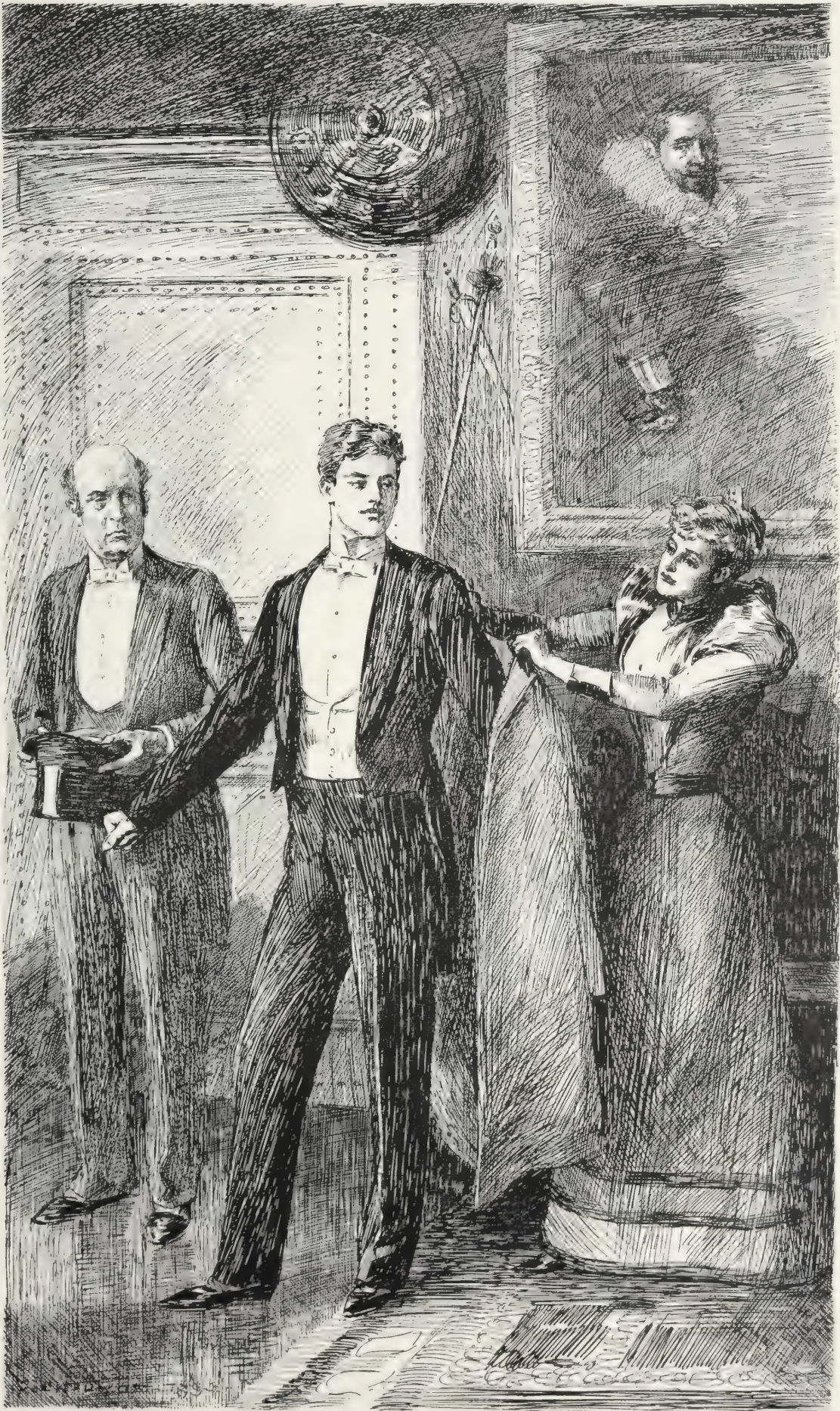
I GAZE with rapture and with awe
On the eternal hills,
And lo, upon the rocks I read,
"Take Harker's liver pills!"
I turn to where the setting sun
Sinks grandly in the west,
His dying beams fall full upon
"Jenk's Gladux are the best!"

Mark yonder frowning precipice,
Adown its dizzy steeps
A mountain stream in foam and spray
A dazzling vision leaps.
Alack! the advertising fiend
Has climbed the giddy height,
And painted on the topmost crag,
"Go, buy your boots of Wright!"

Nestles in yonder lovely vale,
Amid its orchards green,
A farm-house white, with bursting barns,
In truth a peaceful scene.
A poet here might hope to dwell
Safe from the rude world's strife;
The biggest barn is covered with
"Mortal, insure your life!"

You meet him in the frigid zone,
On India's coral strand,
And where the Sphinx, with eyes of stone,
Looks out o'er Egypt's sand.
Alike in desert solitude
And in the city's rush,
Where'er the foot of man has stood
He journeys with his brush.

MRS. M. P. HANDY.



NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT.

HE. "I don't like to have you hold my coat for me, Cousin Jane."

SHE. "But I like it, my dear. It is always a pleasure for me to speed the parting guest."

AN INCIDENT EN ROUTE.

SHE was an elderly and benevolent-appearing person as she settled herself for her afternoon's journey. She smoothed out her black silk skirt, and arranged her bundles at her side. She was travelling through the beautiful valley region of Connecticut on a "local express," which stopped, without partiality, at all stations.

She watched the country through which she was riding, and was at last lulled to sleep by the gentle jarring of the train. The sudden starting of the engine from some little station roused her, and she raised her eyelids to see a gentleman, who was without doubt a contemporary of hers, totter a little uncertainly into the seat in front of her. As he took his seat the draught from the open door brought to her nostrils the unmistakable odor of liquor. There was no doubt of it. He cast what seemed to the good woman's excited imagination a leering glance at her as he sat down. It seemed to her inexpressibly sad that this respectable-looking man should bring the fumes of the grog-shop into the cars. Further sleep was out of the question. Fearing intrusion, however, she dropped her head a little to one side and half closed her eyes. The respectable-looking drunkard in front repeatedly glanced at her over his shoulder in a most disagreeable manner, but the old lady's ruse evidently had the desired effect, as he did not disturb her. She was left in peace to ruminate, with half-closed eyes, on the sorrow he must be to his family, and she wondered a little if he had sons, and if so, were they drunkards too.

At the next station, to her great relief, he rose and left the car. Her satisfaction was short-lived, however, for almost instantly a well-dressed young man came in and took the vacant seat. As the door closed behind him she again detected the odor of liquor, even stronger than before.

"What," she thought, "can it be that all the men hereabouts are drunkards? But it is no wonder that the boys are if their fathers are as well."

Compelled once more to feign sleep, she was conscious that the young man constantly turned about with a half-amused expression on his handsome face. She wondered if the poor boy had a mother. Perhaps some young girl loved him. He was even worse than the older man, for he had so many more years ahead of him to fill with misery.

So thought the elderly lady, and as she thought she was fast growing nervous. She was conscious that her bonnet was a bit askew, and her face was flushed. She was not accustomed to such fellow-travellers as she encountered in Connecticut.

At last she could not stand it any longer. She tried to bring herself to speak to the young reprobate, but her courage failed her. She determined to change her seat. She gath-

ered her bundles together and prepared to rise. As she did so the young man turned to her and said, "Can I help you, madame?"

"No, I thank you," she replied, with some dignity. "I can take care of myself," with just the faintest accent on the "I."

She settled herself once more, across the car, determined to read during the remainder of her journey. She lifted her travelling-bag, which had rested at her feet, to take out her favorite Emerson. As she opened the bag the car became redolent with the odor of brandy. The top had come off her tiny flask, and the contents of her valise were soaked with liquor, even the covers of her beloved Emerson.

She cast one despairing glance at the young man. He coughed slightly, and went forward into the smoker.

MACGREGOR JENKINS.

HARD TO ESTIMATE.

HE was a late arrival in the town, and he was very much impressed with its beauty. Interested to know more about it, he addressed a lounge in the office of the little tavern which, in default of a better hotel, he had made his headquarters.

"This is a flourishing town of yours."

"Pretty good," said the countryman. "I 'ain't ever been to New York, but I guess Hokusville's pretty hard to beat anywhere."

"Good schools?"

"So they says. I 'ain't never been to none myself, but my boy he goes, and he knows it all."

"What's your population?"

"My what?"

"Population."

"I dun'no' what you mean. I don't go in fer none o' these new-fangled farmin' tools myself."

"I mean, how many people are there here?"

"Never counted 'em," said the other. "I reckon, not countin' Jim Sibley an' me, there must be seven or eight hundred souls."

The visitor laughed. "Here's a character," he thought. "I'll chaff him a bit. Seven or eight hundred, not counting you and Jim Sibley, eh?" he said. "Well, counting you two in, how many do you think you have?"

"Waal," said the other, rubbing his forehead as if to facilitate his thinking apparatus, "I can't exactly say. I might go for one more, but when it comes to reckonin' by souls, ye can't count on Jim Sibley, for atween you an' me I don't believe he 'ain't got any."

AN AUTOGRAPH OFFER.

AN author of some repute received a copy of his first book, published ten years ago, from a purchaser recently, with the request that he write something on the title-page. The copy, when returned, had this inscription:

"I'd fondly hoped this book had died,

It fills me with so little pride.

Some day, perchance, should funds grow slack,

You'll let me know. *I'll buy it back.*"

A JUDICIAL REQUEST.

ON one occasion Sir Matthew Bigbee, of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, presided at a trial where a man was before the court on a charge of sandbagging. The evidence was almost conclusive against the prisoner, but, much to every one's surprise, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

Sir Matthew was both surprised and disgusted, and when discharging the prisoner remarked: "Prisoner, you are discharged. Now if you wish to oblige me particularly you will go to work at once and sandbag that jury."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADHERENT.

It was at a meeting of a South Boston Democratic club prior to an election some years ago. The hall was filled; sons of Erin largely predominated, and the air was appropriately clouded with smoke from pipes of various ages, colors, and degrees of offensiveness. The appointing of a committee of five—for what purpose need not appear—was in

progress, and nominations were being made all over the hall with an enthusiastic indifference to the laws of the much-lamented Mr. Cushing.

The acoustics of the room were not of the best, and amid the clamor that greeted each name presented it was extremely difficult to follow the proceedings. At length a burly Irishman at the back of the hall jumped to his feet, and waving a blackened clay pipe at arm's-length, shouted, in a voice that might have been heard around the block,

"Mr. Chairman!"

All sounds in the hall came to an end. Recognition from the chairman was instantaneous.

"Mr. Chairman, oi move thot Mayor O'Brien be put on the committee."

"Phwat committee is thot?" questioned a voice from the other side of the room.

"Dom'd av oi know, but oi move thot Mayor O'Brien be put on it."

It was unanimously seconded.

RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL.



THE OTHER SIDE.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT (*sternly*). "You look sleepy this morning, Mr. Dash. I am now sixty years old, and I have always made it a point in life to get to bed by nine o'clock and get ten hours' sleep."

STENOGRAPHER (*making short calculation*). "But only think, sir, that, reckoning your time at a just valuation, you have wasted three hundred and forty thousand eight hundred dollars in bed, to say nothing of the fun you've lost by getting there before 2 A.M."



A GOLFER'S TRIALS.

It was rather hard on Snobly, as he was going to the Golf Club in his new togs, to be stopped by old Mrs. Sharp, who told him she was so glad he'd gone into business, and wanted to know how much he'd charge to mend her umbrella

PAT'S WAY OF FIGURING IT.

GENTLEMAN. "I say, Pat, how far is it to Berrys Corners?"

PAT. "Faith, sor, after yez go a bit further yez come to the cross-road, and if yez take the turn to the left it's a moile, and if yez take the right it's two moiles; but divil a bit of difference is it which turn yez take. If yez miss the short way, yez 'll take the other, and as a miss is as good as a moile, the divil knows that makes it aven."

WHAT THEY WERE.

A GENTLEMAN walking along Lexington Avenue one day encountered two boys who looked so much alike that he stopped them and asked, "Are you little boys twins?"

They looked up at him for a moment as though they did not exactly understand, then one said, meekly,

"No, sir; we are Methodists."

HONORS WERE EASY.

A HARD-LOOKING tramp came into the office of the charities of a certain metropolitan church with a most forlorn story of destitution. The minister in charge had previously received unfavorable reports of this very man from the Charity Organization Society. After listening to his story he said: "I have heard all about you from the Charity Organization Society. They don't think very much of you."

"Faix thin," said the man, "we're aven, fur I don't think very much of thim."

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

A LITTLE bit of Thackeray,
A little bit of Scott,
A modicum of Dickens just
To tangle up the plot,
A paraphrase of Marryat,
Another from Dumas—
You ask me for a novel, sir,
And I say, there you are.

The pen is greater than the sword,
Of that there is no doubt.
The pen for me whene'er I wish
An enemy to rout.
A pen, a pad, and say a pint
Of ink with which to scrawl,
To put a foe to flight is all
That's needed—truly all.

But when it comes to making up
A novel in these days
You do not need a pen at all
To win the writer's bays.
A pair of sharpened scissors and
A wealth of pure white page
Will do it if you have at hand
A pot of mucilage.

So give to me the scissors keen,
And give to me the glue,
And I will fix a novel up
That's sure to startle you.
The good ideas have all been worked,
But while we've gum and paste
There shall be books and books and books
To please the public taste.



See "Hearts Insurgent," page 956.

"JUDE!" SAID A VOICE, TIMIDLY—SUE'S VOICE."

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IN SUNNY MISSISSIPPI.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WE say we like London because of its historic associations and haunts, and we think of them so often that we come to regard our country as lacking the things which awaken reverent emotion. A mere tomb in an English graveyard, or a lettered slab in the pavement of one of the Inns of Court, sends us back a century or two as we ponder what some poet did and how he lived and what were his surroundings. And yet the sentimental mind may find plenty of this sort of delight here in America—delight that should be extreme to an American. I thought of that in Richmond when I saw the portrait of poor Pocahontas in the Capitol, close to that of Light-horse Harry Lee and to those of some of the famous royal Governors. And I thought of how there was a Virginia known to Shakespeare, as well as a “vexed Bermoothes.” And so it was again when I found myself in Charleston, with its museum of ante-Revolutionary buildings, and its French traces that point back to the earliest Protestant settlement within our national borders. In New Orleans, again, a wealth of romantic and picturesque and gayly colored reminders of shifting dynasties and exciting history beats in upon my mind. Finally I came to Mississippi, and at Biloxi stood upon the ground whereon M. d’Iberville planted the flag of his royal master of France in 1699, nearly 200 years ago, but 157 years after De Soto sailed the Father of Waters that fronts that same State. Ah! I can be very happy indeed when I find myself in Carlyle’s favorite tobacconist’s in Chelsea by the Cheyne Walk, but I can command a more brilliant panorama, and one that moves as directly toward my own proud citizenship, when I pursue the same bent of mind in my own country.

To Biloxi one goes to get sick in order to be happy. That is one of the peculiar charms of the entire Gulf coast of the State of Mississippi. Surely as you go there you will fall ill of the local distemper, and that is one of the main incentives for making the journey. When I was in Chattanooga, not long ago, the cream of the gentry were ill and contented by reason of an enforced command for general vaccination to ward off a threat of small-pox which never materialized. But down at Biloxi and Pass Christian (pronounced *chris-chan*) and Ocean Springs and those other bits of dreamland on the Mississippi coast nobody gets sick in order not to be sicker. No one down there takes the local illness in preference to some other disorder. In that peculiar region every one becomes invalided as badly as possible solely for the love of the malady.

I first heard of it in a barber’s shop. A man came along, and the barber hailed him. “When are you going to come and get my hot-water apparatus and mend the leak in it?” he asked. “Can you take it now?”

“No,” said the mechanic. “I’ll call around very soon. I was going to come and get it a couple of weeks ago; and then, again, I was pretty near coming for it the week before that. I’ll get around. Y’ain’t in no hurry, are you?”

“Oh, well—er—not a reg’lar hurry,” said the barber. “I’d be using the thing every day if it was in order. But I’ll get along all right.”

I was in a holiday resort, and this was certainly a holiday spirit which both men were displaying, and yet it seemed that both were rather too slow even for a holiday couple.

“How does that fellow make a living?” I asked.

"Oh, he's a creole," said the barber. "He don't require much for a living. A cigarette and a glass of water makes a creole breakfast, you know, and down in this country you give any young fellow a dugout and a cast-net and he's able to marry."

After a pause the barber said, proudly, "Oh, we've all got the Biloxi fever."

"What sort of a fever is that?"

"You'll find out when you have been here awhile. How long have you been here?"

"About two hours," said I.

"Well," said the barber, "you'll have it bad to-morrow—that is, it will seem bad at first, though really it gets worse and worse the longer you stay. Why, the natives have it so that there's dozens of girls here who are becoming old maids because it is too much of an effort for their beaux to propose to 'em."

The fever seized me at eleven o'clock of the next forenoon, as with my friend Mr. Fletcher, of New Orleans, I was pursuing the truly Northern custom of "taking a walk." Before half a mile had been traversed, a store porch appeared before us and impeded our progress. It is true that it was on one side of the thoroughfare, and the way past it was broad and level. But it was a demon porch—a thing with the soul if not the song of a siren. In the sunlight it seemed to smile on us seductively, and it spread its two side-posts like a welcoming lover's arms, while its clean warm floor appeared to advance and insinuate itself under us, so that, without knowing how or why it was, we found ourselves seated there, stricken with the fever and at ease.

One must catch the complaint to appreciate it. It is not fatal any more than Nirvana is, and in my practical Occidental way of thinking it is very like Nirvana, and better, because it has the advantage of leaving you on earth, and with the same enjoyment of food and flowers and wine and song that you had before. It is not laziness. None but a dull hind would call it that. It is the very thing that the Europeans who criticise us for our fever of unrest should recommend as a substitute, for it is a fever for rest. A mere doctor would describe it as a malady peculiar to the Gulf coast from Mobile to New Orleans. He would say that it has been observed that large numbers of men and women, by combining in large cities,

are able to exercise sufficient will power to ward it off, so that it is prevalent in Mobile and New Orleans only among the colored people. Then he would go on to say that its first symptoms are a stiffening of the motor muscles of the legs, followed by a sense of leaden heaviness in the patient's feet. The patient will be observed to talk rationally, and to sustain an ordinary light conversation, but will on no account move from a chair, except it be to drop into the next one he comes to.

In the absence of chairs the patients are observed to sit upon barrels, boxes, store porches, and door-steps in the public streets, even though, before they were stricken, they were in the habit of applying harsh names, such as "loafers," "trash," and "tramps," to those who did the same thing. They sit upon wharves and upturned boats and tree stumps, upon grassy ledges and fallen logs, and, if they are permanent residents of the infected districts, they build seats all about their open grounds. They put benches about on the grass and piazzas, and even on the road-sides. In many cases they order great pavilions like giant nests built around their trees, and having no energy with which to conjure a new and fit name for these airy perches in which they while away precious time, they call them "shoo-flies," a name utterly without significance in that connection. They will hear the news of the day if any one will tell it or read it to them, but they cannot be prevailed upon to take up a newspaper. Northern men, when at home, who take three morning newspapers, an afternoon paper, and a score of weeklies and magazines, show the same aversion for printed news as those who cannot read at all. An instance is related of a Northern editor coming to Biloxi and falling a prey to this strange disorder. Having a New Orleans paper pressed upon him with the hint that it contained a description of the burning of his newspaper building during the previous night, he pushed the sheet away, saying: "Let her burn. I am here for rest, and don't want business mixed up with it." The same leading medical journal which records this case—so a mere doctor would continue—also cites an instance of a Northern broker in stocks who arranged to pay extra for his board on condition that the hotel clerk should tell him if Western Union dropped below 81 $\frac{3}{4}$, but

should never, under any other circumstances, mention any serious matter to him during his stay in the hotel.

Thus a professional student of the disease would describe the Biloxi fever, missing the very essence of that which any person affected with the complaint would speak of at the outset. That point is its

and chicken-pox, and in such a case I can easily fancy that a man with a good supply of the fever would neglect his wife and babies, and sit on the head of a barrel in the sun for years, without saying who he was to any detectives that might be hired to find him and bring him out of Biloxi.



GROTTO AT BILOXI.

engaging character, its sensuous, dreamy, delicious, soothing nature. No one who has it would be cured of it on any account, until the time came to make a supreme effort of will and catch the train for the North. A poet might liken it to floating on whipped cream in a rose leaf. Or, to put it so that the dullest mind can grasp it, the feeling is what you are sure a great good-natured Newfoundland dog enjoys when he lies blinking at the sun after a hearty dinner. To be sure, it may be carried to extremes, just as some persons go to great lengths with the measles

At all events, we sat down on the store porch in the fever-stricken town, and just then a fire broke out. It was announced by a half-dozen lazy strokes of a bell, which created a great disturbance. There was no yelling or rushing about or surging of crowds. The disturbance was confined to a dozen volunteer firemen. They were resting in their homes and shops and offices, and the alarm was unexpected. Some had to dress, and others had to hunt up their fire-hats. These were things that are not done recklessly in Biloxi, but are well and carefully consid-

ered beforehand. It was therefore some little time before the firemen began to appear in the streets and to come calmly—as Matthew Arnold would have had all us Americans do—up to where my friend and I were seated, and then next door to the engine-house. On the way, at nearly every gate, the women halted them to ask where the fire was, and in every case the firemen took time to formulate a well-digested polite answer, to the effect that they were sorry not to be able to say at that time anything of value about the fire. In time they got the handsome old-fashioned hand-engine out into the street, and after a little badinage and a resting-spell they shrewdly paused to discuss the route by which they might most easily

er of disturbing and unwelcome information.

After a long time the firemen came back in the same leisurely, dignified way as they had departed. We heard a woman ask them if they had saved the building, and we heard a fireman's reply, "No, ma'am; the building had gone when we got there; but we saved the ground."

It is to be hoped that before the fever seizes you the country round about the town will have tempted you to enjoy its many delights. They speak down there of the strange habit the Northern men and women have of taking long walks, a thing the Southern mind staggers at newly at each presentation of the phenomenon. In our far South, if one has not a

horse or a sail-boat, and cannot borrow either, there is nothing to do but to stay at home. To be sure the Northern pedestrians take few walks before they are fever-stricken and leg-stiffened and stranded in chairs in the sunshine. But what walks! Along the beach the water flashes before the town, all aglitter in the sunlight, and beyond lie the long green islands of the Gulf, fringed with spreading trees, now dense and now mere green lace-work, with the blue sky and bluer Gulf visible through it. The pedestrians turn



JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION, BEAUVOIR, AT BILOXI.

reach the general locality indicated by the number rung out by the bell. There being several discordant opinions to weigh, this also consumed a few minutes. Finally, like a well-ordered body, they and the machine got under headway and presently disappeared, leaving us to the full enjoyment of the succeeding quiet, which was only disturbed by a thoughtless question put by one of us to a street boy as to what sort of a tree it was that spread its noble height and width across our horizon. The boy replied that it was a pecan (he said "pecawn"), and had he stopped at that all would have been well, but he launched out upon a perfect clatter of facts about the nuts the tree bore, the number of bushels it yielded, the price they brought, and, in short, a show-

away and explore the land only to come back enraptured, telling of the templelike forest of pines that overspreads the land, of the light and shade, of the vivid green feathered against the clear blue, of the white sand underfoot with its soft red carpeting of dead pine needles, of the stillness and the purity and almost parklike semblance of order everywhere within the forest. Alas, that they should soon lose the energy to renew such pleasure, and that it should joy them only in their memories!

The village is picturesque, and but that this one is the oldest of these Gulf resorts (and was a summering-place for New Orleans folk in the long, long ago), what is said of it will answer for all the others. It is made up of little cottages



They talk to all who pass their way, and if a stranger like myself refuses to make a free exchange of his business for theirs, they will give up theirs quite as freely, if he will stop and listen.

These are often Western folk, for our Eastern people have not discovered this perpetual summer land, but have allowed men and women from the other end of the Mississippi Valley to steal this march upon them. Therefore we find a small section of the

of pretty and uncommon designs that have sprung from French beginnings. Often the second stories project beyond the parlor floors so as to provide a lower porch; and here and there are seen prettily shaped openings in the upper stories so as to make additional galleries. When vines trail up the house fronts and frame these galleries the effect is very pretty. Vegetation is abundant, the trees are of great size, and flowers grow in luxuriance, though it is whispered that there is sufficient chill in the air of winter nights to make it prudent to pull the potted plants in-doors in cold spells. The green gardens and chromatic cottages lie prettily beside white sand streets, where there are no sidewalks, but borders of grass instead. Natives point out the trees as chinaberries, willows, cypresses, magnolias, oranges, pecans, peaches, plums, and apples. The people love the castor-bean, because it has a tropical look, I suppose, and thrives so well down there. I have seen fifty-three orange-trees in one garden, checkered with golden fruit and greenery, and have found the oranges as delicious as any I ever ate. The buds come upon the trees before the fruit is plucked. The people in the tiny streets and gardens are extremely democratic.



IN THE LIBRARY AT BEAUVOIR.

place spoken of as a Michigan settlement, and in addition there are many regular winter visitors from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. They discovered the Gulf coast about seven years ago, and make it a habit to come either in November or after the holidays, and to stay till warm weather reaches the North. The greater number go to Pass Christian, a rather new place, prettily spread along the beach, and with a large well-managed hotel maintained by Chicago people. Ocean Springs, Bay St. Louis, and Biloxi are the other resorts. Biloxi, the oldest, is the most quaintly typical,



BACHELORS' QUARTERS, BEAUVOIR.

slightly Frenchified Southern town of them all. Bathing, fishing, driving, and cottage and hotel life are the diversions.

A great many of these visitors buy cottages and modernize them, renting them for a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars when they go away in the summer, at which time the New Orleans folk come along.

At Mrs. Drysdale's altogether excellent, old-fashioned, but brand-new hotel in Biloxi I could find no fault with anything, but it is said that the Western visitors cannot abide the high seasoning with chile pepper and garlic which the creole taste demands, or the Southern tendency to fry everything, even the fruit, or the coffee that is made "so strong that it stains the cups," or the singular Gulf-coast custom of breaking fast at nine o'clock in the morning and dining at two o'clock in the afternoon. Cottage life, therefore, has the greater number of votaries in that region. They go there to escape the Northern winters, and are told that the Gulf coast has only two cold spells in each winter—one in November and one in February. When these come they are found to bring a temperature like that of boarding-house tea. Bathing can be indulged in all the year—enjoyed all the year by the men, I should say, and indulged in by the women, for the custom down there is for the women to immerse themselves in little pens under the bath-houses, between lattice-work walls.

Interesting Southern peculiarities are

plentiful down there. I never saw a pecan-tree, for instance, that I did not think of the famous "nigger candy" of New Orleans—the irresistible candy of the Crescent City sidewalks. There they take the pecan-nuts, which we eat raw, as if we had no more ingenuity than squirrels, and sprinkling them in great cakes of pure brown sugar, produce a confection to which they give the French name of *praline*, but which is so unlike any other candy in the world as to deserve a new American name of its own. The old

"mammies" make the candies in disks big enough to cover the bottom of a silk hat, and even yet keep the trade to themselves and away from the merchants, although the visitors to the gay city buy up whole trays of them, and even ship them to the North and East. Down here in Mississippi the scuppernong grape finds its farthest Southern foothold, I think; at least, I have not found it farther away. Travellers to Asheville and Florida will remember that it is the wine that is served at that celebrated railway restaurant in North Carolina where the proprietor and the waiters vie with one another in forcing "extras" and second portions of the nicest dishes upon the wayfarers. There can scarcely be such another restaurant as that. "Do have another quail," says the proprietor. "Let me give you more of this scuppernong wine. It is made near here, and is perfectly pure." "Won't you take an orange or two into the cars with you?" or "Here's a bunch of fresh flowers to give to your ladies." The scuppernong wine has even more of that peculiar "fruity" flavor than the best California wines—a flavor that I am barbarian enough to prefer to the "pucker" of the imported claret. You may have it with your meals in Biloxi. And if you are a drinking man, which Heaven forefend, you may have "toddy" in the style that obtains from Virginia to farthest Texas, and that has been imported to Arkansas, Missouri, and the Indian Territory.

It was on the banks of the Arkansas River, in Indian Territory, that I made the acquaintance of this method of—as a friend of mine would say—“spoiling good liquor.” The famous Indian champion, Mr. Boudinot, introduced me to a planter whose two cabins, side by side and joined by a single roof, formed the most picturesque home that I saw on that splendid river. I was introduced as plain “mister,” but that would not do down there.

“Colonel Ralph,” said the planter, “enjoy this yer boundless panorama of nature. Feast yo’ eyes, sah, on the beautiful river.” (Then aside: “Wife, set out the mixin’s in the back room.”) “Colonel Ralph, you are welcome to share with us this grand feast of scenery and nature’s ornaments. But, sah, I think my wife has set out something—just a little something—in the house. I dun’no’ what it is, sah, but if you find it good, I shall be delighted, sah.”

So we went into the back room with this other Colonel Mulberry Sellers, and there on the dining-table stood a bottle, a bowl of sugar, three glasses and spoons, and a glass pitcher full of spring water.

“Serve yourself to a toddy, colonel,” said my host.

“I’ll watch you first,” said I; “I don’t know what a toddy is.”

“Don’t know what a toddy is?” said the hospitable man. “Why, sah, that does seem strange to me. Back in gran’ ole Virginia, sah, we children were all brought up on it, sah. Every morning my revered father and my sainted mother began the day with a toddy, sah, and as we children appeared, my mother prepared for each one an especially tempered drink of the same, sah, putting—I regret to say—a little more water in mine than the others’ because I was the youngest of the children.”

As he spoke, he dipped some sugar into his glass, poured in a little water, sufficient to make a syrup when the two ingredients were stirred with a spoon, and then emptied in an Arkansas “stiffener” of whiskey—a jorum, as the English would say. That

is the drink of the South, where drinking, without being carried to any excess that I ever witnessed, still remains a genteel accomplishment, as it was held to be by the English, Scotch, and Irish who were the progenitors of nearly all our Southern brothers.

Beauvoir, the seat of the family of Jefferson Davis, is close by Biloxi, and as Mississippi reveres his memory as that of her most distinguished citizen, I rode over to visit the old place. I had thought of Mississippi as the last stronghold of the Southern sectional feeling, and so it may be, but I discovered even less signs of it there than anywhere else in the South. Nowhere did I encounter a greater and a closer mingling of the natives with the new immigrant element, which latter is growing strong there in the development of that new relationship which is springing up between the Western people at the head of the Mississippi Valley and the Southern people at the foot of it. That is a new growth of trade and friendship which the student of this country’s development will soon need to take into account.

But it is a strong fresh memory, that natives and new-comers share alike, of the ex-President of the Confederacy as he journeyed to his upper plantation or to New Orleans or walked through the white streets of Biloxi, a tall, spare, impassive man of great natural dignity, and always clad in a suit of Confederate gray, under a soft military hat, until he was seen for



SLEEPING-ROOM IN THE LIBRARY, BEAUVOIR.

the last time. Although a Kentuckian by birth, his life is bound up with the history of Mississippi. For that State he served as an elector in 1844, voting for Polk and Dallas. He was a planter there, and went from there to Congress in the next year. As Colonel of the First Mississippi Volunteers he fought bravely in the Mexican war, and later he was one of the Senators of his State in the Federal Congress and Secretary of War under President Pierce. After the collapse of the Confederacy he made Beauvoir his most favored retreat and resting-place, and there, until he died, he received letters from the young college students of the South asking his advice as to their future courses in life, and visits alike from Northern and Southern folk, the one to make his acquaintance, the others to tender their sympathy and respect.



READING-ROOM IN THE LIBRARY, BEAUVOIR.

The way to Beauvoir lies either along the beach or through the woods; but I chose the forest road, that I might as many times as possible enjoy its wonderful order and neatness and beauty. The trees rise, at short distances apart, above the level clean sand, and there is nowhere a suggestion of impurity either upon the ground or in the clear sweet balsamic air. There is a constant suggestion of something cathedral-like in the regular uni-

form columns of the forest, the meetings of their limbs overhead, and the closing shallow vistas, as of naves, on every hand. The dwarf palmetto, or Spanish-bayonet, grows in little clumps or singly, as one would distribute it for ornament, and the very tropical long-leaf pines, leaping high in air before they put out a branch, and then spreading their tops like palms, are the chief denizens of these silent depths. Here and there are wet spots, it is true, and then the parklike character of the woods changes to a jungle, but a jungle so thick with gum, bay, magnolia, and other trees that one cannot see the dank water they shut in.

By the wood road the back of Beauvoir is first reached, and is found to be a tract of ten acres, devoted to the cultivation of the scuppernong grape. The vineyard is a scene of disorder and neglect. The rude

arbors are rotting and falling upon the vines, and the young persimmon and pecan trees that have been set out there are endangered by the weeds that grow riotously, to exaggerate the suggestion of desolation. The mansion is around a bend of the road, commanding the dark blue Gulf, from behind ample grounds whose fence separates the place but does not hide its beauties from the white beach drive that skirts the water. The greatest storm in many years had torn up the road when I was there, and, worse yet, had played havoc with the splendid trees that beautified the noble estate. There are many giant live-oaks and a

few hickories and cedars, but, alas, the ground was littered with the débris of their wreckage, and some were prone upon the earth—one of the dead being a splendid big hickory, which it would have been supposed no wind could maltreat. The gate was tied up, and the house was closed, so that had it been pointed out to me as a haunted house, abandoned by its owners, the scene presented there would have been exactly accounted for.



THE POTTERY OF BILOXI.

It has been a noble place, and could be made so again with little trouble and expense. No house that I have seen in the South is more eloquent of the full possibilities of the aristocratic baronial life of the planter before the war. To look upon it even now is to recall a thousand tales and anecdotes of the elegant life, the hospitality, and the comfort of the old régime. The main house is a great, square, low building, with a gallery on three sides, reached by a broad, high flight of steps. A great and beautiful door leads to a wide central hallway, through which one could see, when the house was open, either the blue Gulf and distant islands in front, or the great oaks with their funereal drapery of Spanish moss in the rear. Two other similar but smaller houses stand, like heralds of the old hospitality, a little forward on either side of the mansion. Both are square, red-roofed, one-story miniatures of the manor-house. Each has its roof reaching out to form a broad porch in front. One is the bachelors' quarters, for guests and relatives of that unhappy persuasion, and the other is Mr. Davis's library and retreat. There

everything is as he loved to have it around him when he sat in-doors, and out on the beach is the ruin and wreck of a seat under some live-oaks where he used to sit and look upon the broad water and reflect upon his extraordinary and most active life. Behind these three buildings is the usual array of out-buildings, such as every Southern mansion collected in its shadow—the kitchen, the servants' quarters, the dairy, and the others.

I went into the little library building and saw his books, his pictures, his easy-chair and table, and—behind the main room—his tiny bedroom and anteroom, the bedroom being so small that it could accommodate no larger bed than the mere cot which is shoved against the window. His books would indicate that he was a religious man with a subordinate interest in history. In a closet he kept a remarkable collection of prayer-books, and in an open case were many volumes of novels, which the care-taker of the place called "trash," and accounted for with the explanation that Mr. Davis maintained a sort of circulating library for the use of his ex-Confederate soldier friends. The

pictures that still hang upon the walls struck me as a strange collection. One shows some martyrs, dead, in a gladiatorial amphitheatre; one is of a drowned girl floating beneath a halo in a night-darkened stream; one is a portrait of our Saviour beside several madonnas; and only one is a military picture. Thither came constant visitors, for it was "the thing to do" in Biloxi—far too much so for the privacy and comfort of the family, I suspect; but it is recollected that Mr. Davis delighted in showing his library to all who called after twelve o'clock noon. The main house was seen only by those who had a claim upon his affections. I visited it and found it made up of noble rooms and decorated beautifully with fresco-work. But nearly all the furniture and ornaments and pictures were packed up or covered as if ready for removal. The effect upon my mind was sad and almost tragic, and I hastened from the widespread scene of havoc and of neglect, which even threatens the house itself. I learned enough to know that this does not reflect discredit upon the little family that was bereaved by the Southern leader's death, for the maintenance of the place would entail an expense which, if they were able to meet it, would still be an unwise disposition of their means.

It was with less pleasure that, on returning to Biloxi, I conjured up a picture of the old man threading the village streets, where every man who passed him lifted his hat, where all who had grievances stopped him to get his ready sympathy, and where those who had served him pressed his hand as they met him. It may be fitting, in view of everything that has passed, that Beauvoir should become a ruin, but hardly so soon as this.

I said so to the honest old German who is in charge of the place, and whom I found battling hopelessly with the tons of wreckage left by the last great storm. He shook his head, and it seemed to me that his eyes were moist.

"Were you a Confederate soldier?" I asked.

He turned upon me quickly.

"Of course I was," he said; "else I should not be here."

Every prospect from the shore about Biloxi includes at least one of the long low wooded islands in the glittering Gulf, and every look establishes a telegraphic communication by which the islands seem to

say, "Come out to us; we will give you joy." On the mainland, too, the people urge you to accept the invitation. "They are different from the shore, and prettier," they say. Lucky are you if you yield to all these solicitations. They are jewels—emeralds studding the turquoise Gulf. They are foreign. You feel, even though you have never been to the Sandwich Islands, that these are like them, and that you are in a new and unfamiliar but beautiful country. The mainland had seemed like a bit of ornament, of lace-work on the edge of our country, but these islands appear to be not of our country at all. They are Polynesian, if they are not Hawaiian. They are all long and narrow, sometimes eighteen miles long and only half a mile wide, and they are said to be crawling in the direction they point to—towards Mexico. It is said that the time was when they were joined to Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, but the water cut them off, and now it keeps cutting away the landward ends and building out the further points, so that they seem to be lazily moving to the tropics. I do not vouch for the story, but give it as I got it, because it accords with their foreignness to think of them as lazy indolent travellers, seeking a climate more congenial than that with which fate first bound them.

Out on those islands the sand is as white as the whitest sugar, the water is as deep a blue as that of the Adriatic, and the sky is like the side of a lighted lantern of pale blue silk. The snow-white sand is continually shifting, changing its surface forms, travelling constantly, as if the progress of the islands was too slow for it. Thus it happens that you see towering white dunes of it which reach a knifelike edge into the water, and then rise gradually higher and higher in a soft white plane until they are forty feet high, and there they end abruptly, so that from behind they appear like towering smooth white walls. They bury the trees, of many sorts that you do not remember to have seen on shore, and their dead trunk ends and black bodies protrude here and there above or in the faces of the devouring white hills.

The water is apt to be as gentle and calm as it is blue, basking eternally in the brilliant sunlight. But when a breeze ruffles it billions of brilliant gems appear as its upturned points sparkle all over it.

It is a piscatorial Eden, alive with fish. It is so clear that you may see them at their play and work, fishes of ever so many and ever such queer kinds. Great turtles are among them, and sharks and porpoises and gars, darting or hanging, as if they too had the Biloxi fever, above schools of sheep's-head and pompano, and I know not how many other sorts of creatures. You could not see them better if you were looking through the clear

at the hotels and in the streets. They put the little loafing-places in touch with a great deal more of the world than the railroads introduce there, for these generally jolly mariners come from Norway and Sweden and France and England, and even from more distant lands. The fact that you do not see their ships lends a little touch of mystery to their presence, but it is a short-lived mystery if you attack it with the first natural question, for then



SHOO-FLY, BILOXI.

glass walls of a vast aquarium. You undress and plunge in to find the water just as you would order it if you could, a mere trifle cooler than the atmosphere, but ever so buoyant. You float and loll and lie about and dream in it, thanking the Creator that you are the veriest bit amphibious, and fancying yourself completely so.

There is little other animal life than what you bring on most of the islands. On some there are people enough to spoil them, but on others there may be only one shanty or a light-house, or no habitation at all, but grazing cattle here and there.

An unexpected feature of life in some of these little Gulf resorts is due to the number of sea-captains one is apt to meet

you learn that their vessels are lying within shelter of the islands off shore, loading with lumber. This lumber they swallow up in prodigious quantities. They do this in such a way as to suggest those people whom Munchausen found on an adjacent planet to this, who used to open a door in their stomachs and pop in food for several days when they were going off on a journey. Just so these lumbermen swallow sections of forests without having them cut up to go into their holds, by opening a door into their stomachs, in the shape of a great hole in each bow, into which the long tree-trunks are slid. We are apt to think of lumber and timber as products peculiar to Maine and Michigan, Minnesota and Washington, but every one of the Southern States is a



COTTON AND ITS CAPITOL, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

grand storehouse of valuable timber, and none is greater than Mississippi.

That part of her territory which is covered by forests is just four times the size of Massachusetts—or more than twenty-one millions of acres. The reader wonders how that can be true of the king of the cotton States, since that royal rank implies a vast farming area. It is because Mississippi is larger than Pennsylvania by a thousand square miles, or nine times larger than Massachusetts. Her great agricultural development has been reached by denuding more than half of her surface of forests.

To understand this, and the State, it is necessary to remember that Mississippi is divided into three longitudinal belts: 1, the Delta strip, along the Mississippi River; 2, the hilly belt down the middle of the State; and 3, the so-called “prairies,” on the side next to Alabama. The Delta soil is alluvial and very rich, and is very productive, of cotton mainly. The hilly land, that which was until recently considered the very poorest land outside of the swamps, is now the source of great

wealth, because here are grown the vegetables and small fruits whose introduction is revolutionizing and enriching the State. It is rich also because it is cultivated in small holdings by white labor and by economical methods. We better understand how such an influence affects a people when we reach the prairie belt, now the poorest part of the State, though its soil is black and vegetation planted there becomes luxuriant. It is farmed in large plantations like the Delta land, but it does not flourish because these are rented out and not kept up by their owners. Like the Irish landlords, they spend their money elsewhere instead of on their land, as the small holder does, in fertilizers, improvements, and repairs.

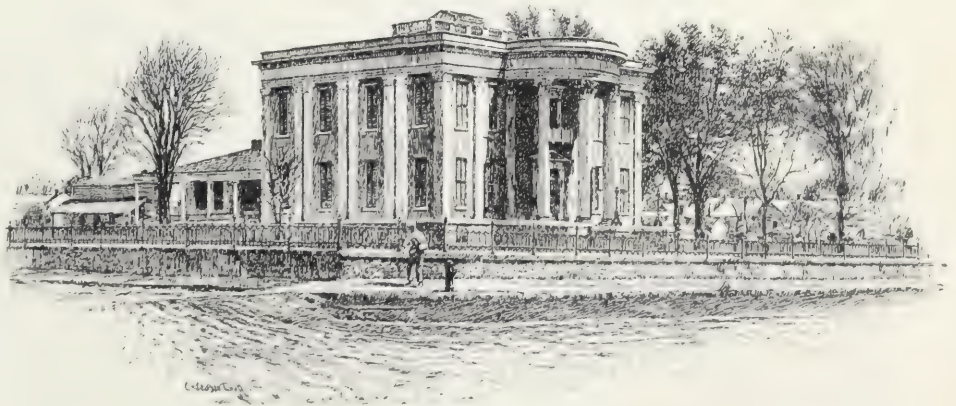
But while this division of the State is actual, the reader must now imagine all three of these belts covered by a vast virgin pine forest from the middle of the State to the Gulf. To be exact, let me say that this forest extends over nearly the whole area between Alabama on the east and the Illinois Central Railroad in the west, and between the Gulf and a line

drawn across the State from the city of Meridian to the railroad I have mentioned. This forest region is about 90 miles wide and 180 miles long, and is in the main as beautiful as a park. Pine, gum, oak, and cottonwood are the trees, though on the Delta side cypress, ash, poplar, hickory, and gum are abundant. For fifty years or more this district has been "lumbered" wherever the logs could be floated down the many streams that all flow to the Gulf of Mexico, and yet it is said that but a tiny fraction of the valuable wood has been cut, and not even yet have the lumbermen been obliged to go to a distance from the streams. It is estimated that to-day there remain eighteen millions of feet of long-leaf pine in this region, while in the northern part of the State more than one-third as much short-leaf pine is standing.

In this great Southern district of forest a large amount of Western capital has been invested in lumbering, and of the men engaged in the pursuit fully one-half are from the West and the North. Immense tracts of this woodland are held untouched for the great rise in their value that must certainly follow the destruction of the timber resources of the Northwest. These Mississippi forest lands were public, government land, and the speculative corporations bought enormous tracts at prices that were sometimes as low as a dollar and a half an acre. This unjust and scandalous absorption by the wealthy of that which should have been held for the people and for the enrichment of the State aroused the indignation of those who watched it, and two or three years ago the people obtained Federal legislation, by which what remains of the land is saved for the possession of actual settlers exclusively. Less than half of it—possibly little more than a third—was thus preserved. That which is being cut is not only shipped to Europe, as I have described, but it also goes in great quantities to the West—to Chicago and intermediate points, and to St. Louis as the distributing-point for the farther West.

Down on the Gulf coast I had shown to me the tidy home and thrifty-looking farm of a man who was said to have walked into that section "with nothing in the world but a shirt, trousers, and boots"—the very sort of man that most of my Southern friends say that they don't want as a type of the new blood they aim for in their efforts toward attracting immigrants. But this man picked up a living somehow, as men of the stuff to emigrate are apt to do, and presently he had saved enough to buy a patch of woodland. Then he turned that into a farm, and has become a comfortable citizen, growing vegetables the year around, and demonstrating that a man with the will can establish himself in the South in the same way in which poor men have built up whole Western States, and with as great individual success, if not greater.

Among the places that I visited in Mississippi was Jackson, and there the condition of the old State House suggested the thought that perhaps the rebellious subjects of old King Cotton are more interested in the present day than in any part of their past. Like Beauvoir, it was a pitiful object of neglect. The old clock face on its front had turned into a great plate of rust, the unlooked-for statues of Bacchus and Venus in the once noble lobby beneath the dome now stand ridiculous in a scene of untidiness and slow decay. The Senate-Chamber has its roof upheld by rough trusses of raw wood, and the originally fine hall of the Assem-



GOVERNOR'S MANSION AT JACKSON.

bly is ornamented with the advertisement of an insurance company, the faded banner of a lodge of Confederate veterans, hung awry on one side of the Speaker's

chair, and a cheap portrait that dangles threateningly overhead.

The capital itself is a busy and a prosperous place, stirred by men of modern ideas and interests, who proudly show a visitor their rows of fine residences and two bustling business streets, their promising college, founded by a banker in the town who loves his fellow-men. And these leaders are fully alive to the revolution that is pushing the State into prosperity. The Governor's mansion, so strongly recalling the White House at Washington, is one of the sights of the town, but to me nothing was so interesting as the continual movement of baled cotton through the streets, and the habit the people have of piling it up beside the Capitol, so that one sees the palace of the threatened king, neglected and in need of general repairing, rising above the mountain of the bales that typifies his throne.

Cotton-mills are not as numerous in the State as in the Carolinas and Georgia, and yet one—that at Wesson—is one of the finest in America. There is a yarn-mill at Water Valley, and there are mills for the making of unbleached cotton at Enterprise, near Meridian, and at Columbus. The Wesson cotton and woollen mills show so triumphantly what can be done in the South, as well as wherever enterprise determines to make success, that I wish to speak of them at length. They were founded in 1871, and have been so phenomenally successful as to give certain goods that bear their name an almost world-wide celebrity and rank—so successful as to increase the value of the stock ten dollars for one that has been invested in them. By the reinvestment of the dividends they have been brought to their present completeness and excellence. By constantly replacing old machinery with that which is newer and better they have been made as modern as if they were equipped yesterday. They manufacture all classes of cotton goods—cotton rope, rag carpet, twines, hosiery, jean, wool jeans, cassimeres, ladies' dress goods, and flannelette. They consist of three large brick buildings, equipped with electric lights, automatic sprinklers, and water-towers. The annual output of manufactured stuffs has been about a million and a half dollars' worth. The operatives number 1500, are natives of the State, and are all white. The commercial depression

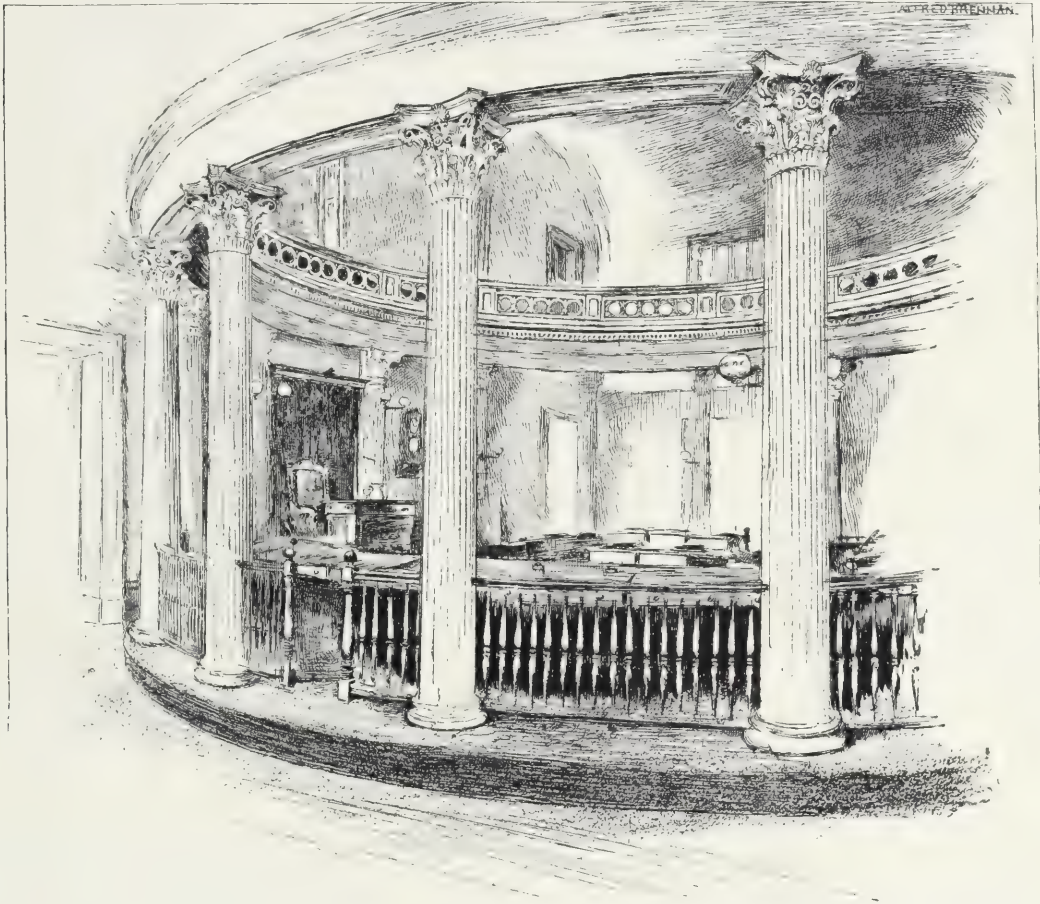
of 1893 caused a partial closing of the mills in August of that year, but the attitude of the owners toward their work-people is such that no misery followed. Winter fuel and house-rent free were given to all the operatives, and the heads of the families were kept employed in order that there should be money for necessities for all. It did not surprise me in hearing this to learn further that there has never been a labor union nor a day of what is commonly known as "labor trouble" in Wesson. James S. Richardson, of the noted family of cotton-planters, is president of the mills, and the directors are W. W. Gordon, John Oliver, and R. L. Saunders.

But Mississippi has many good tidings of progress and of approaching liberation from the cruel thralldom of that product in which she once led the South. New farming industries and new uses for the land are forcing themselves upon the public as well as the local attention. The Illinois Central Railroad, with its quick and direct service, is fetching sturdy Western people into the State, and sometimes they are leading, sometimes copying the more ambitious natives in the movement away from the exclusive growing of cotton. In Madison, in the county of that name, the pioneer was Dr. H. E. McKay, the President of the State Horticultural Society. A dozen years ago he began experimenting with strawberries, and with such success that his little town of 100 inhabitants now ships as many as five car-loads of luscious berries daily during a season of from four to six weeks. He has 120 acres planted in strawberries, his brother, Dr. John McKay, has between 80 and 100, and their neighbors manage strawberry patches of from 15 to 80 acres each. It was a brand-new business a dozen years ago, and it had to be learned; but to-day all engaged in it are more than satisfied, and declare it to be far better than cotton-planting. I do not know whether the average Northern reader appreciates the importance of experiments and examples like this, but to me these steps toward assured wealth for the South—especially since I know how belated they have been, and how slowly they are taken even yet—are most interesting.

The Madison berries are the second to enter the market. The first are grown around Hammond, in Louisiana, where

the farmers—in the same piny-woods soil that Mississippi's new trucking region consists of—began by raising early spring produce for the North. To-day they embrace their full opportunity down there

co-operating with the natives in the raising of truck. Tomatoes, pease, cucumbers, and beans are the chief growths, and the town shipped as many as thirty carloads of "table" tomatoes in one day of



SENATE-CHAMBER AT JACKSON.

in Louisiana, and actually ship produce every day, the year around. I will not print the necessary half-page list of what they grow, but it embraces all garden-truck, many small fruits, and much beside; and soon after cabbages are ready for shipment, in December, the next year's full round of incessant crops begins. But to return to Mississippi, where the same processes will eventually bring fortunes to great communities not yet established, let me add that thousands of fruit trees have been planted on the strawberry farms, and some are beginning to yield. The people mean to put their eggs in more than one basket. They are going into trucking also.

At Crystal Springs, south of Jackson, on the Illinois Central Railroad, a few of those Western people whom that iron highway is bringing into Mississippi are

last June. In that month Crystal Springs earned and got \$350,000, which came just as the cotton-planters needed money. The manner in which these new agricultural methods bring money into the State at all seasons is one of its advantages that is of more moment than we, who live nearer the financial centres, can easily imagine. Durant and Terry are other towns that are feeling this agricultural revolution.

The entire middle section of the State is becoming a great horse-raising region, and it is said that there are as many horses in Mississippi as in Kentucky. This, too, is the best hay section in the South, except the blue-grass region. Large quantities of hay are being shipped to New Orleans and to the Delta planters, who give up their lands to cotton. Bermuda and other grasses grow naturally there, but the lespedeza, or Japan clover, is

the best. It mysteriously appeared after the close of the war. It had undoubtedly been brought there by the Northern soldiers. Its seeds blow everywhere, and it has spread marvellously far and fast. On the poorest hill land it grows tall enough to mow and bale. It is preferred to any other hay by the cattle, and it fetches ten dollars a ton. In the western part of the State, in Clay and Chickasaw counties, a large number of Northern people have gone into the horse business. They are mainly raising working stock, such as used to be brought in from Tennessee. The butter and milk dearth is ended in central Mississippi. A number of dairy farms have been established, and the keeping of cows is becoming general. Even on the poorest land and among the poorest farmers pork and beef are being raised to insure meat for the families, whether cotton fetches paying or losing prices.

It is thus that the South is forced to acknowledge that the original Plymouth plan is better than the Jamestown experiment. The Jamestown or Virginia idea was to grow nothing but tobacco, and then use it to buy everything else that was needed to support life. The Plymouth plan was to grow the necessities of life

and sell the surplus, if there was any. To-day, from the Norfolk (Virginia) truck farms to the truck farms of Louisiana, the South is paying tribute to the Yankee notion. She is prosperous wherever that is the case. She is otherwise wherever the Jamestown method still obtains.

To be thoroughly successful the Plymouth method required personal industry, on the part of the small farmer at least. They are finding this out also in Mississippi; but to a Northern man, who believes that "work elevates and ennobles the soul," it sounds very funny to hear the people apologizing for what they are doing. Mere farm-work is considered plebeian and vulgar, but they find "dairying and horticulture more refined." They say that men of education do not like to do with the plough and the stable, but that "you see gentlemen and their sons at work in the orchards and berry-fields, and around Crystal Springs you may see a hundred young ladies of good families at work packing fruit." That is great progress and a great concession for the South. So long as the people work they will thrive, and if they sugar their lives by calling fruit-farming by the name of "horticulture," it does not matter so long



FORT MASSACHUSETTS, SHIP ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI.

as they acknowledge the truth of Poor Richard's maxim that

"He who by the Soil would Thrive
Must either hold the Plough or Drive."

The rule of the Jamestown plan is broken in Mississippi but not destroyed. The cotton-planters in the bottom lands own between 500 and 1500 or 2000 acres each. They farm out these plantations to the negroes. Each negro gets a cabin, a mule, a plough, and a little garden-patch free, as the tools with which to work. He is to plant and pick fifteen acres of cotton, and is to receive half of what it brings. The cotton yields between half a bale and a bale per acre, and fetches just now \$25 a bale. The negro needs the help of his wife and many children to pick it. At an average return of, say, ten bales of cotton to fifteen acres the negro gets \$125 for his year's work. The cotton seed brings seven to ten dollars a ton, so that from the sale of that he gets \$35 more. Some planters grow corn for market, and others allow the negroes to plant a good deal of corn to live upon. Unfortunately the rule with the negro is to sell his corn before Christmas at 50 cents a bushel, and buy it back in February at \$1 25. The negroes deal with the local merchants, who are mainly Hebrews, on the credit plan. They are made to pay two prices, and the Jews limit them to what it is thought their crops will bring. These merchants add about fifty per cent. for the hazard of poor crops, death, losses by storms, and whatever.

The negro is holding the South back in this as in other respects. The small white farmer can adjust himself to circumstances. He can say that if cotton does not pay at this year's price of five cents a pound, he will raise more meat and corn for home consumption. He can also raise enough to feed what tenants he employs. But the negro affects the larger situation. He is not a landlord. He must rent the land he works, and the average planter needs him as much as the negro needs the land. But when the two meet, and the negro asks, "What are you going to pay me for working your land?" the planter can only reply, "Cotton," because corn won't sell in the first place, and in the second place the negro likes cotton, and understands the handling of it better than anything else that grows in the ground. Furthermore, to understand the situation fully, the reader needs

to remember that there are a great many more negroes than whites in Mississippi.

The Illinois Central Railroad has come into a lot of rich land through the purchase of a railway nearer the great river than its main line, and it is bringing down a great many Western farmers, who do not go there for their health or for the sake of the scenery, but to make money. They are largely from Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. They are going into horse-raising, dairying, trucking, fruit-growing, and whatever will pay best, and they will exert a tremendous influence for prosperity down there. But on the hilly land of the interior, where the railroad influence is not at the bottom of the immigration, a great many new-comers are seen to try cotton first. They hear that they can get land for from three dollars to ten dollars an acre, and that they can raise a bale on two acres, with a chance of getting \$40 for the bale. It does not work. There is too much cotton. It is bringing only five cents a pound, and it has been observed that under eight cents the planters do not pay their way. Contrary to the Carolina experience, the bankers of Mississippi declare that cotton costs seven and a half cents a pound for the raising. And even then "it takes thirteen months in the year to raise it," as they say down there—meaning, of course, that before one year's crop is picked the planter must be preparing for the next. With land cheaper than dirt usually is, with taxes very low indeed, with a combination of soil and climate fitted for the growth of every product of the temperate zone, and many others beside, it is astonishing that the State does not fill with earnest industrious bidders for the fortune that will so surely be theirs when they embrace the opportunity. The reader may say that there must be some important hinderance, but I know of none. The white people are law-abiding and hospitable, the climate is healthful, the heat is by no means unendurable or such as need deter a Northern man from going there, and, indeed, Northern men have told me that the Northern mid-summer heat is far more trying. The only problem is what to do with the negro after the white farmers come in, but that will not affect any white man who goes there to work for himself. The negro will have to learn to work as the white man does, or—but that is his concern.

GRASS AND FLOWERS.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE land is beautiful with grass and flowers;
With zones of glory summer rings the world;
The children gambol with the dancing hours;
Smoothly they journey as the one cloud curled
High up the blue, and their feet the grass and flowers
Caress, as though they fell soft as the showers.

Now wherefore, flowers, will each benignant eye
Shut sweet beneath the children's feet; and, grass,
Why bear ye the children's weight without a cry?
Listen! from the flowers and grass a voice: *Alas!*
Cannot we let them tread us merrily
Since we so long, so long, on them shall lie?

TRUE, I TALK OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

BUT it is mostly my own dreams I talk of, and that will somewhat excuse me for talking of dreams at all. Every one knows how delightful the dreams are that one dreams one's self, and how insipid the dreams of others are. I had an illustration of the fact, not many evenings ago, when a company of us got telling dreams. I had by far the best dreams of any; to be quite frank, mine were the only dreams worth listening to; they were richly imaginative, delicately fantastic, exquisitely whimsical, and humorous in the last degree; and I wondered that when the rest could have listened to them, they were always eager to cut in with some silly, senseless, tasteless thing, that made me sorry and ashamed for them. I shall not be going too far if I say that it was on their part the grossest betrayal of vanity that I ever witnessed.

But the egotism of some people concerning their dreams is almost incredible. They will come down to breakfast and bore everybody with a recital of the nonsense that has passed through their brains in sleep, as if they were not bad enough when they were awake; they will not spare the slightest detail; and if, by the mercy of Heaven, they have forgotten something, they will be sure to recollect it, and go back and give it all over again with added circumstance. Such people do not reflect that there is something so purely and intensely personal in dreams that they can rarely interest any one but the dreamer, and that to the dearest friend, the closest relation or connection, they can seldom be otherwise than tedious

and impertinent. The habit husbands and wives have of making one another listen to their dreams is especially cruel. They have each other quite helpless, and for this reason they should all the more carefully guard themselves from abusing their advantage. Parents should not afflict their offspring with the rehearsal of their mental maunderings in sleep, and children should learn that one of the first duties a child owes its parents is to spare them the anguish of hearing what it has dreamt about overnight. A like forbearance in regard to the community at large should be taught as the first trait of good manners in the public schools, if we ever come to teach good manners there.

Certain exceptional dreams, however, are so imperatively significant, so vitally important, that it would be wrong to withhold them from the knowledge of those who happened not to dream them, and I feel some such quality in my own dreams so strongly that I could scarcely forgive myself if I did not, however briefly, impart them. It was only the last week, for instance, that I found myself one night in the company of the Duke of Wellington; the great Duke, the Iron one, in fact; and after a few moments of agreeable conversation on topics of interest among gentlemen, his Grace said that now, if I pleased, he would like a couple of those towels. We had not been speaking of towels, that I remember, but it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should mention them in the connection, whatever it was, and I went at once to get them for him. At the place

where they gave out towels, and where I found some very civil people, they told me that what I wanted was not towels, and they gave me instead two bath-gowns, of rather scanty measure, butternut in color and Turkish in texture. The garments made somehow a very strong impression upon me, so that I could draw them now, if I could draw anything, as they looked when they were held up to me. At the same moment, for no reason that I can allege, I passed from a social to a menial relation to the Duke, and foresaw that when I went back to him with these bath-gowns, he would not thank me as one gentleman would another, but would offer me a tip as if I were a servant. This gave me no trouble, for I at once dramatized a little scene between myself and the Duke, in which I should bring him the bath-gowns, and he should offer me the tip, and I should refuse it with a low bow, and say that I was an American. What I did not dramatize, or what seemed to enter into the dialogue quite without my agency, was the Duke's reply to my proud speech. It was fore-shown me that he would say, He did not see why that should make any difference. I suppose it was in the hurt I felt at this wound to our national dignity that I now instantly invented the society of some ladies, whom I told of my business with those bath-gowns (I still had them in my hands), and urged them to go with me and call upon the Duke. They expressed, somehow, that they would rather not, and then I urged that the Duke was very handsome. This seemed to end the whole affair, and I passed on to other visions, which I cannot recall.

I have not often had a dream of such international import, in the offence offered through me to the American character, and its well-known superiority to tips, but I have had others quite as humiliating to me personally. In fact, I am rather in the habit of having such dreams, and I think I may not unjustly attribute to them the disciplined modesty which the reader will hardly fail to detect in the present essay. It has more than once been my fate to find myself during sleep in battle, where I behave with so little courage as to bring discredit upon our flag and shame upon myself. In these circumstances I am not anxious to make even a showing of courage; my one thought is to get away as rapidly

and safely as possible. It is said that this is really the wish of all novices under fire, and that the difference between a hero and a coward is that the hero hides it, with a duplicity which finally does him honor, and that the coward frankly runs away. I have never really been in battle, and if it is anything like a battle in dreams, I would not willingly qualify myself to speak by the card on this point. Neither have I ever really been upon the stage, but in dreams I have often been there, and always in a great trouble of mind at not knowing my part. It seems a little odd that I should not sometimes be prepared, but I never am, and I feel that when the curtain rises I shall be disgraced beyond all reprieve. I dare say it is the suffering from this that awakens me in time, or changes the current of my dreams so that I have never yet been actually hooted from the stage.

But I do not so much object to these ordeals as to some social experiences which I have in dreams. I cannot understand why one should dream of being slighted or snubbed in society, but this is what I have done more than once, though never perhaps so signally as in the instance I am about to give. I found myself in a large room, where people were sitting at lunch or supper, around small tables, as is the custom, I am told, at parties in the houses of our nobility and gentry. I was feeling very well; not too proud, I hope, but in harmony with the time and place. I was very well dressed, for me; and as I stood talking to some ladies at one of the tables I was saying some rather brilliant things, for me; I lounged easily on one foot, as I have observed men of fashion do, and as I talked I flipped my gloves, which I held in one hand, across the other; I remember thinking that this was a peculiarly distinguished action. Upon the whole I comported myself like one in the habit of such affairs, and I turned to walk away to another table, very well satisfied with myself and with the effect of my splendor upon the ladies. But I had got only a few paces off when I perceived (I could not see with my back turned) one of the ladies lean forward, and heard her say to the rest in a tone of killing condescension and patronage, "*I don't see why that person isn't as well as another.*"

I say that I do not like this sort of

dreams, and I never would have them if I could help. They make me ask myself if I am really such a snob when I am waking, and this in itself is very unpleasant. If I am, I cannot help hoping that it will not be found out; and in my dreams I am always less sorry for the misdeeds I commit than for their possible discovery. I have done some very bad things in dreams which I have no concern for whatever, except as they seem to threaten me with publicity, or bring me within the penalty of the law; and I believe this is the attitude of most other criminals, remorse being a fiction of the poets, according to the students of the criminal class. It is not agreeable to bring this home to one's self, but the fact is not without its significance in another direction. It implies that both in the case of the dream-criminal and the deed-criminal there is perhaps the same taint of insanity; only in the deed-criminal it is active, and in the dream-criminal it is passive. In both, the inhibitory clause that forbids evil is off, but the dreamer is not bidden to do evil as the maniac is, or as the malefactor often seems to be. The dreamer is purely unmoral; good and bad are the same to his conscience; he has no more to do with right and wrong than the animals; he is reduced to the state of the merely natural man; and perhaps the primitive men were really like what we all are now in our dreams. Perhaps all life to them was merely dreaming, and they never had anything like our waking consciousness, which seems to be the offspring of conscience, or else the parent of it. Until men passed the first stage of being, perhaps that which we call the soul, for want of a better name, or a worse, could hardly have existed, and perhaps in dreams the soul is mostly absent now. The soul, or the principle that we call the soul, is the supernal criticism of the deeds done in the body, which goes perpetually on in the waking mind. While this watches, and warns or commands, we go right; but when it is off duty we go neither right nor wrong, but are as the beasts that perish.

A common theory is that the dreams which we remember are those we have in the drowse which precedes sleeping and waking; but I do not altogether accept this theory. In fact there is very little proof of it. We often wake from a dream, literally, but there is no

proof that we did not dream in the middle of the night the dream which is quite as vividly with us in the morning as the one we wake from. I should think that the dream which has some color of conscience in it was the drowse-dream, and that the dream which has none is the sleep-dream; and I believe that the most of our dreams will be found by this test to be sleep-dreams. It is in these we may know what we would be without our souls, without its supernal criticism of the mind; for the mind keeps on working in them, with the lights of waking knowledge, both experience and observation, but ruthlessly, remorselessly. By them we may know what the state of the habitual criminal is, what the state of the lunatic, the animal, the devil is. In them the personal character ceases; the dreamer is remanded to his type.

It is very strange, in the matter of dreadful dreams, how the body of the terror is, in the course of often dreaming, reduced to a mere convention. For a long time I was tormented with a nightmare of burglars, and at first I used to dramatize the whole affair in detail, from the time the burglars approached the house, till they mounted the stairs, and the light of their dark-lanterns shone under the door into my room. Now I have blue-pencilled all that introductory detail; I have a light shining in under my door at once; I know that it is my old burglars; and I have the effect of nightmare without farther ceremony. There are other nightmares that still cost me a great deal of trouble in their construction, as for instance the nightmare of clinging to the face of a precipice or the eave of a lofty building; I have to take as much pains with the arrangement of these as if I were now dreaming them for the first time, and were hardly more than an apprentice in the business.

Perhaps the most universal dream of all is that disgraceful dream of appearing in public places, and in society, with very little or nothing on. This dream spares neither age nor sex, I believe, and I dare say the innocency of wordless infancy is abused by it, and dotage pursued to the tomb. I have not the least doubt Adam and Eve had it in Eden; though up to the moment the fig-leaf came in, it is difficult to imagine just what plight they found themselves in that seemed improp-

er; probably there was some plight. The most amusing thing about this dream is the sort of defensive process that goes on in the mind, in search of self-justification or explanation. Is there not some peculiar circumstance, or special condition, in whose virtue it is wholly right and proper for one to come to a fashionable assembly clad simply in a towel, or to go about the street in nothing but a pair of kid gloves, or of pyjamas at the most? This, or something like it, the mind of the dreamer always struggles to establish, with a good deal of anxious appeal to the bystanders and a final sense of the hopelessness of the cause.

One may easily laugh off this sort of dream in the morning, but there are other shameful dreams, whose inculcation projects itself far into the day, and whose infamy often lingers about one till lunch-time. Every one, nearly, has had them, but it is not the kind of dream that any one is fond of telling: the gross vanity of the most besotted dream-teller keeps that sort back. During the forenoon, at least, the victim goes about with the dim question whether he is not really that kind of man, harassing him, and a sort of remote fear that he may be. I fancy that as to his nature and as to his mind, he is so, and that but for the supernatural criticism, but for his soul, he might be that kind of man in very act and deed.

The dreams we sometimes have about other people are not without a curious suggestion; and the superstitious (of those superstitious who like to invent their own superstitions) might very well imagine that the persons dreamed of had a witting complicity in their facts, as well as the dreamer. This is a conjecture that must of course not be forced to any conclusion. One must not go to one of these persons and ask, however much one would like to ask, "Sir, have you no recollection of such and such a thing, at such and such a time and place, which happened to us in my dream?" Any such person would be fully justified in not answering the question. It would be, of all interviewing, the most intolerable species. Yet a singular interest, a curiosity not altogether indefensible, will attach to these persons in the dreamer's mind, and he will not be without the sense, ever after, that he and they have a secret in common. This is dreadful, but the only thing that I can think to do about

it is to urge people to keep out of other people's dreams by every means in their power.

There are things in dreams very awful, which would not be at all so in waking; quite witless and aimless things, which at the time were of such baleful effect that it remains forever. I remember dreaming when I was quite a small boy, not more than ten years old, a dream which is vivid in my mind now than anything that happened at the time. I suppose it came remotely from my reading of certain Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque, which had just then fallen into my hands; and it involved simply an action of the fire-company in the little town where I lived. They were working the brakes of the old fire-engine, which would seldom respond to their efforts, and as their hands rose and fell they set up the heart-shaking and soul-desolating cry of "Arms Poe, arms Poe, arms Poe!" This and nothing more was the body of my horror; and if the reader is not moved by it the fault is his and not mine; for I can assure him that nothing in my experience has been more dreadful to me.

I can hardly except the dismaying apparition of a clown, whom I once saw, somewhat later in life, rise through the air in a sitting posture, and float lightly over the house-roof, snapping his fingers, and vaguely smiling, while the antennæ on his forehead, which clowns have in common with some other insects, nodded elastically. I do not know why this portent should have been so terrifying, or indeed that it was a portent at all, for nothing ever came of it; what I know is that it was to the last degree threatening and awful. I never got anything but joy out of the circuses where this dream must have originated, but the pantomime of Don Giovanni, which I saw at the theatre, was as grewsome to me waking as it was to me dreaming. The statue of the Commendatore, in getting down from his horse to pursue the wicked hero (I think that is what he gets down for), set an example by which a long line of statues afterwards profited in my dreams. For many years, and I do not know but quite up to the time when I adopted burglars as the theme of my nightmares, I was almost always chased by a marble statue with an uplifted arm, and almost always I ran along the verge of a pond to escape it. I believe that I got this

pond out of my remote childhood, and that it may have been a fish-pond embowered by weeping-willows which I used to admire in a door-yard of a neighbor. I have somehow a greater respect for the material of this earlier nightmare than I have for that of the later ones, and no doubt the reader will agree with me that it is much more romantic to be pursued by a statue than to be threatened by burglars. It is but a few hours ago, however, that I saved myself from these inveterate enemies by waking up just in time for breakfast. They did not come with that light of dark-lanterns shining under the door, or I should have known them at once, and not had so much bother; but they intimated their presence in the catch of the lock, which would not close securely, and there was some question at first whether they were not ghosts. I thought of tying the door-knob on the inside of my room to my bedpost (a bedpost that has not been in existence for fifty years), but after suffering awhile I decided to speak to them from an upper window. By this time they had turned into a trio of harmless, necessary tramps, and at my appeal to them, absolutely nonsensical as I now believe it to have been, to regard the peculiar circumstances, whatever they were or were not, they did really get up from the back porch where they were seated and go quietly away.

Burglars are not always so easily to be entreated. On one occasion, when I found a party of them digging at the corner of my house on Concord Avenue in Cambridge, and opened the window over them to expostulate, the leader looked up at me in well-affected surprise. He lifted his hand, with a twenty-dollar note in it, toward me, and said: "Oh! Can you change me a twenty-dollar bill?" I expressed a polite regret that I had not so much money about me, and then he said to the rest, "Go ahead, boys," and they went on undermining my house. I do not know what came of it all.

Of ghosts I have seldom dreamed, so far as I can remember; in fact I have never dreamed of the kind of ghosts that we are all more or less afraid of, though I have dreamed rather often of the spirits of departed friends. But I once dreamed of dying, and the reader, who has never died yet, may be interested to know what it is like. According to this experience of mine, which I do not claim is typical,

it is like a fire kindling in an air-tight stove with paper and shavings; the gathering smoke and gases suddenly burst into flame, and puff the door out, and all is over.

I have not yet been led to execution for the many crimes I have committed in my dreams, but I was once in the hands of a barber, who added to the shaving and shampooing business the art of removing his customers' heads in treatment for headache. As I took my seat in his chair I had some lingering doubts as to the effect of a treatment so drastic, and I ventured to mention the case of a friend of mine, a gentleman somewhat eminent in the law, who after several weeks, was still going about without his head. The barber did not attempt to refute my position. He merely said, "Oh, well, he had such a very thick sort of a head, anyway."

This was a sarcasm, but I think it was urged as a reason, though it may not have been. We rarely bring away from sleep the things that seem so brilliant to us in our dreams. Verse is especially apt to fade away, or turn into doggerel in the memory, and the witty sayings which we contrive to remember will hardly bear the test of daylight. The most perfect thing of the kind out of my own dreams was something that I seemed to wake with the very sound of in my ears. It was after a certain dinner, which had been rather uncommonly gay, with a good deal of very good talk, which seemed to go on all night, and when I woke in the morning, some one was saying, "Oh, I shouldn't at all mind his robbing Peter to pay Paul, if I felt sure that Paul would get the money." This I think really humorous, and an extremely neat bit of characterization; I feel free to praise it, because it was not I who said it.

Apparently the greater part of dreams have no more mirth than sense in them. This is perhaps because the man is in dreams reduced to the brute condition, and is the lawless inferior of the waking man intellectually, as the lawless in waking are always the inferiors of the lawful. Some loose thinkers suppose that if we give the rein to imagination it will do great things, but it will really do little things, foolish and worthless things, as we witness in dreams, where it is quite unbridled. It must keep close to truth, and it must be under the law if it would

work strongly and sanely. The man in his dreams is really lower than the lunatic in his deliriums. These have a logic of their own; but the dreamer has not even a crazy logic.

"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams,"

and probably his dreams and the dog's are not only alike, but are of the same quality. In his wicked dreams the man is not only animal, he is devil, so wholly is he let into his evils, as the Swedenborgians say. The wrong is indifferent to him until the fear of detection and punishment steals in upon him. Even then he is not sorry for his misdeed, as I have said before; he is only anxious to escape its consequences.

It seems probable that when this fear makes itself felt he is near to waking; and probably when we dream, as we often do, that the thing is only a dream, and hope for rescue from it by waking, we are always just about to wake. This double effect is very strange, but still more strange is the effect which we are privy to in the minds of others, when they not merely say things to us which are wholly unexpected, but think things that we know they are thinking, and that they do not express in words. A great many years ago, when I was young, I dreamed that my father, who was in another town, came into the room where I was really lying asleep, and stood by my bed. He wished to greet me, after our separation, but he reasoned that if he did so, I should wake, and he turned and left the room without touching me. This process in his mind, which I knew as clearly and accurately as if it had apparently gone on in my own, was apparently confined to his mind as absolutely as anything could be that was not spoken or in any wise uttered.

Of course it was of my agency, like any other part of the dream, and it was something like the operation of the novelist's intention through the mind of his characters. But in this there is the author's consciousness that he is doing it all himself, while in my dream, this reasoning in the mind of another was something that I felt myself merely witness of. In fact there is no analogy, as far as I can make out, between the process of literary invention and the process of dreaming. In the invention, the critical faculty is vividly and constantly alert; in dreaming, it seems altogether absent.

It seems absent, too, in what we call day-dreaming, or that sort of dramatizing action which perhaps goes on perpetually in the mind, or some minds. But this day-dreaming is not otherwise any more like night-dreaming than invention is; for the man is never more actively and consciously a man, and never has a greater will to be fine, and high, and grand, than in his day-dreams, while in his night-dreams he is quite willing to be a miscreant of any worst sort.

It is very remarkable, in view of this fact, that we have now and then, though ever so much more rarely, dreams that are as angelic as those others are demonic. Is it possible that then the dreamer is let into his goods (the word is Swedenborg's again), instead of his evils? It may be supposed that in sleep the dreamer lies passive, while his proper soul is away, and other spirits, celestial and infernal, have free access to his mind, and abuse it to their own ends, in the one case, and use it in his behalf in the other.

That would be an explanation, but nothing seems quite to hold in regard to dreams. If it is true, why should the dreamer's state so much oftener be imbued with evil than with good? It might be answered that the evil forces are much more positive and aggressive than the good; or, that the love of the dreamer, which is his life, being mainly evil, invites the wicked spirits oftener. But that is a point which I would rather leave each dreamer to settle for himself. The greater number of every one's dreams, like the romantic novel, I fancy, concern incident rather than character, and I am not sure, after all, that the dream which convicts the dreamer of an essential baseness is commoner than the dream that tells in his favor morally.

I dare say every reader of this paper has had dreams so amusing that he has wakened himself from them by laughing, and then not found them so very funny, or perhaps not been able to recall them at all. I have had at least one of this sort, remarkable for other reasons, which remains perfect in my mind, though it is now some ten years old. One of the children had been exposed to a very remote chance of scarlet fever at the house of a friend, and had been duly scolded for the risk, which was then quite forgotten. I dreamed that this friend, however, was giving a ladies' lunch, at which I was un-

accountably and invisibly present, and the talk began to run upon the scarlet-fever cases in her family. She said that after the last she had fumigated the whole house for seventy-two hours (the period seemed very significant and important, in my dream), and had burnt everything she could lay her hands on.

"And what did the nurse burn?" asked one of the other ladies.

The hostess began to laugh: "The nurse didn't burn a thing!"

Then all the rest burst out laughing at the joke, and the laughter woke me, to see the boy sitting up in his bed, and hear him saying, "Oh, I am so sick!"

It was the nausea which announces scarlet fever, and for six weeks after that we were in quarantine. Very likely the fear of the contagion had been in my nether mind all the time, but, so far as consciousness could testify of it, I had wholly forgotten it.

One rarely loses one's personality in dreams; it is rather intensified, with all the proper circumstances and relations of it, but I have had at least one dream in which I seemed to transcend my own circumstance and condition with remarkable completeness. Even my time, my precious present, I left behind (or ahead, rather), and in my unity with the persons of my dream, became strictly mediæval. In fact, I have always called it my mediæval dream, to such as I could get to listen to it; and it had for its scene a feudal tower, in some waste place; a tower open at the top, and with a deep, clear pool of water at the bottom, so that it instantly became known to me, as if I had always known it, for the Pool Tower. While I stood looking into it, in a mediæval dress and a mediæval mood, there came flying in at the open door of the ruin beside me the duke's hunchback, and after him, furious and shrieking maledictions, the swarthy beauty whom I was aware the duke was tired of. The keeping was now not only ducal, but thoroughly Italian, and it was suggested somehow to my own subtle Italian perception that the hunchback had been set on to tease the girl, and provoke her so that she would turn upon him, and try to wreak her fury on him, and chase him into the Pool Tower, and up the stone stairs that wound round its hollow to the top, where the solemn sky showed. The fearful spire of the steps was unguarded, and when I had

lost the pair from sight, with the dwarf's mocking laughter and the girl's angry cries in my ears, there came fluttering from the height, like a bird wounded and whirling from a lofty tree, the figure of the girl, while far aloof the hunchback peered over at her fall. Midway in her descent her head struck against the edge of the steps, with a *kish*, such as an egg-shell makes when broken against the edge of a platter, and then plunged into the dark pool at my feet, where I could presently see her lying in the clear depths, and the blood curling upward from the wound in her skull, like a dark smoke. I was not sensible of any great pity; I accepted the affair, quite mediævally, as something that might very well have happened, given the girl, the duke and the dwarf, and the time and place.

I am rather fond of a mediæval setting for those

"Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,"

just closing for an afternoon nap. Then I invite to my vision a wide landscape, with a cold wintry afternoon light upon it, and over this plain I have bands and groups of people scurrying, in mediæval hose of divers colors, and mediæval leathern jerkins, hugging themselves against the frost, and very miserable. They affect me with a profound compassion; they represent to me, somehow, the vast mass of humanity, the mass that does the work, and earns the bread, and goes cold and hungry through all the ages. I should be at a loss to say why this was the effect, and I am utterly unable to say why these fore-dreams, which I partially solicit, should have such a tremendous significance as they seem to have. They are mostly of the most evanescent and intangible character, but they have one trait in common. They always involve the attribution of ethical motive and quality to material things, and in their passage through my brain they promise me a solution of the riddle of the painful earth in the very instant when they are gone forever. They are of innumerable multitude, chasing each other with the swiftness of light, and never staying to be seized by the memory, which seems already drugged with sleep before their course begins. One of these dreams, indeed, I did capture, and I found it to be the figure 8, but lying on its side, and in that posture involving the mystery and the revelation of the mystery of

the universe. I leave the reader to imagine why.

As we grow older, I think we are less and less able to remember our dreams. This is perhaps because the experience of youth is less dense, and the empty spaces of the young consciousness are more hospitable to these airy visitants. A few dreams of my later life stand out in strong relief, but for the most part they blend in an indistinguishable mass, and pass away with the actualities into a common oblivion. I should say that they were more frequent with me than they used to be; it seems to me that now I dream whole nights through, and much more about the business of my waking life than formerly. As I earn my living by weaving a certain sort of dreams into literary form, it might be supposed that I would sometime dream of the personages in these dreams, but I cannot remember that I have ever done so. The two kinds of inventing, the voluntary and the involuntary, seem absolutely and finally distinct.

Of the prophetic dreams which people sometimes have I have mentioned the only one of mine which had any dramatic interest, but I have verified in my own experience the theory of Ribot that approaching disease sometimes intimates itself in dreams of the disorder impending, before it is otherwise declared in the organism. In actual sickness I think that I dream rather less than in health. I had a malarial fever when I was a boy, and I had a sort of continuous dream in it that distressed me greatly. It was of gliding down the school-house stairs without touching my feet to the steps, and this was indescribably appalling.

The anguish of mind that one suffers from the imaginary dangers of dreams is probably of the same quality as that inspired by real peril in waking. A curious proof of this happened within my knowledge not many years ago. One of the neighbor's children was coasting down a long hill with a railroad at the foot of it, and as he neared the bottom an express train rushed round the curve. The flag-man ran forward and shouted to the boy to throw himself off his sled, but he kept on, and ran into the locomotive, and was so hurt that he died. His injuries, however, were to the spine, and they were of a kind that rendered him insensible to pain while he lived. He talked very

clearly and calmly of his accident, and when he was asked why he did not throw himself off his sled, as the flag-man bade him, he said, "*I thought it was a dream.*" The reality had, through the mental stress, no doubt transmuted itself to the very substance of dreams, and he had felt the same kind and quality of suffering as he would have done if he had been dreaming. The Norwegian poet and novelist, Bjørnstjerne Björnson, was at my house shortly after this happened, and he was greatly struck by the psychological implications of the incident; it seemed to mean for him all sorts of possibilities in the obscure realm where it cast a fitful light.

But such a glimmer soon fades, and the darkness thickens round us again. It is not with the blindfold sense of sleep that we shall ever find out the secret of life, I fancy, either in the dreams which seem personal to us each one, or those universal dreams which we apparently share with the whole race. Of the race-dream, as I may call it, there is one hardly less common than that dream of going about insufficiently clad, which I have already mentioned, and that is the dream of suddenly falling from some height; and waking with a start. The experience before the start is extremely dim, and latterly I have condensed this dread almost as much as the preliminary passages of my burglar-dream. I am aware of nothing but an instant of danger, and then comes the jar or jolt that wakens me. Upon the whole, I find this a great saving of emotion, and I do not know but there is a tendency, as I grow older, to shorten up the detail of what may be styled the conventional dream, the dream which we have so often that it is like a story read before. Indeed the plots of dreams are not much more varied than the plots of romantic novels, which are notoriously stale and hackneyed. It would be interesting, and possibly important, if some observer would note the recurrence of this sort of dreams, and classify their varieties. I think we should all be astonished to find how few and slight the variations were.

If I come to speak of dreams concerning the dead, it must be with a tenderness and awe that all who have had them will share with me. Nothing is more remarkable in them than the fact that the dead, though they are dead, yet live, and are, to our commerce with them, quite like

all other living persons. We may recognize, and they may recognize, that they are no longer in the body, but they are as verily living as we are. This may be merely an effect from the doctrine of immortality which we all hold or have held, and yet I would fain believe that it may be something like proof of it. No one really knows, or can know, but one may at least hope, without offending science, which indeed no longer frowns so darkly upon faith. This persistence of life in those whom we mourn as dead, may not it be a witness of the fact that the consciousness cannot accept the notion of death at all, and,

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,"

that we have never truly felt them lost? Sometimes those who have died come back in dreams as parts of a common life which seems never to have been broken; the old circle is restored without a flaw; but whether they do this, or whether it is acknowledged between them and us that they have died, and are now disembodied spirits, the effect of life is the same. Perhaps in those dreams they and we are alike disembodied spirits, and the soul of the dreamer, which so often seems to abandon the body to the animal, is then the conscious entity, the thing which the dreamer feels to be himself, and is mingling with the souls of the departed on something like the terms which shall hereafter be constant.

I think very few of those who have lost their beloved have failed to receive some sign or message from them in dreams, and often it is of deep and abiding consolation. It may be that this is our anguish compelling the echo of love out of the darkness where nothing is, but it may be that there is something there, which answers to our throe with pity and with longing like our own. Again, no one knows, but in a matter impossible of definite solution, I will not refuse the comfort which belief can give. Unbelief can be no gain in it, and belief no loss. But these dreams are so dear, so sacred, so interwoven with the finest and tenderest tissues of our being, that one cannot speak of them freely, or indeed more than most vaguely. It is enough to say that one has had them, and to know that almost every one else has had them too. They seem to be among the universal dreams, and a strange quality of them is, that

though they deal with a fact of universal doubt, they are, to my experience at least, not nearly so fantastic or capricious as the dreams that deal with the facts of every-day life, and with the affairs of people still in this world.

I do not know whether it is common to dream of faces or figures strange to our waking knowledge, but occasionally I have done this. I suppose it is much the same kind of invention that causes the person we dream of to say or do a thing unexpected to us. But this is rather common, and the creation of a novel aspect, the physiognomy of a stranger, in the person we dream of, is rather rare. In all my dreams I can recall but one presence of the kind. I have never dreamed of any sort of monster foreign to my knowledge, or even of any grotesque thing made up of elements familiar to it; the grotesqueness has always been in the motive or circumstance of the dream. I have very seldom dreamed of animals, though once, when I was a boy, for a time after I had passed a corn-field where there were some bundles of snakes, writhen and knotted together in the cold of an early spring day, I had dreams infested by like images of these loathsome reptiles. I suppose that every one has had dreams of finding his way through unnamable filth, and of feeding upon hideous carnage; these are clearly the punishment of gluttony, and are the fumes of a rebellious stomach.

I have heard people say they have sometimes dreamed of a thing, and awakened from their dream, and then fallen asleep and dreamed of the same thing; but I believe that this is all one continuous dream; that they did not really awaken, but only dreamed that they awakened. I have never had any such dream, but at one time I had a recurrent dream, which was so singular that I thought no one else had ever had a recurrent dream, till I proved that it was rather common by starting the inquiry in the Contributors' Club in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when I found that great numbers of people have recurrent dreams. My own recurrent dreams began to come during the first year of my consulate at Venice, where I had hoped to find the same kind of poetic dimness on the phases of American life, which I wished to treat in literature, as the distance of time would have given. I should not wish any such dimness now, but those

were my romantic days, and I was sorely baffled by its absence. The disappointment began to haunt my nights as well as my days, and a dream repeated itself from week to week for a matter of eight or ten months to one effect. I dreamed that I had gone home to America, and that people met me and said, "Why, you have given up your place!" and I always answered: "Certainly not; I haven't done at all what I mean to do there, yet. I am only here on my ten days' leave." I meant the ten days which a consul might take each quarter without applying to the Department of State; and then I would reflect how impossible it was that I should make the visit in that time. I saw that I should be found out, and dis-

missed from my office and publicly disgraced. Then, suddenly, I was not consul at Venice, and had not been, but consul at Delhi in India; and the distress I felt would all end in a splendid Oriental phantasmagory of elephants and native princes, with their retinues in procession, which I suppose was mostly out of my reading of De Quincey. This dream, with no variation that I can recall, persisted till I broke it up by saying, in the morning after it had recurred, that I had dreamt that dream again; and so it began to fade away, coming less and less frequently, and at last ceasing altogether.

I am rather proud of that dream; it is really my battle-horse among dreams, and I think I will ride away on it.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

CHAPTER VI.

THEY were peaceful and pleasant, those young and smoothly flowing days of ours; that is, that was the case as a rule, we being remote from the seat of war, but at intervals roving bands approached near enough for us to see the flush in the sky at night which marked where they were burning some farmstead or village, and we all knew, or at least felt, that some day they would come yet nearer, and we should have our turn. This dull dread lay upon our spirits like a physical weight. It was greatly augmented a couple of years after the Treaty of Troyes.

It was truly a dismal year for France. One day we had been over to have one of our occasional pitched battles with those hated Burgundian boys of the village of Maxey, and had been whipped, and were arriving on our side of the river after dark, bruised and weary, when we heard the bell ringing the tocsin. We ran all the way, and when we got to the square we found it crowded with the excited villagers, and weirdly lighted by smoking and flaring torches.

On the steps of the church stood a stranger, a Burgundian priest, who was telling the people news which made them

weep, and rave, and rage, and curse, by turns. He said our old mad King was dead, and that now we and France and the crown were the property of an English baby lying in his cradle in London. And he urged us to give that child our allegiance, and be its faithful servants and well-wishers; and said we should now have a strong and stable government at last, and that in a little time the English armies would start on their last march, and it would be a brief one, for all that it would need to do would be to conquer what odds and ends of our country yet remained under that rare and almost forgotten rag, the banner of France.

The people stormed and raged at him, and you could see dozens of them stretch their fists above the sea of torch-lighted faces and shake them at him; and it was all a wild picture, and stirring to look at; and the priest was a first-rate part of it, too, for he stood there in the strong glare and looked down on those angry people in the blandest and most indifferent way, so that while you wanted to burn him at the stake, you still admired the aggravating coolness of him. And his winding up was the coolest thing of all. For he told them how, at the funeral of our old King, the French King-at-Arms had broken his staff of office over

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the coffin of "Charles VI. and his dynasty," at the same time saying, in a loud voice, "God grant long life to Henry, King of France and England, our sovereign lord!" and then he asked them to join him in a hearty Amen to *that*!

The people were white with wrath, and it tied their tongues for the moment, and they could not speak. But Joan was standing close by, and she looked up in his face, and said in her sober, earnest way—

"I would I might see thy head struck from thy body!"—then, after a pause, and crossing herself—"if it were the will of God."

This is worth remembering, and I will tell you why: it is the only harsh speech Joan ever uttered in her life. When I shall have revealed to you the storms she went through, and the wrongs and persecutions, then you will see that it was wonderful that she said but one bitter thing while she lived.

From the day that that dreary news came we had one scare after another, the marauders coming almost to our doors every now and then; so that we lived in ever-increasing apprehension, and yet were somehow mercifully spared from actual attack. But at last our turn did really come. This was in the spring of '28. The Burgundians swarmed in with a great noise, in the middle of a dark night, and we had to jump up and fly for our lives. We took the road to Neufchâteau, and rushed along in the wildest disorder, everybody trying to get ahead, and thus the movements of all were impeded; but Joan had a cool head—the only cool head there—and she took command and brought order out of that chaos. She did her work quickly and with decision and despatch, and soon turned the panic flight into a quite steady-going march. You will grant that for so young a person, and a girl at that, this was a good piece of work.

She was sixteen now, shapely and graceful, and of a beauty so extraordinary that I might allow myself any extravagance of language in describing it and yet have no fear of going beyond the truth. There was in her face a sweetness and serenity and purity that justly reflected her spiritual nature. She was deeply religious, and this is a thing which sometimes gives a melancholy cast to a person's countenance, but it was not so in her case. Her

religion made her inwardly content and joyous; and if she was troubled at times, and showed the pain of it in her face and bearing, it came of distress for her country; no part of it was chargeable to her religion.

A considerable part of our village was destroyed, and when it became safe for us to venture back there we realized what other people had been suffering in all the various quarters of France for many years—yes, decades of years. For the first time we saw wrecked and smoke-blackened homes, and in the lanes and alleys carcasses of dumb creatures that had been slaughtered in pure wantonness—among them calves and lambs that had been pets of the children; and it was pity to see the children lament over them.

And then, the taxes, the taxes! Everybody thought of that. That burden would fall heavy, now, in the commune's crippled condition, and all faces grew long with the thought of it. Joan said—

"Paying taxes with naught to pay them with is what the rest of France has been doing these many years, but we never knew the bitterness of that before. We shall know it now."

And so she went on talking about it and growing more and more troubled about it, until one could see that it was filling all her mind.

At last we came upon a dreadful object. It was the madman—hacked and stabbed to death in his iron cage in the corner of the square. It was a bloody and dreadful sight. Hardly any of us young people had ever seen a man before who had lost his life by violence; so this cadaver had an awful fascination for us; we could not take our eyes from it. I mean, it had that sort of fascination for all of us but one. That one was Joan. She turned away in horror, and could not be persuaded to go near it again. There—it is a striking reminder that we are but creatures of use and custom; yes, and it is a reminder, too, of how harshly and unfairly fate deals with us sometimes. For it was so ordered that the very ones among us who were most fascinated with mutilated and bloody death were to live their lives in peace, while that other, who had a native and deep horror of it, must presently go forth and have it as a familiar spectacle every day on the field of battle.

You may well believe that we had

plenty of matter for talk, now, since the raiding of our village seemed by long odds the greatest event that had really ever occurred in the world; for although these dull peasants may have *thought* they recognized the bigness of some of the previous occurrences that had filtered from the world's history dimly into their minds, the truth is that they hadn't. One biting little fact, visible to their eyes of flesh and felt in their own personal vitals, became at once more prodigious to them than the grandest remote episode in the world's history which they had got at second-hand and by hearsay. It amuses me now when I recall how our elders talked then. They fumed and fretted in a fine fashion.

"Ah yes," said old Jacques d'Arc, "things are come to a pretty pass indeed! The King must be informed of this. It is time that he cease from idleness and dreaming, and get at his proper business." He meant our young disinherited King, the hunted refugee, Charles VII.

"You say well," said the maire. "He should be informed, and that at once. It is an outrage that such things should be permitted. Why, we are not safe in our beds, and he taking his ease yonder. It shall be made known, indeed it shall—all France shall hear of it!"

To hear them talk, one would have imagined that all the previous ten thousand sackings and burnings in France had been but fables, and this one the only fact. It is always the way: words will answer as long as it is only a person's neighbor who is in trouble, but when that person gets into trouble himself, it is time that the King rise up and *do* something.

The big event filled us young people with talk, too. We let it flow in a steady stream while we tended the flocks. We were beginning to feel pretty important, now, for I was eighteen and the other youths were from one to four years older—young men, in fact. One day the Paladin was arrogantly criticising the patriot generals of France and said—

"Look at Dunois, Bastard of Orleans—call *him* a general! Just put me in his place once—never mind what I would do, it is not for me to say, I have no stomach for talk, my way is to *act* and let others do the talking—but just put me in his place once, that's all! And look at Saintrailles—pooh! and that blustering La Hire, now what a general *that* is!"

It shocked everybody to hear these great names so flippantly handled, for to us these renowned soldiers were almost gods. In their far-off splendor they rose upon our imaginations dim and huge, shadowy and awful, and it was a fearful thing to hear them spoken of as if they were mere men, and their acts open to comment and criticism. The color rose in Joan's face, and she said—

"I know not how any can be so hardy as to use such words regarding these sublime men, who are the very pillars of the French state, supporting it with their strength and preserving it at daily cost of their blood. As for me, I could count myself honored past all deserving if I might be allowed but the privilege of looking upon them once—at a distance, I mean, for it would not become one of my degree to approach them too near."

The Paladin was disconcerted for a moment, seeing by the faces around him that Joan had put into words what the others felt, then he pulled his complacency together and fell to fault-finding again. Joan's brother Jean said—

"If you don't like what our generals do, why don't you go to the great wars yourself and better their work? You are always talking about going to the wars, but you don't go."

"Look you," said the Paladin, "it is easy to say that. Now I will tell you why I remain chafing here in a bloodless tranquillity which my reputation teaches you is repulsive to my nature. I do not go because I am not a gentleman. That is the whole reason. What can one private soldier do in a contest like this? Nothing. He is not permitted to rise from the ranks. If I were a gentleman would I remain here? Not one moment. I can save France—ah, you may laugh, but I know what is in me, I know what is hid under this peasant cap. I can save France, and I stand ready to do it, but not under these present conditions. If they want me, let them send for me; otherwise, let them take the consequences; I shall not budge but as an officer."

"Alas, poor France—France is lost!" said Pierre d'Arc.

"Since you sniff so at others, why don't you go to the wars yourself, Pierre d'Arc?"

"Oh, I haven't been sent for either. I am no more a gentleman than you. Yet I will go; I promise to go. I promise to

go as a private under your orders—when you are sent for.”

They all laughed, and the Dragon-fly said—

“So soon? Then you need to begin to get ready; you might be called for in five years—who knows? Yes, in my opinion you’ll march for the wars in five years.”

“He will go sooner,” said Joan. She said it in a low voice and musingly, but several heard it.

“How do you know that, Joan?” said the Dragon-fly, with a surprised look. But Jean d’Arc broke in and said—

“I want to go myself, but as I am rather young yet, I also will wait, and march when the Paladin is sent for.”

“No,” said Joan; “he will go with Pierre.”

She said it as one who talks to himself aloud without knowing it, and none heard it but me. I glanced at her and saw that her knitting-needles were idle in her hands, and that her face had a dreamy and absent look in it. There were fleeting movements of her lips as if she might be occasionally saying parts of sentences to herself. But there was no sound, for I was the nearest person to her and I heard nothing. But I set my ears open, for those two speeches had affected me uncannily, I being superstitious and easily troubled by any little thing of a strange and unusual sort.

Noël Rainguesson said—

“There is one way to let France have a chance for her salvation. We’ve got *one* gentleman in the commune, at any rate. Why can’t the Scholar change name and condition with the Paladin? Then he can be an officer. France will send for him then, and he will sweep these English and Burgundian armies into the sea like flies.”

I was the Scholar. That was my nickname, because I could read and write. There was a chorus of approval, and the Sunflower said—

“That is the very thing—it settles every difficulty! The Sieur de Conte will easily agree to that. Yes, he will march at the back of Captain Paladin and die early, covered with common-soldier glory.”

“He will march with Jean and Pierre, and live till these wars are forgotten,” Joan muttered; “and at the eleventh hour Noël and the Paladin will join these, but

not of their own desire.” The voice was so low that I was not perfectly sure that those were the words, but they seemed to be. It makes one feel creepy to hear such things.

“Come, now,” Noël continued, “it’s all arranged; there’s nothing to do but organize under the Paladin’s banner and go forth and rescue France. You’ll all join?”

All said yes, except Jacques d’Arc, who said—

“I’ll ask you to excuse me. It is pleasant to talk war, and I am with you there, and I’ve always thought I should go soldiering about this time, but the look of our wrecked village and that carved-up and bloody madman have taught me that I am not made for such work and such sights. I could never be at home in that trade. Face swords and the big guns and death? It isn’t in me. No, no; count me out. And besides, I’m the eldest son, and deputy prop and protector of the family. Since you are going to carry Jean and Pierre to the wars, somebody must be left behind to take care of our Joan and her sister. I shall stay at home, and grow old in peace and tranquillity.”

“He will stay at home, but not grow old,” murmured Joan.

The talk rattled on in the gay and careless fashion privileged to youth, and we got the Paladin to map out his campaigns and fight his battles and win his victories and extinguish the English and put our King upon his throne and set his crown upon his head. Then we asked him what he was going to answer when the King should require him to name his reward. The Paladin had it all arranged in his head, and brought it out promptly:

“He shall give me a dukedom, name me premier peer, and make me Hereditary Lord High Constable of France.”

“And marry you to a princess—you’re not going to leave that out, are you?”

The Paladin colored a trifle, and said, brusquely—

“He may keep his princesses—I can marry more to my taste.”

Meaning Joan, though nobody suspected it at that time. If any had, the Paladin would have been finely ridiculed for his vanity. There was no fit mate in that village for Joan of Arc. Every one would have said that.

In turn, each person present was required to say what reward he would de-

mand of the King if he could change places with the Paladin and do the wonders the Paladin was going to do. The answers were given in fun, and each of us tried to outdo his predecessors in the extravagance of the reward he would claim; but when it came to Joan's turn and they rallied her out of her dreams and asked her to testify, they had to explain to her what the question was, for her thought had been absent and she had heard none of this latter part of our talk. She supposed they wanted a serious answer, and she gave it. She sat considering some moments, then she said—

“If the Dauphin out of his grace and nobleness should say to me, ‘Now that I am rich and am come to my own again, choose and have,’ I should kneel and ask him to give command that our village should nevermore be taxed.”

It was so simple and out of her heart that it touched us and we did not laugh, but fell to thinking. We did not laugh; but there came a day when we remembered that speech with a mournful pride, and were glad that we had not laughed, perceiving then how honest her words had been, and seeing how faithfully she made them good when the time came, asking just that boon of the King and refusing to take even any least thing for herself.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL through her childhood and up to the middle of her fourteenth year, Joan had been the most light-hearted creature and the merriest in the village, with a hop-skip-and-jump gait and a happy and catching laugh; and this disposition, supplemented by her warm and sympathetic nature and frank and winning ways, had made her everybody's pet. She had been a hot patriot all this time, and sometimes the war news had sobered her spirits and wrung her heart and made her acquainted with tears, but always when these interruptions had run their course her spirits rose and she was her old self again.

But now for a whole year and a half she had been mainly grave; not melancholy, but given to thought, abstraction, dreams. She was carrying France upon her heart, and she found the burden not light. I knew that this was her trouble, but others attributed her abstraction to religious ecstasy, for she did not share her thinkings with the village at large, yet gave me glimpses of them, and so I

knew, better than the rest, what was absorbing her interest. Many a time the idea crossed my mind that she had a secret—a secret which she was keeping wholly to herself, as well from me as from the others. This idea had come to me because several times she had cut a sentence in two and changed the subject when apparently she was on the verge of a revelation of some sort. I was to find this secret out, but not just yet.

The day after the conversation which I have been reporting we were together in the pastures and fell to talking about France, as usual. For her sake I had always talked hopefully before, but that was mere lying, for really there was not anything to hang a rag of hope for France upon. Now it was such a pain to lie to her, and cost me such shame to offer this treachery to one so snow-pure from lying and treachery, and even from suspicion of such basenesses in others, as she was, that I was resolved to face about, now, and begin over again, and never insult her more with deception. I started on the new policy by saying—still opening up with a small lie, of course, for habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down stairs a step at a time—

“Joan, I have been thinking the thing all over, last night, and have concluded that we have been in the wrong all this time; that the case of France is desperate; that it has been desperate ever since Agincourt; and that to-day it is more than desperate, it is hopeless.”

I did not look her in the face while I was saying it; it could not be expected of a person. To break her heart, to crush her hope with a so frankly brutal speech as that, without one charitable soft place in it—it seemed a shameful thing, and it was. But when it was out, the weight gone, and my conscience rising to the surface, I glanced at her face to see the result.

There was none to see. At least none that I was expecting. There was a barely perceptible suggestion of wonder in her serious eyes, but that was all; and she said, in her simple and placid way—

“The case of France hopeless? Why should you think that? Tell me.”

It is a most pleasant thing to find that what you thought would inflict a hurt upon one whom you honor, has not done it. I was relieved, now, and could say all

my say without any furtivenesses and without embarrassment. So I began:

"Let us put sentiment and patriotic illusions aside, and look the facts in the face. What do they say? They speak as plainly as the figures in a merchant's account-book. One has only to add the two columns up to see that the French house is bankrupt, that one half of its property is already in the English sheriff's hands and the other half in nobody's—except those of irresponsible raiders and robbers confessing allegiance to nobody. Our King is shut up with his favorites and fools in inglorious idleness and poverty in a narrow little patch of the kingdom—a sort of back lot, as one may say—and has no authority there or anywhere else, hasn't a farthing to his name, nor a regiment of soldiers; he is not fighting, he is not intending to fight, he means to make no further resistance; in truth there is but one thing that he is intending to do—give the whole thing up, pitch his crown into the sewer, and run away to Scotland. There are the facts. Are they correct?"

"Yes, they are correct."

"Then it is as I have said: one needs but to add them together in order to realize what they mean."

She asked, in an ordinary, level tone—

"What—that the case of France is hopeless?"

"Necessarily. In face of these facts, doubt of it is impossible."

"How can you say that? How can you *feel* like that?"

"How can I? How could I think or feel in any other way, in the circumstances? Joan, with these fatal figures before you, have you really any hope for France—really and actually?"

"Hope—oh, more than that! France will win her freedom and keep it. Do not doubt it."

It seemed to me that her clear intellect must surely be clouded to-day. It must be so, or she would see that those figures *could* mean only the one thing. Perhaps if I marshalled them again she would see. So I said:

"Joan, your heart, which worships France, is beguiling your head. You are not perceiving the importance of these figures. Here—I want to make a picture of them, here on the ground with a stick. Now, this rough outline is France. Through its middle, east and west, I draw a river."

"Yes; the Loire."

"Now, then, this whole northern half of the country is in the tight grip of the English."

"Yes."

"And this whole southern half is really in nobody's hands at all—as our King confesses by meditating desertion and flight to a foreign land. England has armies here; opposition is dead; she can assume full possession whenever she may choose. In very truth, *all* France is gone, France is already lost, France has ceased to exist. What was France is now but a British province. Is this true?"

Her voice was low, and just touched with emotion, but distinct:

"Yes, it is true."

"Very well. Now add this clinching fact, and surely the sum is complete: When have French soldiers won a victory? Scotch soldiers, under the French flag, have won a barren fight or two a few years back, but I am speaking of French ones. Since eight thousand Englishmen nearly annihilated sixty thousand Frenchmen a dozen years ago at Agincourt, French courage has been paralyzed. And so it is a common saying, to-day, that if you confront fifty French soldiers with five English ones, the French will run."

"It is a pity, but even these things are true."

"Then certainly the day for hoping is *past*."

I believed the case would be clear to her now. I thought it could not fail to be clear to her, and that she would say, herself, that there was no longer any ground for hope. But I was mistaken; and disappointed also. She said, without any doubt in her tone—

"France will rise again. You shall see."

"Rise?—with this burden of English armies on her back!"

"She will cast it off; she will trample it under foot!" This with spirit.

"Without soldiers to fight with?"

"The drums will summon them. They will answer, and they will march."

"March to the rear, as usual?"

"No; to the front—ever to the front—always to the front! You shall see."

"And the pauper King?"

"He will mount his throne—he will wear his crown."

"Well, of a truth this makes one's head dizzy. Why, if I could believe that in



JOAN'S VISION.

thirty years from now the English domination would be broken and the French monarch's head find itself hooped with a real crown of sovereignty—"

"Both will have happened before two years are sped."

"Indeed? and who is going to perform all these sublime impossibilities?"

"God."

It was a reverent low note, but it rang clear.

What could have put those strange ideas in her head? This question kept running in my mind during two or three days. It was inevitable that I should think of madness. What other way was there to account for such things? Grieving and brooding over the woes of France had weakened that strong mind, and filled it with fantastic phantoms—yes, that must be it.

But I watched her, and tested her, and it was not so. Her eye was clear and sane, her ways were natural, her speech direct and to the point. No, there was nothing the matter with her mind; it was still the soundest in the village and the best. She went on thinking for others, planning for others, sacrificing herself for others, just as always before. She went on ministering to her sick and to her poor, and still stood ready to give the wayfarer her bed and content herself with the floor. There was a secret somewhere, but madness was not the key to it. This was plain.

Now the key did presently come into my hands, and the way that it happened was this. You have heard all the world talk of this matter which I am about to speak of, but you have not heard an eye-witness talk of it before.

I was coming from over the ridge, one day—it was the 15th of May, '28—and when I got to the edge of the oak forest and was about to step out of it upon the turfy open space in which the haunted beech-tree stood, I happened to cast a glance from cover, first—then I took a step backward, and stood in the shelter and concealment of the foliage. For I had caught sight of Joan, and thought I would devise some sort of playful surprise for her. Think of it—that trivial conceit was neighbor, with but a scarcely measurable interval of time between, to an event destined to endure forever in histories and songs.

The day was overcast, and all that grassy space wherein the Tree stood lay in a soft rich shadow. Joan sat on a natural seat formed by gnarled great roots of the Tree. Her hands lay loosely, one reposing in the other, in her lap. Her head was bent a little toward the ground, and her air was that of one who is lost in thought, steeped in dreams, and not conscious of herself or of the world. And now I saw a most strange thing, for I saw a *white* shadow come slowly gliding along the grass toward the Tree. It was of grand proportions—a robed form, with wings—and the whiteness of this shadow was not like any other whiteness that we know of, except it be the whiteness of the lightnings, but even the lightnings are not so intense as it was, for one can look at them without hurt, whereas this brilliancy was so blinding that it pained my eyes and brought the water into them. I uncovered my head, perceiving that I was in the presence of something not of this world. My breath grew faint and difficult, because of the terror and the awe that possessed me.

Another strange thing. The wood had been silent—smitten with that deep stillness which comes when a storm-cloud darkens a forest, and the wild creatures lose heart and are afraid; but now all the birds burst forth in song, and the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy of it was beyond belief; and was so eloquent and so moving, withal, that it was plain it was an act of worship. With the first note of those birds Joan cast herself upon her knees, and bent her head low and crossed her hands upon her breast.

She had not seen the shadow yet. Had the song of the birds told her it was coming? It had that look to me. Then the like of this must have happened before. Yes, there might be no doubt of that.

The shadow approached Joan slowly; the extremity of it reached her, flowed over her, clothed her in its awful splendor. In that immortal light her face, only humanly beautiful before, became divine; flooded with that transforming glory her mean peasant habit was become like to the raiment of the sun-clothed children of God as we see them thronging the terraces of the Throne in our dreams and imaginings.

Presently she rose and stood, with her head still bowed a little, and with her arms down and the ends of her fingers lightly

laced together in front of her; and standing so, all drenched with that wonderful light, and yet apparently not knowing it, she seemed to listen—but I heard nothing. After a little she raised her head, and looked up as one might look up toward the face of a giant, and then clasped her hands and lifted them high, imploringly, and began to plead. I heard some of the words. I heard her say—

“But I am so young! oh, so young to leave my mother and my home, and go out into the strange world to undertake a thing so great. Ah, how can I talk with men, be comrade with men?—soldiers! It would give me over to insult, and rude usage, and contempt. How can I go to the great wars, and lead armies?—I, a girl, and ignorant of such things, knowing nothing of arms, nor how to mount a horse, nor ride it. . . . Yet—if it is commanded—”

Her voice sank a little, and was broken by sobs, and I made out no more of her words. Then I came to myself. I reflected that I had been intruding upon a mystery of God—and what might my punishment be? I was afraid, and went deeper into the wood. Then I carved a mark in the bark of a tree, saying to myself, it may be that I am dreaming and have not seen this vision at all. I will come again, when I know that I am awake and not dreaming, and see if this mark is still here; then I shall know.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HEARD my name called. It was Joan's voice. It startled me, for how could she know I was there? I said to myself, it is part of the dream; it is all dream—voice, vision and all; the fairies have done this. So I crossed myself and pronounced the name of God, to break the enchantment. I knew I was awake now and free from the spell, for no spell can withstand this exorcism. Then I heard my name called again, and I stepped at once from under cover, and there indeed was Joan, but not looking as she had looked in the dream. For she was not crying, now, but was looking as she had used to look a year and a half before, when her heart was light and her spirits high. Her old-time energy and fire were back, and a something like exaltation showed itself in her face and bearing. It was almost as if she had been in a trance all that time and had come awake again.

Really, it was just as if she had been away and lost, and was come back to us at last; and I was so glad that I felt like running to call everybody and have them flock around her and give her welcome. I ran to her excited, and said—

“Ah, Joan, I've got such a wonderful thing to tell you about! You would never imagine it. I've had a dream, and in the dream I saw you right here where you are standing now, and—”

But she put up her hand and said—

“It was not a dream.”

It gave me a shock, and I began to feel afraid again.

“Not a dream?” I said, “how can you know about it, Joan?”

“Are you dreaming now?”

“I—I suppose not. I think I am not.”

“Indeed you are not. I know you are not. And you were not dreaming when you cut the mark in the tree.”

I felt myself turning cold with fright, for now I knew of a certainty that I had not been dreaming, but had really been in the presence of a dread something not of this world. Then I remembered that my sinful feet were upon holy ground—the ground where that celestial shadow had rested. I moved quickly away, smitten to the bones with fear. Joan followed, and said—

“Do not be afraid; indeed there is no need. Come with me. We will sit by the spring and I will tell you all my secret.”

When she was ready to begin, I checked her and said—

“First tell me this. You could not see me in the wood; how did you know I cut a mark in the tree?”

“Wait a little; I will soon come to that; then you will see.”

“But tell me one thing now; what was that awful shadow that I saw?”

“I will tell you, but do not be disturbed; you are not in danger. It was the shadow of an archangel—Michael, the chief and lord of the armies of heaven.”

I could but cross myself and tremble for having polluted that ground with my feet.

“You were not afraid, Joan? Did you see his face—did you see his form?”

“Yes; I was not afraid, because this was not the first time. I was afraid the first time.”

“When was that, Joan?”

“It is nearly three years ago, now.”



IN THE FOREST.

"So long? Have you seen him many times?"

"Yes, many times."

"It is this, then, that has changed you;

"What things have they been used to tell you?"

She sighed, and said—

"Disasters — only disasters, and mis-

it was this that made you thoughtful and not as you were before. I see it now. Why did you not tell us about it?"

"It was not permitted. It is permitted now, and soon I shall tell all. But only you, now. It must remain a secret a few days still."

"Has none seen that white shadow before but me?"

"No one. It has fallen upon me before when you and others were present, but none could see it. To-day it has been otherwise, and I was told why; but it will not be visible again to any."

"It was a sign to me, then — and a sign with a meaning of some kind?"

"Yes, but I may not speak of that."

"Strange — that that dazzling light could rest upon an object before one's eyes and not be visible."

"With it comes speech, also. Several saints come, attended by myriads of angels, and they speak to me; I hear their voices, but others do not. They are very dear to me — my Voices; that is what I call them to myself."

"Joan, what do they tell you?"

"All manner of things — about France I mean."

fortunes, and humiliations. There was naught else to foretell."

"They spoke of them to you *before-hand*?"

"Yes. So that I knew what was going to happen before it happened. It made me grave—as you saw. It could not be otherwise. But always there was a word of hope, too. More than that: France was to be rescued, and made great and free again. But how and by whom—that was not told. Not until to-day." As she said those last words a sudden deep glow shone in her eyes, which I was to see there many times in after-days when the bugles sounded the charge and learn to call it the battle-light. Her breast heaved, and the color rose in her face. "But to-day I know. God has chosen the meanest of His creatures for this work; and by His command, and in His protection, and by His strength, not mine, I am to lead His armies, and win back France, and set the crown upon the head of His servant that is Dauphin and shall be King."

I was amazed, and said—

"You, Joan? You, a child, lead armies?"

"Yes. For one little moment or two the thought crushed me; for it is as you say—I am only a child; a child and ignorant—ignorant of everything that pertains to war, and not fitted for the rough life of camps and the companionship of soldiers. But those weak moments passed; they will not come again. I am enlisted, I will not turn back, God helping me, till the English grip is loosed from the throat of France. My Voices have never told me lies, they have not lied to-day. They say I am to go to Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and he will give me men-at-arms for escort and send me to the King. A year from now a blow will be struck which will be the beginning of the end, and the end will follow swiftly."

"Where will it be struck?"

"My Voices have not said; nor what will happen this present year, before it is struck. It is appointed me to strike it, that is all I know; and follow it with others, sharp and swift, undoing in ten weeks England's long years of costly labor, and setting the crown upon the Dauphin's head—for such is God's will; my Voices have said it, and shall I doubt it? No; it will be as they have said, for they say only that which is true."

These were tremendous sayings. They were impossibilities to my reason, but to my heart they rang true; and so, while my reason doubted, my heart believed—believed, and held fast to its belief from that day. Presently I said—

"Joan, I believe the things which you have said, and now I am glad that I am to march with you to the great wars—that is, if it is with you I am to march when I go."

She looked surprised, and said—

"It is true that you will be with me when I go to the wars, but how did you know?"

"I shall march with you, and so also will Jean and Pierre, but not Jacques."

"All true—it is so ordered, as was revealed to me lately, but I did not know until to-day that the marching would be with me, or that I should march at all. How did you know these things?"

I told her when it was that she had said them. But she did not remember about it. So then I knew that she had been asleep, or in a trance or an ecstasy of some kind, at that time. She bade me keep these and the other revelations to myself for the present, and I said I would, and kept the faith I promised.

None who met Joan that day failed to notice the change that had come over her. She moved and spoke with energy and decision; there was a strange new fire in her eye, and also a something wholly new and remarkable in her carriage and in the set of her head. This new light in the eye and this new bearing were born of the authority and leadership which had this day been vested in her by the decree of God, and they asserted that authority as plainly as speech could have done it, yet without ostentation or bravado. This calm consciousness of command, and calm unconscious outward expression of it, remained with her thenceforth until her mission was accomplished.

Like the other villagers, she had always accorded me the deference due my rank; but now, without word said on either side, she and I changed places: she gave orders, not suggestions, I received them with the deference due a superior, and obeyed them without comment. In the evening she said to me—

"I leave before dawn. No one will know it but you. I go to speak with the

governor of Vaucouleurs as commanded, who will despise me and treat me rudely, and perhaps refuse my prayer at this time. I go first to Burey, to persuade my uncle Laxart to go with me, it not being meet that I go alone. I may need you in Vaucouleurs; for if the governor will not receive me I will dictate a letter to him, and so must have some one by me who knows the art of how to write and spell the words. You will go from here tomorrow in the afternoon, and remain in Vaucouleurs until I need you."

I said I would obey, and she went her way. You see how clear a head she had, and what a just and level judgment. She did not order me to go with her; no, she would not subject her good name to gossiping remark. She knew that the governor, being a noble, would grant me, another noble, audience; but no, you see, she would not have that, either. A poor peasant girl presenting a petition through a young nobleman—how would that look? She always protected her modesty from hurt; and so, for reward, she carried her good name unsmirched to the end. I knew what I must do, now, if I would have her approval: go to Vaucouleurs, keep out of her sight, and be ready when wanted.

I went the next afternoon, and took an obscure lodging; the next day I called at the castle and paid my respects to the governor, who invited me to dine with him at noon of the following day. He was an ideal soldier of the time; tall, brawny, gray-headed, rough, full of strange oaths acquired here and there and yonder in the wars and treasured as if they were decorations. He had been used to the camp all his life, and to his notion war was God's best gift to man. He had his steel cuirass on, and wore boots that came above his knees, and was equipped with a huge sword; and when I looked at this martial figure, and heard the marvellous oaths, and guessed how little of poetry and sentiment might be looked for in this quarter, I hoped the little peasant girl would not get the privilege of confronting this battery, but would have to content herself with the dictated letter.

I came again to the castle the next day at noon, and was conducted to the great dining-hall and seated by the side of the governor at a small table which was raised a couple of steps higher than the general table. At the small table sat

several other guests besides myself, and at the general table sat the chief officers of the garrison. At the entrance door stood a guard of halberdiers, in morion and breastplate.

As for talk, there was but one topic, of course—the desperate situation of France. There was a rumor, some one said, that Salisbury was making preparations to march against Orleans. It raised a turmoil of excited conversation, and opinions fell thick and fast. Some believed he would march at once, others that he could not accomplish the investment before fall, others that the siege would be long, and bravely contested; but upon one thing all voices agreed: that Orleans must eventually fall, and with it France. With that, the prolonged discussion ended, and there was silence. Every man seemed to sink himself in his own thoughts, and to forget where he was. This sudden and profound stillness where before had been so much animation, was impressive and solemn. Now came a servant and whispered something to the governor, who said—

"Would talk with *me*?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Hm! A strange idea, certainly. Bring them in."

It was Joan and her uncle Laxart. At the spectacle of the great people the courage oozed out of the poor old peasant and he stopped midway and would come no further, but remained there with his red nightcap crushed in his hands and bowing humbly here, there, and everywhere, stupefied with embarrassment and fear. But Joan came steadily forward, erect and self-possessed, and stood before the governor. She recognized me, but in no way indicated it. There was a buzz of admiration, even the governor contributing to it, for I heard him mutter, "By God's grace, it is a beautiful creature!" He inspected her critically a moment or two, then said—

"Well, what is your errand, my child?"

"My message is to you, Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and it is this: that you will send and tell the Dauphin to wait and not give battle to his enemies, for God will presently send him help."

This strange speech amazed the company, and many murmured, "The poor young thing is demented!" The governor scowled, and said—

"What nonsense is this? The King—or the Dauphin, as you call him—needs no message of *that* sort. He will wait, give yourself no uneasiness as to that. What further do you desire to say to me?"

"This. To beg that you will give me an escort of men-at-arms and send me to the Dauphin."

"What for?"

"That he may make me his general, for it is appointed that I shall drive the English out of France, and set the crown upon his head."

"What—you? Why, you are but a child!"

"Yet am I appointed to do it, nevertheless."

"Indeed? And when will all this happen?"

"Next year he will be crowned, and after will remain master of France."

There was a great and general burst of laughter, and when it had subsided the governor said—

"Who has sent you with these extravagant messages?"

"My Lord."

"What Lord?"

"The King of Heaven."

Many murmured, "Ah, poor thing, poor thing!" and others, "Ah, her mind is but a wreck!" The governor hailed Laxart, and said—

"Harkye!—take this mad child home and whip her soundly. That is the best cure for her ailment."

As Joan was moving away she turned and said, with simplicity—

"You refuse me the soldiers, I know not why, for it is my Lord that has commanded you. Yes, it is He that has made the command; therefore must I come again, and yet again; then I shall have the men-at-arms."

There was a great deal of wondering talk, after she was gone; and the guards and servants passed the talk to the town, the town passed it to the country; Domremy was already buzzing with it when we got back.

CHAPTER IX.

HUMAN nature is the same everywhere: it deifies success, it has nothing but scorn for defeat. The village considered that Joan had disgraced it with her grotesque performance and its ridiculous failure; so all the tongues were busy with the

matter, and as bilious and bitter as they were busy; insomuch that if the tongues had been teeth she would not have survived her persecutions. Those persons who did not scold, did what was worse and harder to bear; for they ridiculed her, and mocked at her, and ceased neither day nor night from their witticisms and jeerings and laughter. Haumette and Little Mengette and I stood by her, but the storm was too strong for her other friends, and they avoided her, being ashamed to be seen with her because she was so unpopular, and because of the sting of the taunts that assailed them on her account. She shed tears in secret, but none in public. In public she carried herself with serenity, and showed no distress, nor any resentment—conduct which should have softened the feeling against her, but it did not. Her father was so incensed that he could not talk in measured terms about her wild project of going to the wars like a man. He had dreamed of her doing such a thing, some time before, and now he remembered that dream with apprehension and anger, and said that rather than see her unsex herself and go away with the armies, he would require her brothers to drown her; and that if they should refuse, he would do it with his own hands.

But none of these things shook her purpose in the least. Her parents kept a strict watch upon her to keep her from leaving the village, but she said her time was not yet; that when the time to go was come she should know it, and then the keepers would watch in vain.

The summer wasted along; and when it was seen that her purpose continued steadfast, the parents were glad of a chance which finally offered itself for bringing her projects to an end through marriage. The Paladin had the effrontery to pretend that she had engaged herself to him several years before, and now he claimed a ratification of the engagement.

She said his statement was not true, and refused to marry him. She was cited to appear before the ecclesiastical court at Toul to answer for her perversity; when she declined to have counsel, and elected to conduct her case herself, her parents and all her ill-wishers rejoiced, and looked upon her as already defeated. And that was natural enough; for who would expect that an ignorant peasant girl of sixteen would be other-



JOAN BEFORE THE GOVERNOR.

wise than frightened and tongue-tied when standing for the first time in presence of the practised doctors of the law, and surrounded by the cold solemnities of a court? Yet all these people were mistaken. They flocked to Toul to see and enjoy this fright and embarrassment and defeat, and they had their trouble for their pains. She was modest, tranquil, and quite at her ease. She called no witnesses, saying she would content herself with examining the witnesses for the prosecution. When they had testified, she rose and reviewed their testimony in a few words, pronounced it vague, confused, and of no force, then she placed the Paladin again on the stand and began to search him. His previous testimony went rag by rag to ruin under her ingenious hands, until at last he stood bare, so to speak, he that had come so

richly clothed in fraud and falsehood. His counsel began an argument, but the court declined to hear it, and threw out the case, adding a few words of grave compliment for Joan, and referring to her as "this marvellous child."

After this victory, with this high praise from so imposing a source added, the fickle village turned again, and gave Joan countenance, compliment, and peace. Her mother took her back to her heart, and even her father relented and said he was proud of her. But the time hung heavy on her hands, nevertheless, for the siege of Orleans was begun, the clouds lowered darker and darker over France, and still her Voices said wait, and gave her no direct commands. The winter set in, and wore tediously along; but at last there was a change.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LA TINAJA BONITA.

BY OWEN WISTER.

"And it came to pass after a while that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land."—1 Kings, xvii. 7.

A PRETTY girl was kneeling on the roof of a flat mud cabin, a harvest of red peppers round her knees. On the ground below her stood a swarthy young man, the bloom on his Mexican cheeks rich and dusky, like her own. His face was irresponsible and winning, and his watching eyes shone upon her with admiration and desire. She on the roof was entertained by her visitor's attention, but unfavorable to it. Through the livelong sunny day she had parried his love-talk with light and complete skill, enjoying herself, and liking him very well, as she had done since they were two children playing together in the Arizona desert. She was quite mistress of the situation, because she was a woman, and he as yet merely a boy; he was only twenty-two; she was almost sixteen. The Mexican man at twenty-two may be as experienced as his Northern brother of thirty, but at sixteen the Mexican woman is also mature, and can competently deal with the man. So this girl had relished the thoughtless morning and noon as they passed; but twice lately she had glanced across the low tree-tops of her garden down the trail, where the cañon descended to the silent plain below.

"I think I must go back now," said the young man, not thinking so. He had a guitar from the cabin.

"Oh!" said she, to whom he was transparent. "Well, if you think it so late." She busied herself with the harvest. Her red handkerchief and strands of her black hair had fallen loosely together from her head to her shoulders. The red peppers were heaped thick, hiding the whole roof, and she stooped among them, levelling them to a ripening layer with buckskin gloves (for peppers sting sharper than mustard), sorting and turning them in the bright sun. The youth looked at her most wistfully.

"It is not precisely late—yet," said he.

"To be sure not," she assented, consulting the sky. "We have still three hours of day."

He brightened as he lounged against a water-barrel. "But after night it is so very dark on the trail to camp," he insincerely objected.

"I never could have believed you were afraid of the dark."

"It is for the horse's legs, Lolita. Of course I fear nothing."

"Bueno! I was sure of it. Do you know, Luis, you have become a man quite suddenly? That mustache will be beautiful in a few years. And you have a good figure."

"I am much heavier than last year," said he. "My arm—"

"I can see, I can see. I am not sure I shall let you kiss me any more. You didn't offer to when you came this morning—and that shows you men perceive things more quickly than we can. But don't go yet. You can lead your horse. His legs will come to no harm, eased of your weight. I should have been lonely to-day, and you have made it pass so quickly. You have talked so much that my peppers are not half spread."

"We could finish them in five minutes together," said the youth, taking a step.

"Two up here among all these peppers? Oh no, Luis. We should tread on them, and our ankles would burn all night. If you want to help me, go bring some fresh water. The barrel is almost empty."

But Luis stood ardently gazing up at the roof.

"Very well, then," said Lolita. "If you like this better, finish the peppers, and I'll go for the water."

"Why do you look down the trail so often?" said the baffled love-maker, petulantly.

"Because Uncle Ramon said the American would be coming to-day," the girl replied, softly.

"Was it Uncle Ramon said that? He told you that?"

"Why not?" She shaded her eyes, and looked where the cañon's widening slit gave view of a slant of sand merging fan-spread into a changeless waste of plain. Many watercourses, crooked and straight, came out of the gaps, creasing the sudden Sierra, descending to the flat through bushes and leaning margin trees; but in these empty shapes not a rill tinkled to refresh the silence, nor did a drop slide over the glaring rocks, or even

dampen the heated cheating sand. Lolita strained her gaze at the dry distance, and stooped again to her harvest.

"What does he come here for?" demanded Luis.

"The American? We buy white flour of him sometimes."

"Sometimes! That must be worth his while! He will get rich!" Luis lounged back against his water-barrel, and was silent. As he watched Lolita, serenely working, his silver crescent ear-rings swung a little with the slight tilting of his head, and his fingers, forgotten and unguided by his thoughts, ruffled the strings of the guitar, drawing from it gay purposeless tendrils of sound. Occasionally, when Lolita knew the song, she would hum it on the roof, inattentively, busy rolling her peppers:

"Soy purita mejicana;
Nada tengo español."

("I am pure Mexican. I have nothing Spanish about me.") And this melodious inattention of Lolita's, Luis felt to be the extreme of slight.

"Have you seen him lately?" he asked, sourly.

"Not very. Not since the last time he came to the mines from Maricopa."

"I heard a man at Gun Sight say he was dead," snapped Luis.

But she made no sign. "That would be a pity," she said, humming gayly.

"Very sad. Uncle Ramon would have to go himself to Maricopa for that white flour."

Pleased with this remark, the youth took to song himself; and there they were like two mischievous birds. Only the bird on the ground was cross with a sense of failure. "El telele se murió," he sang.

"The hunchback is dead.

Ay! Ay! Ay!

And no one could be found to bury him except—"

"Luis, aren't you going to get my water for me?"

"Poco tiempo: I'll bring it directly."

"You have to go to the Tinaja Bonita for it."

The Pretty Spring—or water-hole, or tank—was half a mile from the cabin.

"Well, it's not nice out there in the sun. I like it better in here, where it is pleasant.

"And no one could be found to bury him except
Five dragoons and a corporal
And the sacristan's cat."

Singing resentfully, young Luis staid in here, where it was pleasant. Bright green branches of fruit trees and small cottonwoods and a fenced irrigated square of green growing garden hid the tiny adobe home like a nut, smooth and hard and dry in their clustered midst. The lightest air that could blow among these limber ready leaves set going at once their varnished twinkling round the house. Their white and dark sides gleamed and went out with chasing lights that quickened the torpid place into a holiday of motion. Closed in by this cool green, you did not have to see or think of Arizona, just outside; you could forget, and play at love-making, and be spiteful about hunchbacks.

"Where is Uncle Ramon to-day?" inquired Luis, dropping his music.

She sighed. "He has gone to drive our cattle to a new spring. There is no pasture at the Tinaja Bonita. Our streams and ditches went dry last week. They have never done so in all the years before. I don't know what is going to happen to us." The anxiety in the girl's face seemed to come outward more plainly for a moment, and then recede to its permanent abiding-place.

"There cannot be much water to keep flour-sellers alive on the trail to Maricopa," chirped the bird on the ground.

She made no answer to this. "What are you doing nowadays?" she asked.

"I have been working very hard on the wood contract for the American soldiers," he replied, promptly.

"By Tucson?"

"No. Huachuca."

"Away over there again? I thought you had cut all they wanted last May."

"It is of that enterprise of which I speak, Lolita."

"But it's October now!" Lolita lifted her face, ruddy with stooping, and broke into laughter.

"I do not see why you mock me. No one has asked me to work since."

"Have you asked any one for work?"

"It is not my way to beg."

"Luis, I don't believe you're quite a man yet, in spite of your mustache. You complain there's no money for Mexicans in Arizona because the Americans get it all. Why don't you go back to Sonora, then, and be rich in five minutes? It would sound finely: 'Luis Romero, Merchant, Hermosillo.' Or perhaps gold

would fall more quickly into your lap at Guaymas. You would live in a big house, perhaps with two stories, and I would come and visit you at Easter—if your wife would allow it.” Here Lolita threw a pepper at him.

The guitar grated a few pretty notes; otherwise there was silence.

“And it was Uncle Ramon persuaded them to hire you in May. He told the American contractor you owned a strong burro good for heavy loads. He didn’t say much about you,” added the little lady.

“Much good it did me! The American contractor-pig retained my wages to pay for the food he supplied us. They charge you extra for starvation, those gringos. They are all pigs. Ah, Lolita, a man needs a wife, so he may strive to win a home for her.”

“I have heard men say that they needed a home before they could strive to win a wife for it. But you go about it the other way.”

“I am not an American pig, I thank the Virgin! I have none of their gringo customs.”

“You speak truly indeed,” murmured Lolita.

“It is you who know about them,” the boy said, angry like a child. He had seen her eye drawn to the trail again as by a magnet. “They say you prefer gringos to your own people.”

“Who dares say that?”

The elated Luis played loudly on the guitar. He had touched her that time.

But Lolita’s eye softened at the instant of speaking, and she broke into her sweet laugh. “There!” she said, recapturing the situation; “is it not like old times for you and me to be fighting?”

“Me? I am not fighting.”

“You relieve me.”

“I do not consider a gringo worth my notice.”

“Sensible boy! You speak as wisely as one who has been to school in a large city. Luis, do you remember the day Uncle Ramon locked me up for riding on the kicking burro, and you came and unlocked me when uncle was gone? You took me walking, and lost us both in the mountains. We were really only a little, little way from home, but I thought we had got into another country where they eat children. I was six, and I beat you for losing me, and cried, and you were

big, and you kissed me till I stopped crying. Do you remember?”

“No.”

“Don’t you remember?”

“I don’t remember child’s tricks.”

“Luis, I have come to a conclusion. You are still young enough for me to kiss quite safely. Every time you fight with me—I shall kiss you. Won’t you get me some fresh water now?”

He lounged, sulky, against his barrel.

“Come, querido! Must I go all that way myself? Well, then, if you intend to stand and glare at me till the moon rises— Ah! he moves!”

Luis laid the guitar gradually down, and gradually lifting a pail in which the dipper rattled with emptiness, he proceeded to crawl on his journey.

“You know that is not the one we use, muchacho, little boy,” remarked Lolita.

“Keep your kisses for your gringo,” the water-carrier growled, with his back to her.

“I shall always save some for my little cousin.”

The pail clattered on the stones, and the child stopped crawling. She on the roof stared at this performance for an open-mouthed moment, gloves idle among the spicy peppers. Then, laughing, she sprang to her feet, descended, and catching up the water-jar, the olla de agua, overtook him, and shook it in his face with the sweetest derision. “Now we’ll go together,” said she, and started gayly through the green trees and the garden. He followed her, two paces behind, half ashamed, and gazing at her red handkerchief, and the black hair blowing a little; thus did they cross the tiny cool home acre through the twinkling pleasantness of the leaves, and pass at once outside the magic circle of irrigation into Arizona’s domain, among a prone herd of carcasses upon the ground. Dead cattle, two seasons dead now, hunted to this sanctuary by the drought, killed in the sanctuary by cold water.

A wise quiet man, with a man’s will, may sometimes after three days of thirst still hold grip enough upon his slipping mind to know, when he has found the water, that he must not drink it, must only dampen his lips and tongue in a drop-by-drop fashion until he has endured the passing of many slow insidious hours. Even a wise man had best have a friend by his side then, who shall fight and tear

him from the perilous excesses that he craves, knock him senseless if he cannot pin him down; but cattle know nothing of drop by drop, and you cannot pin down a hundred head that have found water after three days. So these hundred had drunk themselves swollen, and died. Cracked hide and white bone they lay, brown, dry, gaping humps straddled stiff askew in the last convulsion; and over them presided Arizona—silent, vast, all sunshine everlasting.

Luis saw these corpses that had stumbled to their fate, and he remembered; with Lolita in those trees all day, he had forgotten for a while. He pointed to the wide-strewn sight, familiar, monotonous as misfortune. "There will be many more," he said. "Another rainy season is gone without doing anything for the country. It cannot rain now for another year, Lolita."

"God help us and our cattle, and travellers!" she whispered.

Luis musingly repeated a saying of the country about the Tinaja Bonita,

"When you see the Black Cross dry,
Fill the wagon cisterns high"

—a doggerel in homely Spanish metre, unwritten mouth-to-mouth wisdom, stable as a proverb, enduring through generations of unrecorded wanderers, that repeated it for a few years, and passed beneath the desert.

"But the Black Cross has never been dry yet," Luis said.

"You have not seen it lately," said Lolita.

"Lolita! do you mean—" He looked in her troubled eyes, and they went on in silence together. They left behind them the bones and the bald level on which they lay, and came to where the cañon's broader descent quickened until they sank below that sight of the cattle, and for a while below the home and trees. They went down steeply by cactus and dry rock to a meeting of several cañons opening from side rifts in the Sierra, furrowing the main valley's mesa with deep watercourses that brought no water. Finding their way in this lumpy meeting-ground, they came upon the lurking-place of the Tinaja Bonita. They stood above it at the edge of a pitch of rock, watching the motionless crystal of the pool.

"How well it hides down there in its

own cañon!" said Luis. "How pretty and clear! But there's plenty of water, Lolita."

"Can you see the Black Cross?"

"Not from here."

They began descending around the sides of the crumbled slate-rock face that tilted too steep for foothold.

"The other well is dry, of course," said Lolita. In the slaty, many-ledged formation a little lower down the cañon, towards the peep of outlying open country which the cloven hills let in, was a second round hole, twin of the first. Except after storms, water was never in this place, and it lay dry as a kiln nine-tenths of the year. But in size and depth and color, and the circular fashion of its shaft, that seemed man's rather than nature's design, it might have been the real Tinaja's reflection, conjured in some evil mirror that gave all of its likeness except alone the living water that made it precious.

"It must have been a real well once," said Luis.

"Once, yes."

"And what made it go dry?"

"Who knows?"

"How strange it should be the lower well that failed, Lolita!"

The boy and girl were climbing down slowly, drawing near each other as they reached the bottom of the hollow. The peep of open country was blocked, and the tall tops of the mountains were all of the outer world they could see, choked in down here below the mesa's level, amid a silence more ancient than the spheres.

"Do you believe it ever can go dry?" asked Luis. They were now on the edge of the Tinaja.

"Father Rafael says that it is miraculous," said the girl, believingly.

Opposite, and everywhere except where they were, the walls went sheer down, not slate-colored, but white, with a sudden up-cropping formation of brick-shaped stones. These also were many-layered and crumbling, cracking off into the pool if the hand hung or the foot weighed on them. No safe way went to the water but at this lower side, where the riven, tumbled white blocks shelved easily to the bottom; and Luis and Lolita looked down these natural stairs at the portent in the well. In that white formation shot up from the earth's bowels, arbitrary and irrelevant amid the surrounding alien

layers of slate, four black stones were lodged as if built into the wall by some hand—four small stones shaping a cross, black against the white, symmetrical and plain beyond need of imagination.

"It has come further—more uncovered since yesterday," Lolita whispered.

"Can the Tinaja sink altogether?" repeated Luis. The arms of the cross were a measurable space above the water-line, and he had always seen it entirely submerged.

"How could it sink?" said Lolita, simply. "It will stop when the black stones are wholly dry."

"You believe Father Rafael," Luis said, always in a low voice; "but it was only Indians, after all, who told the mission fathers at the first."

"That was very long ago," said she, "and there has always been water in the Tinaja Bonita."

Boy and girl had set the jar down, and forgotten it and why they had come. Luis looked uneasily at the circular pool, and up from this creviced middle of the cañon to the small high tops of the mountains rising in the free sky.

"This is an evil place," he said. "As for the water—no one, no three, can live long enough to be sure."

But it was part of Lolita's religion. "I am sure," said she.

The young Mexican's eyes rested on the face of the girl beside him, more beautiful just then with some wave of secret fear and faith.

"Come away with me, Lolita!" he pleaded, suddenly. "I can work. I can be a man. It is fearful for you to live here alone."

"Alone, Luis?" His voice had called her from her reverie back to her gay, alert self. "Do you consider Uncle Ramon nobody to live with?"

"Yes. Nobody—for you."

"Promise me never to tell that to uncle. He is so considerate that he might make me marry somebody for company. And then, you know, my husband would be certain to be stupid about your coming to see me, querido."

"Why do you always mock me, Lolita?"

"Mock you? What a fancy! Oh, see how the sun's going! If we do not get our water, your terrible Tinaja will go dry before supper. Come, Luis, I carried the olla. Must I do everything?"

He looked at her disconsolate. "Ah!" he vibrated, revelling in deep imaginary passion.

"Go go!" she cried, pushing him. "Take your olla."

Upon any passing puff of sentiment the Southern breast can heave with every genuine symptom of storm except wreck. Of course she stirred his gregarious heart. Was she not lovely and he twenty-two? He went down the natural stairs and came slowly up with the water, stopping a step below her. "Lolita," he said, "don't you love me at all? not a very little?"

"You are my dearest, oldest friend, Luis," she said, looking at him with such full sweetness that his eyes fell. "But why do you pretend five beans make ten?"

"Of course they only make ten with gringos."

She held up a warning finger.

"Oh yes, oh yes! Strangers make fine lovers!" With this he swelled to a fond, dangerous appearance, and muttered, "It is not difficult to kill a man, Lolita."

"Fighting! after what I told you!" Lolita stooped and kissed her cousin Luis, and he instantly made the most of that chance.

"As often as you please," he said, as she released herself angrily, and then a stroke of sound struck their two hearts still. They jumped apart, trembling. Some of the rock slide had rattled down and plunged into the Tinaja with a gulping resonance. Loitering strings of sand strewed after it, and the boy's and girl's superstitious eyes looked up from the ringed waving water to the ledge. Lolita's single shriek of terror turned to joy as she uttered it.

"I thought—I thought you would not come!" she cried out.

The dismounted horseman above made no sign of understanding her words. He stepped carefully away from the ledge his foot had crumbled, and they saw him using his rifle like a staff, steadying its stock in successive niches, and so working back to his horse. There he slid the rifle into its leather sling along the left side of his saddle.

"So he is not dead," murmured Luis, "and we need not live alone."

"Come down!" the girl called, and waved her hand. But the new-comer stood by his horse like an apparition.

"Perhaps he is dead, after all," Luis said. "You might say some of the Mass, only he was a heretic. But his horse is Mexican and a believer."

Lolita had no eyes or ears for Luis any more. He prattled away on the stone stairs of the Tinaja, elated into flippancy after a piercing shock of fear. To him, unstrung by the silence and the Black Cross and the presence of the sinking pool, the stone had crashed like a clap of sorcery, and he had started and stared to see—not a spirit, but a man, dismounted from his horse, with a rifle. At that his heart clutched him like talons, and in the flashing spasm of his mind came a picture—smoke from the rifle, and himself bleeding in the dust. Costly love-making! But why else that rifle on the ledge? For a staff merely? Luis thanked the Virgin for the stone that fell and frightened him. He had chattered himself cool now, and ready. Lolita was smiling at the man on the hill, glowing without concealment of her heart's desire.

"Come down!" she repeated. "Come round the side." And lifting the olla, she tapped it, and signed the way to him.

"He has probably brought too much white flour for Uncle Ramon to care to climb more than he must," said Luis. But the man had stirred at last from his sentinel stillness, and began leading his horse down. Presently he was near enough for Luis to read his face. "Your gringo is a handsome fellow certainly," he commented. "But he does not like me to-day."

"Like you? He doesn't think about you," said Lolita.

"Ha! That's your opinion?"

"It is also his opinion—if you'll ask him."

"He is afraid of Cousin Luis," stated the youth.

"Cousin grasshopper! He could eat you—if he could see you."

"There are other things in this world besides brute muscle, Lolita. Your gringo thinks I am worth notice, if you do not."

"How little he knows you!"

"It is you he does not know very well," the boy said, with a pang.

The scornful girl stared.

"Oh, the innocent one!" sneered Luis.

"Grasshopper, indeed! Well, one man can always recognize another, and the women don't know much."

But Lolita had run off to meet her

chosen lover. She did not stop to read his face. He was here; and as she hurried towards him she had no thought except that he was come at last. She saw his eyes and lips, and to her they were only the eyes and lips that she had longed for. "You have come just in time," she called out to him. At the voice, he looked at her one instant, and looked away; but the nearer sight of her sent a tide of scarlet across his face. His actions he could control, his bearing, and the steadiness of his speech, but not the coursing of his blood. It must have been a minute he had stood on the ledge above, getting a grip of himself. "Luis was becoming really afraid that he might have to do some work," continued Lolita, coming up the stony hill. "You know Luis!"

"I know him."

"You can fill your two canteens and carry the olla for us," she pursued, arriving eagerly beside him, her face lifted to her strong tall lover.

"I can."

At this second chill of his voice, and his way of meeting her when she had come running, she looked at him bewildered, and the smile fluttered on her lips and left them. She walked beside him, talking no more; nor could she see his furtive other hand mutely open and shut, helping him keep his grip.

Luis also looked at the man who had taken Lolita's thoughts away from him and all other men. "No, indeed, he does not understand her very well," he repeated, bitter in knowing the man's suspicion and its needlessness. Something—disappointment, it may be—had wrought more reality in the young Mexican's easy-going love. "And she likes this gringo because—because he is light-colored!" he said, watching the American's bronzed Saxon face, almost as young as his own, but of sterner stuff. Its look left him no further doubt, and he held himself forewarned. The American came to the bottom, powerful, blue-eyed, his mustache golden, his cheek clean-cut, and beaten to shining health by the weather. He swung his blue-overalled leg over his saddle and rode to the Tinaja, with a short greeting to the watcher, while the pale Lolita unclasped the canteen straps and brought the water herself, brushing coldly by Luis to hook the canteens to the saddle again. This slighting touch changed the Mexican boy's temper

to diversion and malice. Here were mountains from mole-hills! Here were five beans making ten with a vengeance!

"Give me that," said the American; and Luis handed up the water-jar to him with such feline politeness that the American's blue eye filled with fire and rested on him for a doubtful second. But Luis was quite ready, and more diverted than ever over the suppressed violence of his Saxon friend. The horseman wheeled at once, and took a smooth trail out to the top of the mesa, the girl and boy following.

As the three went silent up the cañon, Luis caught sight of Lolita's eyes shining with the hurt of her lover's rebuff, and his face sparkled with further mischief. "She has been despising me all day," he said to himself. "Very well, very well. —Señor Don Ruz," he speechified aloud, elaborately, "we are having a bad drought."

The American rode on, inspecting the country.

"I know at least four sorts of kisses," reflected the Mexican trifler. "But there! very likely to me also they would appear alike from the top of a rock." He looked the American over, the rifle under his leg, his pistol, and his knife. "How clumsy these gringos are when it's about a girl!" thought Luis. "Any fool could fool them. Now I should take much care to be friendly if ever I did want to kill a man in earnest. Comical gringo! —Yes, very dry weather, Don Ruz. And the rainy season gone!"

The American continued to inspect the country, his supple, flannel-shirted back hinting no interest in the talk.

"Water is getting scarce, Don Ruz," persisted the gadfly, lighting again. "Don Ramon's spring does not run now, and so we must come to the Tinaja Bonita, you see. Don Ramon removed the cattle yesterday. Everybody absent from home, except Lolita." Luis thought he could see his Don Ruz listening to that last piece of gossip, and his smile over himself and his skill grew more engaging. "Lolita has been telling me all to-day that even the Tinaja will go dry."

"It was you said that!" exclaimed the brooding, helpless Lolita.

"So I did. And it was you said no. Well, we found something to disagree about." The gadfly was mirthful now at the expression of the flannel shirt.

"No sabe cuantos son cinco," he whispered, stepping close to Lolita. "Your gringo could not say boo to a goose just now." Lolita drew away from her cousin, and her lover happened to turn his head slightly, so that he caught sight of her drawing away. "But what do you say yourself, Don Ruz?" inquired Luis, pleased at this slight coincidence—"will the Tinaja go dry, do you think?"

"I expect guessing won't interfere with the water's movements much," finally remarked Don Ruz—Russ Genesmere. His drawl and the body in his voice were not much like the Mexican's light fluency. They were music to Lolita, and her gaze went to him once more, but got no answer. The bitter Luis relished this too.

"You are right, Don Ruz. Guessing is idle. Yet how can we help wondering about this mysterious Tinaja? I am sure that you can never have seen so much of the cross out of water. Lolita says—"

"So that's that place," said Genesmere, roughly.

Luis looked inquiring.

"Down there," Genesmere explained, with a jerk of his head back along the road they had come.

Luis was surprised that Don Ruz, who knew this country so well, should never have seen the Tinaja Bonita until to-day.

"I'd have seen it if I'd had any use for it," said Genesmere.

"To be sure, it lay off the road of travel," Luis assented. And of course Don Ruz knew all that was needful—how to find it. He knew what people said—did he not? Father Rafael, Don Ramon, everybody? Lolita perhaps had told him? And that if the cross ever rose entirely above the water, that was a sign all other water-holes in the region were empty. Therefore it was a good warning for travellers, since by it they could judge how much water to carry on a journey. But certainly he and Lolita were surprised to see how low the Tinaja had fallen to-day. No doubt what the Indians said about the great underground snake that came and sucked all the wells dry in the lower country, and in consequence was nearly satisfied before he reached the Tinaja, was untrue.

To this tale of Jesuits and peons the American listened with unexpressed contempt, caring too little to mention that he had heard some of it before, or even to

say that in the last few days he had crossed the desert from Tucson and found water on the trail as usual where he expected. He rode on, leading the way slowly up the cañon, suffering the glib Mexican to talk unanswered. His own suppressed feelings still smouldered in his eye, still now and then knotted the muscles in his cheeks; but of Luis's chatter he said his whole opinion in one word, a single English syllable, which he uttered quietly for his own benefit. Luis, however, understood that order of English, and, over-hearing, was glad, and commended himself for playing so tellingly the lover who but ill conceals his successes. He would sustain this part to a last delicate finish.

They passed through the hundred corpses to the home and the green trees, where the sun was setting against the little shaking leaves.

"So you will camp here to-night, Don Ruz?" said Luis, perceiving the American's pack-mules. Genesmere had come over from the mines at Gun Sight, found the cabin empty, and followed Lolita's and her cousin's trail, until he had suddenly seen the two from that ledge above the Tinaja. "You are always welcome to what we have at our camp, you know, Don Ruz. All that is mine is yours also. To-night it is probably frijoles. But no doubt you have white flour here." He was giving his pony water from the barrel, and next he threw the saddle on and mounted. "I must be going back, or they will decide I am not coming till to-morrow, and quickly eat my supper." He spoke jauntily from his horse, arm akimbo, natty short jacket put on for to-day's courting, gray steeple-hat silver-embroidered, a spruce pretty boy, not likely to toil severely at wood contracts so long as he could hold soul and body together and otherwise be merry, and the hand of that careless arm soft on his pistol, lest Don Ruz should abruptly dislike him too much; for Luis contrived a tone for his small-talk that would have disconcerted the most sluggish, sweet to his own mischievous ears, healing to his galled self-esteem. "Good-night, Don Ruz. Good-night, Lolita. Perhaps I shall come to-morrow, mañana en la mañana."

"Good-night," said Lolita, harshly, which increased his joy; "I cannot stop you from passing my house."

Genesmere said nothing, but sat still on his white horse, hands folded upon

the horns of his saddle, and Luis, always engaging and at ease, ambled away with his song about the hunchback. He knew that the American was not the man to wait until his enemy's back was turned.

"El telele se murió
A enterrar ya le llevan--"

The tin-pan Mexican voice was empty of melody and full of rhythm.

"Ay! Ay! Ay!"

Lolita and Genesmere stood as they had stood, not very near each other, looking after him and his gayety that the sun shone bright upon. The minstrel truly sparkled. His clothes were more elegant than the American's shirt and overalls, and his face luxuriant with thoughtlessness. Like most of his basking Southern breed, he had no visible means of support, and nothing could worry him for longer than three minutes. Frijoles do not come high, out-of-doors is good enough to sleep in if you or your friend have no roof, and it is not a hard thing to sell some other man's horses over the border and get a fine coat and hat.

"Cinco dragones y un cabo,
Oh, no no no no no!
Y un gato de sacristan."

Coat and hat were getting up the cañon's side among the cactus, the little horse climbing the trail shrewdly with his light-weight rider; and dusty unmusical Genesmere and sullen Lolita watched them till they went behind a bend, and nothing remained but the tin-pan song singing in Genesmere's brain. The gad-fly had stung more poisonously than he knew, and still Lolita and Genesmere stood watching nothing, while the sun—the sun of Arizona at the day's transfigured immortal passing—became a crimson coal in a lake of saffron, burning and beating like a heart, till the desert seemed no longer dead, but only asleep, and breathing out wide rays of rainbow color that rose and expanded over earth and sky.

Then Genesmere spoke his first volunteered word to Lolita. "I didn't shoot because I was afraid of hitting you," he said.

So now she too realized clearly. He had got off his horse above the Tinaja to kill Luis during that kiss. Complete innocence had made her stupid and slow.



"GOOD-NIGHT! PERHAPS I SHALL COME TO-MORROW."

"Are you going to eat?" she inquired.

"Oh yes. I guess I'll eat."

She set about the routine of fire-lighting and supper as if it had been Uncle Ramon, and this evening like all evenings. He, not so easily, and with small blunderings that he cursed, attended to his horse and mules, coming in at length to sit against the wall where she was cooking.

"It is getting dark," said Lolita. So he found the lamp and lighted it, and sat down again.

"I've never hurt a woman," he said presently, the vision of his rifle's white front sight held steady on the two below the ledge once more flooding his brain. He spoke slowly.

"Then you have a good chance now," said Lolita, quickly, busy over her cooking. In her Southern ears such words sounded a threat. It was not in her blood to comprehend this Northern way of speaking and walking and sitting, and being one thing outside and another inside.

"And I wouldn't hurt a woman"—he was hardly talking to her—"not if I could think in time."

"Men do it," she said, with the same defiance. "But it makes talk."

"Talk's nothing to me," said Genesmere, flaming to fierceness. "Do I care for opinions? Only my own." The fierceness passed from his face, and he was remote from her again. Again he fell to musing aloud, changing from Mexican to his mother-tongue. "I wouldn't want to have to remember a thing like that." He stretched himself, and leaned his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, the yellow hair hiding his fingers. She had often seen him do this when he felt lazy; it was not a sign by which she could read a spiritual standstill, a quivering wreck of faith and passion. "I have to live a heap of my life alone," the loungee went on. "Journey alone. Camp alone. Me and my mules. And I don't propose to have thoughts a man should be ashamed of." Lolita was throwing a

cloth over the table and straightening it. "I'm twenty-five, and I've laid by no such thoughts yet. Church folks might say different."

"It is ready," said Lolita, finishing her preparations.

He looked up, and seeing the cloth and the places set, pulled his chair to the table, and passively took the food she brought him. She moved about the room between shelves and fire, and when she had served him, seated herself at leisure to begin her own supper. Uncle Ramon was a peon of some substance, doing business in towns and living comparatively well. Besides the shredded spiced stew of meat, there were several dishes for supper. Genesmere ate the meal deliberately, attending to his plate and cup, and Lolita was as silent as himself, only occasionally looking at him; and in time his thoughts came to the surface again in words. He turned and addressed Lolita in Mexican: "So, you see, you saved his life down there."

She laid her fork down and gave a laugh, hard and harsh; and she said nothing, but waited for what next.

"You don't believe that. You don't know that. He knows that."

She laughed again, more briefly.

"You can tell him so. From me."

Replies seemed to struggle together on Lolita's lips and hinder each other's escaping.

"And you can tell him another thing. He wouldn't have stopped. He'd have shot. Say that. From me. He'd have shot, because he's a Spaniard, like you."

"You lie!" This side issue in some manner set free the girl's tongue. "I am not Spanish. I care nothing for Spaniards or what they may do. I am Mexican, and I waited to see you kill him. I wanted to watch his blood. But you! you listened to his false talk, and believed him, and let him go. I save his life? Go after him now! Do it with this knife, and tell him it is Lolita's. But do not sit there and talk any more. I have had enough of men's talk to-day. Enough, enough, enough!"

Genesmere remained in his chair, while she had risen to her feet. "I suppose," he said, very slowly, "that folks like you folks can't understand about love—not about the kind I mean."

Lolita's two hands clinched the edge of the table, and she called upon her gods.

"Believe it, then! Believe it! And kill me, if that will make you contented. But do not talk any more. Yes, he told me that he loved me. Yes, I kissed him; I have kissed him hundreds of times, always, since before I can remember. And I had been laughing at him to-day, having nothing in my heart but you. All day it had rejoiced me to hear his folly and think of you, and think how little he knew, and how you would come soon. But your folly is worse. Kill me in this house to-night, and I will tell you, dying, that I love you, and that it is you who are the fool."

She looked at her lover, and seeing his face and eyes she had sought to bring before her in the days that she had waited for him, she rushed to him.

"Lolita!" he whispered. "Lolita!"

But she could only sob as she felt his arms and his lips. And when presently he heard her voice again murmuring brokenly to him in the way that he knew and had said over in his mind and dwelt upon through the desert stages he had ridden, he trembled, and with savage triumph drew her close, and let his doubt and the thoughts that had chilled and changed him sink deep beneath the flood of this present rapture. "My life!" she said. "Toda mi vida. All my life!" Through the open door the air of the cañon blew cool into the little room that the fire and the lamp oppressed, and in time they grew aware of the endless rustling of the trees, and went out and stood in the darkness together, until it ceased to be darkness, and their eyes could discern the near and distant shapes of their world. The sky was black and splendid, with four or five planets too bright for lesser stars to show, and the promontories of the keen mountains shone almost as in moonlight. A certain hill down towards the Tinaja and its slate ledge caught Genesmere's eye, and Lolita felt him shudder, and she wound her arm more tightly about him.

"What is it?" she said.

"Nothing." He was staring at the hill. "Nothing," he replied to himself.

"Dreamer, come!" said Lolita, pulling him. "It is cold here in the night—and if you choose to forget, I choose you shall remember."

"What does this girl want now?"

"The cards! our cards!"

"Why, to be sure!" He ran after her,

and joy beat in her heart at the fleet kiss he tried for and half missed. She escaped into the room, laughing for delight at her lover's being himself again—his own right self that she talked with always in the long days she waited alone.

"Take it!" she cried out, putting the guitar at him so he should keep his distance. "There! now you have broken it, songless Americano! You shall buy me another." She flung the light instrument, that fell in a corner with a loud complaint of all the strings together, collapsing to a blurred hollow humming, and silence.

"Now you have done it!" said Genesmere, mock serious.

"I don't care. I am glad. He played on that to-day. He can have it, and you shall give me a new one. 'Yo soy purita mejicana; nada tengo español,'" sang the excited, breathless Lolita to her American, and seated herself at the table, beginning a brisk shuffle of a dim, dog-eared pack. "You sit there!" She nodded to the opposite side of the table. "Very well, move the lamp, then." Genesmere had moved it because it hid her face from him. "He thinks I cheat! Now, Señor Don Ruz, it shall be for the guitar. Do you hear?"

"Too many pesos, señorita."

"Oh, oh! the miser!"

"I'm not going broke on any señoritas—not even my own girl!"

"Have you no newer thing than poverty to tell me? Now if you look at me like that I cannot shuffle properly."

"How am I to look, please?" He held his glance on her.

"Not foolish like a boy. There, take them, then!" She threw the cards at him, blushing and perturbed by his eyes, while he scrambled to punish her across the table.

"Generous one!" she said. "Ardent pretender! He won't let me shuffle because he fears to lose."

"You shall have a silk handkerchief with flowers on it," said he, shuffling.

"I have two already. I can see you arranging those cards, miser!"

It was the custom of their meetings, whether at the cabin or whether she stole out to his camp, to play for the token he should bring for her when he next came from town. She named one thing, he some other, and the cards judged between them. And to see Genesmere in these

hours, his oldest friend could not have known him any more than he knew himself. Never had a woman been for him like Lolita, conjuring the Saxon to forget himself and bask openly in that Southern joy and laughter of the moment.

"Say my name!" he ordered; and at the child effort she made over "Russ" he smiled with delight. "Again!" he exclaimed, bending to catch her *R* and the whole odd little word she made. "More!"

"No," pouted the girl, and beat at him, blushing again.

"Make your bet!" he said, laying out the Mexican cards before him. "Quick! Which shall it be?"

"The caballo. Oh, my dear, I wanted to die this afternoon, and now I am so happy!"

It brought the tears to her eyes, and almost to his, till he suddenly declared she had stolen a card, and with that they came to soft blows and laughing again. So did the two sit and wrangle, seizing the pack out of turn, feigning rage at being cheated, until he juggled to make her win three times out of five; and when chance had thus settled for the guitar, they played for kisses, and so forgot the cards at last. And at last Genesmere began to speak of the next time, and Lolita to forbid such talk as that so soon. She laid her hand over his lips, at which he yielded for a little, and she improvised questions of moment to ask him, without time for stopping, until she saw that this would avail no longer. Then she sighed, and let him leave her to see to his animals, while she lighted the fire again to make breakfast for him. At that parting meal an anxiety slowly came in her face, and it was she that broke their silence after a while.

"Which road do you go this time, querido?" she asked.

"Tucson, Maricopa, and then straight here to you."

"From Maricopa? That is longer across the desert."

"Shorter to my girl."

"I—I wish you would not come that way."

"Why?"

"That—that desert!"

"There's desert both ways—all ways. The other road puts an extra week between you and me."

"Yes, yes. I have counted."

"What is all this, Lolita?"

Once more she hesitated, smiling uneasily beneath his scrutiny. "Yo no sé. I don't know. You will laugh. You do not believe the things that I believe. The Tinaja Bonita—"

"That again!"

"Yes," she half whispered. "I am afraid."

He looked at her steadily.

"Return the same road by Tucson," she urged. "That way is only half so much desert, and you can carry water from Poso Blanco. Do not trust the Coyote Wells. They are little and shallow, and if the Black Cross— Oh, my darling, if you do not believe, do this for me because you love me, love me!"

He did not speak at once. The two had risen, and stood by the open door, where the dawn was entering and mixing with the lamp. "Because I love you," he repeated at length, slowly, out of his uncertain thoughts.

She implored him, and he studied her in silence.

Suddenly hardness stamped his face. "I'll come by Tucson, then—since I love you!" And he walked at once out of the door. She followed him to his horse, and there reached up and pulled him round to her, locking her fingers behind his neck. Again his passion swept him and burned the doubt from his eyes. "I believe you love me!" he broke out.

"Ah, why need you say that?"

"Adios, chiquita." He was smiling, and she looked at his white teeth and golden mustache. She felt his hands begin to unlock her own.

"Not yet—not yet!"

"Adios, chiquita."

"O mi querido!" she murmured; "with you I forget day and night!"

"Bastante!" He kissed her once for all.

"Good-by! good-by! Mis labios van estar frios hasta que tu los toques otra vez. My lips will be cold until you touch them again."

He caught her two hands, as if to cling to something. "Say that once more. Tell me that once more."

She told him with all her heart and soul, and he sprang into his saddle. She went beside him through the cold pale-lighted trees to the garden's edge, and there stood while he took his way across the barren ground among the carcasses. She watched the tip of his mustache that

came beyond the line of his cheek, and when he was further, his whole strong figure, while the clack of the hoofs on the dead ground grew fainter. When the steeper fall of the cañon hid him from her she ran to the house, and from its roof among her peppers she saw him come into sight again below, the wide foreshortened slant of ground between them, the white horse and dark rider and the mules, until they became a mere line of something moving, and so vanished into the increasing day.

Genesmere rode, and took presently to smoking. Coming to a sandy place, he saw prints of feet and of a shod horse in the trail heading the other way. That was his own horse, and the feet were Lolita's and Luis's—the record and the memory of yesterday afternoon. He looked up from the trail to the hills, now lambent with violet and shifting orange, and their shapes as they moved out into his approaching view were the shapes of yesterday afternoon. He came soon to the forking of the trails, one for Tucson, and the other leading down into the lumpy country, and here again were the prints in the sand, the shod horse, the man and the woman, coming in from the lumpy country that lay to the left; and Genesmere found himself stock-still by the forking trails, looking at his watch. His many-journeyed mules knew which was the Tucson trail, and not understanding why he turned them from their routine, walked asunder, puzzled at being thus driven in the wrong direction. They went along a strange up-and-down path, loose with sliding stones, and came to an end at a ledge of slate, and stood about on the tricky footing looking at their master and leaning their heads together. The master sat quiet on his horse, staring down where a circular pool lay below; and the sun rose everywhere, except in his mind. So far had he come yesterday with that mind easy over his garnered prosperity, free and soaring on its daily flight among the towers of his hopes—those constructions that are common with men who grow fond: the air-castle rises and reaches, possessing the architect, who cherishes its slow creation with hourly changes and additions to the plan. A house was part of Genesmere's castle, a home with a wife inside, and no more camping alone. Thus far, to this exact ledge, the edifice had gone forward fortu-

nately, and then a blast had crumbled house and days to come into indistinguishable dust. The heavy echo jarred in Genesmere, now that he had been lured to look again upon the site of the disaster, and a lightning violence crossed his face. He saw the two down there as they had stood, the man with his arms holding the woman, before the falling stone had startled them. Were the Mexican present now in the flesh, he would destroy him just for what he had tried to do. If she were true— She was true—that was no thanks to the Mexican. Genesmere was sorry second thoughts had spared that fellow yesterday, and he looked at his watch again. It was time to be starting on the Tucson trail, and the mules alertly turned their steps from the Tinaja Bonita. They could see no good in having come here. Evidently it was not to get water. Why, then? What use was there in looking down a place into a hole? The mules gave it up. Genesmere himself thought the Tinaja poorly named. It was not pretty. In his experience of trail and cañon he knew no other such hole. He was not aware of the twin, dried up, thirty yards below, and therefore only half knew the wonders of the spot.

He rode back to the forks across the rolling steepness, rebuilding the castle; then, discovering something too distant to be sure about, used his glass quickly. It was another rider, also moving slowly among the knolls and gullies of the mesa, and Genesmere could not make him out. He was going towards the cabin, but it was not the same horse that Luis had ridden yesterday. This proved nothing, and it would be easy to circle and see the man closer—only not worth the trouble. Let the Mexican go to the cabin. Let him go every day. He probably would, if she permitted. Most likely she would tell him to keep away from her. She ought to. She might hurt him if he annoyed her. She was a good shot with a pistol. But women work differently from men—and then she was Mexican. She might hide her feelings and make herself pleasant for three weeks. She would tell him when he returned, and they would laugh together over how she had fooled this Luis. After all, shooting would have been too much punishment. A man with a girl like Lolita must expect to find other men after her. It depends on your girl.

You find that out when you go after other men's girls. When a woman surely loves some other man she will not look at you. And Lolita's love was a sure thing. A woman can say love and a man will believe her—until he has experienced the genuine article once; after that he can always tell. And to have a house, with her inside waiting for you! Such a turn was strange luck for a man, not to be accounted for. If anybody had said last year—why, as late as the 20th of last March—that settling down was what you were coming to—and now— Genesmere wondered how he could ever have seen anything in riding a horse up and down the earth and caring nothing for what next. "No longer alone!" he said aloud, suddenly, and surprised the white horse.

The song about the hunchback and the sacristan's cat stirred its rhythm in his mind. He was not a singer, but he could think the tune, trace it, naked of melody, in the dry realm of the brain. And it was a diversion to piece out the gait of the phantom notes, low after high, quick after slow, until they went of themselves. Lolita would never kiss Luis again; would never want to—not even as a joke. Genesmere turned his head back to take another look at the rider, and there stood the whole mountains like a picture, and himself far out in the flat country, and the bare sun in the sky. He had come six miles on the road since he had last noticed. Six miles, and the air-castle was rebuilt and perfect, with no difference from the old one except its foundation, which was upon sand. To see the unexpected plain around him, and the islands of blue sharp peaks lying in it, drove the tune from his head, and he considered the well-known country, reflecting that man could not be meant to live here. The small mountain-islands lay at all distances, blue in a dozen ways, amid the dead calm of this sand archipelago. They rose singly from it, sheer and sudden, toothed and triangled like icebergs, hot as stoves. The channels to the north, Santa Rosa way, opened broad and yellow, and ended without shore upon the clean horizon, and to the south narrowed with lagoons into Sonora. Genesmere could just see one top of the Sierra de la Quitabac jutting up from below the earth-line, splitting the main channel, the faintest blue of all. They could be having no trouble over their water down there, with

the Laguna Esperanca and the Poso de Mazis. Genesmere killed some more of the way rehearsing the trails and water-holes of this country, known to him like his pocket; and by-and-by food-cooking and mule-feeding and the small machine repetitions of a camp and a journey brought the Quijotoa Mountains behind him to replace Gun Sight and the Sierra de la Naril; and later still the Cababi hid the Quijotoa, and Genesmere counted days

now noticed steadily running in his head again, beneath the random surface of his thoughts. "Cinco dragones y un cabo y un gato de sacristan." That made no sense either; but Mexicans found something in it. Liked it. Now American songs had some sense:

"They bathed his head in vinegar
To fetch him up to time,
And now he drives a mule team on
The Denver City line."



"BUSINESS AND PLEASURE WERE WAITING IN TUCSON."

and nights to the good, and was at the Coyote Wells.

These were holes in rocks, but shallow, as Lolita said. No shallower than ordinary, however; he would see on the way back if they gave signs of failing. No wonder if they did, with this spell of drought—but why mix up a plain thing with a lot of nonsense about a black cross down a hole? Genesmere was critically struck with the words of the tune he

A man could understand that. A proud stage-driver makes a mistake about a female passenger. Thinks he has got an heiress, and she turns out to peddle sarsaparilla. "So he's naturally used up," commented Genesmere. "You estimate a girl as one thing, and she—" Here the undercurrent welled up, breaking the surface. "Did she mean that? Was that her genuine reason?" In memory he took a look at his girl's face, and repeated her

words when she besought him to come the longer way and hesitated over why. Was that shame at owning she believed such stuff? True, after asking him once about his religion and hearing what he said, she had never spoken of these things again. That must be a woman's way when she loved you first—to hide her notions that differed from yours, and not ruffle happy days. "Return the same road by Tucson!" He unwrapped a clean, many-crumpled handkerchief, and held Lolita's photograph for a while. Then he burst into an unhappy oath, and folded the picture up again. What if her priest did tell her? He had heard the minister tell about eternal punishment when he was a boy, and just as soon as he started thinking it over he knew it was a lie. And this quack Tinaja was worse foolishness, and had nothing to do with religion. Lolita afraid of his coming to grief in a country he had travelled hundreds, thousands of miles in! Perhaps she had never started thinking for herself yet. But she had. She was smarter than any girl of her age he had ever seen. She did not want him back so soon. That was what it was. Yet she had looked true; her voice had sounded that way. Again he dwelt upon her words and caresses; and harboring these various thoughts, he killed still more of the long road, until, passing after a while Poso Blanco, and later Marsh's ranch-well at the forks where the Sonora road comes in, he reached Tucson a man divided against himself. Divided beyond his will into two selves—one of faith besieged, and one of besieging inimical reason—the inextricable error!

Business and pleasure were waiting in Tucson, and friends whose ways and company had not been of late for him; but he frequented them this time, tasting no pleasure, yet finding the ways and company better than his own. After the desert's changeless unfathomed silence, in which nothing new came day or night to break the fettering spell his mind was falling under, the clink and knocking of bottles was good to hear, and he listened for more, craving any sound that might wake him from his looming doubt. Abstaining himself, he moved his chair near others who sat lively in saloons. His boots, that for days had trod upon the unwatered earth beneath sun and stars, stepped now in spilled liquids on floors, and so beneath a roof among tobacco

smoke he hid himself from the exorcism of the desert. Later the purring tinkle of guitars reminded him of that promised present, and the next morning he was the owner of the best instrument that he could buy. Leaving it with a friend to keep until he should come through again from Maricopa, he departed that way with his mules, finding in the new place the same sort of friends and business, and by night looking upon the same untasted pleasures. He went about town with some cattlemen, carousing bankrupts, who remembered their ruin in the middle of whiskey, and broke off to curse it and the times and climate, and their starved herds that none would buy at any price. Genesmere touched nothing, yet still drew his chair among these drinkers.

"Aren't you feeling good to-night, Russ?" asked one at length.

And Genesmere's eyes roused from seeing visions, and his ears became aware of the loud company. In Tucson he had been able to sit in the smoke, and compass a cheerful deceit of appearance even to himself. Choosing and buying the guitar had lent reality to his imitated peace of mind; he had been careful over its strings, selecting such as Lolita preferred, wrapt in carrying out this spiritual forgery of another Genesmere. But here they had noticed him; appearances had slipped from him. He listened to a piece of late Arizona news some one was in the middle of telling—the trial of several Mormons for robbing a paymaster near Cedar Springs. This was the fourth time he had heard the story, because it was new; but the present narrator dwelt upon the dodgings of a witness, a negress, who had seen everything and told nothing, outwitting the government, furnishing no proofs. This brought Genesmere quite back.

"No proofs!" he muttered. "No proofs!" He laughed and became alert. "She lied to them good, did she?"

They looked at him, because he had not spoken for so long; and he was told that she had certainly lied good.

"Fooled them clean through, did she? On oath! Tell about her."

The flattered narrator, who had been in court, gave all he knew, and Genesmere received each morsel of perjury gravely with a nod. He sat still when the story was done.

"Yes," he said, after a time. "Yes."



Frederic Remington

"YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK THIS WAY. YOU'RE ALONE."

And again, "Yes." Then he briefly bade the boys good-night, and went out from the lamps and whiskey into the dark.

He walked up and down alone, round the corral where his mules stood, round the stable where his bed-blankets were; and one or two carousers came by, who suggested further enjoyments to him. He went to the edge of the town and walked where passers would not meet him, turning now and then to look in the direction of Tucson, where the guitar was waiting. When he felt the change of dawn he went to the stable, and by the first early gray had his mules packed. He looked once again towards Tucson, and took the road he had promised not to take, leaving the guitar behind him altogether. Besieged faith scarcely stirred in protest, starved in the citadel; victorious, well-fed reason hit upon the mockery that he had "come by Tucson," according to his literal word. It is a comfort to be divided no longer against one's self. Genesmere was at ease in his thralldom to the demon with whom he had wrestled through the dark hours. As the day brightened he wondered how he had come to fool a night away over a promise such as that. He took out the face in the handkerchief, and gave it a curious defiant smile. She had said waiting would be long. She should have him quickly. And he was going to know about that visitor at the cabin, the steeple-hatted man he saw in his visions. So Maricopa drew behind him, small, clear-grouped in the unheated morning, and the sun found the united man and his mules moving into the desert.

By the well in the bottom of the Santa Cruz River he met with cattle and little late-born calves trying to trot. Their mothers, the foreman explained, had not milk enough for them, nor the cursed country food or water for the mothers. They could not chew cactus. These animals had been driven here to feed and fatten inexpensively, and get quick money for the owner. But, instead, half of them had died, and the men were driving the rest to new pastures, as many, that is, as could still walk. Genesmere knew, the foreman supposed, that this well was the last for more than a hundred miles? Funny to call a thing like that Santa Cruz a river! Well, it was an Arizona river; all right enough, no doubt, somewhere a thousand feet or so underground.

Pity you weren't a prairie-dog that eats sand when he gets a thirst on him. Got any tobacco? Good-by.

Think of any valleys that you know between high mountains. Such was southern Arizona once—before we came. Then fill up your valleys with sand until the mountains show no feet or shoulders, but become as men buried to the neck. That is what makes separate islands of their protruding peaks, and that is why water slinks from the surface whenever it can and flows useless underneath, entombed in the original valley. This is Arizona now—since the pterodactyls have gone. Nor does no rain to speak of for three years help things. In such a place the traveller turns mariner, only, instead of the stars, he studies the water-wells, shaping his course by these. Not sea-gulls, but ravens, fly over this waste, seeking their meal. Some were in front of Genesmere now, settled black in the recent trail of the cattle. He did not much care that the last well was gone by, for he was broken in by long travel to the water of the 'dobe-holes that people rely upon through this journey. These 'dobe-holes are occasional wallows in clayey spots, and men and cattle know each one. The cattle, of course, roll in them, and they become worn into circular hollows, their edges tramped into muck, and surrounded by a thicket belt of mesquite. The water is not good, but will save life. The first one lay two stages from the well, and Genesmere accordingly made an expected dry camp the first night, carrying water from the well in the Santa Cruz, and dribbling all of it but a cupful among his animals, and the second night reached his calculated 'dobe-hole. The animals rolled luxuriously in the brown dungy mixture, and Genesmere made his coffee strong. He had had no shade at the first camp, and here it was good under the tangle of the mesquite, and he slept sound. He was early awakened by the ravens, whose loose dislocated croaking came from where they sat at breakfast on the other side of the wallow. They had not suspected his presence among the mesquite, and when he stepped to the mud-hole and dipped its gummy fluid in his coffee-pot they rose hoarse and hovering, and flapped twenty yards away, and sat watching until he was gone into the desert, when they clouded back again round their carrion.

This day was over ground yellow and hard with dearth, until afternoon brought a footing of sifting sand heavy to travel in. He had plenty of time for thinking. His ease after the first snapping from his promise had changed to an eagerness to come unawares and catch the man in the steeple-hat. Till that there could be no proofs. Genesmere had along the road nearly emptied his second canteen of its brown-amber drink, wetting the beasts' tongues more than his own. The neighborhood of the next 'dobe-hole might be known by the three miles of cactus you went through before coming on it, a wide-set plantation of the yucca. The posted plants deployed over the plain in strange extended order like legions and legions of figures, each shock-head of spears bunched bristling at the top of its lank, scaly stalk, and out of that stuck the blossom-pole, a pigtail on end, with its knot of bell-flowers seeded to pods ten feet in the air. Genesmere's horse started and nearly threw him, but it was only a young calf lying for shade by a yucca. Genesmere could tell from its unlicked hide that the mother had gone to hunt water, and been away for some time. This unseasonable waif made a try at running away, but fell in a heap, and lay as man and mules passed on. Presently he passed a sentinel cow. She stood among the thorns guarding the calves of her sisters till they should return from getting their water. The desert cattle learn this shift, and the sentinel now, at the stranger's approach, lowered her head, and with a feeble but hostile sound made ready to protect her charge, keeping her face to the passing enemy. Further along gaunt cows stood or lay under the perpetual yuccas, an animal to every plant. They stared at Genesmere passing on; some rose to look after him; some lifted their heads from the ground, and seeing, laid them down again. He came upon a calf watching its mother, who had fallen in such a position that the calf could not suck. The cow's fore leg was caught over her own head, and so she held herself from rising. The sand was rolled and grooved into a wheel by her circlings; her body heaved and fell with breathing, and the sand was wet where her pivot nostrils had ground it. While Genesmere untangled her and gave her tongue the last of his canteen the calf walked round and round. He placed the cow upon her feet, and as soon

as he moved away to his horse the calf came to its mother, who began to lick it. He presently marked ahead the position of the coming 'dobe-hole by the ravens assembled in the air, continually rising and lighting. The white horse and mules quickened their step, and the trail became obliterated by hundreds of hoof-marks leading to the water. As a spider looks in the centre of an empty web, so did the round wallow sit in the middle of the plain, with threaded feet conducting from everywhere to it. Mules and white horse scraped through the scratching mesquite, and the ravens flapped up. To Genesmere their croaking seemed suddenly to fill all space with loud total clamor, for no water was left, only mud. He eased the animals of their loads and saddles, and they rolled in the stiff mud, squeezing from it a faint ooze, and getting a sort of refreshment. Genesmere chewed the mud, and felt sorry for the beasts. He turned both canteens upside down and licked the bungs. A cow had had his last drink. Well, that would keep her alive several hours more. Hardly worth while; but spilled milk decidedly. Milk! That was an idea. He caught animal after animal, and got a few sickly drops. There was no gain in camping at this spot, no water for coffee; so Genesmere moved several hundred yards away to be rid of the ravens and their all-day-long meal and the smell. He lay thinking what to do. Go back? At the rate he could push the animals now that last hole might be used up by the cattle before he got there—and then it was two stages more to the Santa Cruz well. And the man would be gaining just so many more days unhindered at the cabin. Out of the question. Forward, it was one shortish drive to the next hole. If that were dry, he could forsake the trail and make a try by a short-cut for that Tinaja place. And he must start soon, too, as soon as the animals could stand it, and travel by night and rest when the sun got bad. What business had October to be hot like this? So in the darkness he mounted again, and noon found him with eyes shut under a yucca. It was here that he held a talk with Lolita. They were married, and sitting in a room with curtains that let you see flowers growing outside by the window, as he had always intended. Lolita said to him that there was no fool like an old fool, and he was

telling her that love could make a man more a fool than age, when she threw the door open, letting in bright light, and said, "No proofs." The bright light was the real sun coming round the yucca on his face, and he sat up and saw the desert. No cows were here, but he noticed the roughened hides and sunk eyes of his own beasts, and spoke to them.

"Cheer up, Jeff! Stonewall!" He stopped at the pain. It was in his lips and mouth. He put up his hand, and the feel of his tongue frightened him. He looked round to see what country he was in, and noted the signs that it was not so very far now. The blue crags of the islands were showing, and the blue sterile sky spread over them and the ceaseless sunlight like a plague. Man and horse and mules were the only life in the naked bottom of this caldron. The mirage had caught the nearest island, and blunted and dissolved its points and frayed its base away to a transparent fringe.

"Like a lump of sugar melts in hot tod," remarked Genesmere, aloud, and remembered his thickened mouth again. "I can stand it off for a while yet, though—if they can travel." His mules looked at him when he came—looked when he tightened their cinches. "I know, Jeff," he said, and inspected the sky. "No heaven's up there. Nothing's back of that thing, unless it's hell."

He got the animals going, and the next 'dobe-hole was like the last, and busy with the black flapping of the birds. "You didn't fool me," said Genesmere, addressing the mud. "I knew you'd be dry." His eye ran over the cattle, that lay in various conditions. "That foreman was not too soon getting his live-stock out of your country," he continued to the hole, his tongue clacking as it made his words. "This live-stock here's not enjoying itself like its owners in town. This live-stock was intended for Eastern folks' dinner.—But you've got ahead of 'em this trip," he said to the ravens. He laughed loudly, and hearing himself, stopped, and his face became stern. "You don't want to talk this way, Russ Genesmere. Shut your head. You're alone.—I wish I'd never known!" he suddenly cried out.

He went to his animals and sat down by them, clasping and unclasping his hands. The mules were lying down on the baked mud of the wallow with their loads

on, and he loosed them. He stroked his white horse for some little while, thinking; and it was in his heart that he had brought these beasts into this scrape. It was sunset and cool. Against the divine fires of the west the peaks towered clear in splendor impassive, and forever aloof, and the universe seemed to fill with infinite sadness. "If she'll tell me it's not so," he said, "I'll believe her. I will believe her now. I'll make myself. She'll help me to." He took what rest he dared, and started up from it much later than he had intended, having had the talk with Lolita again in the room with the curtains. It was nine when he set out for the short-cut under the moon, dazed by his increasing torture. The brilliant disk, blurring to the eye, showed the mountains unearthly plain, beautiful, and tall in the night. By-and-by a mule fell and could not rise, and Genesmere decided it was as well for all to rest again. The next he knew it was blazing sunshine, and the sky at the same time bedded invisible in black clouds. And when his hand reached for a cloud that came bellying down to him, it changed into a pretzel, and salt burned in his mouth at the sight of it. He turned away, and saw the hot unshaded mountains wrinkled in the sun, glazed and shrunk, gullied like the parchment of an old man's throat; and then he saw a man in a steeple-hat. He could no more lay the spectre that wasted his mind than the thirst-demon which raged in his body. He shut his eyes, and then his arm was beating at something to keep it away. Pillowed on his saddle, he beat until he forgot. A blow at the corner of his eye brought him up sitting, and a raven jumped from his chest.

"You're not experienced," said Genesmere. "I'm not dead yet. But I'm obliged to you for being so enterprising. You've cleared my head. Quit that talk, Russ Genesmere." He went to the mule that had given out during the night. "Poor Jeff! We must lighten your pack. Now if that hunchback had died here, the birds would have done his business for him without help from any of your cats. Am I saying that, now, or only thinking it? I know I'm alone. I've travelled that way in this world. Why?" He turned his face, expecting some one to answer, and the answer came in a fierce voice: "Because you're a man, and

can stand this world off by yourself. You look to no one." He suddenly took out the handkerchief and tore the photograph to scraps. "That's lightened my pack all it needs. Now for these boys, or they'll never make camp." He took what the mules carried, his merchandise, and hid it carefully between stones—for they had come near the mountain country—and looking at the plain he was leaving, he saw a river. "Ha, ha!" he said, slyly; "you're not there, though. And I'll prove it to you." He chose another direction, and saw another flowing river. "I was expecting you," he stated, quietly. "Don't bother me. I'm thirsty."

But presently as he journeyed he saw lying to his right a wide fertile place with fruit trees and water everywhere. "Peaches too!" he sang out, and sprang off to run, but checked himself in five steps. "I don't seem able to stop your foolish talking," he said, "but you shall not chase around like that. You'll stay with me. I tell you that's a sham. Look at it." Obedient, he looked hard at it, and the cactus and rocks thrust through the watery image of the lake like two photographs on the same plate. He shouted with strangling triumph, and continued shouting until brier-roses along a brook and a farm-house unrolled to his left, and he ran half-way there, calling his mother's name. "Why, you fool, she's dead!" He looked slowly at his cut hands, for he had fallen among stones. "Dead, back in Kentucky, ever so long ago," he murmured, softly. "Didn't stay to see you get wicked." Then he grew stern again. "You've showed yourself up, and you can't tell land from water. You're going to let the boys take you straight. I don't trust you."

He started the mules, and caught hold of his horse's tail, and they set out in single file, held steady by their instinct, stumbling ahead for the water they knew among the mountains. Mules led, and the shouting man brought up the rear, clutching the white tail like a rudder, his feet sliding along through the stones. The country grew higher and rougher, and the peaks blazed in the hot sky; slate and sand and cactus below, gaping cracks and funnelled erosions above, rocks like monuments slanting up to the top pinnacles; supreme Arizona, stark and dead in space, like an extinct planet, flooded blind with eternal brightness. The per-

petual dominating peaks caught Genesmere's attention. "Toll on!" he cried to them. "Toll on, you tall mountains. What do you care? Summer and winter, night and day, I've known you, and I've heard you all along. A man can't look but he sees you walling God's country from him, ringing away with your knell."

He must have been lying down during some time, for now he saw the full moon again, and his animals near him, and a fire blazing that himself had evidently built. The coffee-pot sat on it, red-hot and split open. He felt almost no suffering at all, but stronger than ever in his life, and he heard something somewhere screaming "water, water, water," fast and unceasing, like an alarm-clock. A rattling of stones made him turn, and there stood a few staring cattle. Instantly he sprang to his feet, and the screaming stopped. "Round 'em up, Russ Genesmere. It's getting late," he yelled, and ran among the cattle, whirling his rope. They dodged weakly this way and that, and next he was on the white horse urging him after the cows, who ran in a circle. One struck the end of a log that stuck out from the fire, splintering the flames and embers, and Genesmere followed on the tottering horse through the sparks, swinging his rope and yelling in the full moon. "Round 'em up! round 'em up! Don't you want to make camp? All the rest of the herd's bedded down along with the ravens."

The white horse fell and threw him by the edge of a round hole, but he did not know it till he opened his eyes and it was light again, and the mountains still tolling. Then like a crash of cymbals the Tinaja beat into his recognition. He knew the slate rock; he saw the broken natural stairs. He plunged down them, arms forward like a diver's, and ground his forehead against the bottom. It was dry. His bloodshot eyes rolled once up round the sheer walls. Yes, it was the Tinaja, and his hands began to tear at the gravel. He flung himself to fresh places, fiercely grubbing with his heels, biting into the sand with his teeth; while above him in the cañon his placid animals lay round the real Tinaja Bonita, having, slaked their thirst last night, in time, some thirty yards from where he now lay bleeding and fighting the dust in the dry twin hole.

He heard voices, and put his hands up

to something round his head. He was now lying out in the light, with a cold bandage round his forehead, and a moist rag on his lips.

"Water!" He could just make the whisper.

But Lolita made a sign of silence.

"Water!" he gasped.

She shook her head, smiling, and moistened the rag. That must be all just now.

His eye sought and travelled, and stopped short, dilating; and Lolita screamed at his leap for the living well.

"Not yet! Not yet!" she said in terror, grappling with him. "Help! Luis!"

So this was their plot, the demon told him—to keep him from water! In a frenzy of strength he seized Lolita. "Proved! Proved!" he shouted, and struck his knife into her. She fell at once to the earth and lay calm, eyes wide open, breathing in the bright sun. He rushed to the water and plunged, swallowing and rolling.

Luis ran up from the cows he was gathering, and when he saw what was done, sank by Lolita to support her. She pointed to the pool.

"He is killing himself!" she managed to say, and her head went lower.

"And I'll help you die, caberon! I'll tear your tongue. I'll—"

But Lolita, hearing Luis's terrible words, had raised a forbidding hand. She signed to leave her and bring Genesmere to her.

The distracted Luis went down the stone stairs to kill the American in spite of her, but the man's appearance stopped him. You could not raise a hand against one come to this. The water-drinking was done, and Genesmere lay fainting, head and helpless arms on the lowest stone, body in the water. The Black Cross stood dry above. Luis heard Lolita's voice, and dragged Genesmere to the top as quickly as he could. She, seeing her lover, cried his name once and died; and Luis cast himself on the earth.

"Fool! fool!" he repeated, catching at the ground, where he lay for some while until a hand touched him. It was Genesmere.

"I'm seeing things pretty near straight now," the man said. "Come close. I can't talk well. Was—was that talk of yours, and singing—was that bluff?"

"God forgive me!" said poor Luis.

"You mean forgive me," said Genes-

mere. He lay looking at Lolita. "Close her eyes," he said. And Luis did so. Genesmere was plucking at his clothes, and the Mexican helped him draw out a handkerchief, which the lover unfolded like a treasure. "She used to look like this," he began. He felt and stopped. "Why, it's gone!" he said. He lay evidently seeking to remember where the picture had gone, and his eyes went to the hills whence no help came. Presently Luis heard him speaking, and leaning to hear, made out that he was murmuring his own name, Russ, in the way Lolita had been used to say it. The boy sat speechless, and no thought stirred in his despair as he watched. The American moved over, and put his arms round Lolita, Luis knowing that he must not offer to help him do this. He remained so long that the boy, who would never be a boy again, bent over to see. But it was only another fainting fit. Luis waited; now and then the animals moved among the rocks. The sun crossed the sky, bringing the many-colored evening, and Arizona was no longer terrible, but once more infinitely sad. Luis started, for the American was looking at him and beckoning.

"She's not here," Genesmere said, distinctly.

Luis could not follow.

"Not here, I tell you." The lover touched his sweetheart. "This is not her. My punishment is nothing," he went on, his face growing beautiful. "See there!"

Luis looked where he pointed.

"Don't you see her? Don't you see her fixing that camp for me? We're going to camp together now."

But these were visions alien to Luis, and he stared helpless, anxious to do anything that the man might desire. Genesmere's face darkened wistfully.

"Am I not making camp?" he said.

Luis nodded to please him, without at all comprehending.

"You don't see her." Reason was warring with the departing spirit until the end. "Well, maybe you're right. I never was sure. But I'm mortal tired of travelling alone. I hope—"

That was the end, and Russ Genesmere lay still beside his sweetheart. It was a black evening at the cabin, and a black day when Luis and old Ramon raised and fenced the wooden head-stone, with its two forlorn names.

MEN'S WORK AMONG WOMEN.

BY REV. BROCKHOLST MORGAN, D.D.

THE parish minister works almost exclusively amongst the refined and educated, finds his companionship in homes of culture, and on Sunday stands in a pulpit surrounded by those who admire his eloquence and are in deep sympathy with his efforts.

But the work of the men of whom I am about to speak is far different. Their congregations never cross the threshold of a church, but have to be sought out in a hospital, a prison, or in places more repulsive even than these. The city missionary's steps lead him up the rickety stairs of tenement-houses, where he gazes too often upon scenes which are made known to the outside world by a reporter's paragraph or a coroner's jury. His ministry is met with revilings and curses instead of approval, his efforts to do good are met by gross insolence, insults, or dense stupidity, and on Sundays he preaches before the prison cell to felons worthy of all the punishment the law has inflicted upon them, or kneels upon a bare floor in hospital wards reeking with disease or the odors of disinfectants.

Contrary to the usual expectation, it is cultivated and refined men who can do the noblest work. The most hardened women recognize these qualities of the missionary, who, under the livery of the Church, carries the bearing of a true Christian. Women, as a rule, lack true sympathy for their debased sisters; and the criminal woman would rather tell her story to any one than to a fellow-woman.

On one occasion, in the Tombs Prison, a woman, coming up to one of these men workers, touched him gently on the sleeve and said, probably with the reminiscences of gentler days in her own history, "How good it is to meet a gentleman!"

Another time, while one of these workers was preaching in the Tombs, a woman was brought in from the street and took her seat among the worshippers, whom she sought to disturb by her actions and shameless gestures. Finding these of no avail, she rose up, uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself upon the stone floor, drumming with her feet against the pavement. In very shame at her con-

duct, two of her fellow-prisoners immediately spread out their skirts and sat upon her, hiding her completely. In a moment she wriggled from under this burden and slunk into a cell, leaving the congregation as reverent and unmoved as if nothing had occurred.

One of the most striking instances of the influence of the gentleman priest among women took place some time ago, when a murder had been discovered in one of the vilest lodging-houses of the city, and the drag-net of the police had scooped in about twenty of the most loathsome wretches of New York, who were temporarily confined in the House of Detention, and where reverence and decency of conduct at the services conducted for several months by the same gentlemen might be an example to any gathering of women in New York.

All this is simply by way of explanation of the circumstances amid which the best workers are placed, men who, in addition to their clerical calling, command respect for their refinement. My purpose is simply to give a few striking facts, which belong not to the experience of one, but to that of many.

The questions are often asked: "Do you accomplish any good?" "Are not these people hypocrites, after all?" And, "Is not much of your work a bit of sentimentality or a quixotic attempt at reform?"

No better reply could be given than a plain statement of unvarnished facts, some taken from the prison life of women, others from the hospital cot, or the asylum of the insane—all a contribution, not of one man, but of several, to whom these things are a daily experience, and who find in it an encouragement to their work which no other form of human success could possibly afford.

The work of men among women in New York has peculiarities which belong to no other civilized city of the world, for New York is a polyglot town in which every nation is represented. In our chapel on Blackwells Island seventy-three nationalities join together on Sundays in the worship of Almighty God, from the swarthy Arab of the desert to the coal-black negro of the west coast of Africa, from the Rus-

sian Jew, driven by the Czar from his home, to the chattering son of Italy. This very variety of human nature brings to the surface scenes of excessive tenderness. Thousands come to New York year by year to whom it is a veritable El Dorado, who think they have but to stoop down in the gutter and pick up gold, and one result of this excessive immigration is frequent moral shipwreck, which fills too often our prisons or our hospitals.

Juvenal remarked of ancient Rome it was "the sink of the world," and that "Egypt sent its baneful contingent to the City of the Seven Hills." Our experience is the same as his, and, with slight variation, we can say that the Liffey, the Thames, the Rhine, the Rhone, empty into the Hudson.

Not to specify beyond my limits illustrations of this kind, let me mention the case of a poor girl whose case was brought to my notice by a chaplain of the society I represent.

She left her home in Pennsylvania, thinking that in New York she could find that support which her native village refused her.

Day by day, after her departure, her mother visited the village post-office for tidings of her absent child. Week in, week out, she waited, but in vain, till at last, in despair, and dreading the worst, she came to the city to make inquiries about her loved one.

In company with us she went to every hospital and prison; but it was of no use; no one had heard of her, and no one could tell her where to go. At last a happy inspiration came to us to cross over to Blackwells Island, where at that time women were imprisoned. The clerk of the office, a kind-hearted man, hearing the mother's story, took down his ledger, and running his finger along the list of names, discovered one which answered to her daughter's. She had been sent up for vagrancy, having no means of support, and her term was three months.

She was sent for immediately, and came tripping down the iron staircase dressed in the coarse garments which women wear in such an institution—a livery of shame, which, once seen, is never forgotten.

Mother and daughter at last were reunited, clasped tight to each other's heart, and mingling their tears together. The two men present turned their faces away

in sympathy, when suddenly a sharp cry was heard from the elder woman, and she fell upon the floor. She had broken a blood-vessel in the excitement of the meeting, and the wayward daughter strained a dead woman to her heart.

Similar to this incident is one which occurred not many months ago, and of which the writer had personal knowledge. A park policeman in Stuyvesant Square in making his round one night was startled by the report of a pistol, and running toward the sound, found a young woman lying under a bush with a smoking revolver in her hand. He summoned an ambulance, in which the unconscious woman was conveyed to a city hospital. Her pockets were searched, in the hope of finding the cause of her crime, and the letters they contained were sent to the writer to decipher. He made out from the tear-blotted papers a story in German which procured a release from the humane judge before whom her case was tried. It was the old story of an emigrant girl coming to this country to seek a friend, who disappointed her on her arrival. She bought a cheap revolver, and sought to end her misery and her life. Many a time since that day have I thought of this poor German girl, liberated from the consequence of her crime, now in a Connecticut village, recovering her health in mind, body, and soul.

During the continuance of the Rescue Mission conducted by the men of this society occurred one night a scene which will never escape my recollection. Among the crowd of loafers and drunkards and dirty habitués who crowded the little room was a woman whose dress, appearance, and manner caused us at first to mistake her for a visitor. She seemed intently taken up with the testimonies which were given, and in the rude though hearty hymns which were sung, until the meeting thinned out, and none was left but herself. Then, with a half-frightened look, she turned to the two clergymen who were present and begged them, for the love of God and the mother who bore them, to take her somewhere that night where she could sleep in virtue and innocence, acknowledging that she was the outcast daughter of a refined family. Her touching appeal to these two men moved them to such sympathy that they led her at once to the door of an institution which they thought would be open

to her woes. But the matron cast her out, and through the delicacy and tenderness of these two men of God she found a place that night where neither man's villany nor woman's spite could disturb her rest.

That the influence of men among women—the right kind of men—is superior to that of the average woman is one of those facts which grow upon the mind by the simple process of experience. At one of our services among women at the House of Detention a girl was brought in just at the hour on Sunday afternoon when the service was begun. She was only a child, with a pretty face, golden hair, and a figure budding into womanhood; but the word "tough" was written over all her person, from the insolent stare of her eyes to the brazen manner in which she seated herself among her fellow-women. She was a girl of the street probably from her earliest infancy, and Bowery toughness was added to the vulgarity of her appearance and her dress. Surely none could be a more unpromising subject for religious influences. And she was more likely to meet the man who spoke to her with ribald chaff than with the words of deference.

The clergyman who conducted the service felt his heart sink at this addition to his already repulsive congregation, but managed to get through his liturgical part without any serious interruption of insolence or blackguardism. Determined to exert some influence on this hardest of all characters, he put question after question to her in the kindest tones, to which nothing but a surly reply was made. At last he asked her if she could sing a hymn. She did not answer. He suggested two or three. No answer yet. With as much politeness as if he were speaking to an equal he picked up a hymn-book and asked her kindly to oblige him by choosing a hymn of ours. Snatching the book from his hand, she selected a certain hymn, which, without any accompaniment of organ, he immediately began. At first timidly, she joined in the music, while all the rest sat looking on; then, all of a sudden, she threw the book upon the floor, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The hymn was "Onward, Christian soldiers." The girl had probably sung it not many years ago in some Sunday-school to which she had belonged, and as this man closed

the door and left this girl alone, he felt those tears of hers presaged more for her reform than any words which would have fallen from her lips.

Upon a dark and stormy night in winter he came across another illustration of the power of a "man's work among women." It was Christmas-tide, and a pitiless rain had fallen all the day, when a young girl of twenty years, drenched with the weather, asked to see him for a minute. She was a girl of the tenement-house class, with black flashing eyes and that tendency to vanity in her dress which showed where her road to ruin lay. Her story was a short and sad one. She had made away with ten dollars intrusted to her by a fellow-employée in a dry-goods store. The money had been spent in buying Christmas presents for those at home; she expected fully to return it out of her wages, but that day the woman to whom the money belonged unexpectedly demanded it back. She was in a dreadful dilemma: she dared not go back to the store, nor home to her mother, for German women of that class of life think nothing of beating their daughters for the slightest fault, and it is this infernal cruelty which, according to police-court justices, has driven annually thousands of young girls to lives of shame.

Could I help her? She heard that I was kind to women prisoners; would I help a woman who was as miserable as they? she would repay every cent, and God would bless me. She had been wandering the streets all day, not knowing what to do, and had come to me as the only one she could confess her story to. Need I say that young girl went away that night not to add herself to the crime of New York and listen to the devil, but to return to her mother, no one but her and the God who made us knowing how near she came to selling her soul that night?

Among the men I speak of whose work largely lies among women is a venerable presbyter of our Church nearly eighty years of age, but "whose eye is still undimmed, and whose natural force unabated."

It would touch any one to the heart to see his ministrations among the insane women who attend his services on Blackwells Island. Devotion, calmness, and reverence mark the services of the Church, and it must be remembered that, except-

ing the few attendants and nurses, over one hundred and fifty are out of their mind.

Some one might ask, "What good can be accomplished amid people of that kind? Is it worth while to preach to such—nay, is it not a mockery to administer to them the Holy Communion, when a ten-year-old child would understand the decorum of such a service better than all of them put together?"

Such questions are reasonable, and seem to answer themselves affirmatively. And yet our experience tells us a different tale.

At the close of one of these services a woman present, who was noted as a hopeless case of insanity, handed a strip of paper to the officiating clergyman. Upon it was written in a trembling hand: "God bless you for your words! Christ came into the world to save sinners. May He have mercy upon me in all my sorrows!"

That poor befogged intellect had extracted from that faithful pastor's words so much of the Divine truth, and realized the ancient story of Scripture of the madman clothed and in his right mind.

From an insane asylum to a tenement-house we have a transition of circumstances, but a similarity of results.

The writer, in the course of his ministry, was called to officiate at the funeral of a young girl on the top floor of one of those abominations in New York, a double-decker tenement-house. He had been warned that the inmates were of such a kind that it would be imprudent for any man to enter unattended. Taking a companion with him, he climbed the rickety stairs and found himself in a room where stood a white coffin, around which was gathered a cluster of women.

It would have seemed a mockery to read the solemn burial-service of our Church among such hardened offenders, but the young girl whose thread of life had been cut short was not a dog, but a human being. The service over, the writer with his companion lay reader bowed respectfully to the assembly around and backed into the dark corridor. But no sooner had he closed the door than it opened again, and he was followed by a woman who proclaimed herself a sister of the dead person, thanking him in broken accents for his kindness, and bending over, dropped a tear upon his hand. It was a simple and commonplace testimony of gratitude, but taking into considera-

tion the place, the company, and the spontaneous action of the woman, it made an impression perhaps stronger than otherwise would have been justified, and that tear remained undried upon his hand.

Take another phase of human life and you have the same touching results. It was the privilege of the writer to start a Sunday-school in a section of New York which for vileness, nastiness, degradation, and unwholesome smells would shame any place in this civilized world. His first experience with the children of this school was the discovery that they were all Jews, and the happy thought occurred to him of beginning their moral education with a gospel of soap. Accordingly he distributed among the girls two hundred cakes of soap, with a head of George Washington stamped upon them, and out of this lavement stepped the neatest, prettiest, and most attractive class of young girls that could be imagined. Race prejudices were the first things to be encountered, and so great were they that when this man-worker invited the school to a picnic at Glen Island, three-fourths of the children failed to appear at the appointed hour, as a rumor had been spread abroad that he intended to throw them overboard and baptize them in the Sound, or put crosses down their backs—whatever they meant by that. But these prejudices only enhanced the power of a "man's work among women" among those who remained faithful. Nothing could surpass the devotion and affection which some of these little children showed amid discouraging circumstances.

One little girl's father was a tobacconist, and every member of the family old enough to work had to help support the family. She was a little girl of about twelve years, and never did the door of that school open but that child was in her place. The secret came out at last. The father was a Jew, but he was amenable to other considerations than those of his religion. The bargain between the father and child had been made unknown to me. Permission to attend school had been earned at the price of her stripping tobacco leaves for two hours every night, and thus in one so young had grown up an appreciation and sympathy for a man's work, which was evidenced by a manual self-sacrifice.

Enough, I trust, has been said to establish the fact which has come into

the lives of our City Mission men, that a man's work, if he be the right kind of man, may combine the gentleness of a woman and the firmness, decision, and energy of a masculine nature.

Illustrations multiply so rapidly of the blessedness of this sympathetic Christianity that a ministry among the outcast, which professionally and personally might seem to some repelling, is full of allurements.

In one of our largest hospitals on Sunday morning a number of these cultivated men and true ministers, accompanied by a little band of children, walk in procession, singing their Easter or Christmas carols, and passing from ward to ward, and from bed to bed allotted to little children, where limbs have been artificially straightened after a surgical operation, now along the cots of aged and wan sufferers, who are waiting for release of death, and for two mortal hours does this procession wind its way in and out, sometimes a member of it stopping to lay a flower upon a sick woman's bed, or to repeat a favorite carol, and if you could

witness the tears which wet the cheeks of such in that abode of misery, you would feel that a sermon was being preached more eloquent than any words of man could fashion.

Upon a lovely day in June, in company with other men of this society, the writer stood by the bedside of a woman ninety years of age in the almshouse on Blackwells Island, all attending upon the Bishop who was to confer upon her the rite of confirmation. She lay upon a cot surrounded by a multitude of sick and dying folk, and of itself it would be a pathetic scene to think of one whose age was almost coextensive with this century under such circumstances receiving a rite which we associate with childhood. The vested clergy gathered around her bedside and sang the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Surely the bare white walls of that public charitable institution witnessed that day and in that ministry a Christianity of manly sympathy and gentleness, upon which the great God, looking down from heaven, would say, "Well done, my faithful servants!"

BY HOOK OR CROOK.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

I.

TOM NICHOLS owed the beginning of his reputation as an architect to his successful design for the Public Library at Foxburgh. The building was promptly recognized as a tasteful and original conception; consequently new orders came in, not merely for libraries, but for a church or two, several town-halls, a soldiers' monument, a skating-rink, and sundry private residences. In the language of Tom's friends and acquaintance, his affairs were looking up, a pleasant condition which emboldened Mrs. Nichols to have several articles of furniture covered and to buy two new carpets. She explained to Tom that most women would have insisted on having a new house, but that she was attached to the little nest which they had chosen ten years before, when they had married for love in the teeth of the popular refrain, "What on earth are they going to live on?" It was really a very attractive little house, most conveniently situated, and they might not be so happy elsewhere.

"Instead of moving, Tom, I intend to entertain more," added Mrs. Nichols. "You know we have always wished to entertain freely and never felt able to. Now we can."

Tom nodded approvingly. He did not wish to move, and he shared his wife's ambition to be hospitable. It was pleasant to feel that he could afford to invite his friends to the house without being conscious of the price of oysters. Their social instincts had nearly ruined them on several occasions. Twice at least they had given a little supper when their exchequer was alarmingly low, merely because they could not resist the temptation to take advantage of the witching hungry hour after the theatre.

"I shall alter very little our way of doing things, except to do them oftener and to invite a few more people," continued Mrs. Nichols, musingly.

"Exactly my idea, Elizabeth."

"If I did, I should drift straight into the conventional, every-day, kettle-drum-

giving sort of woman, or we should find ourselves in the smart set. Have you ever reflected, Tom, that if you or I had been very rich when we were married, we should have been in the smart set to-day, starved in soul and feeding off gold plates? What a terrible existence it would be to go on dining with the same little set of people three or four times a week, never meeting any one else, and discussing eternally horses, precious stones, and butlers! We should never have been willing to ride on bicycles or spend the summer on an abandoned farm. Oh, Tom, however rich we may become, we must never surround ourselves with a gilded wall which shuts out of view all the world and its interest except the limited few who eat truffles in their food every day."

Elizabeth Nichols was rarely outwardly emotional, indeed she passed as a practical, passive woman; but there was a little quaver of intensity in her closing sentence which prompted Tom to lift his right hand and say, "So help me," by way of expressing his intention not to erect such a wall when he became extremely wealthy.

"We must never lose our independence," she went on, "but I should like to branch out just a little, to have interesting people at the house in an informal way, and entertain occasionally the strangers of note who come to town—literary men, actors—you understand."

Tom nodded again. The proposition was to his liking, for it was evident to him that Mrs. Nichols in branching out did not intend to banish the Welsh rarebit, the oysters in cream, and other delicacies which Tom prided himself on being able to prepare on a blazer so skilfully that the mouths of his friends never ceased to water until the alcohol-lamp went hopelessly out.

"It will be a delightful and improving experience for Minerva also," said Mrs. Nichols. "I feel her on my mind, and if I give her the opportunity to meet agreeable people here, while she is at the receptive age, I shall not blame myself if she throws herself away on some brainless individual hereafter."

Minerva Blair was Mrs. Nichols's first cousin once removed—that is, the only daughter of her first cousin Matilda Blair, who lived a hundred miles away in the country. Minerva was a graduate of

Vassar, and a handsome, graceful girl with decided talent as an artist. She had lately come to town to try to make a name for herself with her brush, and had established herself in a studio under the supervision of her cousins Mr. and Mrs. Nichols.

Tom nodded a third time. He admired Minerva Blair. She was natural and unaffected, with abundant spirit and an inquiring mind, and she had style—was in good style, which to his artistic and fastidious eye was all-important. She would draw pleasant young men to his blazer, and at the same time, as Elizabeth had pointed out, she would have the opportunity to cultivate herself by contact with interesting people. Decidedly here was a reason for entertaining if there were no other.

This conversation between Tom and his wife took place in October, and it was the last week in November before all the furniture had been recovered and Mrs. Nichols gave her first entertainment. It was to be a supper party. Eight kindred spirits, including the host and hostess, were to see *Hamlet*, and come back to meet the famous actor who impersonated the title rôle at supper. Fancy, therefore, the feelings of Mrs. Nichols when she received a note from her lion at five o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed day stating that he was suffering from the grippe, and that his physician absolutely forbade him to act except on the proviso that he went to bed immediately afterwards.

"Tom," called Mrs. Nichols from the top of the stairs, when she heard her husband's step in the hall, "he has the grippe and can't come."

"Who has?" answered Tom, though he knew perfectly well. It was not usual with him to pretend ignorance in order to convict his wife of utter intelligibility of statement, but he had his reason on this occasion.

His wife, however, disdained to reply. She merely waited for him to come up stairs, then thrust the note at him, exclaiming, "Read for yourself!"

Tom took what seemed to her an everlasting time to complete this operation, as husbands are apt to do when they hold the key to the situation and are trying to be mysterious.

"Well, dear," he said at length, "it might be worse."

"Worse? How could it be?"

"If you will allow me to finish, I will tell you. It might be worse, as I was saying when you interrupted me, for by what now seems to have been a lucky chance, I took it upon myself an hour ago to invite Harold Delaney and Signore Spazzopalli to join us at supper to-night."

"Spazzopalli, the new barytone?"

"The very same."

"Oh, Tom, that was a stroke of genius."

"Harold Delaney, who has him in tow, had been lunching him to-day at the Picnic Club, and was still dilating on his charms when I dropped in there. Said I to myself, said I, why shouldn't I ask him to come to-night and have a rarebit with the rest? Harold jumped at it. He says he is a soulful creature."

"Harold always was a goose, but he seems to have a faculty for intimacies with interesting people. I really believe, Tom, that the signore is a better card than the other. He is more of a novelty; scarcely any one has met him. He is to sing at Mrs. Willoughby Walton's musical next week at ever-so-much a note, and he *may* sing to us for nothing, if he likes the rarebit. Minerva, you are just in time to hear the news," she added, to her cousin, who came gliding in for a cup of tea. "Hamlet has the grippe and has given out for to-night, and Tom has invited Spazzopalli instead."

Miss Blair clapped her hands joyously. "How exciting! His concert yesterday was a grand success, and every one is dying to meet him personally. Harold Delaney said to me yesterday, as we were leaving the hall, that his voice has all the sentiment of the nightingale without its desperation."

"Harold is coming too," said Mrs. Nichols.

"And not merely Harold," said Tom, with an effort at nonchalance.

"Whom else have you asked?" cried his wife, tragically, divining from his manner that he had a confession to make.

"I have asked Irving K. Baker."

"That man!" Mrs. Nichols sank on the sofa in an attitude of collapse.

"I came bump upon him in the street just after leaving the Picnic Club, and— and Elizabeth, you forget that, if he hadn't been on the committee, my Foxburgh plans might never have been accepted."

"Was that a reason for inviting him

to supper to-night? You had all the rest of the year in which to invite him. Oh dear, what shall I do with him?"

"Who is this bone of contention?" asked Minerva.

"A reporter whom we met on the abandoned farm where we staid summer before last. He fell out of a balloon on the Fourth of July and on to us. Tom couldn't abide him, and would have had a pitched battle with him but for me. He and Professor Strout, his companion in the balloon, both fell in love with the daughter of the abandoned farm, and the professor won her."

"Oh, I remember. You wrote mother about him. He sounded interesting but a little dreadful."

"He *is* interesting," said Tom, "and he isn't nearly as dreadful as he was. He has improved in appearance, and he tells me he has come here to live. I told him that he must come to see us, at which he seemed to hesitate, and he answered that he was afraid he wasn't much of a hand at meeting society people. That maddened me, for if there is a reportorial trick that I abhor it is that of referring to those who give their daughters in marriage with some degree of ceremony, and when they invite friends to dine don't permit everything edible to be served at once, as 'society people.' 'See here, Baker,' I said, leading him into a convenient doorway so that we might have it out squarely, 'that's stuff. All respectable and intelligent people nowadays are society people. Clergymen's sons and professors' daughters are vying in the effort to be gracious and graceful. The day has passed in this country when to eat in one's shirt sleeves, to lie in one's boots on the sofa, and to go to bed at nine o'clock is significantly indicative of republican virtue, any more than washing one's hands oftener than once a day or wearing a swallow-tail coat in the evening suggests to the sober sentiment of the community a want of moral fibre or a lack of patriotism. When the newspapers sneer at the well-bred as "society people" they are trying to increase their circulation by consoling the vulgar, and they succeed very imperfectly. It is sheer cant. You are a society person yourself, Baker, and you are proud of it.'"

"Why, Tom, you almost remind me of him by your tirade. What did he say?" asked Elizabeth.

"That was the strangest part of it. I rather expected he would get angry. Instead, he looked at me in a confused sort of way, and then answered: 'It is cant. And what you say is true. It's envy that breeds the sneer on the reportorial pen. As for myself, I've come here to live, and I'd be glad to make acquaintances. Two years ago I needed salting badly, and I'm not entirely cured to-day, but I know a trifle more than I did then. I'll come to see you. How is your lady?'"

"I wish he'd sprinkle a little salt on the word lady in that connection," said Mrs. Nichols.

"It *was* rather blood-curdling, and nearly stifled the generous impulse which the pathos of his surrender and utter humility had aroused in me. I suppose you wish it had. 'Come to-night,' I said. 'My wife has asked a few friends to drop in to supper after the theatre.' And he's coming. You know you always stood up for him, Elizabeth."

"Yes, on an abandoned farm. He was splendid there. Well, dear, if he's coming, he's coming. Oil and water do not mix, but possibly Signore Spazzopalli and Mr. Irving K. Baker may. It is your party now, Tom, not mine, but I will do all I can for you. There will be plenty to eat, but I warn you that if the affair does not prove an artistic success, I am not to blame."

"I will devote myself to Mr. Baker," said Minerva. "You know I like unconventional people, and I'm sure we shall get on famously together."

Mrs. Nichols's theatre party included, besides themselves and Miss Blair, Mrs. George Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Seymour, and two single men. Mrs. Swan was a cultivated and attractive woman of refined sensibilities and artistic tastes. She took a keen interest in celebrities, and she had not met Signore Spazzopalli. On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Seymour had met him four times, although he had been in town only three days. On his arrival he had found Mr. Seymour's card with a card of invitation to the Picnic Club. By the next morning's post he had received a note running, "My dear Signore Spazzopalli, will you come to us for luncheon to-day at two? Yours cordially, Louise Seymour." The same afternoon, after luncheon, Mrs. Seymour had taken him to drive in a phaeton for an hour and a half, and

she considered him now one of her oldest friends, and spoke of him as "that dear signore." She was a fine figure of a woman, with a perfervid manner. She produced the effect of wishing to embrace one on the spot, which kept people who believed her glowing complexion to be artificial in constant terror. She had taken a strong fancy to Minerva Blair, and declared the intention of making her a bohemian. She deemed herself one, and she was fond of saying that she did not see why men should have all the fun. By way of living up to her principles she smoked occasional cigarettes, took a small gin cocktail before dinner when her husband took his, and used minor oaths. Mr. Seymour was a hard-working and somewhat talented musician who sympathized with his wife's ambition to tame lions, and approved of her desire to be a good comrade. One of the single men was a rather weather-beaten beau who spoke languages and was considered available where foreigners were concerned. The other was a playwright of growing repute.

Signore Spazzopalli and Harold Delaney arrived a few minutes after the theatre party. Harold was what might be called a social pilot-fish to celebrities. He could rush in where women would hesitate, and consequently could beard a lion in his den, or bath if needs be, and put a leading-string about him. He and Mrs. Seymour were pals, as that lady called it, and he invariably descanted on the attractions of the musician and his wife to the animals he had in tow.

Mrs. Seymour straightway took possession of the singer, and proceeded to exploit the rest of the company for his comprehension. She beckoned to Minerva to come and be introduced.

"Signore, this is a friend of mine who adores your voice—Miss Minerva Blair, a Vassar girl and an artist. She is a college graduate, you know, and you must see her pictures."

Spazzopalli bent his long, lean figure in a profound bow. He saw before him a very pretty girl, and beauty in any form appealed to him.

"I think I never enjoyed anything so much as that last song of yours yesterday," she said, with simple directness. "It must be glorious to be able to enthral people so that they seem to touch the stars for a little while at least."

"Mademoiselle is too kind. Yes, I enjoy my art. And it pleasures me to hear I make people feel as you say."

He spoke without hesitation, in spite of the quaintness of his diction. Eager enthusiasm shone, too, from his large dark eyes. They were the most striking feature of his countenance, which otherwise was conventional with its smoothly parted hair and closely trimmed pointed brown beard.

"Isn't he devilish handsome?" whispered Mrs. Seymour in a fairly audible tone, as Mrs. Swan claimed the singer's attention by a dulcet remark.

The necessity for answering this inquiry was obviated for Minerva by the entrance of Irving K. Baker, whose aspect of novelty plainly altered the current of Mrs. Seymour's thoughts. "Why, who is that?" she asked.

"Mr. Irving K. Baker, a friend of the Nicholises," answered Minerva. "He is connected with the press, I believe."

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Seymour, rhapsodically. "I do like new people. I wonder what he does?"

Mr. Baker's toilet was a relief to Elizabeth, though she had been prepared to receive him cordially in a cardigan jacket, in case he should appear in that form of evening dress. She was an eminently considerate and reasonable woman in such matters. For instance, though she greatly preferred, for æsthetic reasons, to have her maids wear caps, she invariably yielded to their scruples that it was a badge of service, and merely insisted that they should do their hair neatly. But she liked to see conventions respected, if no one's feelings were lacerated or principles violated thereby, and it was with a glow of satisfaction that she perceived Mr. Baker had on a swallow-tail coat, and that no one could cavil at his outward appearance. This agreeable consciousness imparted perhaps extra cordiality to her greeting.

"It is very pleasant to see you again," she said, beaming upon him. "And what do you hear of our mutual friends the Strouts?"

"In the last letter which the professor wrote me he stated that he had decided to turn his talents as a juggler to account. Henceforward from May to November he will devote himself to navigating the air, and from November to May he will practice necromancy, dis-

guised as Herr Falkenburg, late wizard extraordinary to the King of Greece."

"To the King of Greece?"

"A mere figment of the fancy, a pardonable advertising dodge which will add a certain glamour to his impersonations and yet injure in no respect those whom it deceives."

"And Maretta? What does she think of this?" inquired Mrs. Nichols.

"She is his trump card. She figures nightly as Almeda, the Georgian beauty and gypsy mind-reader. The Georgian women are the most beautiful in the world, and Professor Strout states that none but the initiated for a moment suspect that the free-born daughter of an abandoned farm is not a genuine flower of Asian soil. They are billed to perform here in a fortnight."

"Next week? Tom, do you hear that? We must all go to see them. Fancy Maretta as an Asian mind-reader! I wonder if she still says 'Oh my?'"

Mr. Baker colored a little. "Our women have great powers of adaptability," he said. "We should probably find her wonderfully changed."

"But no less charming, I'm sure," said Elizabeth, who felt a little ashamed of herself.

Supper was now ready, or rather the company seated themselves at table, while Tom toyed with one blazer and Duncan Seymour, by special appointment, with another. There was to be a choice between Welsh rarebit à la Nichols and oysters in cream à la Seymour, and each of the cooks in question looked gravely important in his struggles with the raw materials. Minerva Blair found herself next to Signore Spazzopalli and opposite Mr. Baker. She remembered her promise to devote herself to the reporter, but she found some difficulty in doing so, owing to the fact that Signore Spazzopalli, after a preliminary show of deference to his hostess, had turned his head in her direction, and was giving utterance to a flow of words the charm of which was heightened for her by the quaint turn of his sentences and by the accent with which they were spoken. She saw, as in a dream, cheese and beer galore dissolve into a turbid sea and stiffen into a quagmire. She heard without hearing the conversation around her, and the food which she put to her lips—was it oysters à la Seymour or rarebit à la Nichols? She could not

have stated. And the dear signore? Alike the blandishments of Mrs. Swan and the minor oaths of Mrs. Duncan Seymour, the pleasant prattle of one of the single men and the genial stories of Mr. Baker, seemed lost upon him. He was devotion itself to Minerva Blair, and after the blazers had given up their feast and grown cold, he seated himself at the piano and sang "Non è ver" in a tremendous manner. Here was a ten-strike for Mrs. Nichols. She forgave him all. He had done unbidden what she had fervently longed for, and feared that he might not do. No matter what the cause of his singing, he had sung; and what is more, he was going to sing again.

"Wasn't it damnably fine?" whispered Mrs. Seymour, squeezing Elizabeth's hand. It was because Mrs. Seymour's oaths were apt to be utterly inappropriate that other women did not take offence at them. Mrs. Nichols, who naturally was elated, even squeezed her hand in return.

Spazzopalli sang this time Tosti's "Good-by," and there was no mistaking his meaning. He was singing at and for Minerva in true Italian style, and yet, of course, not so demonstratively as to make his homage otherwise than complimentary to her. She was still in a dream. Her eyes were not lowered; she simply looked transported and unusually handsome. Mr. Baker could scarcely take his gaze off her. But she had forgotten Mr. Baker's existence.

Mrs. Seymour glided up to her at the end of the second song and nearly embraced her. "You have bowled him over, dear. He sees no one else in the room. You naughty, lucky girl. Now I'm going to plan a nice little luncheon for you this week. There is a ladies' room, you know, at the Picnic Club, and I'll get Duncan to make arrangements for a party of four. You and the signore, and Baker and I. Duncan has engagements and couldn't come. Baker's queer, but he's interesting. We'll have a stunning old time. Now don't invent any excuses," she added, in repulse of Minerva's look of shy protestation. "Let yourself go, child. Life is dregs unless you let yourself go now and then."

Fifteen minutes later the party had separated, except Irving K. Baker, who, at his host's instigation, had remained to light a cigar. The newspaper man—he was now on the editorial staff of the lar-

gest paper in the city—had a certain fascination for Tom. He was curious in regard to him and interested in his development. There was nothing hackneyed about him, even though he was capable of flying in the face of traditional sensibilities. Tom was conscious of running the risk of becoming irritated, but he could not resist the temptation of dallying with him.

Baker started to go as soon as his cigar was lighted, but after putting on his overshoes and a muffler, he paused and said, "What was the name of the profane lady?"

Tom was nonplussed for a moment, then answered, with a laugh, "Oh, you mean Mrs. Duncan Seymour. Her bark is worse than her bite, Baker. I mean her swear words are all on the surface."

"She has honored me with an invitation to luncheon."

"You should accept by all means. She's an enterprising, kind-hearted woman, whose chief fault is that she likes to pose. She believes that little vulgar eccentricities give her artistic standing, but she means nothing wrong by them. I assure you that Mrs. Seymour is very kind."

Tom was conscious somehow of being on the defensive, and of feeling the necessity of championing his guests so far as he could justly do so in the presence of this once critic of "society people."

"And Miss Blair, who is she?"

"She's a cousin of my wife, a college graduate and an art student, who has come here recently to live. I'm sure you'd like her."

"I like her already. She's an exceptionally charming woman."

Tom's satisfaction at being able to praise this second subject of conversation without stint received a slight check from Mr. Baker's impressive tone. It made him think of the evening when the reporter had announced to him his intention to make the present Mrs. Alvin Strout his wife within six hours after he had been introduced to her.

"All young girls are very much alike, however," Tom added, with some duplicity.

"On the contrary, I see great differences in them, far greater differences than between rose and rose, for instance," said Mr. Baker, nodding at a vase of flowers which stood on the hall table. "She is a

very beautiful young lady," he continued. "It will be a pity if that signore carries her off."

"What!" asked Tom, overwhelmed by the unconventional frankness of this remark.

"Signore Spazzopalli. He has his eye on her."

"They never met until this evening, my dear sir."

"It is a case of love at first sight, then. These foreigners come over here to take our money, and they sneer at us behind our backs. They have no interest in the institutions of this country; they regard it simply as a mint where they can fill their pockets and go home again without a thought as to our aspirations. Miss Minerva Blair should marry an American."

"Amen to that with all my heart," said Tom. "But, frankly, I do not see any immediate prospect of her marrying anybody."

"I trust that you are correct in your supposition. Perhaps," added Mr. Baker, reflectively, as he stood on the door-step, "my remarks may savor to you of impertinence and I seem to meddle. My interest in the young lady in question must be my excuse. I have only to state that if at any time affairs reach a crisis, I beg that you will not hesitate to call upon me. I may be able to assist you in this connection. Good-night."

II.

One evening about a fortnight later Mrs. Nichols was sitting at her fireside absorbed in contemplation. Tom was dining with a club of his fellow-architects, so that she had only her own thoughts for company. These thoughts were far from gratifying. She was revolving the problem which, according to Mrs. Duncan Seymour, who had visited her that afternoon, was agitating society—what was to be the upshot of Signore Spazzopalli's intense devotion to her cousin Minerva Blair? Mrs. Seymour had called in order to assure her that the rumor that the signore had a wife in Italy had been carefully investigated by Harold Delaney, and shown to be utterly without foundation. "I should be glad to know he had six wives, if we could only prove it," Mrs. Nichols murmured to herself as she recalled the speech. It annoyed her to think that every one should take for

granted she desired the match, when she really abominated the idea of one. Minerva Blair marry a foreigner! Minerva Blair, whose development had been a source of intense interest to her ever since the day she had learned of her young cousin's intention to enter college! She had watched her and been proud of her, and she had encouraged her to devote herself to art as a profession, when Minerva's own father and mother would have had her return home and become a conventional country daughter of the house. And now she was to be whisked off by an ardent Italian and merge her individuality in the unknown possessor of a splendid voice? It seemed to Mrs. Nichols almost as though she were about to lose a second self; for she was fond of saying to Tom that Minerva was what she might have been had she gone to college, given her artistic capabilities a chance, and refused to sacrifice her aspirations to the pertinacious advances of a struggling young architect. But—and Mrs. Nichols frowned despairingly at the reflection—suppose Minerva were really in love with Spazzopalli, any one who interfered might be blighting the girl's happiness for life. There was the rub; and Mrs. Nichols tapped her foot by way of expressing her perplexity.

At that moment Mr. Irving K. Baker entered, and, as Elizabeth rose to greet him, his request to her husband to apply to him, if at any time he could be of service in this connection, came into her mind. She and Tom had enjoyed several hearty laughs over it, but now somehow the idea of appealing to him did not seem to her in her present frame of mind quite so preposterous. Perhaps he would be able to think of some point of attack which had escaped her; very possibly he might know something fatal against Signore Spazzopalli—that he really was married, for instance, Harold Delaney to the contrary notwithstanding, or that he was a vicious character. Newspaper men know many things which are hidden from the world at large, and this might be one of them. Tom had told her that evening before he went to his dinner party that he had not been able to glean a single disreputable item against him. What a triumph it would be to be able to confront him on his return with a splendid damning evidence!

These reflections passed through Mrs.



AFTER THE THEATRE PARTY.

Nichols's mind as she listened to her visitor's opening remarks, which included an announcement that Professor and Mrs. Alvin Strout had arrived in town, and that he counted on the pleasure of taking Mrs. Nichols and her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Seymour and Miss Minerva Blair to one of their performances. Mrs. Nichols further reflected that Mr. Baker, in spite of his lack of social experience, evidently possessed social instincts, in that he was trying to kill three birds with a single stone—one bird being Tom and herself, who had invited him to supper, another bird being the Seymours, who had invited him to luncheon and been generally kind to him, and the third bird being Minerva, whom he evidently desired to kill for her own sweet self. She answered that so far as she could speak for the others she had every reason to think they would all be charmed to go. As she did so the conundrum propounded itself to her, as conundrums of this kind sometimes will, in case she were forced to choose between Spazzopalli and Irving K. Baker for Minerva, which of the two she would select. In her anxiety to decide she found herself examining the young man attentively. He looks honest, she thought, and as though he has ideas of his own, however odd they may be; he has spruced himself since the day he fell from the balloon, and appears very much like everybody else. This diagnosis did not enable her to decide whether she would adjudge him less undesirable than the signore as a husband for Minerva, but she said to herself: "I will consult him as to what we can do. He will never realize how queer it is of me."

"Mr. Baker," she said, a few moments later, seizing a favorable opportunity, "do you happen to know anything definite concerning Signore Spazzopalli—more than we who meet him in society see and know? I have a particular reason for wishing to be told everything there is to tell, so I take the liberty of asking you the question."

Mr. Baker shook his head. "What is it you wish to find out?" he added, rather eagerly. "Perhaps as a newspaper man I might be able to assist you."

"You do not happen to know, for instance, whether he is married or not?"

"Married? Have you heard that he is married? It would be the simplest thing in the world to ascertain by cabling.

I will cable to-morrow, at my expense, and find out for you, Mrs. Nichols." He stopped short and looked at her inquiringly as though a new idea had struck him. "Would you like to discover that he is married?"

Mrs. Nichols hesitated a moment, then, with the engaging frankness of one who, having seized a bull by the horns, appreciates that she must adapt herself to the situation, answered: "I am going to take you into my confidence, Mr. Baker. Signore Spazzopalli is paying what appears to be serious attention to my cousin, Miss Blair. We have reason to believe that he may wish to marry her. One solution of the matter, of course, would be to ascertain that he is already married to some one else; but inquiries made by others lead me to believe that there is little hope of that."

"But you would be glad to find it true? You are opposed to the match?"

"I am opposed to nothing that would lead to my cousin's happiness. But I will admit that I do not fancy the idea of her marriage to this foreigner."

"If you will allow me to make the observation, Mrs. Nichols, I have, on every occasion where an opportunity for the display of wisdom has presented itself, had reason to admire your sagacity and good sense."

"Thank you," said Elizabeth, with a little courtesy. "And it is because you have such a fresh, original way of looking at things that I have dared to ask your advice. Now we are quits. But let me say right here, Mr. Baker, that if I believed in my heart that my cousin were really in love with this man, I would rather lose my tongue than breathe a word of conspiracy against him. I have not talked with her on the subject, for she has not broached it to me, and that has sealed my lips. I am sure, though, that she is fascinated by him, and under the spell of the glamour which his magnificent voice casts about him. She is young, ardent, and impressionable, and I firmly believe that his influence is merely a spell, which any—er—prosaic facts concerning him would dissipate. I wish at least to discover all that I can concerning him, so that she may make her choice with her eyes open. It may be bias and prejudice which affects me, but I cannot help feeling that he is not altogether worthy of her, Mr. Baker."

"Amen, madam, amen! He is no more worthy of her than the swine is worthy of the pearl which tradition casts into the sty to typify human squandering."

"And yet, really, Mr. Baker, there is nothing definite against him."

"We must discover something." Baker pressed his thin, nervous lips together and felt of his forehead. At length he tapped it. "I think I appreciate the situation," he said. "As I understand it, there has been as yet no offer of marriage?"

"None to my knowledge. Minerva would surely have told me."

"And you would be pleased to have something happen before matters reach a crisis?"

"Happen?" echoed Elizabeth, in a tone of some solicitude, induced by the thought of the sudden disappearance of the signore over a bridge or down a well.

Mr. Baker was quick to divine her suspicions. "I mean," he said, with a sweep of his hand, by which he intended to relegate to the winds such base imaginings, "that you would be pleased to have this foreigner by his own agency show himself in his true colors, so that the glamour which now blinds Miss Minerva Blair's eyes may be swept away forever."

"That would be very nice," said Mrs. Nichols, propitiatingly.

"I say 'by his own agency,'" continued Mr. Baker, gravely, "for I have taken it for granted that in a transaction of this kind mere newspaper enterprise would be distasteful to you. Of course it would be a simple matter, and the idea at first struck me as propitious, to manufacture a wife and children for Signore Spazzopalli by special cablegram from Rome. But apart from the duplicity of



"I AM GOING TO TAKE YOU INTO MY CONFIDENCE."

such a proceeding, which, knowing as I do the views held by you and Mr. Nichols on the proper limits of reportorial activity, I am sure you would refuse to countenance, there is the further consideration, to which you have already referred, of Miss Blair's happiness. In spite of the adage 'all is fair in love and war,' I should scorn to lower the reputation of this foreigner in her regard by false or dishonest evidence. He must contribute to his own ruin."

"I am very much relieved to hear you say so, Mr. Baker. Indeed, it would be utterly impossible for me to allow you to proceed on any other understanding. My desire is to discover any shortcomings which Signore Spazzopalli may have, not

to injure him by fabrication. My cousin evidently believes him to be wholly sincere, true, and irreproachable, and my conviction is that she will marry him, unless—unless she changes her mind." Elizabeth gave a nervous laugh. "There is the situation, and I must confess that it does not look very promising. Does it?"

"I consider it far from hopeless. At any rate, Mrs. Nichols, you may feel sure that I will devote myself body and soul to the undertaking. You shall hear from me very soon."

"You are not going already?"

"Yes. There is not a moment to be lost. We newspaper men know the importance of keeping our fingers on the forelock of time. Have you a telephone?"

"Yes."

"Matters may reach a point where a witness—a witness whose testimony would be entirely convincing to Miss Blair—would be indispensable. In such an emergency am I authorized to ring you up?"

"I suppose so," said Elizabeth, a little disconcerted. The detectivelike determination of her visitor was almost appalling.

"Good-night," he said, holding out his hand.

"You have a plan already, I see."

"I have an idea, but it may end in smoke. Good-night, Mrs. Nichols."

When he had gone, Elizabeth knew scarcely whether to laugh or to cry. Into what sort of a compact had she entered, and where would it lead her? To be sure, her fellow-conspirator had pledged himself to do nothing which would lead her to the gallows or injure her self-respect, but what did she really know about him? What horrible breach of taste might he not commit which would drag her into unpleasant notoriety and wound the sensibilities of her cousin? There was a possibility of that, indeed; at least she could not claim a sufficient knowledge of Mr. Baker's mental processes and habits to be absolutely sure that he would be discreet. And yet she had entered into the conspiracy with her eyes open, because she was impressed with the idea that if any one could help her in this quandary he could, and because she believed he could be trusted. As she had told him to his face, his thoughts had freshness and originality; he was not tied down by codes and filigree considerations. Some mode of relief might enter his head which would never enter hers.

"Tom, Tom," she said to her husband when he came home an hour later, "you may see my picture in the *Police Gazette* before I am a month older."

Tom Nichols did not take so serious a view of the situation as this. The idea that his wife had unbosomed herself to Mr. Baker amused him chiefly. He summed up his opinion of the case by saying: "After his assurances, I think that you can feel moderately safe that he will do nothing compromising. What I wonder at is your confidence in his ability to find out anything about our musical friend. A bogus cablegram might be in his line, but I doubt his capacity."

"You have always done Mr. Baker injustice, Tom, merely because he is different from you and me. It is just because he is different that I have such faith in him. After the first glow of reportorial activity he saw the impossibility of the cablegram as fully as I did."

For the next few days Elizabeth was on tenter-hooks, but no message came from Mr. Baker. She kept her ear constantly on the alert for the telephone-bell, and answered every call in person, only to listen to the butcher or the grocer. On the fourth day came a note signed by him which brought her heart into her mouth, but it was only to tell her that he had secured tickets to see the Strouts for the following week. Not a word on the other matter to which he had vowed to devote himself body and soul. Elizabeth said "Pshaw!" and threw his note into the fire.

On the tenth day Mrs. Duncan Seymour, whose husband was absent from town for a few days, dined with them. It was a lowering, oppressive night out-doors, and the weather bureau had issued prophecies of an electrical storm as a sort of mid-winter travesty on summer.

"I have a new devoted admirer," said Mrs. Seymour in the midst of dinner. "You would never guess—Baker. He says he has been bitten by the tarantula of society, and apparently I am the tarantula personified. He utterly disapproves of me, but can't resist my fascination. Now as for you, my dear," she added, "he admires you unreservedly."

"Elizabeth has bound herself hand and foot—" began Tom, but his wife interjected a commanding "'sh!" which he felt constrained to obey.

"This sounds interesting," said Mrs.

Seymour, with an appealing glance at Mr. Nichols.

"I positively forbid you to go on, Tom," said Elizabeth.

Mrs. Seymour looked from one to the other. "There is a mystery here," she said. "*He* will tell me; I will hypnotize him if he refuses. What do you think, Elizabeth, I have bet him a pair of gloves that Signore Spazzopalli marries Minerva. He declares it will never be. He is almost violent on the subject. One would almost suppose that he knew something definite, so positive is he."

Mr. Nichols gave a low chuckle.

"Behave yourself, Tom," said his wife. "Louise," she added, "I wish to change the conversation."

There were no further allusions to Mr. Baker after dinner, and at ten o'clock Mrs. Seymour's carriage was announced. Just then there was a distant but distinct rumble heralding the approach of the storm.

"Old Prob is right for once," said Tom. "You will just have time, Mrs. Seymour, to get home before the thunder and lightning set in."

At that instant the telephone-bell rang energetically.

"Mercy!" cried Elizabeth. "Who can be calling us up at this hour?"

"Perhaps the storm is making the electrical fluid rampant," suggested Mrs. Seymour.

"Or it may be Mr. Baker," said Tom, facetiously.

Ting-a-ling—a-ling—a-ling began the telephone-bell again.

At the mention of the word "Baker," Elizabeth darted from the room and dashed down stairs to the instrument.

"Holloa!"

"Is that Mrs. Nichols?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mr. Baker. It's very important that you come at once to Leblanc's restaurant. I invite you and Mr. Nichols to supper, and I have every reason to believe that before an hour elapses we shall have won."

"To-night! It is going to thunder and lightning."

"We have been providentially aided by the elements. It is to-night or probably never."

Women think rapidly when they think at all. Mrs. Nichols remembered that Mrs. Seymour's carriage was at the door, and a sudden impulse seized her. Would

it not add sweetness to the possibly impending triumph of Mr. Baker to win his pair of gloves in the presence of her guest?

"Mrs. Duncan Seymour is dining with us? May I bring her too?"

"By all means."

"We'll come at once then."

"Tom," she said, turning to her husband and Mrs. Seymour, who had been lured by curiosity half-way down the back stairs, "we're to take supper to-night at Leblanc's restaurant with Mr. Baker. You too, Louise. He has just invited us."

"Now this is what I call damnably exciting—exciting and shrouded in mystery," said Mrs. Seymour.

"To-night! Are you crazy, my dear?" asked her husband. "Drag us out in this storm?"

"I am going, Tom," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"And I am going, Mr. Nichols," said Mrs. Seymour.

"Then there is no help for me but to go too," said he.

Within five minutes they were in Mrs. Seymour's carriage on the way to Leblanc's, which was only a short distance from the house. It had not begun to rain, but the sky was lurid with the approaching storm and the thunder was getting vehement. Mrs. Seymour sought explanation by a question or two, but Elizabeth sat tongue-tied. As their vehicle stopped at the entrance Mr. Baker opened the carriage door, and with merely a word of greeting led the way past the public restaurant up stairs into a private room. The table was laid for four.

"We have been providentially aided by the elements," he repeated in a whisper to Elizabeth as he helped her to remove her wraps. "Does she know?"

"Nothing. Are you going to win the gloves?"

"I believe so. He is there," he added, nodding at the wall.

"Spazzopalli? In the next room?"

"Yes."

What could it mean? Elizabeth felt excited but dazed. Mrs. Seymour glanced around her with a curious smile. As for Tom, he promptly obeyed Mr. Baker's invitation to sit down and partake of the tempting viands which were set before them.

"You will pardon me," said their host, "if I am unable to give you my individ-

ual attention. You will know why presently."

"We can't imagine what this is all about," said Tom. "Can we, Mrs. Seymour? But these oysters look very good, even if I did not cook them."

Mr. Baker had vanished into what seemed to be a closet in the side of the room adjoining that in which he had declared Signore Spazzopalli to be. He popped out his head several times by way of keeping the eye of courtesy on his guests, and disappeared promptly again after a few solicitous inquiries. Tom was the only one of the trio who was able to eat. Mrs. Nichols's appetite was ruined by excited anticipation, Mrs. Seymour's by burning curiosity. The thunder-storm had broken, and it was audibly raining torrents, while every few moments the lightning, closely followed by a crashing peal, was so unusual as to attract even their absorbed attention.

Mr. Baker peeped from the door again. "Mrs. Nichols," he said, "will you come this way? Only Mrs. Nichols," he was obliged to add, for Mrs. Seymour rose also, and Tom looked inquisitive.

With a tripping heart Elizabeth obeyed orders. She found herself in a small compartment lighted by a single jet. It was evidently designed to serve as a pantry to either or both rooms, for there was a dumb-waiter in one end and a counter along the wall. In the middle of the wall over the counter was an aperture guarded by a slide. The slide was now only partially drawn so as to afford a glimpse of the other room. On the counter was a large black box which Mr. Baker pushed to one side as she entered. "Look through the hole," he whispered.

To do so Elizabeth was obliged to stoop. What she saw was a man and a woman seated at a table at supper. The man was Signore Spazzopalli. He was bending devotedly toward the woman with the air of one bent upon ingratiating himself. The woman was extremely pretty and piquant, suggesting by both her air and costume an actress. Somehow it seemed to Elizabeth that she had seen her before.

"Do you recognize her?" whispered Mr. Baker.

A sudden intuition seized Elizabeth. "Maretta!" she gasped.

Mr. Baker nodded delightedly. He deftly closed the slide to render conversation less hazardous, though, as subse-

quently appeared, the waiter who was serving the supper had received instructions to approach the slide now and then when in the room in order to give the impression that it was in actual use.

"He is desperately enamored of her."

"And she with him?"

"Not a bit of it. The idea came to me when I was at your house the other evening, and I went straight to her hotel the next morning, where I found her alone. 'Maretta,' said I, 'I loved you sincerely, and tried to make you Mrs. Irving K. Baker. The professor cut me out. I have come in the name of auld lang-syne to ask you a great favor. A young friend of mine, a beautiful young lady, is in the thrall of a spaghetti-eating Italian, and I need your aid.' 'Tell me all about it,' she said, and I did. She got her husband's permission, and here she is."

"I do not quite understand," said Elizabeth.

"She wrote to him and led him to believe that she was fascinated by his manly form and mellifluous voice. He nibbled at the bait, and here we have him. Don't give yourself any concern on the score of propriety, Mrs. Nichols," he added, noting a cloudy look on Elizabeth's brow, "Maretta is spotless as an angel. She accepted his invitation to supper only after consultation with me. He means mischief, though."

"And what are you going to do now that you have them here?"

Mr. Baker tapped his black box significantly.

"You will see in a minute. You invite your husband and Mrs. Seymour to witness the finale, if you like," he said, opening the slide cautiously to its full capacity.

Just then there came a glare of lightning fiercer than its fellows, and a crash of thunder which shook the building.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Maretta, in genuine dismay.

"It is she, sure enough," murmured Elizabeth. "How handsome she has grown to be! Really, Mr. Baker, you must tell me what you mean by all this."

"Tell the others while I get ready. This storm shows that Providence is in league with us."

Elizabeth stepped into the room and beckoned to the others.

"You have been infernally cruel," said

Mrs. Seymour. "I am critically ill with suppressed curiosity."

When they entered the closet Mr. Baker had filled up more than half the aperture with the black box, into which he was peering after the manner of a photographer. There was still a vacant hole, however, through which Tom and Mrs. Seymour looked.

"The villain!" whispered Mrs. Seymour. "I have seen him gaze into Minerva's face like that a dozen times. This is confoundedly perfidious. Who is she?"

"Yes, who is she?" asked Tom. "I admire the brute's taste, anyway."

"Sh! Can't you tell? It is Almada, the Georgian beauty, *alias* Maretta Strout."

Tom gave a low whistle.

"Mrs. Nichols," said Mr. Baker, rising from the squatting posture in which he had been peering into his box, "please take your husband's place, and when you and Mrs. Seymour see anything particularly edifying, say 'Now.' If you, Mr. Nichols, will hold this pan of combustibles, and when your wife gives the word, touch it off with this taper, I'll attend to the rest. To do the trick successfully we must all act together. That's right," he

added, as another flash of lightning interrupted him; "the more of that the better for us."

Mrs. Nichols took her place in silence beside Mrs. Seymour. It was obvious now to her what was going to happen.

Spazzopalli and Maretta had finished eating, and he was talking to her with an intenser manner, now and again raising his glass of champagne and pledging her ardently. She sat demure, with a playful smile on her lips; only once she shot a glance toward the ambush, as though to ask how much longer the comedy was to last.

"The monster!" murmured Mrs. Seymour. "He must catch one of those fiery lovesick glances. He looked just like that when he sang 'Non è ver' to Minerva."

Mrs. Nichols sat very still. Though she was half conscious that she disapproved of the whole proceeding, there was a deep fascination in the duty which had been imposed upon her, and an inclination to carry it out as completely as possible. She watched the couple with lynxlike scrutiny, intent to note every change of Spazzopalli's expression. If her cousin was to be avenged or disillu-



"MR. BAKER HAD VANISHED."

sionized in this strange manner, the blow must be struck deftly and artistically. Thrice Mrs. Seymour nudged her as some fresh glance or gesture was manifested, but she did not yet feel satisfied. Meantime the fury of the storm waxed, and ever and again vivid flashes of lightning, of which at least one of the pair at the supper table seemed wholly regardless, came in from the night.

Suddenly, as though the demure smiling calm of the woman had maddened him, Spazzopalli leaned forward across the narrow table and caught Maretta's hands in his. For an instant she struggled, then either appreciating the advantages of the situation, or realizing that the firm grasp of his long fingers was not to be frustrated, she remained passive, and smiled back at him languorously. Lured by his success and her demeanor, he leaned forward to bring his lips close to hers. Just as they seemed to touch, and with Mrs. Seymour's "He is going to kiss her!" still in her ears, Elizabeth, in a tense voice, said "Now!" and quick as thought there was a vivid flare of light, which suggested for a moment to those inside the closet that Vesuvius was let loose, and caused Spazzopalli to leap to his feet in the belief that the house had been struck by lightning. The smoke which followed the glare by which the flash-light photograph was obtained concealed everything for a moment from Elizabeth, but she heard distinctly Maretta's "Oh my!" which even foreknowledge of what was to happen and the consciousness of her Georgian nationality could not repress. When she could see, Spazzopalli had opened the door and was calling, loudly: "Garçon! garçon! The lightning is in the house!"

Before the summons was answered, Mr. Baker had noiselessly closed the slide and opened the closet door.

"If you will step into the room," he said, "I shall be able in a few minutes to tell you if the flash-light photograph is a success."

Tom and his wife and Mrs. Seymour obeyed orders, and Mr. Baker shut himself up again in the closet to make the necessary investigation.

"Well, of all extraordinary performances, that is the masterpiece," burst out Tom. "I don't quite know whether to throttle Baker as a sneak, or to applaud him as a genius."

"I think it was very clever of him," said Mrs. Seymour, promptly. "The signore deserved to be shown up if ever man did. The false, hypocritical villain! When I think of Minerva I feel like crying. Mr. Baker did nothing, Mr. Nichols, but put temptation in his way, and if a man who pretends to be in love with one woman, throws her over for another, why shouldn't he be photographed and branded as a faithless wretch? Don't you think so, Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Nichols had seated herself at the dismantled supper table, and, buried in pensive thought, was spearing the same oyster over and over again. She did not answer, and before Mrs. Seymour had time to repeat her question, Mr. Baker reappeared with a radiant countenance.

"It is perfect!" he cried. "You caught him, Mrs. Nichols, at exactly the right moment. I congratulate you heartily; and, Mrs. Seymour, you owe me a pair of gloves."

"What makes you think she does?" asked Elizabeth, coldly, making another thrust at the mangled oyster.

"Because when Miss Blair confronts Signore Spazzopalli with this photograph, I assure you that he will renounce any matrimonial expectations which he now entertains," said the reporter, blithely.

"And who is to confront Miss Blair with it?"

"You, of course, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Seymour at once.

"I took it for granted that you would do that, Mrs. Nichols," said Mr. Baker, in a tone of surprise. "But if you think I ought to—"

"If any one does it, it will be I," said Elizabeth, interrupting him almost fiercely. "I must ask you, Mr. Baker, as a particular favor, never to breathe a word to her on the subject—to her or to any one else."

"I shall obey your directions implicitly," said Mr. Baker, with a sweeping bow. "I have tried to please you, Mrs. Nichols, and to live up to the spirit of our compact. If I have failed to satisfy you I am very sorry."

Elizabeth blushed deeply. It was at the word "compact." But the pathetic solicitude of his tone awakened her sense of justice. She put out her hand and said, "Good-night, Mr. Baker; you have been extremely kind and—and ingenious, and if matters have taken a somewhat

different turn than I expected, it is only I who am to blame. Good-night."

Mr. Baker looked a little nonplussed. "And the photograph?" he said. "It

been amusing himself with Miss Minerva Blair, and that he had gone away without offering himself to her. Society, feeling sure that this was so, gave a passing



"HE WAS TALKING TO HER WITH AN INTENSER MANNER."

would be a very simple matter to destroy it, and no one would be the wiser. Maretta might possibly be disappointed, but I could tell her it was a failure."

"Destroy it?" cried Mrs. Seymour; "and let the infernal villain escape after all? Never! I wish one, at any rate, if only as a memento of the faithlessness of man."

Mrs. Nichols smiled a tired smile. "I shall expect you to send me the photograph as soon as possible, and to me only," she replied, with quiet dignity. "Come, Tom."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Baker. "I am sure Maretta won't mind."

Two days later the photograph reached Mrs. Nichols at the breakfast table, and on the following day Signore Spazzopalli left town. Society declared that he had

shrug of the shoulders, and forgot the affair before twenty-four hours had passed. Mrs. Duncan Seymour, however, was not so well off as society, in that she felt doubts on the subject but knew nothing. She compared notes with Mr. Irving K. Baker with unsatisfactory results. It appeared that Mrs. Nichols had not seen fit to inform either of them whether she had shown Minerva the photograph or not. Tom Nichols declared to his wife in the bosom of his family that this was fitting enough so far as Mrs. Seymour was concerned, but seemed rather severe on the author and originator of it all. But Elizabeth shook her head, and said,

"Irving K. Baker shall never know. You left it to me to decide whether to tell Minerva or not, and I mean to keep him wondering all the days of his life as to what really happened."

SOME WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.



THE lakes which lie to the north of Fuji are not much visited by foreigners ; they are rather difficult of access, and the accommodation in the tea-houses in that district is not luxurious ; but for those who can walk well, and put

up with ordinary Japanese food and lodging, the scenery will atone for everything. The old hills on the north once looked over a great sloping plain to the shore of Suruga Bay, but the upstart Fuji arose and blocked their view to the south ; streams of lava poured from it, and rolled down till they were stopped by these buttresses of ancient rock, damming the rivers, and so forming this chain of lakes at their base. Where the lava has been covered with fine ashes, vegetation soon begins to conceal the work of destruction, but the larger flows resist all attempts at cultivation ; they still stand in wide ridges above the rest of the country, gray lichens cover them, and dwarfed trees find a foothold in the crevices between their blocks. The winding tracks which lead across them are bad enough, for every little hump in the path is not a pebble which rolls aside as your foot touches it, but is a knob of solid rock, and it is your toe that has to give way ; the untrodden part of the scrubby forest would stop any animal but an active monkey. We traversed one of the widest flows, called Aoki-ga-hara (green-tree moor), from the number of evergreens which grow over it, on the way between Shoji, the smallest, and Motosu, the largest of the lakes, walking for hours in single file along a narrow trail with hardly an opening anywhere in the

dense foliage ; it was late in the evening, and the imprecations in Japanese and English ought to have thrown a lurid light on that dusky path. The dividing-line between the lava and the older rock is as clearly visible now as it was on that day when the molten torrent was arrested in its course and piled itself in a solid wave against the immovable hills. Some subterranean settling must still be going on, for a few years ago the lakes began to rise, and they have remained at the higher level, so that as we rowed along the shore we could see below us the roofs of cottages and the fences of rice-fields, and forests of dead pines rose gaunt and bare out of the water. Of all the places I saw in Japan, Motosu seemed the most remote ; the rise of the lake must have ruined many of the inhabitants, and a settled gloom seemed to hang over the few charcoal-burners, wood-cutters, and fishermen who remain. We found rooms in an old tea-house, where fine wood-work, now blackened and decayed, showed signs of a former prosperity which will hardly revive unless prices rise, for when we left the next morning the landlord sadly presented us with a bill for nineteen sen (about sixpence), which for two foreigners and two servants came to a very modest sum per head. We crossed the lake by boat, and were landed at the foot of a trackless hill-side, overgrown with tall grasses and wild flowers, through which it was difficult to walk, but our local



COTTAGES AT NEMBA.



TAGO-NO-URA.

guides soon found a path which led us in the direction of the Fujikawa. Here we were off the volcanic soil, the beeches and other trees were magnificent, and in one wood we walked between banks of maidenhair fern (*Adiantum pedatum*) growing five or six feet high. How well I remember that day of glorious sunshine, the view back over the lake with Fuji towering behind it, the mountain road through forests with new trees and plants at every turn, the gaudy butterflies, the long zigzag descent by the pine-clad spur which brought us to the Suzukawa Valley, and the gorgeous sunset as we whirled down the rapids to Shimoyama. There are five lakes in the chain, Motosu, Shoji, Nemba, Kawaguchi, and Yamanaka, and they descend in level from Motosu on the west to Yamanaka on the east. Nemba lies in a hollow of wooded hills, with a couple of partially drowned villages on its shore, in which the cottage roofs are strangely constructed, and the people wear long knickerbockers of blue striped cotton. Kawaguchi is the most beautiful of them all; its waters have only risen a foot or two, so that no damage has been done except the submersion of a few fields, and Funatsu and Kodachi, with picturesque old temples and cottages shaded with gourds, like Jonah's, are thriving towns compared with the other lake-side hamlets.

I was staying at Yoshida, within easy walking distance of Funatsu, in the early part of September, when all the countryside was keeping the Bon festival in

memory of the dead—a sort of Japanese All-Souls day which lasts for a week. Fires were lighted at night on all the hill-sides; the path leading up to every little temple could be traced by a line of blazing spots, and the great lonely slope of Fuji was dotted with them here and there, marking the positions of the rest-houses and the few scattered huts of grass-cutters and charcoal-burners. I have seen the same thing in Switzerland, near Martigny, where on the eve of St. John's day every cattle-tender far up the mountains greeted his distant neighbors with a bonfire. This part of the ceremony is called, in Japanese, *hi-matsuri* (fire festival). Other observances are placing offerings of food before the family graves, which in Yoshida were generally at the end of the back garden, and erecting a little altar in the house, on which dishes of rice, fruit, and sweet-meats are laid, and before which prayers are said.

We had a typhoon on the 4th of September, with such torrents of rain and gusts of wind that the houses had to be enclosed with their wooden shutters, and there was nothing to be done but lie on the floor in the darkness and listen to the turmoil of the elements outside. Suddenly, above all the other noises, I heard a monotonous chant, and opening a crack in my shutters, I saw a procession of men, dressed only in "kasa" and straw rain-coats, passing down the village street. Some of them carried big drums slung to poles, on which the others banged, while

all of them groaned in unison a sentence which I could not catch. It was a long time before I could induce Matsuba to tell me what it all meant; but at last he confessed that it was done to drive away the storm-demon; he was evidently ashamed of this method of praying for fair weather, and explained that it was only in these out-of-the-way places his countrymen were so superstitious. Anyhow, it was efficacious, for the typhoon blew itself out during the night. There was more or less rain for some days after, but we had nothing again like that day's down-pour, and I started in more promising weather for a walk over the hills to Kofu. From Funatsu I crossed a corner of Ka-

Fuji, and to collect seeds of a grand red lychnis which grew there abundantly, we went through a village, Nakagawa, that had been almost destroyed by a torrent. The street and the gardens were filled with boulders and gravel and fallen tree trunks, and the roofs only were visible above the mass of wreckage. The well-fitted timbers of a Japanese roof, especially when there is a heavy thatch over them, make it the least destructible part of the house; the lower part may collapse in a typhoon or earthquake, but the roof settles down over the ruins practically uninjured. I saw one near the Tokaido which had been taken off bodily by the wind and deposited in a field the other



LAKE SUWA AND THE NAKASENDO MOUNTAINS, FROM KAMI-NO-SUWA.

waguchi, and took a steep mountain road on the other side; some kind of matsuri was going on there too, and the lake was dotted with boatfuls of people beating drums and singing. The road we took is said in the guide-books to be practicable for jinrikishas, but the typhoon had completed the work of destruction which the heavy rains in July had begun, and there were very few yards of it left over which a wheeled vehicle could travel. On the other side of the pass, Misaka-toge, where I staid to lunch and admire the view of

side of the road without losing its shape. I looked for the river which had done all this damage to Nakagawa, and found only a little, innocent, prattling brook about a yard wide.

Kofu is a busy place in the centre of a large silk-growing district. All the hill-sides around are covered with scrubby-looking mulberry bushes, and in the villages almost every cottage had its pile of golden cocoons, which the women were winding off into skeins as they sat and chattered by their doorways. As you



NIEGAWA, ON THE NAKASENDO.

pass Japanese houses in fine weather you see almost everything that is going on inside; they are set down close to the road, and the sliding-screens allow you to look right through to the garden at the back. When it is cold or wet all the wooden shutters are closed, and they have then a very sad and deserted appearance. I went to a very good theatre in Kofu, and afterwards to what might be called a wax-work show but that the figures were made of carved and painted wood, where the incidents of the murder of Ii-Kamon-no-Kami were represented with a startling fidelity to nature. He was assassinated one winter's night in the streets of Tokyo by the retainers of a rival Daimio, and the snowy ground showed to advantage all the details of disembowelled bodies and mangled limbs. The last two figures were mechanical. A retainer kneeling in front of the Daimio slowly opened a bloody handkerchief and showed him the head of his enemy, whereupon the Daimio's eyebrows went up and the corners of his mouth went down, giving him a most comical expression of horror

The roads are wider here than in most parts of Japan, and there are comparatively few jinrikishas. Most of the travelling is done in basha, small wagonettes with no springs, which jolt the very life out of you. I engaged one to take me on to Lake Suwa, on the Nakasendo road, a journey of forty miles, and arrived there feeling like an aching jelly. After travelling a few miles from Kofu we came to a river where the bridge had been washed away. I and my baggage were ferried over, and the driver attempted to ford it,



A LITTLE SHINTO SHRINE, NEAR THE NAKASENDO.

but the water was too deep for him, and I was left stranded with my impedimenta on a wide waste of pebbles. Fortunately the man with whom I had made my bargain had foreseen this possibility, and when I could get some coolies to help me with my baggage across half a mile of stones and boulders, I found another basha waiting for me. All the first part of the journey was a long ascent through wooded, hilly country, with road-side villages at short intervals. In one of them, Tsutaki, where we stopped to change horses, a school treat was going on. The place was gayly decorated with lanterns

guarded valley in which Suwa lies. The flat lands near the lake are intersected by little streams and canals, along which the peasants go to their work in long narrow punts, very like those which are used for the same purpose in Picardy—another instance of the way in which similar conditions in widely distant countries lead to similar habits and inventions.

I staid at Kami-no-suwa in a delightful tea-house, with clean polished wood-work, and quilts covered with a soft thin silk called kaiki, very pleasant and cooling to a mosquito-tortured skin. Cleanliness is the great luxury of the Japanese;



ON THE TENRYUGAWA, NEAR KAJIMA.

and arches of leaves and paper flowers, and in the temple court-yard the children had made realistic figures, among them a life-sized tiger, ingeniously constructed with straws of different colors. The low wooden cottages, with broad eaves and stones piled on the top, looked very like Swiss chalets, except that they all had green roof crests, sometimes of iris, but more often of a bunchy kind of lycopodium which the natives called yuwashiba. Almost every one had a screen of bamboo on the south side, with gourds of different kinds growing up it and tumbling over the roof and the out-buildings. At last, with long spells of walking, very welcome as a rest from the weary jolting, we reached the tea-house at the top of the pass, and then rattled down a somewhat better road for about twelve miles, emerging at dusk into the broad mountain-

their foot-gear is always removed before entering the house, so that the mats may not be soiled; the wood-work is never painted, stained, or varnished, but left with a well-planed surface, which shows its natural color; the ceilings are thin planks, slightly overlapping each other, the grain of each being carefully selected to combine with the lines in those next it; there are no hangings or fixed pieces of furniture to collect the dust, and no carpets to be taken up and shaken, so that spring cleaning, that terror of the Western housekeeper, is unnecessary; the whole room can be swept out every morning, the walls and ceiling rubbed with a duster, and there it is, all as neat as a new pin. At Shimo-no-suwa, about three miles on, the Koshu-kaido, along which I had been travelling from Kofu, joins the Nakasendo, the central mountain



A BOAT-MENDER BY THE TENRYUGAWA.

road, one of the main routes between Kyoto and Tokyo. A new road has been made most of the way, admirably engineered, with gentle gradients, but so badly executed that it had already fallen to pieces in some places, and it was covered with loose road-metal which made jinrikisha travelling very laborious. My men usually preferred the old steep road, which cuts off corners, and is solid though very rough, and after a couple of days I sent back all the jinrikishas except the one which carried my baggage, finding my own legs the best means of conveyance. From the Shiojiri Pass I looked back over Suwa, saw Fuji through the blue haze of a lovely autumn morning, a long way off, but still towering above all the other hills, and then dropped down into a new set of mountains, rivers, and valleys. The scenery of the Nakasendo gets more and more picturesque, until it reaches a climax in the valley of the Kiso-gawa, on which I first looked from the summit of the Torii Pass, four thousand and odd feet above the sea. Each village on the road had its own peculiarities of costume, architecture, and manufacture—cheap lacquer-ware, combs, pickles, and so on, and of all these Matsuba bought a stock, for it is the habit of every Japan-

ese on his travels to take back with him “meibutsu,” the characteristic productions of the places he has visited, as presents for those he has left at home.

There are many celebrated mountains in this district, each with its own special god and shrines, and I constantly met bands of pilgrims dressed in white, with long staves and big hats, or saw boatloads of them going down the Kisogawa in the few places where it is navigable. After some days of glorious weather, with a sun which turned the wings of the myriad dragon-flies hovering over the rivers to spots of light and made all clothing seem superfluous, I was suddenly arrested by a violent storm at a little village called Suwara. A number of pilgrims had been driven to shelter in the same tea-house; they spent the day in chanting prayers, ringing a little bell, and tapping blocks of wood together to mark the time; and they began it again at three o'clock the next morning, before starting on their trudge. The motive of these pilgrimages is not in the least penitential. Certain hardships have to be endured by every traveller in mountain regions, but the Japanese are good walkers and accustomed to simple living, and in their composition they have a large stock of intel-

ligent curiosity which makes them enjoy all that is new and beautiful in the country through which they pass. The history and literature of their fatherland form a large part of their education, and almost every remarkable spot has some legendary or poetical association apart from its natural beauty; their religion teaches them, too, that not only temples and shrines are sacred, but that every po-



TOURISTS AT A WATERFALL.

etic thought or heroic deed, every grand tree or rock or lovely landscape, has in it something of the divine.

On the banks of the Kisogawa, not far from Suwara, there is a large flat rock, which is called *Nezame-no-toko*, the Bed of Awakening, for here Urashima the fisher-boy, a sort of Japanese Rip Van Winkle, is supposed by some to have returned to real life after his long trance.

The usual version of the story is this: Urashima lived with his parents at Yura, by the sea of Japan, helping them in their fishing; but one day his boat did not return, and he was given up for dead. He had met the Sea-god's daughter, who had taken him away to live with her and love her in an evergreen land. What seemed to him like a few weeks passed by in happiness, but at last he said, "My parents will be sorrowing for me; I must go back and comfort them," and he prevailed on his princess to spare him for a while. She gave him a casket, saying that as long as he kept it closed she would always be with him, but if he opened it, she and the evergreen land would be lost to him forever. He had really been away for centuries, his home had disappeared, and everything in Yura was changed. In despair he opened the forbidden box, a faint blue mist floated out from it across the sea, he turned from a handsome youth to an old decrepit man, and in a few minutes lay dead upon the shore, for in that box his princess had enclosed all the hours of their happy life.

No portion of the Nakasendo is finer than that near Midono; the valley narrows and the road in many places overhangs the rushing Kisogawa, the vegetation is luxuriant, walnuts, oaks, chestnuts, and maples shade the road, and great groves of bamboo wave their plumes in every little breeze which comes down from the mountains through the ravines in which they grow. By the river-side I noticed many fine-leaved plants; some old garden friends, and others new to me; yellow wagtails fluttered jauntily from rock to rock, and lines of swallows on the telegraph wires showed that autumn was at hand.

I turned off from the Nakasendo at Hashiba, where it begins to ascend the Magome Pass, and took a little cross-country track, turning eastward again up the valley of the Hirosegawa, which, after two days' walking, brought me to Iida and the banks of the Tenryugawa. This road was not mentioned in my guide-book, but Nakajima Sanju, the jinrikisha man who had accompanied me all the way from Kami-no-suwa, maintained that it was practicable, and that he could take my baggage through in his kuruma. He did it, too, but I



ON THE TENRYUGAWA.

occasionally had to hire two extra men to help him, and in some places they and Matsuba had to carry kuruma, baggage, and all. There was one long climb through a dense wood which particularly impressed me; I walked so far ahead of them that I could only just hear the continual cry: "Yo-sha! Yo-sha!" with which the men encouraged each other; the masses of foliage above me, the shrubs and ferns below them, enclosed me in a green maze; from under the arched roots of a colossal cryptomeria a clear little spring gushed out; occasionally a raucous-voiced jay flew across the path, or I had to stop and examine the huge toads, seven or eight inches long and almost as broad, that sprawled about on the road-side. When my men overtook me at a tea-house some miles further on, one of them was carrying a brace

of these toads skinned. They looked as big as the "poulet" of a cheap restaurant, and he told me that they were very good for weakly children.

At Tokimata I engaged a boat with five men to take me down the rapids as far as the Tokaido; the river was running high, and they would not do it for less than twenty-four yen—a good price for a journey of only ten or twelve hours; but when you remember that it takes them ten days or a fortnight to haul the boat back, it does not seem excessive. Don Pedro's remark, "What need the bridge much wider than the flood?" does not apply to most of the Japanese rivers; usually they are just a trickle of water among a wide bed of pebbles, which is filled after heavy rains with a raging torrent, but Lake Suwa serves as a reservoir for the Tenryugawa,



A RUSTIC BRIDGE AT DOGASHIMA, NEAR MIYA-NO-SHITA.



THE FERRY AT TOKIMATA.

and it always has enough water to be navigable. The boats used on it are about thirty feet long, flat-bottomed and flat-sided, with a square stern and a high, pointed bow; they are very loosely built and flexible, and the bottom boards are so thin that they wobble like a sheet of paper when passing over rough water or shallows. A heavy foot would break through them, and it is necessary to tread only on the bamboos which are laid lengthwise, resting on the cross-ribs.

My baggage was piled in the middle of the boat, and a seat arranged on it for



LYCHNIS GRANDIFLORA, MISAHA-TOGE

Matsuba and myself, one man took the long stern oar while the other four worked in the bows, and within a few minutes of the start we were plunging down between high cliffs, charging at rocks which we only avoided by a few inches, swirling round in eddies at

the foot of one rapid while the men got breath for the next, and until we stopped for our mid-day meal at the little village of Nakabe there was no time to sketch, or think, or do anything but enjoy the wild exciting race. The river twists, between high mountains, down a gorge with such sharp curves that it is often impossible to see any exit, and our boat would rush down, heading straight for a cliff against which the water dashed furiously; while one man in the bows whacked the side with his paddle for luck, and then stood ready with a pole, the other three pulled like mad, and just when I thought "we must come to grief this time," she would suddenly turn and swish round the corner into smoother water. The rapids continued to be amusing, though the fun was not quite so fast and furious, all the way to Kajima, where the mountains end and a broad plain begins; below here the river still ran swiftly, but smoothly, divided into several channels by long gravel banks, on which gray willows and bamboos grew, and snipe and herons congregated. We met strings of boats being laboriously towed along: the wind generally blows up stream, and they are able on these lower reaches to help themselves by hoisting a sail, but I shall never understand how they get their boats back through those upper rapids. It was getting dark when we passed through the ruins of the old Tokaido bridge, but in the dusk I could distinguish a row of familiar Noah's-ark-like forms; they were current-mills moored in the river; and then I knew what my day had lacked—the companionship of the man with whom I had passed so many hundreds of them on the Danube. There was nothing on the Danube quite so sporting as these rapids, but I think it would be possible to get through them in a decked



JIZÔ SAMA, NEAR HAKONE.

canoe, such as those we used on that river. The pace is tremendous: we did the ninety miles from Tokimata to Naka-nomachi in ten hours of actual travelling, though the latter portion of the journey was on comparatively sluggish water.

About a month after this I stopped at Shizuoka, a large town on the Tokaido, where Ieyasu, greatest of the Shoguns, spent the end of his life in learned leisure, and where Keiki, the last of his succes-

sors, deposed in 1868, when the Mikado came to his own again, still lives quietly as a private gentleman. How much more dignified and reasonable is his Oriental acceptance of the accomplished fact than the restless scheming of some Western pretenders, who are unable to see that their ancestors, whether kings or emperors, owed their power to national feeling, and persist in a futile struggle against the inevitable! The Japanese obedience to



THE VILLAGE STREET, ATAMI, VRIES ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.

law and authority, which must, however indirectly, be an expression of the will of the people, was never better shown than in the promptness with which the sword-bearing Samurai ceased to carry their weapons. The Samurai's blade had been for centuries his most sacred possession, a halo of poetry surrounded it, and the right to wear it in public distinguished him from the common herd, and yet when the imperial edict was issued in 1876 he laid it aside without a murmur, and the curio-shops were soon full of swords, which a month before their owners would sooner have died than lose. It was no doubt very inconvenient to walk about always with two swords stuck in your obi, and perhaps he felt like the curate in the "Bab Ballads," who was forced by his mild rival to curl his hair and smoke—

"I long have wished for some
Excuse for this revulsion;
Now that excuse has come,
I do it on compulsion;"

but recent events show that though his ordinary life has become peaceful and bloodless, there has been no falling off in the pluck of a Japanese soldier.

Ieyasu was first buried at Kuno-zan,

which I reached after about an hour's ride by jinrikisha from Shizuoka. The first part of the way was over a rice-covered plain, from which gay-colored hills, striped with white buckwheat, dark green tea, and pale green daikon, gradually rose, narrowing down towards the sea, and finally leaving only a strip of sandy soil, mostly planted with sugar-cane, between the steep cliffs and the shore. The little villages were odorous with drying fish, slices of bonito hanging in festoons in front of every cottage, and the shore was dotted with evaporating-tubs for getting salt. The mortuary temples, which served as a model for those afterwards built at Nikko, stand on the top of the cliff, and are reached by a zigzag flight of steps cut out of the rock; they are not so elaborate as the Nikko temples or the Shiba shrines, but have a severer beauty of their own, which nature has helped by decorating every stone and tree trunk with silvery gray lichen, lovely in color against the background of red-lacquered buildings. The interior of the oratory, which, with its surrounding fence, has a roof of bronze, is mostly black and gold, and there the very affable priests who had

shown me round held a little service in honor of Ieyasu, presenting me afterwards with the sweet wine and cakes which had been used as offerings. It is commonly said that the body of the great Shogun still lies under the simple stone monument behind the oratory, and that only a few hairs were removed and buried at Nikko; certainly this is the more impressive spot for a warrior's grave, with the wild hills behind, and the sea and coast spread out for miles below the towering cliff.

The road on to Okitsu, where I had to rejoin the railway, led me inland past Ryugeji, a temple where there are the finest specimens of the screw-palm (*Cycas revoluta*) to be seen in Japan, and then to the sea again at Shimizu, a nice little port, just opposite the sandy fir-clad spit of land called Mio-no-matsubara, enclosing a smaller bay in the great curve of Suruga, which often appears in Japanese pictures. This is the scene of a legend which has been dramatized, if you can call them dramas, for one of the classical No dances. It tells how a fisherman watching his nets saw a fairy alight on the sand and lay aside her robe of feathers; how he managed to steal the robe so that she

could not fly away again, and only restored it to her when she consented to dance for him under the pine-trees one of the dances which are never seen by mortal eyes. Near the tea-house in Shimizu where I stopped to refresh there was a temple dedicated to Inari, the Shinto goddess of the rice-fields, whose shrines are guarded by foxes; the approach to it was under three avenues of small red wooden torii placed closely together, apparently votive offerings, for some of them were old and decayed and others quite bright and new.

At Numadzu, farther to the east on the Tokaido, but still on the shore of Suruga Bay, I again left the train and followed the course of the old road, from which the railway here diverges, as far as Mishima, and then, after crossing the ridge of mountain which forms the backbone of the Idzu Peninsula, descended to Atami on the western coast of Odawara Bay, a favorite watering-place during the winter months. The orange and banana trees testify to the mildness of its climate, and perhaps the geyser, which every fourth hour squirts out mud and boiling water by the village street, helps to keep up the temperature. Vries Island, with its eternally smoke-



BANANA-TREES AT ATAMI.

capped volcano, lies on the horizon away across the sea, and the natives believe that there is a connection between the two, for whenever Vries is particularly active, the geyser discharges more violently.

On the 3d of November I started with a friend from Yokohama to walk over the Ten Province Pass (Jikkoku-toge) to Hakone and Miya-no-shita. It was the Emperor's birthday, and all Atami was gay with flags; the national ensign with a red ball on a white ground fluttered everywhere. We mounted the steep street, and looked back at the village roofs and the deep blue water of Odawara Bay, and then turned into the woods of old camphor-trees surrounding the temple Ki-no-miya. Some of the camphors are enormous, and the largest of

blue sky; between us and it the long crest of down-land was mostly covered with suzuki (*Eulalia japonica*), a lovely grass with tall plumes of seed which shine like silver gossamer, and the ranges of lower mountains were brilliant with the autumnal colors of maples and other trees; below us on the east lay the little peninsula of Manazuru, jutting out into Sagami Bay, with a curve of rice-fields on each side of the narrow neck which connects it with the mainland, and beyond it the long straight line of the Pacific was broken only by Vries Island and its cloud of smoke; a succession of hilly promontories and little bays stretched all down the coast of Idzu to the southward, and returned northward again up the other side of the peninsula, past Joyama, with a lakelike inlet of sea, to Numadzu, where the great sweep of Suruga Bay began, bordered with sands and sunny rice-fields, and ended only at Kuno-zan, far to the westward. Our path went on along the downs, through suzuki, dwarf bamboo, and little stunted woods, until a deep descent led us down to the Hakone Lake, dark blue and sombre among its encircling hills; it then mounted once more for a short distance, passed the hot springs of Ashi-no-yu, and finally, while the grassy hills still glowed in the light of the setting sun, brought us down to the Fujiya at Miya-no-shita, where a delicious natural warm bath and a good dinner made a fitting termination to a glorious day.

At the bottom of a ravine almost perpendicularly below Miya-no-shita lies the little village of Dogashima, with a turbulent mountain stream and a very shaky bamboo bridge. The path and steps leading down to it are kept continually green by the overflow from the warm springs, and when I was there they swarmed with land-crabs, queer little beasts with bodies of dark green, blue, brown, or red, and a pair of light-colored claws, which they held up in a threatening attitude when I attempted to catch them. As they heard me approach they scurried off towards their holes, but they were so clumsy and so numerous that I could hardly help stepping on them.

One of the common objects by Japanese road-sides is the figure of Jizô, a Buddhist saint who is the helper of all who are in trouble, and especially the patron of travellers and children. Near the path between Hakone and Ashi-no-yu we



AVENUES OF TORII IN FRONT OF AN INARI TEMPLE, NEAR SHIMIZU.

them are encircled with ropes of twisted straw and bunches of gohei, which show that they are sacred objects. Beyond the temple the path ascends, first through rice-fields and then up rough grassy hills, until it reaches the long plateau of turf where the Ten Province stone stands. Though so late in the year there were still plenty of flowers. Down near Atami long sprays of hototogisu (*Tricyrtis*), with spotty purple flowers, hung out from the sandy banks, and by our path I saw Michaelmas daisies, golden-rod, dark blue monk's-hood, sky-blue gentians, magenta-flowered garlic, thistles of various colors, wild chrysanthemums, pink or white with a gold centre, and the beautiful white stars of the grass of Parnassus. The sun was quite hot, and we pulled out some provisions and sat down on the grass near the stone to enjoy them and the marvellous view. To the north the snowy cone of Fuji rose high against the



AUTUMN-GRASS (SUZUKI).

passed a colossal presentment of him, carved in bold relief out of a mass of andesite rock, a very striking work of some ancient sculptor. It is said to have been done in a single night by that marvellously active saint Kobo Daishi, who, according to popular tradition, climbed all the mountains in Japan, and found time, when he was not preaching and confounding sceptics, to perform wonders in sculpture, painting, and calligraphy. Jizô, in the rudely carved statuettes by the way-sides, is a benevolent-looking priest, holding a traveller's staff in his right hand and a globe in his left. He stands on a lotus flower, and around his feet are piled many pebbles, placed there

by wayfarers. The reason for the custom is this: On the banks of the So-dzu-kawa, the river of the lower world, there lives a hag who catches little children as they attempt to cross, steals their clothes, and makes them toil with her at her endless task of piling the stones on its shores. Jizô helps these children, and every pebble which is laid at his feet lightens the labor of some little one below. I never passed without adding my contribution, and if I cannot attribute my safety during my wanderings to his kindly aid, at least I am indebted to him for many a pleasant thought, and for the memory of many a lovely landscape or flower seen by his side.



TRICYRTIS HIRTA, ATAMI.



DUTCH KITTY'S WHITE SLIPPERS.

KITTY WINDHURST'S white slippers lay side by side on the roof of the Big Barracks tenement. They were what we would call her ball slippers. One could not look at them without *feeling* their story, as one often feels the tragedies and romances of inanimate things which have endured or enjoyed, and yet cannot voice their sensations. The reader, with his power to buy new things whenever new are needed, would say that the story of these slippers was a tale that was told and ended, for they were discolored half-way up the sides and over the toes with greasy black New York mud, and they were badly run down at the heels. The reader would say that they had given some girl a good time and had served their limit of usefulness, and ought to go to one of the eight sorts of men and women who fish in the ash-barrels for a living—the eight sorts who search the barrels for metal, for bone, for rags, for glass, for shoes, for coal, for paper, and for food. And that was true; at least it is true that they had given Kitty a good time, and it ought to be true that the days of their usefulness were over.

Kitty had bought them by saving a whole week's allowance for luncheons and car rides and pin-money, by going without her mid-day apple or sandwich for seven days, by walking miles and miles after being on her feet nearly eleven hours each day in the china-ware department of an uptown shop. And then she had got them at a bargain, for eighty-seven cents. They were bought to dance in at the annual target-shoot of

the big society of immigrants from the Rhenish palatinate to which Kitty's mother and father belonged, the shoot when the best marksman and markswoman became king and queen, every autumn at the time when, in the father-land, the new wine and the sausages reappear together. There the slippers had first danced with Lewy Tusch, and had danced Kitty into his heart, so that he was crazy about her, and had long been on the point of asking her to marry him. The slippers were certain that they had done this, and would grant none of the credit to Kitty's winning nature or her trim little ankles or her pretty face, or to her genius for making any sort of slippers dance like shoes bewitched. And, since then, the slippers had danced up the Hudson to Iona Island and on the Pinochle Club excursion, and up the East River and the Sound on another excursion, and they had danced in Lion Park and Jones's Wood and the 155th Street Casino and Walhalla Hall and Tammany Hall, and I don't know where they had not danced, all in eleven months. This was not extraordinary. The young men and girls of the neighborhood—especially the German-Americans—had attended most of these dances, and there was scarcely a young fellow mentioned in these stories that these slippers had not danced with, but only one had ever taken one of them in his big hand and squeezed it on Kitty's foot—once, when it fell off. That was Lewy Tusch, whom they loved because he loved Kitty, and who, we shall have reason to think by what he did with them at the end, must have loved them in return.

But why were they up there on the roof? Were they to be left there, to rot in the rain and sun? Wait! The door of the stairway shed opens. A little brown

and waist—and all the rest of Kitty, in a shabby house dress, to be sure, yet looking very comely and pert and graceful. In one hand she carries a small bottle of



"SO SHE BEGINS TO DANCE."

curly head comes out on a level with the nob, two beadlike black eyes follow, then a very shapely little nose, a generous, red-lipped, kissable mouth, a dimpled chin, a sturdy little brown neck, a shapely bust

white paint and a little paint-brush—both got in tenement fashion—the brush rented, and the paint bought for three "pennies." She lays them down, closes the shed door, and looks around her. No one,

nothing, except herself and her belongings, is on the roof. Across the street, on another tenement-top, some women are hanging up wet clothes. On the very next tall tenement-house down the street a young man is chasing a young girl and kissing her when he catches her. In the other direction a mother croons over a baby in her lap in the shade of a stairway shed; and at one side, in the top story of a sort of factory building, some printers are setting type by the windows. She therefore considers herself alone. She is more nearly alone, perhaps, than she ever was except during very short periods in her bedroom—she who can scarcely conceive what the word “alone” really means. So she begins to dance.

There is an endless dispute in the Big Barracks as to whether Kitty is a “spieler” or not. Some of the younger married women—not yet wholly content in the new monotony of childbearing and child-rearing, and consequently a trifle jealous of Kitty—call her a “spieler” because she is forever dancing. The young men, with whom she is a general favorite, take up the cudgels of argument for her. They say, truly, that a spieler is a vagabond girl who does no work at home or for her living, but goes to dances by night and day, the year around, with any man who will pay the way. Kitty, they say, is a decent, hard-working girl, who is very fond of dancing, that’s all. Then the young married women—silencing all recollection of their own past—retort that Kitty dances in the hallways on her way to the street; that when she is ironing she dances from the table to the stove to change her irons; that when she pins up wet clothes to dry on her mother’s pulley-line she dances from the basket to the window; and that once, when a piece fell off the line into the back court, she was seen to dance out and pick it up, and dance back into the house with it. And if that does not prove that she is a spieler, what does it prove, these young wives would like to know?

As Kitty dances—one—two—three, waltz measure, right foot out with a graceful kick; one—two—three, right about face, left foot out with a little kick—a tune springs from her throat, and she sings to time her footsteps. Around and around on the roof she whirls—this way and a kick, then that way and another kick—for perhaps five minutes, lost to ev-

ery sense except that of enjoyment of her graceful, agile movements. At last she dances up to the paint bottle and brush, and dances with them over to her slippers, beside which she bends down upon one knee. As she paints the first slipper freshly white all over she thinks, almost aloud.

She thinks what best of all fun dancing is, and how strange and unheard-of a thing Lewy Tusch is doing in assuming the right to criticise her because she likes to dance a little better than he does himself—she, who has no other fun, and nothing else but hard work. Lewy has been worked upon by the minister at the Lutheran mission, and has become a trifle religious—a mere phase, she thinks, that must soon pass away. She has been to the mission with him—once too often, in her opinion, since the “horrid” mission minister cornered her the last time and lectured her about her passion for dancing. Her passion for dancing? Why was it *her* passion any more than her mother’s, or her grandmother’s? For love of dancing was thick in her blood.

Kitty was a natural-born dancer. She would enjoy dancing with girls as much as with men. She was of the blood and temperament of those unquestionably innocent little children that we see, scarcely beyond babyhood, dancing on the pavement to the organ-grinder’s tunes. She had been one of those children. Perhaps a thousand times—perhaps not quite so often—the strains of the barrel organs had called her forth to dance on the sidewalk, partly because there was no room in-doors for dancing, and partly because everything except working, eating, and sleeping must be done out-of-doors in that most populous district in America. The love of dancing was part of her apart from herself (if that can be understood), apart from her control. When a dance-tune sounded it went to her toes instead of her ears, and set them tingling until they got relief in dancing.

It is worth while to note that though there is little of privacy in a tenement girl’s routine, and that though profanity (and some speech that is worse) may often load the air around her, she may yet be so inoculated with self-respect that evil will pass her by, unless some one drives at her with it, and makes it personal to her. So it was with Kitty. She had danced as much as any working-girl in New York, but she had never connected

evil with herself before the Lutheran minister had talked to her at the mission.

While she reflected and painted she heard a step behind her. She turned and saw Lewy Tusch, the journeyman plumber who had been very constant in his devotion for many months. She liked him—more than that she had not told even herself. She ran to him, laughing. She put a hand on his shoulder and a little arm part way round his burly waist.

"Now, Lewy," said she, "let's have a waltz." And she tried to move him around. But he would not dance.

"Naw," said he; "I der want ter."

"Oh, come on," said she, coaxing. "I'll tell you what. I'll teach you the varsovienna, that everybody's dancing. It's too killing for anything. See, now; you stand behind me or beside me, and we dance so, and then that brings me on the other side, to your other arm. You won't? Then I'll dance it by meself." Filling the air with a blending of light laughter and still lighter music, she whirled around him and at him, and away again.

He had come looking very serious. She melted him. He ran and caught her, and put an arm around her to lead her to a seat.

"Come," said he—"come ant sit be-hint der shet, ant we'll talk togeter."

That suited her.

"Here t'ey can't any one see us," said he, and he drew her to him and kissed her. She contributed her full share of the embrace, and yet, the instant he released her, she sprang from him and pointed a finger at him, and shouted, laughing between her words:

"Oh, for shame! Those ladies saw you—over there on the roof! They saw you; oh, shame be to you!"

He felt obliged to leap after her and catch her again, and force her to sit down beside him. He did not try to kiss her again, because he believed the washer-women on the other roof really might see him.

"Kit, what about ter tance up at Crimmins's Park to-night?"

"I'm going, Lewy."

"Say, Kit, what makes you want to be tancin' all ter time, wit' all ter people backcappin' you ant sayin' yer gittin' to be a de't spieler? No, t'at ain't no jolly; t'at's straight; I hope to tie if it ain't."

"Lewy," said the girl, trying to look grave through her superabundant mirth, "do you know anything against me?"

"Naw; what's ter matter wit' you? You know I ton't."

"Well, then, you know what you'd oughter do if people talks mean about me, 'stead of coming to me with the talk. I'm going to the dance. Mother hain't said I shouldn't, and if me mother's pleased, others has got to be. Besides, I'm earning me own living, and I'm big enough to take care of meself. I don't believe any one's sore on me going except you and your old mission minister. And now, Lewy Tusch, I'll just tell you what I think of him. He ain't no true minister, for a cent. Lewy Tusch, if you said such things to me like he did, I wouldn't leave you be near me."

"I t'ink he tone t'eat wrong, tacklin' you wit'out you bein' in ter church. But, say, trop ter tance—see? I got somet'ing I come up to say t' you. I've got a steaty job, wit' t'ree hundert tollars in ter cooler—see? Ant I t'ink ter sun on'y shines when you're arount; ant say—"

"Oh, g'way, Lewy! don't be talking silly."

"Kit, I'm a-talkin' ter way I feel. If I ain't in it wit' yer, you kin say so."

"I see clean through you, Lewy," said she, laughing merrily. "I can give you away to yourself. Will you go with me to the picnic to-night?"

"Naw; I can't."

"You *won't*—that's what you mean."

No answer.

"You der want me to go," said Kitty.

"I tolt yer. Ter hull Barracks is talkin' 'bout yer tancin' ter hull time."

"See!" cried the girl, leaping to her feet with a peal of laughter. "You was thinking if you could get engaged to me you could give me me orders to stay home. Oh, Lewy, ain't you terrible deep?"

Lewy flushed to the roots of his hair. She had laid bare his simple thoughts, but he would not be laughed out of his plan.

"Then, for Gord's sakes, Kit, if ter feller t'at likes you ter best der want you to go, what makes you go?"

"Because I 'ain't got no boss except me mother, and I der want none. I ain't ready to settle down yet. I'm t' young. Wait till I get tired first. What's come over you, Lewy? 'Ain't I danced with you more than any feller alive?—and now

it's suddenly wrong. That's what it is makes me go. It ain't about to-night. It's whether I'm to say that dancing is leading me wrong or not. 'Everybody's talking,' says you. Well, since I've got the name, I'll take the game."

"Oh, hol' on, now, Kit!"

"Well, I take that back. But I never seen any more out of the way at a dance than I've seen in me own home. I ain't a-going to say I did when I didn't. No harm 'll come to a girl if she respects herself, and if she don't respect herself she ain't safe locked up in her own home. I'm promised to go with Rosy Stelling, and I'm going. After to-night—well, that's different."

"Wit' Rosy Stelling!"

"Yes; why not? What's plaguing you now, Lewy?"

"Say, Kitty, I der want no girl t'at goes no place wit' Rosy Stelling. She ain't straight—see?"

"Oh, pity's sakes, Lewy!" said Kitty, in mock despair. "I der want to quarrel with you. I der know no harm of Rosy. She ain't a-going to eat me up. Anyhow, you ain't got no girl to boss yet, so leave me go with who I please."

"Well, I der want no girl—see?—not no girl t'at gets talked about ant goes wit' tough people. Good-by, Kit."

"Is it sure 'good-by,' Lewy?" She looked archly toward him. But his back was turned her way. "Here, Lewy, come back."

"What t' ye want?" Still with his back toward her.

"I want—another—you know. Quick, while them ladies 'cross the way ain't looking." And she loosed a merry peal of laughter.

There was no seriousness in her, Lewy thought. Regretfully rather than angrily he closed the door behind him, and shut out from his ears the ringing, bubbling proof of her frivolity. Kitty presently returned to her task of renewing her slippers. "I *do* like Lewy," she thought. "Ain't he mad, though? Oh, my sakes! I'll have to give up dancing, maybe."

Just as her mother giggled and laughed during all the excitement of the line-man's wedding to Minnie Bechman, when it took place in her flat a year before, so she giggled and laughed now that Lewy Tusch dropped in to visit her on his way down from his quarrel with Kitty on the

roof. But the old woman soon saw that he was disturbed. She was surprised when she learned the reason.

"Kitty ton't t'ink of nart'ing but tancin'," said he. "Ant she hat oughter stay home more. Ter people's all talkin' behint her back."

"Oh, vell," said she, "ve can't help dot. Kitty iss young yet. Py-and-py she settles town all you vant. Den she tances ter baby—eh? Vhen she iss marrit, dot settles her, sure."

Little comfort Lewy got. But did he really want more? His love for Kitty bore down on him like a great wave. Lord! suppose she thought him really angry; suppose *she* should be really angry! He lingered half an hour hoping she would come in and see that he was willing to be "glad again," as reconciliation is termed in the tenements. What nonsense to quarrel with her before she "got engaged," and when she was going where other men were to be! Thus the truth thought itself out—that jealousy was the root of his behavior. When she did not come, he started to go and patch up peace with her. But he was ashamed, and he could not tell how angry she was. So he went off to be very wretched by himself.

Crimmins's Park proved to be a typical uptown pleasure-ground, mainly covered by a dancing pavilion, and having a few trees and tables, and a merry-go-round on the smaller remaining space. A picnic in New York is simply a dance held in such a place. The pavilion was crowded by hundreds of dancers, women forming the great majority. Kitty was one of the few who were singled out for admiration. She was lithe and elastic to a wonderful degree, and she danced, as no one can be taught to do, with consummate grace and freedom. She had danced herself down to little else than muscle and bone, though her budding womanhood was making itself apparent in her figure.

That was something she did not take into account—that she could no longer enjoy childish freedom, as in the past. Another fact that might produce its consequences was that, for almost the first time, she was attending a gathering made up of strangers. The Barracks people had always been around her; now she knew no one but Rosy Stelling.

Like most such affairs in New York,



"THE CASHIER POINTED OUT ROSY STELLING."

this picnic attracted a strange mixture of types and grades of the people. The members of the secret society that gave it were rich or poor as it happened, but now their wives had come together with far stronger, more democratic effect. And in at the gate, welcomed for the quarter-dollar each paid, came "spielers" and

their slouching escorts, servant-girls, genteel folk who heard the music and happened in, bohemians studying life in the great city—ever so many widely differing persons. The brilliant pavilion drew all these moths to it. The band was excellent, filling the air with soft, intoxicating music. All who could be ac-

commodated were dancing; others looked on from the benches. Apart, at the tables, sat others, drinking, smoking, and listening.

The dancing was peculiar, vigorous, enthusiastic. The sturdy floor heaved under it. At times a roar like a roll upon a gigantic drum came from it, and then all the dancers slid simultaneously, and it hissed like a supernatural serpent. In the frequent round dances the partners danced side by side, or the men whirled the women from one arm to the other, or the men would dance behind their partners and then in front of them. At times the couples merely linked fingers and galloped along, each kicking up the left foot and then the right, at intervals. In the quadrilles, when they should have balanced corners, they shot away clear across the great floor and back. Sets were composed of whoever came along. Servants balanced employers. Rich men and "spielers" frolicked at "all hands around." Bejewelled matrons and sewing-girls were squeezed together at "ladies in the centre." In the lancers the lady opposite Kitty was an exquisite Jewess, but at the corner she balanced was a street arab, who frequently stood on his hands and waved his feet at her. Nothing strange was seen in such conditions, ever familiar to the plain people in the democracy of the dance. Nearly every one was extravagant in praise of Kitty and Rosy, who performed the round dances together. They seemed scarcely to touch the floor. Kitty's face was glorious with pleasure, and though the revel of her skirts was wondrous, modesty guided their every movement.

Two well-dressed young men came in, strangers to every one. They hobnobbed with the cashier at the bar, who pointed out Rosy Stelling as a girl often seen in the park and easy to get acquainted with. "You don't need it," said he, "but I'll send a waiter to introduce you."

The waiter said, "Chendlemen, I make you acgwainted mit dese ladies."

Kitty tried to escape, but Rosy held her.

"I'm Miss Strange, and this is Miss Queer," said Rosy.

"No," said Kitty. "My name is good enough for me. Miss Windhurst's my name."

The young men gave what names came first to their lips.

Kitty felt uncomfortable, though the occurrence would not seem extraordinary to every such girl. Her uneasiness soon gave way to something like fascination, however, for her new acquaintance proved an adept at flattering women, and such polished, pretty flattery as he dealt in would be a novelty to any tenement girl.

"You dance divinely," said he. "I'm a little afraid of you. I seem to be among the stars floating with an angel. Are you an angel or a witch? Don't look at me with those pretty eyes. I can't stand it. Are your eyes real, or did you get them at Tiffany's? Why don't the music begin, so that I can fly away from this world with you again?"

Kitty distrusted him; and yet how pleasant it was to hear him! How soft was his voice, and how elegant he was! His perfect clothes, his fine linen, his rings, his jewelled cigarette-case, his gold match-box, his soft hands—like chamois-skin to the touch—really, he was a revelation to the poor working-girl.

At last, she must go home. It was far past the hour when she should have started. Her mother would be cross, and there would be more gossip about her in the Barracks. The young men offered champagne, and Rosy had seemed—though that was hard to believe—about to accept it; but, in Kitty's opinion, champagne and cabs were two irons that branded a woman indelibly. Kitty ordered lemonade, and the others drank beer. Then they started for the elevated railroad—and Kitty reached it alone, flying, with her hat in her hand. It does not matter what was said or done. There was enough to frighten Kitty worse than the mission preacher had frightened her. She fought, and even used her nails, and then ran like mad. One of the young men ran after her—a long way—until she thought she would drop. Presently she came to the railroad and was whirling homeward.

As she approached the Big Barracks she saw some one on the stoop. It was Lewy Tusch. What was he doing there after one o'clock in the morning? But, oh, how glad she was to see him!

"Oh, Lewy! Lewy!" she shouted, as she ran up to him. "I've had a terrible time. I ran away. I had to, Lewy. I der want no more dancing. You was right about it—about Rosy, too."

"I couln't sleep goot, so I come down here," said Lewy, who had been sitting there for hours waiting to make up with her. "I t'ought you was home long ago."

"You was right; and I can't take care of meself, neither. I 'ain't got no more conceit left in me," said Kitty.

"Ain't you mat at me?" he asked.

"I've been glad with you all the time."

There was a little interval of somewhat muffled and disjointed speech, expressive of nothing but great happiness, and then Kitty said she must go to bed.

"Wait here a minute, Lewy," said she, "and I'll show you how much I'm crushed on dancing."

Three minutes later two white slippers fell upon the pavement, hurled from Kitty's window.

"I t'ink I'll pocket 'em," said Lewy. And he did. "She'll want 'em to tance in at ter wetting."



THE MUSEUM OF THE PRADO.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

THERE is a kind of artistic mastery so rare that the great painters of the past to whom it belongs form a small group apart, and even among those few there is but one who has the gift untrammelled. By that gift is meant a control over the instruments of expression so absolute and so effortless that there seems to intervene between the conception of a design and its execution no more hesitancy than will be observed between the impulse of a bird to soar and its pause at the apex of its flight. Such mastery conveys the impression of an almost musical sequence in the evolution of a picture. Hals had it, and so had Rubens in its most obvious phase. Both were consummate brushmen who carried manual facility very nearly to its farthest limit. But the spirit of Rubens, as of Hals, was inherently gross, and ill calculated to keep pace in all the subtleties of color and feeling with the headlong impetus of his brush. Tintoretto, and later Tiepolo, also had this bravura, holding it, however, under similar qualifying conditions. In Velazquez alone is it found developed with positively classic symmetry. In his work the science of the composer, the instinct of the colorist,

the intellectual and emotional intentions of an observant thinker, and the imperturbable refinement of a man of taste, seem to have travelled on simultaneously and in perfect harmony to the attainment of a common end. It is this that makes him unique. It is this unity more than anything else that makes him the most powerful artistic magnet south of the Pyrenees, the most eloquent oracle in Europe for whoever wishes to know the law of art as dictated, not by the dreamer, the poet, the dramatist, the moralist, not by a Michael Angelo, a Botticelli, a Delacroix, a Hogarth, but pre-eminently by a painter.

I.

Just how much of the potency of Madrid as an artistic Mecca is dependent upon works other than those of Velazquez it is necessary to state with some care. The city is one of the minor capitals of Europe architecturally, and the environment provided by nature for such monuments as it possesses is none of the best. The surrounding landscape is monotonous and bare. The few parks are pretty in themselves, and the famous promenade known as the Prado is broad and pretentious; but these attractions are



THE MUSEUM OF THE PRADO.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

insufficient to counterbalance the shabbiness of dusty, ill-kept streets, and dwellings in a dull, nondescript style. Life in Madrid is rendered diverting upon occasions of public rejoicing by the presence of the court, otherwise it is the same as in other large modern cities, like New York or London, only not so bright. The bull-ring alone may claim to be better managed in Madrid than anywhere else. This and the ball game called *pelota*, which was brought recently from the Basque provinces, are the only important national spectacles, old and picturesque institutions, which survive in the centre of Spanish political life.

There is little in Madrid itself, then, which makes it a temptation to wander from the highways of European travel. Very few of the buildings and collections, aside from the great museum, are worthy of a capital city. The most that can be said for the royal palace, an enormous building designed by a Piedmontese architect, Sacchetti, is that it has more simplicity than was usual in the late Renaissance period from which it dates, and that under one of the ravishing skies of which Spain is prodigal in spring and summer it has a regal dignity which is impressive, if the purely artistic features of the scheme are not. Of the armory attached to the palace it is possible to speak more cordially. It contains a fine collection of antique mail and weapons, finer, I think, than either of those

at Turin and Paris. It has the virtue, moreover, uncommon in Spain, of being very well arranged. The Academy of San Ferdinand has some good pictures by Murillo, and by a much later man, Goya, who is always interesting; and in the square before the royal palace there is an equestrian bronze of Philip IV., by the Florentine Tacca, which is in a measure comparable with the statues of Verrocchio and Donatello. In naming this slender body of creditable things I have fairly summarized, I believe, those monuments in Madrid which do not, at any rate, conflict with the glory concentrated in the Museum of the Prado. They are few enough.

But in the Royal Museum there exists a treasure which might make the reputation of any capital. The actual building, lacking as it is in the first essential of an art gallery, well-lighted chambers, is yet in all other respects worthy of its contents. Charles III. began it in the last century as an Academy of Natural History. The portrait of his architect, Juan de Villanueva, painted by Goya, hangs in the academy. It shows a man of quick, intelligent faculties, but with the formal placidity of his time, the very man from whom a design with the stately lines of the museum was to be expected. He produced an excellent building for his royal patron; commonplace, perhaps, but in good taste and dignified. It was long in coming to completion. The death of

its founder saw it unfinished. Charles IV., who aimed to carry out the plan of his predecessor, was no more expeditious in the erection of the edifice. Early in this century it narrowly escaped being put in shape by the French as a picture-gallery. Joseph Bonaparte entertained some such idea, and would doubtless have put it into execution had not the peninsular wars diverted this as well as many another ambitious project.

When Ferdinand VII. was re-established upon the throne of Spain the building was much in need of repairs. These were made under the advice of his wife, Maria Isabel of Braganza. She advocated the use of the structure as a museum of art, and in the fall of 1819 three rooms were hung with three hundred and eleven pictures. Another gallery was opened in 1821; others followed in 1828, 1830, and 1839 respectively; and in 1892, under the regency of the present Queen, the most satisfactory room in the building was redecorated and rearranged. This is the Sala de la Reina Isabel, a spacious gallery, which corresponds in relative significance to the Salon Carré of the Louvre and the Tribuna of the Uffizi. The pictures are chiefly the property of the crown, having been drawn from the palace in Madrid, from the Escorial, from other royal residences, and from the monastic bodies whose property was confiscated to the state early in the thirties. At the present time there are over two thousand pictures sheltered in the Museum of the Prado—so called from the *prado* or meadow extending along the eastern side of Madrid,

which was transformed by Charles III. into the promenade now celebrated in the history of the city.

It is a splendid patrimony that is enshrined in the Prado. Beginning with Isabel the Catholic, in the fifteenth century, the older Spanish sovereigns had a passionate taste for art and abundant means wherewith to gratify it. Isabel was a generous collector of the religious art of her epoch. Charles V., the Emperor, was the patron of Titian, and accumulated among many precious pictures



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.—BY RUBENS.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

by other artists a large number from the hand of Antonio Moro, one of the first of Dutch portrait-painters. Philip II. inherited his father's enthusiasm for the great Venetian, and added also numerous Italian and Flemish works to the collection of his house. The royal ardor for collecting was abated in the reign of Philip III., but it was resumed in the most earnest dilettante of them all, Philip IV., himself a painter, a tireless seeker after the masterpieces of Italian painting, and, what is more particularly to our purpose, the friend and patron of Velazquez. Philip's interest in art knew no bounds. It was for him that the Spanish ambassador in London, Alonso Cardenas, attended the sale of the pictures of Charles I. and paid £2000 for the "Perla" of Raphael. Foreign powers knew that no gifts were more welcome than pictures by noted artists, and to their friendliness we owe some of the best things in the Prado. In Flanders the King's brother and Viceroy, Don Ferdinand, secured him dozens of valuable pictures by the masters of that region. When Rubens came on an embassy to the King he remained for nine months, during which time his activity in the service of the court was prodigious. Philip had finally the harvestings of two journeys which Velazquez made to Italy, partly in the King's interest and partly in his own. Truly the ruler so pliant under the crafty hand of his minister Olivarez was an indefatigable amateur. Philip was the finest horseman and the most cultivated connoisseur in Spain. No one is known to have equalled him in either field. There have been costly additions to the royal collection since his death, but it may justly be said that Philip IV. and Velazquez set the capstone to the Museum of the Prado.

II.

When Velazquez was appointed court painter and came to live in Madrid, in 1623, there was no museum there, but, as I have shown, there had been gathered together by the kings of Spain, and scattered among their palaces, hundreds of the pictorial triumphs of Italy and Flanders. Philip was adding to them as rapidly as he could. It is possible to study in the Prado to-day much that contributed to the atmosphere into which Velazquez was thrown, and in which for the rest of his life he lived. It affected him in no posi-

tive way, but it is worth examination for its own sake. It was an Italian atmosphere chiefly, and it was warm with the sensuous tones of the Venetian school. Until the rise of Velazquez there was no great art indigenous in Spain, and the only eminent painter born in the country, Ribera, had early migrated to Italy, and developed his art under the naturalistic influence of Caravaggio. Ribera had also, without knowing it, something of the mechanism of Rembrandt — something of his sleight of hand in placing a figure in such an arrangement of light that its salient points of anatomy and expression were brought into sharp relief. We shall see how Velazquez profited by his example. The Spaniards were fond of Ribera's melodramatic style; his persistent choice of harrowing subjects from the martyrology of the Church appealed to a race nurtured on the horrors of the Inquisition, and his works abound in Spain. But the court was anxious for some contrast to the sombre tones of the Escorial and the Alcazar, and it happened that this major period of Spanish connoisseurship synchronized with the rich after-glow of the Italian Renaissance. Circumstances thus combined to bring to Madrid before all other works the sunny canvases of the colorists in the north of Italy, Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian. The three were masters in a period of decline, but their decadence was ablaze with the magic of a thousand sunsets.

Titian is superb in Madrid. There may be apprehended the poetic passion of his bacchanalian "Ariadne," the sweep and majesty of his "Charles V. on Horseback," the bewitching, supple grace of his "Salome," the quaintness and mediæval fancy of his "Venus-Worship," the distinction of his portraiture in some of its best manifestations, and in all the two-score works the glow of his matchless palette. Nowhere in Europe can the compass of the art which brought forth his easel paintings be more adequately measured than in Madrid. To estimate his work as a mural painter it is necessary to visit Padua, but as a portrait-painter, and as a designer of compositions on a moderate scale, he is, through the liberality of the monarchs of Spain, as much the property of their country as of his own. Though the scope of Veronese, on the other hand, is better ascertained in Venice than in Madrid, there are never-



OUR LADY OF SORROWS.—BY VAN DYCK.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

theless some priceless works of his in the Prado, among them a "Jesus disputing with the Doctors," which recalls the great banquet scene in the Academy at Venice in the symmetry and architectural character of its grouping. Veronese is most victoriously himself, most dazzling, and most a designer of original genius in the Venetian picture and in his ceiling decorations, yet he figures brilliantly in the Spanish collection, being one of its principal pillars.

So also is Tintoretto, little as there is in the Prado to rival the stupendous decorations of the Ducal Palace and the Scuola di San Rocco. There is at least a gorgeous sea-fight of his, there are some of his most successful portraits of Venetian noblemen, and in two compositions in the same vein as much of his Italian work—a "Death of Holofernes" and a "Rape of

Lucretia"—he touches his topmost level as a designer and a strenuous, energetic brushman. In the latter capacity, in fact, Tintoretto shines so conspicuously, and he was so sure, therefore, to be one of the first favorites of the Spanish court, that it is somewhat surprising to find not more than nine or ten of his important works in the Prado. The *brio* in his execution, the easy, virile movement of his brush, were precisely in the spirit of Philip IV., as may further be inferred from the regard in which the latter held Rubens—a painter of remarkably kindred style.

Over threescore works by Rubens adorn the Prado, some of them collected prior to his nine months' embassy to Madrid in 1628-9, but most of them dating from that period. For the student of this painter they render the Spanish capital a second Antwerp, or, indeed, a more important

city than that on the Scheldt. Great as the master's "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral of St. Jacques may be, it expresses less concisely than the numerous works in the Prado the peculiar *cachet* of his talent, the blend of courtly, artificial refinement with the coarse temper of the Low Countries that not all his experiences in noble society fitted him to

the tenderness of his "Pieta" may be set against the robust materialism and shallow sentiment of Rubens's treatment of the same theme, where the buxom lines of the latter's "Marie de Médicis" may be viewed in the light of the unsurpassed elegance of Van Dyck's "David Ryckaert," one of the few really distinguished portraits in the world.



THE HOLY FAMILY KNOWN AS "LA PERLA."—BY RAPHAEL.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

shake off. Van Dyck was the only Fleming who could ever paint a gentleman, or throw over sitters of less fortunate birth an air of good breeding drawn from his own nature. To prove this is an easy task in the Prado, where some half-dozen of his finest portraits are assembled, where

The naturalism of Rubens was florid, even a trifle vulgar. He lacked reticence and equability of spirit. Side by side with the theatricality and ornamental conceit which embroidered with the most curious accessories of costume and *étouffage* those pictures of "Andromeda," "The Garden



MADONNA AND CHILD BETWEEN ST. ANTHONY AND ST. ROQUE.—BY PORDENONE.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

of Love," "The Judgment of Paris," "The Three Graces," and so on, which give the Prado its principal memorials of a princely, luxurious, *rococo* point of view—side by side with those elements of decorative power goes an impenetrable coarseness, which at times might be given a coarser name. Yet it is in Rubens, more than in any of the Venetians, that the student of Velazquez begins to find himself on familiar ground, for, as was remarked at the outset, Rubens had in one of its phases the mastery which is the property and fame of his Spanish contemporary. His elaborate equestrian portraits of Philip II. and the Infante Don Ferdinand foreshadow even more pointedly than Titian's "Charles V." the masterpieces by Velazquez in the same field that were destined to eclipse them all. That Rubens had an actual influence, more or less deep, upon Velazquez is often asserted, but it is hard to prove, and is much easier confuted. He prefigured the well-known second manner of Velazquez, it is true, but in no sense that might imply imitation or emulation on the part of the Spaniard, and it is well to make a careful comparison of the two. They were in sympathy on certain points,

especially on the question of an elastic, flowing method of execution, but there is no evidence in the pictures of Velazquez that his intimacy with Rubens at the time of the latter's visit to Madrid, in 1628, resulted in the expansion of his style which soon after became noticeable. The events came very near to each other in point of time, but it was a coincidence of chronology, nothing more.

It is far more likely that Velazquez changed his style under the influence of the masters whom Rubens himself adored, and whom he studied on his visit to Italy in 1629, though this hypothesis is also entirely gratuitous. As will presently be shown, the art of Velazquez had no antecedents. It appears the more improbable, moreover, that he should have been touched to any higher efforts by the example of Rubens, when the temperaments of the latter and himself are considered. He was the very antithesis of the Fleming. Both were courtiers, but one was an hidalgo from his infancy, and the other was a child of circumstance, a favorite of fortune, who rose from obscurity to renown, carrying with him the instincts of his commoner origin. Little as Velazquez



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. BRIGIDA AND HER HUSBAND.—BY GIORGIONE.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

had of the religious sensitiveness which distinguishes the Italians of the golden age, he was far more likely to be stirred in the very heart of him by those meditative men than by the poorly disguised sensuality of Rubens. As a matter of fact, not even the thrilling sweetness of the primitives, whose works he must have seen in Rome and Florence, entered into the composition of his style, and there are paintings in the same lofty mood by the later Italians in the Prado, paintings with which he was presumably familiar, that not in the slightest degree colored his style or altered his outlook.

There is something curious and baffling in this aloofness. One wonders how so delicately perceptive a painter could have resisted the appeal of the more elevated Italians. There is a magnificent group of Raphaels in the Prado. But had these pictures any drastic effect upon Philip's great painter? Was he touched by the divine abstraction in the Urbinate's Madonnas? Did he feel the intellectual power, if not the spiritual significance, of the "Christ bearing the Cross," a work that within its comparatively small dimensions rivals in constructive perfection the greatest frescoes

of the master? On the contrary, it is recorded that in a conversation with Salvador Rosa, the Spanish painter expressed a frank distaste for the Academic art of Raphael, and a strong preference for the Venetians. He could appreciate the masterly draughtsmanship which renders Raphael's portrait of Bibbiena in the Prado a miracle, but it is only necessary to compare that keen performance with the portrait of another Italian prelate by Velazquez, the Innocent X. of the Doria Palace in Rome, to see how far removed the fiery directness of the Spaniard was from the cool, calm subtlety of the Italian. I cannot imagine, either, Velazquez pausing with any great contentment before the few other spiritualized Italian works now brought together in the Prado—the brilliant "Santa Brigida" of Giorgione, the exquisitely pathetic "Virgin" of Giovanni Bellini, Lorenzo Lotto's charming "Betrothal," or the "Virgin" of Pordenone, which seems to me the most rare and beautiful foreign gem in the entire collection. Del Sarto and Correggio did not, it is safe to say, interest him in the least. Nor could he have had much taste for the patient, austere, and polished art of Van der Weyden,

Memling, and Van Eyck, three masters who are represented in Madrid at their best. He would have given them all for some glittering figure from Titian's imperious brush. Even that he would have held on his own terms, as an inspiration, and not as a model.

duced in the fifteenth century by a number of painters, among whom Fernando Gallegos was the leader, were thin echoes of the primitives of Italy and the Low Countries. Juanes and Morales, who came later, were unworthy followers of the Roman school, founded partly on



CHARLES V. ON HORSEBACK.—BY TITIAN.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

III.

That Velazquez was the most isolated of artists is the first and last conviction enforced upon the mind by a search for anticipations of him through the foreign art of his time, and the conviction deepens as the art of his own country is explored. That he had no successors is a commonplace of history, and that he had no precursors is equally certain. The first fruits of pictorial art in Spain, pro-

duced on the basis of his Umbrian training by Raphael; and Sanchez Coello, who died a decade earlier than the birth of Velazquez, cultivated and handed on to his pupil Pantoja de la Cruz an excessively minute but admirable style of portraiture, which he had himself derived from Moro. Coello's best two portraits in the Prado, those of Don Carlos and Doña Isabel Clara Eugenia, the son and daughter of Philip II., show that he understood well the



BACCHUS, CALLED "LOS BORRACHOS."—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

careful, dry method of the Dutchman; but there is no more in these than there is in Moro's own beautiful "Queen Mary of England," or in any other of his pictures in the Prado, to suggest the artist soon about to assume the sceptre in the peninsula.

It was the same with the contemporary countrymen of Velazquez. At the time of his birth—he first saw the light on June 5, 1599—there was little art of a good quality native to the Spanish soil, and a master with the seeds of his own splendid style within him was utterly unknown. The parents of Velazquez, Juan Rodriguez de Silva and Geronima Velazquez, were well born, and of sufficient means for their son to be given the best of teachers, yet when his apprenticeship was begun their choice was confined to a small handful of men of whom not one had decided power and originality. They placed him for a time, it is believed, with Francisco Herrera, a painter whose turbulent mannerisms may be seen at their worst, or best, as you choose, in the huge "San Hermengilda" of the Prado. Later, when in about his thirteenth year,

Velazquez entered the *atelier* of Francisco Pacheco, an ingenious critic and theorist, but a poor painter in an Academic style, which is illustrated by his four pictures of saints in the Prado. If he taught Velazquez anything, we may judge from these laboriously executed panels that he grounded his pupil well in the rudiments of drawing. All this it is necessary to state with emphasis, because one of the things that most make Velazquez interesting is the detachment to which I have already referred. Elsewhere in Europe the effect of the Renaissance was as universal as it was deep. In Italy the great wave of culture on which the painters were borne brought not two or three, but a whole race of artists to the enrichment of a wider civilization. In Spain the broad sea of insularity was only rippled by a current that flowed near its surface from Italy. The more important names that were lifted above the horizon, Zurbarán, Cano, and even the sentimental Murillo, were not of the first magnitude, and Velazquez emerges from the depths, unheralded, solitary, and commanding, one of the most unique phe-

nomena in history. Full five years he is thought to have labored under Pacheco, but the most for which we have to thank the latter is that he gave Velazquez his daughter in 1618, when the student was nineteen, and that he was his constant friend and admirer, smoothing his way to the court with letters of introduction that were of substantial service.

The first visit paid to the capital by Velazquez, soon after the accession of

Philip IV., then a mere youth, in 1621, was futile in so far as his dearest wish was concerned. He hungered for an appointment at court. In 1623 a portrait of his friend Fonseca, an influential officer in the royal household, obtained him a sitting from the King, and the equestrian portrait of the latter which he executed then won him his appointment in the same year. This portrait of Philip, which has long since disappeared, won



VELAZQUEZ PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV.—BY DOMINGO.

him not only his appointment, but the special interest of the King and the protection of Olivarez, who was daily growing in power. From this time on Velazquez remained at court, his life being unmarked by any episodes more striking than a visit to Venice, Rome, and Naples

in 1629, and another to Italy twenty years later. These journeys were made for purposes of study and for the purchase of works of art for the King. In 1660, when Velazquez was in his sixty-first year and his master was a man of fifty-four, the court made a tedious journey to San Sebastian to meet Louis XIV. Ve-

lazquez, who during his entire sojourn at court held numerous offices, attended the King upon this occasion as a kind of chamberlain, arranging fêtes and accommodations for Philip and his suite. The exertion brought him back to Madrid in a state of exhaustion, and a month after his arrival home he was smitten with a fever which ended his life on Friday, August 6, 1660. He was a Knight of the Order of Santiago when he died, and the most celebrated painter of his nation. These are the outlines of his career. His pictures tell the rest.

There are more than sixty paintings by Velazquez in the Prado, a collection comprehending the greater proportion of his work, all of his most famous compositions, and, in fact, everything that is needed for a complete survey of his genius. If the earliest of these pictures bring us at once back to the question that has been touched upon above, the external forces that may have gone to the formation of his style, it need at least be considered but momentarily. The expatriated Ribera alone, of all the artists with whose works Velazquez ever came in contact, exercised any influence upon him, and that



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV. AS A YOUNG MAN.—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.



"THE FORGE OF VULCAN."—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

influence was slight. He confirmed in Velazquez a quality native to the latter—a tendency to employ *chiar-oscuro* as a prime factor of artistic expression. In the first works of Velazquez his resolution to obtain an artistic effect by means of more or less artificial light is clearly visible. The "Bacchus" is an eloquent testimony to this. The "Adoration of the Kings" is another, and the two full-length portraits of the youthful Philip and his brother the Infante Don Carlos are both based on the assumption that a figure costumed in black, thrown against a neutral background and with the light concentrated on the hands and wristbands, face and collar, will detach itself from its surroundings readily and with clearness. Something in the studied arrangement in these pictures, something in the deft fashion of illumination used in them all, may have been the outcome of the regard in which Velazquez is known to have held Ribera's work. But his fibre is already his own, and it is just here that one

of the most remarkable ingredients in the art of Velazquez is approached.

In all his works, from the "Bacchus," painted within a few years of his arrival at court, to "Las Hilanderas," which marks the culmination of his art, Velazquez seems endowed with a delicacy of poise, a serene refinement of feeling, which excluded everything that savored of roughness in the texture, turbidness in the color, or eccentricity in the design of a work of art. This characteristic of supreme discrimination, a characteristic of impeccable taste, was one of the things that in Velazquez took the place of high imagination. For he was not imaginative in the creative sense. This is plain from the absence of any poetic felicity in his few sacred and mythological compositions. There is no more ideality, there is no more religious inspiration, in the "Coronation of the Virgin," which stands at the termination of his career, than there is in the "Adoration of the Kings," which stands at the beginning, or in the "Crucifixion," which comes between. It is useless to look in

"The Forge of Vulcan," done in the surcharged atmosphere of Rome, or in the "Mars" and the "Mercury and Argus," both much later works, for such a sympathetic realization of remote, poetic personalities as exists in Raphael's Farnesina decorations, for example, or in Botticelli's "Primavera." What Velazquez did have,

in such a way as to produce a marvellous balance of lines and masses, of light and shade, and then he could divine in each figure all the significance, less than poetic, with which that material symbol could be credited.

It must be remembered that Velazquez was primarily a portrait-painter, and that



PORTRAIT OF A DWARF.—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

however, that enabled him to exert a lasting fascination, was that critical imagination which at its best amounts to clairvoyance. He could not body forth a scene from Biblical history or profane literature and shed over it the supernatural air by which it is to be most truly identified. He most assuredly could group his models

his first aim was to penetrate to the core of his model's individuality. This he did with unerring intuition, and on this plane his range was boundless. It embraced the winning charm of the two little girls whose portraits in the Prado are said to represent the daughters of Velazquez, Ignacia and Francisca; and at the other



“THE SURRENDER OF BREDA.”—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

extreme he was capable of producing such a strange compound of senility and bilious intelligence as is illustrated in the “Æsop.” The companions of that incarnation of buoyant adolescence which we have in the portrait of “Prince Balthasar on Horseback” are the equestrian portraits of his father and Olivarez—the one showing a man who, on horseback at least, was the virile, kingly commander Velazquez has represented him to be; the other a commentary on the Machiavelian, underhand character of the King’s prime minister, which all the records of the time unite to endorse. Every type seems to have been approached with equal sympathy by this shrewd, thoughtful painter, and he passes with inimitable celerity and sureness from the open, rugged features of his friend Montañes (erroneously known from this portrait as Alonso Cano) to the truculence of “Pernia,” the shallow slyness of “Don Juan of Austria,” and the nervous declamatory habit of “Pablillos,”

giving to each of Philip’s three buffoons a character that once apprehended is impossible to banish from the memory or to confuse with any other. In the figure of Spinola, which fills the centre of “Las Lanzas,” a veritable ideal of martial dignity is preserved, and in the five portraits of the court dwarfs—“El Primo,” “Sebastian Morra,” “El Bobo de Coria,” “El Niño de Vallecas,” and “El Inglés”—there is expressed with more searching analysis, with more appalling fidelity, than you will find in the grotesques of Dürer, Signorelli, or Leonardo, the curiously sinister combination of puerility and eerie wisdom which science and superstition alike discover in the malformed nature.

IV.

Velazquez was no dramatist. He neither sought nor devised a situation in which some momentous electrifying occurrence was accomplished. In “The Forge of Vulcan” and in “The Surrender



"THE TAPESTRY-WEAVERS."—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie.

of Breda" he comes nearest to the representation of a serious, moving crisis, and even in these the predominating impulse is not one of action suddenly liberated. But in this very connection he reveals his extraordinary skill in seizing the appearance of nature and fixing it still palpitating upon the canvas. Modern painters talk of motion in art as though it were worth recognition only in representations of impetuous action, like the charge of a cavalry regiment or the leap of an acrobat. Velazquez saw that all life is necessarily movement, that repose is only movement suspended, and his figures are not arrested in space, they are but pausing of their own volition, a distinction upon which the whole theory of motion in art may be said to hinge. Breathing, thinking, alive with all the sensations of concrete beings, his kings and councillors, huntsmen and *enanos*, buffoons and soldiers, hesitate there on the canvas ere they step from their frames with something of the weird immobility which De Quincey has described in his

essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*." The spectator is aware in the painting of Velazquez, as the English writer was aware in the great scene of the tragedy, of a moment's veil between the petrification of a deathlike solitude and the ringing sounds of a world thickly peopled. No painter ever surpassed Velazquez in this poignancy of realism, and I am inclined to say that no one ever equalled him. No one, at any rate, ever presented his interpretation of nature with so little of subjective annotation, with so little rhetoric of technique. The Spaniard was content if he set down what he divined in the man before him. He divined much, a great deal more than would have been yielded to most other men, yet he leaves the King, or whoever else it may be, to make his own confession, as it were, to the interlocutor of posterity. And the confession, so far as it can be so on canvas, is complete. Where it justifies itself, too, where it demonstrates its veracity, is in never telling too much. A false note is never struck. A lesser

man—the Ribera, for instance, from whom he may have imbibed some of his early ideas; the Rubens, with whom his name is to be coupled only with the utmost care—inevitably pitches the key too high. Velazquez never rose above a certain resonant, judicious chord, a chord which grew richer, fuller, and mellower as he progressed, but never passed the limits of harmony, taste, and nature.

This is apparent in every relation of his art. It may be observed in the atti-

tudes and actions of his personages, in the heroic but entirely normal lines of his horses, which are as interesting, very nearly, as the riders bestriding them. It is proclaimed in the current of animation which pervades "The Surrender of Breda," a picture that is monumental, commemorative, without being in the faintest degree "built up" or conventional; in the delightful, intimate grouping of "Las Meninas"; in the spontaneity of "Las Hilanderas," which in the beauty of its



"LAS MENINAS."—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

design seems the invention of an artist, and in the uninterrupted music of its talk and work carries the close effect of a photograph. Everywhere there is freedom from any hint of mechanical composition

manship, and in which his color sense was satisfied with tints few and subdued, the lighting is accomplished by means which, though not mechanical and unduly arbitrary, have still a certain slightly arti-



PRINCE BALTHASAR ON HORSEBACK.—BY VELAZQUEZ.

From a photograph by the successor to Laurent, Madrid.

exceeding the decorum of life; everywhere there are revelations of nature studied and transferred to the canvas with its gait still quivering. But it was not only in the mysteries of motion that Velázquez was deeply versed. He was the first of the impressionists, taking the epithet in its bearing upon problems of lighting. The illumination of his pictures was one of the most pressing questions involved in the unfolding of his style. In his first period, which was characterized by a dry and rather Academic style of draughts-

ficial precision about them. The light and shade in the "Bacchus," so far as can be perceived in the present sad condition of the canvas, are handled obviously as parts of a prearranged scheme. In "The Forge of Vulcan," painted when the artist was about thirty years old, he arrived at the point of transition between this cautious method of his early manhood and the authoritative freedom of his prime. With the "Vulcan" he began the broadening of his brush-work, which was continued to the end, making his execution

ever more free and rapid, his touch lighter, and at the same time more crisp and forcible; and parallel with this development of his handling grew a richer and deeper scheme of color. But most of all does the beauty of his lighting grow more in the likeness of the beauty of nature. In the group of equestrian portraits belonging to his second period, in "Las Hilanderas" and "Las Meninas," the crowning glories of the third style, color and design are brought to a high degree of perfection, but they would have little effect were not the pictures suffused by a light so natural that all thought of the studio, of artistic sophistication, instantly disappears.

This point makes a convenient corollary to the summary of the painter's three periods, which might be given as follows: The second period, typified best by the "Breda," the equestrian portraits, and the portraits of the three huntsmen, is differentiated by a greater flexibility of style and by a heightening of color from the earliest period, which produced the "Bacchus" and the standing portraits of Philip IV. and his brother Don Carlos. In the third period, that of "Las Hilanderas," Velazquez achieves a subtler gradation of tone, and restricts himself, on the whole, to a narrower scale of color, while loosening more than ever his brushwork and drawing. The development of his lighting is from first to last in a rising scale.

The relapse of Velazquez from the blues, russets, and carmines of his "Prince Balthasar on Horseback" to a scheme of color so much less brilliant in "Las Meninas" that that product of his maturity is, in respect to warmth, hardly more pronounced than his first works, does not by any means lower his rank as a colorist. Velazquez was never a colorist in the modern sense—never a colorist like Monticelli, Diaz, or John Lafarge—loving color for its own sake. He had instead the most complete command of any artist who ever lived over that part of a colorist's province which is signified in the word "value." He understood the relation of one color or tone to another, the relation of the lowest blue to the highest, of the highest white to the lowest red. "Las Meninas," with its masses of silvery neutral tone, its simple blacks and whites, with a few touches of green and red in the costumes, is not merely a masterpiece

of design, perspective, and portraiture. It is, without exaggeration, the most perfect study of color, of values, in the world. The opinion is freely expressed, for the march from the first great pictures of Velazquez to the last is so unswerving and in such a swelling measure that the superlative degree is unavoidable at the end. Each one of the numerous pictures in the Prado contains if anything a little more pleasure than the last. Bacchus, with his merry companions, drawn from a race as Spanish as his own; Apollo, standing in his tawny robe beside the swarthy Vulcan; the young prince on his pony, prancing in a landscape as fresh and as lovely as though painted yesterday; Philip himself, at half a dozen stages of his specious, ill-starred existence; and all the other figures of an era never to be forgotten; the warriors of "Las Lanzas," and the peaceful women of "Las Hilanderas"—come back from the past wearing an aspect that can never fade, for, in so far as vitality is concerned, every generation will say, as this one must, that they come with the last accent of modernity.

One can never be quite certain that the personal equation is not affecting one's judgments, and it may be an old and deep sympathy for the haunting beauty of the Italians of the Renaissance which would make it impossible for me to enter the gallery where "Las Hilanderas" hangs without going first to the "Virgin" of Pordenone which hangs near by. Yet I must add that while Pordenone touches the imagination more subtly, more passionately, the impression that remains upon the mind in the clearest, sharpest outlines is of "Pablillos"; it is of the girl winding the wool in the foreground of "Las Hilanderas"; it is of the haughty irresolute King; or, most unforgettable of all, it is of his glorious young son, the Prince Balthasar, linking one's thoughts by an unmistakable association of ideas with the words of Vernon to Hotspur:

"I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

To evoke such an image, and with such rhythm and felicity, required the pen of a Shakespeare or the brush of a Velazquez.

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JUDE wondered if she had really left her handkerchief behind, or whether it were that she had merely wished to tell him what at the last moment she could not bring herself to express.

He could not stay in his silent lodging when they were gone, and fearing that he might be tempted to drown his misery in alcohol, he went up stairs, changed his dark clothes for his white, his thin boots for his thick, and proceeded to his customary work for the afternoon.

But in the Cathedral he seemed to hear a voice behind him, and to be possessed with an idea that she would come back. She could not possibly go home with Philotson, he fancied. The feeling "grew and stirred." The moment that the clock struck the last of his working-hours he threw down his tools and rushed homeward. "Has anybody been for me?" he asked.

Nobody had been there.

As he could claim the downstairs sitting-room till twelve o'clock that night, he sat in it all the evening; and even when the clock had struck eleven, and the family had retired, he could not shake off the feeling that she would come back. Gladly would he have compounded for the denial of her as a sweetheart and wife by having her live thus as a fellow-lodger and friend, even on the most distant terms. His supper still remained spread; and going to the front door, and softly setting it open, he returned to the room and sat as watchers sit on Old-Midsummer eves expecting the phantom of the Beloved. But she did not come.

Having indulged in this whim, he went up stairs and looked out of the window, and pictured her through the evening journey to London, whither she and Philotson had gone for their holiday; their rattling along through the damp night to their hotel, under the same sky of ribbed cloud as that he beheld, through which the moon showed its position rather than its shape, and one or two of the larger stars made themselves visible as faint nebulae only. It was a new beginning of Sue's history. He projected his mind

into the future, and saw her with children, more or less in her own likeness, around her. But the consolation of regarding them as a continuation of her identity was denied to him, as to all such dreamers, by the wilfulness of Nature in not allowing issue from one parent alone. Every desired renewal of an existence is debased by being half alloy. "If at the estrangement or death of my Love whom I did not marry I could go and see her child, and hers solely, there would be comfort in it!" said Jude. And then he again uneasily saw, as he had latterly seen with more and more frequency, the scorn of Nature for man's finer emotions, and her lack of interest in his aspirations.

The appalling strength of Jude's affection for Sue showed itself on the morrow and following days yet more clearly. He could no longer endure the light of the Melchester lamps; the sunshine was as drab paint, and the blue sky as zinc. Then he received news that his old aunt was dangerously ill at Marygreen, which intelligence almost coincided with a letter from his former employer at Christminster, who offered him permanent work of a good class if he would come back. The letters were almost a relief to him. He started to visit Aunt Drusilla, and resolved to go on to Christminster to see what worth there might be in the builder's offer.

Jude found his aunt even worse than the communication from the widow Edlin had led him to expect. There was every possibility of her lingering on for weeks or months, though little likelihood. He wrote to Sue informing her of the state of her aunt, and suggesting that she might like to see her aged relative alive. He would meet her at Alfredston Road the following evening, Monday, on his way back from Christminster, if she could come by the up-train which crossed his down-train at that station. Next morning, accordingly, he went on to Christminster, intending to return to Alfredston soon enough to keep the suggested appointment with Sue.

The city of learning wore an estranged look, and he had lost all feeling for its

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associations. He came to the street in which he had first beheld Sue. The chair she had occupied when, leaning over her ecclesiastical scrolls, her girlish figure had arrested the gaze of his inquiring eyes, stood precisely in its former spot, empty. It was as if she were dead, and nobody had been found capable of succeeding her in that artistic pursuit. Hers was now the city phantom, while those of the intellectual and devotional worthies who had once moved him to emotion were no longer able to assert their presence there.

However, here he was; and in fulfilment of his intention he went on to his former lodging in "Capernaum," near the ceremonial church of St. Silas. The old landlady who opened the door seemed glad to see him again, and bringing some lunch, informed him that, a few weeks before this time, a "sort of lady" had called and inquired for him by name. Jude asked what the lady was like, but the housewife's notions were vague, and she could only describe the casual caller as good-looking, and rather showily dressed. She had not seemed particularly anxious to see Jude, and had apparently only called from curiosity. His informant believed she was in some situation in Christminster.

Jude dismissed her with the thought that she might have been some acquaintance of Sue's, and went on to the stone-yard where he had worked. But the old sheds and bankers were distasteful to him; he felt it impossible to engage himself to return and stay in this place of vanished dreams. He longed for the hour of the homeward train to Alfredston, where he might probably meet Sue. Then, for one ghastly half-hour of depression caused by these scenes, there returned upon him that feeling which had been his undoing more than once—that he was not worth the trouble of being taken care of either by himself or others; and during this half-hour he met Tinker Taylor, the bankrupt ecclesiastical ironmonger, at Fourways, who proposed that they should adjourn to a bar and drink together. They walked along the street till they stood before one of the great palpitating centres of Christminster life, the inn wherein he formerly had responded to the challenge to rehearse the Creed in Latin—now a popular tavern, with a spacious and inviting entrance, which gave admittance to a bar that had been entirely renovated

and refitted in modern style since Jude's residence here.

Tinker Taylor drank off his glass and departed, saying it was too stylish a place now for him to feel at home in, unless he was drunker than he had money to be just then. Jude was longer finishing his, and stood abstractedly silent in the almost empty place. The bar had been gutted and newly arranged throughout, mahogany fixtures having taken the place of the old painted ones, while at the back of the standing-space there were stuffed sofa-benches. The room was divided into compartments in the approved manner, between which were screens of ground glass in mahogany framing, to prevent toppers in one compartment being put to the blush by the recognitions of those in the next. On the inside of the counter two barmaids leant over the white-handled beer-engines, and the row of little silvered taps inside, dripping into a pewter trough.

Feeling tired, and having nothing more to do till the train left, Jude sat down on one of the sofas. At the back of the barmaids rose bevel-edged mirrors, with glass shelves running along their front, on which stood precious liquids that Jude did not know the name of, in bottles of topaz, sapphire, ruby, and amethyst. The moment was enlivened by the entrance of some customers into the next compartment, and the starting of the mechanical telltale of moneys received, which emitted a ting-ting every time a coin was put in.

The barmaid attending to this compartment was invisible to Jude's direct glance, though a reflection of her back in the glass behind her was occasionally caught by his eyes. He had only observed this listlessly, when she turned her face for a moment to the glass to set her hair tidy. Then he was amazed to discover that the face was Arabella's.

If she had come on to his compartment she would have seen him. But she did not, this being presided over by the maiden on the other side. She was in a black gown, with white linen cuffs and a broad white collar, and her figure, more developed than formerly, was accentuated by a bunch of daffodils that she wore on her left bosom. In the compartment she served stood an electro-plated fountain of water over a spirit-lamp, whose blue flame sent a steam from the top, all this being visible to him only in the mirror behind her, which also reflected the faces of the

men she was attending to—one of them a handsome, dissipated young fellow, who had been relating to her an experience of some humorous sort.

"Oh, Mr. Cockman, now! How can you tell such a tale to me in my innocence!" she cried, gayly. "Mr. Cockman, what do you use to make your mustache curl so beautiful?" As the young man was clean-shaven, the retort provoked a laugh at his expense.

"Come," said he, "I'll have a Curaçoa; and a light, please."

She served the liqueur from one of the lovely bottles, and striking a match, held it to his cigarette while he whiffed.

"Well, have you heard from your husband lately, my dear?" he asked.

"Not a sound," said she.

"Where is he?"

"I left him in Australia, and I suppose he's there still."

Jude's eyes grew rounder.

"What made you part from him?"

"Don't you ask questions, and you won't hear lies."

"Come, then, give me my change, which you've been keeping from me for the last quarter of an hour, and I'll romantically vanish up the street of this picturesque city."

She handed the change over the counter, in taking which he caught her fingers and held them. There was a slight struggle and titter, and he bade her good-by and left.

Jude had looked on with the eye of a dazed philosopher. It was extraordinary how far removed from his life Arabella now seemed to be. He could not realize their nominal closeness. And this being the case, in his present frame of mind he was indifferent to the fact that Arabella was his wife indeed.

The compartment that she served emptied itself of visitors, and after a brief thought he entered it, and went forward to the counter. Arabella did not recognize him for a moment. Then their glances met. She started, till a humorous impudence sparkled in her eyes, and she spoke:

"Well, I'm blest! I thought you were underground for years ago!"

"Oh?"

"I never heard anything of you, or I don't know that I should have come here. But never mind. What shall I treat you to this afternoon? A Scotch and

soda? Come, anything that the house will afford, for old acquaintance' sake."

"Thanks, Arabella," said Jude, without a smile. "But I don't want anything more than I've had." The fact was that her unexpected presence there had destroyed at a stroke his momentary taste for strong liquor as completely as if it had whisked him back to his milk-fed infancy.

"That's a pity, now you could get it for nothing."

"How long have you been here?"

"About six weeks. I returned from Sydney three months ago. I always liked this business, you know."

"I wonder you came to this place!"

"Well, as I say, I thought you were gone to glory, and being in London, I saw the situation in an advertisement. Nobody was likely to know me here, even if I had minded, for I was never in Christminster in my growing up."

"Why did you return from Australia?"

"Oh, I had my reasons. . . . Then you are not a Don yet?"

"No."

"Not even a Reverend?"

"No."

"Nor so much as a Rather Reverend dissenting gentleman?"

"I am as I was."

"True—you look so." She idly held on by her right hand to the pull of the beer-engine as she inspected him critically. He observed that her hands were smaller and whiter than when he had lived with her, and that on the hand which pulled the engine she wore an ornamental ring set with what seemed to be a real sapphire—which it was, indeed, and was much admired as such by the young men who frequented the bar.

"So you pass as married," he continued.

"Yes. I thought it might be awkward if I called myself a widow, as I should have liked."

"True. I am known here a little."

"I didn't mean on that account—for, as I said, I didn't expect you. It was for other reasons."

"What were they?"

"I don't care to go into them," she replied, evasively. "I make a very good living, and I don't know that I want your company."

Here a chappie with no chin and a mustache like a lady's eyebrow came

and asked for a curiously compounded drink, and Arabella was obliged to go and attend to him. "We can't talk here," she said, stepping back a moment. "Can't you wait till nine? I can get off duty two hours sooner than usual, if I ask. I am not living in the house at present."

He reflected, and said, gloomily: "I'll come back. I suppose we'd better arrange something."

"Oh, bother arranging! I'm not going to arrange anything!"

"But I must know a thing or two; and, as you say, we can't talk here. Very well; I'll call for you."

Depositing his unemptied glass, he went out and walked up and down the street. Here was a rude flounce into the pellucid sentimentality of his sad attachment to Sue. Though Arabella's word was absolutely untrustworthy, he thought there might be some truth in her implication that she had not wished to disturb him, and had really supposed him dead. However, there was only one thing now to be done, and that was to play a straightforward part, the law being the law, and the woman between whom and himself there was no more unity than between east and west being in the eye of the Church one person with him.

Having to meet Arabella here, it was impossible to meet Sue at Alfredston as he had promised. At every thought of this a pang had gone through him; but the conjuncture could not be helped. Arabella was perhaps an intended intervention to punish him for his unauthorized love. Passing the evening, therefore, in a desultory waiting about the town, wherein he avoided the precincts of every cloister and hall, because he could not bear to behold them, he repaired to the tavern bar while the hundred and one strokes were resounding from the Great Bell of Cardinal College—a coincidence which seemed to him gratuitous irony. The inn was now brilliantly lighted up, and the scene was altogether more brisk and gay. The faces of the barmaids had risen in color, each having a pink flush on her cheek; their manners were still more vivacious than before—more abandoned, more excited, and they expressed their sentiments and desires less euphemistically, laughing in a lackadaisical tone, without reserve.

The bar had been crowded with men of all sorts during the previous hour, and

he had heard from without the hubbub of their voices; but the customers were fewer just now. He nodded to Arabella, and told her that she would find him outside the door when she came away.

"But you must have something with me first," she said, with great good-humor. "Just an early night-cap; I always do. Then you can go out and wait a minute, as it is best we should not be seen going together." She drew a couple of liqueur-glasses of brandy; and though she had evidently, from her countenance, already taken in enough alcohol, either by drinking or, more probably, from the atmosphere she had breathed for so many hours, she finished hers quickly. He also drank his, and went outside the house.

In a few minutes she came, in a thick jacket and dark hat. "I live quite near," she said, taking his arm, "and can let myself in by a latch-key at any time. What arrangement do you want to come to?"

"Oh—none in particular," he answered, thoroughly sick and tired, his thoughts again reverting to Alfredston and the train he did not go by, the probable disappointment of Sue that he was not there when she arrived, and the missed pleasure of her company on the long and lonely climb by starlight up the hills to Marygreen. "I ought to have gone back, really. My aunt is on her death-bed, I fear."

"I'll go over with you to-morrow morning. I think I could get a day off."

There was something particularly uncongenial in the idea of Arabella, who had no more sympathy than a tigress with his relations or him, coming to the bedside of his dying aunt and meeting Sue. Yet he said, "Of course, if you'd like to, you can."

"Well, that we'll consider.... Now, until we have come to some agreement, it is awkward our being together here—where you are known, and I am getting known, though without any suspicion that I have anything to do with you. Suppose we meet again to-morrow, and decide whether we'll make anything public or not."

"As you like," he replied.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the morrow, between nine and half past nine, they walked in silence a little way out of the town, in the direction of

Alfredston. Having made rather a hasty toilet, Arabella looked a little frowzy, and her face was very far from possessing the animation which had characterized it at the bar the night before.

"Ah.... Good God!" said Jude at last.

"What?" said she.

"This is the very road by which I came into Christminster years ago."

"Well, whatever the road is, I think my time is nearly up, as I have to be in the bar by ten o'clock. And, as I said, I sha'n't ask for the day to go with you to see your aunt. So perhaps we had better part here. I'd sooner not walk up Chief Street with you, since we've come to no conclusion at all."

"Very well. But you said that you had something you wished to tell me before I left?"

"So I had. But you wouldn't promise to keep it a secret. I'll tell you now if you promise. I wish you to know.... It was what I began telling you—about that gentleman who managed the Sydney hotel." Arabella spoke somewhat hurriedly for her. "You'll keep it close?"

"Yes—yes—I promise!" said Jude, impatiently. "Of course I don't want to reveal your secrets."

"He said, whenever I met him out for a walk, that he was much taken with me, and he kept pressing me to marry him. I never thought of coming back to England again; and being out there in Australia, with no home of my own after leaving my father, I at last agreed, and did."

"What—marry him?"

"Yes."

"Regularly—legally—in Church?"

"Yes. And lived with him till shortly before I left. It was stupid, I know; but I did! There, now I've told you all. Don't round upon me. He's never coming back to England, poor old chap. And if he does, he won't be likely to find me."

Jude stood pale and fixed. "Why the devil didn't you tell me before?" he said.

"Well—I didn't.... Don't you make it up with me, then?"

"I have nothing more to say," replied Jude, with agitation. "I have nothing at all to say about the—crime—you've confessed to!"

"Crime? Pooh! They don't think much of such as that over there!.... Well, if you take it like that I shall go

back to him. He was very fond of me, and we lived honorable enough, and as respectable as any married couple in the country. How did I know where you were?"

"I won't go blaming you. I could say a good deal, but perhaps it would be misplaced. What do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing. I fancy we've seen enough of one another for the present. I shall think over what you said about your circumstances, and let you know."

Thus they parted. Jude watched her disappear in the direction of the hotel, and entered the railway station close by. Finding that it wanted three-quarters of an hour of the time at which he could get a train back to Alfredston, he strolled mechanically into the city as far as to the Fourways, where he stood, as he had so often stood before, and surveyed Chief Street stretching ahead, with its college after college, in picturesqueness unrivalled except by such Continental vistas as the Street of Palaces in Genoa, the lines of the buildings being as distinct in the morning air as in an architectural drawing. But Jude was far from seeing or criticising these things; they were hidden by an indescribable consciousness of Arabella, a sense of degradation at his experiences with her, which set upon his motionless face a look as of one accursed. If he could only have felt resentment towards her he would have been less unhappy; but he pitied while he contemned her.

Jude turned, and retraced his steps. Drawing again towards the station, he started at hearing his name pronounced—less at the name than at the voice. To his great surprise, no other than Sue stood, like a vision, before him—her look anxious, as in a dream, her little mouth nervous, and her eyes speaking reproachful inquiry.

"Oh, Jude—I am so glad—to meet you like this!" she said, in quick, uneven accents not far from a sob. Then she flushed as she observed his thought that they had not met since her marriage. They took each other's hand without further speech, and went on together awhile, till she glanced at him with furtive solicitude. "I arrived last night, as you asked me to, and there was nobody to meet me. But I reached Marygreen, and they told me aunt was a trifle better. I sat up with her, and as you did not come all

night, I was frightened about you. I thought that perhaps when you found yourself back in the old place you were upset at thinking I was—married, and not there as I used to be, and you had nobody to speak to, so you had tried to drown your gloom—as you did at that former time when you were disappointed about entering as a student, and had forgotten your promise to me that you never would again. And this, I thought, was why you hadn't come to meet me."

"And you came to hunt me up and deliver me, like a good angel!"

"I thought I would come by the morning train and try to find you."

"I did think of my promise to you, dear, continually. I shall never break out again as I did, I am sure. I may have been doing nothing better, but I was not doing that. I loathe the thought of it."

"I am glad your staying had nothing to do with that. But," she said, the faintest pout entering into her tone, "you didn't come back last night and meet me, as you engaged to."

"I didn't—I am sorry to say. I had an appointment at nine o'clock—too late for me to catch the train that would have met yours, or to get home at all."

Looking at his cousin as she appeared to him now, the truest and most disinterested friend that he had ever had, living largely in her imagination, so ethereal a creature that her spirit could be seen trembling through her limbs, he felt heartily ashamed of his earthliness in spending the hours he had spent in Arabella's company. There was something rude and immoral in thrusting these recent facts of his life upon the mind of one who was so uncarinate as to seem at times impossible as a human wife to any average man. And yet she was Phillotson's. How she had become such, how she lived as such, passed his comprehension as he regarded her to-day.

"You'll go back with me?" he said.

"There's a train just now. I wonder how my aunt is by this time? . . . And so, Sue, you really came on my account all this way! At what an early time you must have started, poor thing!"

"Yes. Sitting up watching alone made me all nerves for you, and instead of going to bed, I started. And now you won't frighten me like this again about your morals for nothing?"

He was not so sure that she had been frightened about his morals for nothing. He released her hand till they had entered the train, where they sat down side by side, Sue between him and the window. He regarded the delicate lines of her profile, and the small, tight, apple-like curves of her figure, so different from Arabella's amplitudes. Though she knew he was looking at her she did not turn to him, but kept her eyes forward, as if afraid that by meeting his own some troublous discussion would be initiated.

"Sue—you are married now, you know, like me; and yet we have been in such a hurry that we have not said a word about it."

"There's no necessity," she quickly returned.

"Oh, well—perhaps not. . . . But I wish—"

"Jude—don't talk about *me*—I wish you wouldn't!" she entreated. "It distresses me rather. Forgive my saying it! . . . Where did you stay last night?"

She had asked the question in perfect innocence, to change the topic. He knew that, and said, merely, "At an inn," though it would have been a relief to tell her of his meeting with Arabella. But the latter's final announcement of her marriage in Australia bewildered him, lest what he might say should do his ignorant wife an injury.

Their talk proceeded but awkwardly till they reached Alfredston. That Sue was not as she had been, but was labelled "Phillotson," paralyzed Jude whenever he wanted to commune with her as an individual. There remained the five-mile extra journey into the country, which it was just as easy to walk as to drive, the greater part of it being up hill. Jude had never before in his life gone that road with Sue, though he had with another. It was now as if he carried a bright light which temporarily banished the shady associations of the earlier time.

Sue talked, but Jude noticed that she still kept the conversation from herself. At length he inquired if her husband were well.

"Oh yes," she said. "He is obliged to be in the school all the day, or he would have come with me. He is so good and kind that to accompany me he would have dismissed the school for a day, even against his principles—for he is strongly opposed to giving casual holidays—only

I wouldn't let him. I felt it would be better to come alone. Aunt Drusilla, I knew, was so very eccentric; and his being a stranger to her would have made it irksome to both. Since it turns out that she is hardly conscious, I am glad I did not ask him."

Jude had walked moodily while this praise of Phillotson was being expressed. "Mr. Phillotson obliges you in everything, as he ought," he said.

"Of course."

"You ought to be a happy wife."

"I am."

"Bride, I might almost have said, as yet. It is not so many weeks since I gave you to him, and—"

"Yes, I know, I know!" There was something in her face which belied her late assuring words, so strictly proper and lifelessly spoken that they might have been taken from a list of model speeches in *The Wife's Guide to Conduct*. Jude knew the quality of every vibration in Sue's voice, could read every symptom of her mental condition; and he was convinced that she was unhappy, although she had not been a month married. Let it be said, however, that her rushing away thus from home, to see the last of a relative whom she had hardly known in her life, proved nothing; for Sue naturally did such things as those.

"Well, you have my good wishes now as always, Mrs. Phillotson."

She reproached him by a look.

"No—you are not Mrs. Phillotson," murmured Jude. "You are dear, free Sue Bridehead, only you don't know it. Wifedom has not yet annihilated and digested you in its vast maw as an atom which has no further individuality."

Sue put on a look of being offended, till she flipped out, "Nor has husbandage you, so far as I can see!"

"But it has!" he said, shaking his head sadly.

When they reached the lone cottage under the firs, between the Brown House and Marygreen, in which Jude and Arabella had lived and quarrelled, he turned to look at it. A squalid family lived there now. He could not help saying to Sue: "That's the house my wife and I occupied the whole of the time we lived together. I brought her home to that house."

She looked at it. "That to you was what the school-house at Shaston is to me."

"Yes; but I was not very happy there, as you are in yours."

She closed her lips in pronounced silence, and they walked some way, till she glanced at him to see how he was taking it.

"Of course I may have exaggerated your happiness—one never knows," he continued, blandly.

"Don't think that, Jude, for a moment, even though you may have said it to sting me. He's as good to me as a man can be, and gives me perfect liberty—which elderly husbands don't do in general.... If you think I am not happy because he's too old for me, you are wrong."

"I don't think anything against him—to you, dear."

"And you won't say things to distress me, will you?"

"I will not."

He said no more, but he knew that, from some cause or other, in taking Phillotson as a husband Sue felt that she had done what she ought not to have done.

They plunged into the concave field on the other side of which rose the village—the field wherein Jude had received a thrashing from the farmer many years earlier. On ascending to the village and approaching the house they found Mrs. Edlin standing at the door, who at sight of them lifted her hands deprecatingly.

"She's downstairs, if you'll believe me!" cried the widow. "Out o' bed she got, and nothing could turn her. What will come o't I do not know!"

On entering, there indeed by the fireplace sat the old woman, wrapped in blankets, and turning upon them a countenance like that of Sebastiano's Lazarus. They must have looked their amazement, for she said, in a hollow voice:

"Ah—sceered ye, have I? I wasn't going to bide up there no longer, to please nobody! 'Tis more than flesh and blood can bear, to be ordered to do this and that by a feller that don't know half as well as you do yourself!.... Ah—you'll rue this marrying as well as he!" she added, turning to Sue. "All our family do—and nearly all everybody else's. You should have done as I did, you simpleton! And Phillotson the schoolmaster of all men! What made 'ee marry him?"

"What makes most women marry, aunt?"

"Ah! You mean to say you loved the man!"

"I don't mean to say anything definite."

"Do ye love un?"

"Don't ask me, aunt."

"I can mind the man very well. A very civil, honorable liver; but Lord!—I don't want to wound your feelings, but there be certain men here and there that no woman of any niceness can stomach. I should have said he was one. I don't say so *now*, since you must ha' known better than I—but that's what I *should* have said."

Sue jumped up and went out. Jude followed her, and found her in the out-house, crying.

"Don't cry, dear!" said Jude, in distress. "She means well, but is very crusty and queer now, you know."

"Oh no—it isn't that," said Sue, trying to dry her eyes. "I don't mind her roughness one bit. It is that what she says is—is true!"

"What—you don't like him?" asked Jude, simply.

"I don't mean that!" she said, hastily. "That I ought—perhaps I ought not to have married!"

He wondered if she had really been going to say that at first. They went back, and the subject was smoothed over, and her aunt took rather kindly to Sue, telling her that not many young women newly married would have come so far to see a sick old crone like her. In the afternoon Sue prepared to depart, Jude hiring a neighbor to drive her to Alfredston.

"I'll go with you to the station, if you'd like?" he said.

She would not let him. The man came round with the trap, and Jude helped her into it, perhaps with unnecessary attention, for she looked at him prohibitively.

"I suppose—I may come to see you some day, when I am back again at Melchester?" he half crossly observed.

She bent down, and said, softly: "No—you are not to come yet. I don't think you are in a good mood."

"Very well," said Jude. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" She waved her hand, and was gone.

"She's right! I won't go!" he murmured.

He passed the evening and following days in mortifying by every possible means his wish to see his cousin, nearly starving himself in attempts to extinguish by fast-

ing his passionate tendency to love her. He read sermons on discipline, and hunted up passages in Church history that treated of the ascetics of the second century. Before he had returned from Marygreen to Melchester there arrived a letter from Arabella. The sight of it revived even a stronger feeling of self-condemnation for his brief return to her society than for his attachment to Sue.

The letter, he perceived, bore a London post-mark instead of the Christminster one. Arabella informed him that a few days after their parting in the morning at Christminster she had been surprised by an affectionate letter from her Australian husband, formerly manager of the hotel in Sydney. He had come to England on purpose to find her, and had taken a free, fully licensed public in Lambeth, where he wished her to join him in conducting the business, which was likely to be a very thriving one, the house being situated in an excellent, densely populated, gin-drinking neighborhood, and already doing a trade of £200 a month, which could be easily doubled.

As he had said that he loved her very much still, and implored her to tell him where she was, and as they had only parted in a slight tiff, and as her engagement in Christminster was only temporary, she had just gone to join him as he urged. She could not help feeling that she belonged to him more than to Jude, since she had properly married him, and had lived with him much longer than with her first husband. In thus wishing Jude good-by she bore him no ill-will, and trusted he would not turn upon her, a weak woman, and inform against her, and bring her to ruin now that she had a chance of improving her circumstances and leading a genteel life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JUDE returned to Melchester, which had the doubtful recommendation of being only a dozen and a half miles from his cousin's now permanent residence. At first he felt that this nearness was a distinct reason for not going southward at all; but Christminster was too sad a place to bear, while the proximity of Shaston to Melchester might afford him the glory of worsting the Enemy in a close engagement, such as was deliberately sought by the priests and virgins of the early Church, who, disdaining an ig-

nominious flight from temptation, became even domiciliary partners with impunity. Jude did not pause to remember that, in the laconic words of the historian, "insulted Nature sometimes vindicated her rights" in such circumstances.

He now returned with feverish desperation to his study for the priesthood—in the recognition that the single-mindedness of his aims and his fidelity to the cause had been more than questionable of late. His passion for Sue troubled his soul; yet his abandonment to the society of Arabella for twelve hours seemed instinctively a worse thing—even though she had not told him of her Sydney husband till afterwards. He had, he verily believed, overcome all tendency to fly to liquor—which, indeed, he had never done from taste, but merely as an escape from intolerable misery of mind. Yet he perceived with despondency that, taken all round, he was a man of too many passions to make a good clergyman; the utmost he could hope for was that in a life of constant internal warfare between flesh and spirit the former might not always be victorious.

As a hobby, auxiliary to his readings in Divinity, he developed his slight skill in church music and thorough-bass, till he could join in part-singing from notation with some accuracy. A mile or two from Melchester there was a restored village church, to which Jude had originally gone to fix the new columns and capitals. By this means he had become acquainted with the organist, and the ultimate result was that he joined the choir as a bass voice.

He walked out to this parish twice every Sunday, and sometimes in the week. One evening about Easter the choir met for practice, and a new hymn, which Jude had heard of as being by a Wessex composer, was to be tried and prepared for the following week. It turned out to be a strangely emotional composition. As they all sang it over and over again its harmonies grew upon Jude, and moved him exceedingly.

When they had finished he went round to the organist to make inquiries. The score was in manuscript, the name of the composer being at the head, together with the title of the hymn: "The Foot of the Cross."

"Yes," said the organist. "He is a local man. He is a professional musi-

cian at Kennetbridge—between here and Christminster. The vicar knows him. He was brought up and educated in Christminster traditions, which accounts for the quality of the piece. I think he plays in the large church there, and has a surpliced choir. He comes to Melchester sometimes, and once tried to get the Cathedral organ when the post was vacant. The hymn is getting about everywhere this Easter."

As he walked, humming the air, on his way home, Jude fell to musing on its composer, and the reasons why he composed it. What a man of sympathies he must be! Perplexed and harassed as he himself was about Sue and Arabella, and troubled as was his conscience by the complications of his position, how he would like to know that man! "He of all men would understand my difficulties," said the impulsive Jude. If there were any person in the world to choose as a confidant, this composer would be the one, for he must have suffered and throbbed and yearned.

In brief, ill as he could afford the time and money for the journey, Jude Fawley resolved, like the child that he was, to go to Kennetbridge the very next Sunday. He duly started early in the morning, for it was only by a series of crooked railways that he could get to the town. About mid-day he reached it, and crossing the bridge into the quaint old borough, inquired for the house of the composer.

They told him it was a red-brick building some little way further on. Also that the gentleman himself had just passed along the street not five minutes before.

"Which way?" asked Jude, with alacrity.

"Straight along homeward from church."

Jude hastened on, and soon had the pleasure of observing a man in a black coat and a black slouched felt hat no considerable distance ahead. Stretching out his legs yet more widely, he stalked after. "A hungry soul in pursuit of a full soul!" he said. "I must speak to that man."

He could not, however, overtake the musician before he had entered his own house, and then arose the question if this were an expedient time to call. Whether or not, he decided to do so there and then, now that he had got here, the distance

home being too great for him to wait till late in the afternoon. This man of soul would understand scant ceremony, and might be quite a perfect adviser in a case in which an earthly and illegitimate passion had cunningly obtained entrance into his heart through the opening afforded for religion.

Jude accordingly rang the bell, and was admitted.

The musician came to him in a moment, and being respectably dressed, good-looking, and frank in manner, Jude obtained a favorable reception. He was nevertheless conscious that there would be a certain awkwardness in explaining his errand.

"I have been singing in the choir of a little church near Melchester," he said, "and we have this week practised 'The Foot of the Cross,' which I understand, sir, that you composed."

"I did—a year or so ago."

"I—like it. I think it supremely beautiful."

"Ah, well—other people have said so too. Yes, there's money in it, if I could only see about getting it published. I have other compositions to go with it, too. I wish I could bring them out, for I haven't made a five-pound note out of any of them yet. These publishing people—they want the copyright of an obscure composer's work such as mine is for almost less than I should have to pay a person for making a fair manuscript copy of the score. The one you speak of I have lent to various friends about here and Melchester, and so it has got to be sung a little. But music is a poor staff to lean on; I am giving it up entirely. You must go into trade if you want to make money nowadays. The wine business is what I am thinking of. This is my forthcoming list. It is not issued yet, but you can take one."

He handed Jude an advertisement list of several pages in booklet shape, ornamentally margined with a red line, in which were set forth the various clarets, champagnes, ports, sherries, and other wines with which he purposed to initiate his new venture. Perhaps there was nothing unnatural in this turn of events; but it took Jude rather by surprise that the man with the soul was thus and thus. He felt that he could not open up his confidences.

They talked a little longer, but con-

strainedly, for when the musician found that Jude was a poor man his manner changed from what it had been while Jude's address had deceived him as to his position and pursuits. Jude stammered out something about his feelings in wishing to congratulate the author on such an exalted composition, and took an embarrassed leave.

All the way home, by the slow Sunday train, sitting in the fireless waiting-rooms on this cold spring day, he was depressed enough at his simplicity in taking such a journey. But no sooner did he reach his Melchester lodging than he found awaiting him a letter, which in the hurry of his departure that morning had not been given to him. It was a contrite little note from Sue, in which she said, with sweet humility, that she felt she had been horrid in telling him he was not to come to see her; that she despised herself for having been so conventional; and that he was to be sure to come by the 11.45 train that very Sunday and have dinner with them at half past one.

Jude did not exactly tear his hair at having missed this letter till it was too late to act upon its contents, for he had chastened himself considerably of late, and at first this chimerical expedition to Kennetbridge really did seem to have been another special intervention of Providence to keep him away from temptation. But a growing impatience of faith, which he had noticed in himself more than once of late, made him pass over in ridicule the idea that God sent people on foolish errands. He longed to see her. He was angry at having missed her, and he wrote instantly, telling her what had happened, and saying he had not enough patience to wait till the following Sunday, but would come any day in the week that she liked to name.

Since he wrote a little over-ardently, Sue, as her manner was, delayed her reply till Thursday before Good-Friday, when she said he might come that afternoon if he wished, this being the earliest day on which she could welcome him, for she was now assistant teacher in her husband's school. Jude therefore got leave from the Cathedral works at the trifling expense of a stoppage of pay and went. He ascended from the nearest station about four, and entering on the summit of the peak after a toilsome climb, passed the first houses of the aerial town, and

drew towards the school-house. It was too early; they were still in school, humming small, like a swarm of gnats; and he withdrew to a distance along Abbey Walk, whence he regarded the spot which fate had made the home of all he loved best in the world. In front of the schools, which were extensive and stone-built, grew two enormous beeches with smooth mouse-colored trunks, as such trees only will grow on chalk uplands. Within the mullioned and transomed windows he could see the black, brown, and flaxen crowns of the scholars over the sills, and to pass the time away he walked down to the level terrace where the Abbey gardens once had spread, his heart throbbing in spite of him.

Unwilling to enter till the children were dismissed, he remained here till young voices could be heard in the open air, and girls in white pinafores over red and blue frocks appeared dancing along the paths which the abbess, prioress, sub-prioress, and fifty nuns had paced three centuries earlier. Retracing his steps, he found that he had waited too long, and that Sue had gone out into the town at the heels of the last scholar, Mr. Phillotson having been absent all the afternoon at the teachers' meeting at Shottsford.

Jude went into the empty school-room and sat down, the girl who was sweeping the floor having informed him that Mrs. Phillotson would be back again in a few minutes. A piano stood near—actually the old piano that Phillotson had possessed at Marygreen—and though the dark afternoon almost prevented him seeing the notes he touched them in his humble way, and could not help modulating into the hymn which had so affected him in the previous week.

A figure moved behind him, and thinking it was still the girl with the broom, Jude took no notice, till the person came close and laid her fingers lightly upon his bass hand. The imposed hand was a little one he seemed to know, and he turned.

"Don't stop," said Sue. "I like it. I learnt it before I left Melchester. They used to play it in the Training-School."

"I can't strum before you! Play it for me."

"Oh, well—I don't mind."

Sue sat down, and her rendering of the piece seemed divine compared with his own. She, like him, was evidently touched—to her own surprise; and when

she had finished, and he moved his hand towards hers, it met his own half-way. Jude grasped it—just as he had done before her marriage.

"It is odd," she said, in a voice quite changed, "that I should care about that; because—"

"Because what?"

"I am not that sort—quite."

"Not easily moved?"

"I didn't mean quite that."

"Oh, but you are one of that sort, for you are just like me at heart."

"But not at head."

She played on, and suddenly turned round; and by an unpremeditated instinct each clasped the other's hand again.

Sue uttered a forced little laugh as she relinquished his quickly. "How funny!" she said. "I wonder what we both did that for?"

"I suppose because we are both alike, as I said before."

"Not in our thoughts! Perhaps a little in our feelings."

"And they rule thoughts. . . . Isn't it enough to make one blaspheme that the composer of that hymn is one of the most commonplace men I ever met?"

"What—you know him?"

"I went to see him."

"Oh, you goose—to do just what I should have done! Why did you?"

"Because we are not alike," he said, dryly.

"Now we'll have some tea," said Sue. "Shall we have it here instead of in my house? It is no trouble to get the kettle and things brought in. We don't live at the school, you know, but in that ancient dwelling across the way called Old Grove's Place. It is so antique and dismal that it depresses me dreadfully. Such houses are very well to visit, but not to live in. I feel crushed into the earth by the weight of so many previous lives there spent. In a new place like these schools there is only your own life to support. Sit down, and I'll tell Ada to bring the tea things across."

He waited in the light of the stove, the door of which she flung open before going out, and when she returned, followed by the maiden with tea, they sat down by the same light, assisted by the blue rays of a spirit-lamp under the brass kettle on the stand.

"This is one of your wedding-presents," she said, signifying the latter.

"Yes," said Jude.

The kettle of his gift sang with some satire in its note, to his mind; and to change the subject he said: "Do you know of any good readable edition of the uncanonical books of the New Testament? You don't read them in the school, I suppose?"

"Oh dear no!—'twould drive the burghers mad. . . . Yes, there is one. I am not familiar with it now, though I was interested in it when my former friend was alive. Cowper's *Apocryphal Gospels*."

"That sounds like what I want." His thoughts, however, reverted with a twinge to the "former friend"—by whom she meant, as he knew, the University comrade of her earlier days. He wondered if she talked of him to Phillotson.

"The Gospel of Nicodemus is very nice," she went on, to keep him from his jealous thoughts, which she read clearly, as she always did. Indeed, when they talked on an indifferent subject, as now, there was ever a second silent conversation passing between their emotions, so perfect was the reciprocity between them.

"It is quite like the genuine article. All cut up into verses, too; so that it is like one of the other evangelists read in a dream, when things are the same, yet not the same. But, Jude, do you take an interest in those questions still? Are you getting up *Apologetica*?"

"Yes. I am reading Divinity harder than ever."

She regarded him curiously.

"Why do you look at me like that?" said Jude.

"Oh—why do you want to know?"

"I am sure you can tell me anything I may be ignorant of in that subject. You must have learnt a lot of everything from your dear dead friend."

"We won't get on to that now. Will you be carving out at that Church again next week, where you learnt the pretty hymn?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"That will be very nice. Shall I come and see you there? It is in this direction, and I could come any afternoon by train for half an hour."

"No. Don't come!"

"What—aren't we going to be friends, then, any longer, as we used to be?"

"No."

"I didn't know that. I thought you were always going to be—kind to me!"

"No, I am not."

"What have I done, then? I am sure I thought we two—" The *tremolo* in her voice caused her to break off.

"Sue, I sometimes think you are a flirt," said he.

There was a momentary pause, till she suddenly jumped up; and, to his surprise, he saw by the kettle flame that her face was flushed. "I can't talk to you any longer, Jude," she said. "It is getting too dark to stay together like this, after playing morbid Good-Friday tunes that make one feel what one shouldn't! We mustn't sit and talk in this way any more! Yes—you must go away, for you mistake me! I am very much the reverse of what you say so cruelly. Oh, Jude, it *was* cruel to say that! Yet I can't tell you the truth. I should shock you by letting you know how I give way to my impulses, and how much I feel that I shouldn't have been provided with a heart unless it were meant to be exercised. Some women's love of being loved is insatiable; and so often is their love of loving; but in the last case they may find that they can't give it continuously to the chamber-officer appointed by the state to receive it. But you are so straight forward, Jude, that you can't understand me. . . . Now you must go. I am sorry my husband is not at home."

"Are you?"

"I perceive I have said that in mere convention. Honestly I don't think I am sorry. It does not matter either way, sad to say!"

As they had overdone the grasp of hands some time sooner, she touched his fingers but lightly when he went out now. He had hardly gone from the door when, with a dissatisfied look, she jumped on a form and opened the iron casement of a window beneath which he was passing in the path without. "When do you leave here to catch your train, Jude?" she asked.

He looked up in some surprise. "The coach that runs to meet it goes in three-quarters of an hour or so."

"What will you do with yourself for the time?"

"Oh, wander about, I suppose. Perhaps I shall go and sit in the old church."

"It does seem hard of me to pack you off so! You have thought enough of churches, Heaven knows, without going into one in the dark. Stay there."

"Where?"

"Where you are. I can talk to you better like this than when you were inside.... It was so kind and tender of you to give up half a day's work to come to see me!.... You are Joseph, the dreamer of dreams, dear Jude. And a tragic Don Quixote. And sometimes you are St. Stephen, who, while they were stoning him, could see heaven opened. Oh my poor friend and comrade, you'll suffer yet!"

Now that the high window-sill was between them, so that he could not get at her, she seemed not to mind indulging in a frankness she had feared at close quarters. "I have been thinking," she continued, still in the tone of one brimful of feeling, "that the social moulds civilization fits us into have no more relation to our actual shapes than the conventional shapes of the constellations have to the real star patterns. I am called Mrs. Richard Phillotson, living a calm wedded life with my counterpart of that name. But I am not really Mrs. Richard Phillotson, but a woman tossed about, all alone, with aberrant passions and unaccountable antipathies.... Now you mustn't wait longer, or you will lose the coach. Come and see me again. You must come to the house then."

"Yes!" said Jude. "When shall it be?"

"To-morrow week. Good-by!—good-by!" She stretched out her hand and stroked his forehead pitifully, just once. Jude said good-by, and went away into the darkness.

Passing along Bimport Street, he thought he heard the wheels of the coach departing, and, truly enough, when he reached the Duke's Arms in the Market Place the coach had gone. It was impossible for him to get to the station on foot in time for this train, and he settled himself perforce to wait for the next—the last to Melchester that night.

He wandered about awhile, obtained something to eat, and then, having another half-hour on his hands, his feet involuntarily took him through the venerable graveyard of Trinity Church, with its avenues of limes, in the direction of the schools again. They were entirely in darkness. She had said she lived over the way at Old Grove's Place, a house which he soon discovered from her description of its antiquity.

A glimmering candle-light shone from

a front window, the shutters being yet unclosed. He could see the interior clearly—the floor sinking a couple of steps below the road without, which had become raised during the centuries since the house was built. Sue, evidently just come in, was standing with her hat on in this front parlor or sitting-room, whose walls were lined with wainscoting of panelled oak reaching from floor to ceiling, the latter being crossed by huge moulded beams only a little way above her head. The mantel-piece was of the same heavy description, carved with Jacobean pilasters and scroll-work. The centuries did, indeed, ponderously overhang a young wife who passed her time here.

She had opened a rosewood work-box, and was looking at a photograph. Having contemplated it a little while, she pressed it against her bosom, and put it again in its place.

Then, becoming aware that she had not obscured the windows, she came forward to do so, candle in hand. It was too dark for her to see Jude without, but he could see her face distinctly, and there was an unmistakable tearfulness about the dark, long-lashed eyes.

She closed the shutters, and Jude turned away to pursue his solitary journey home. "Whose photograph was she looking at?" he said.

He knew he should go to see her again, according to her invitation. Those earnest men he read of, the saints, whom Sue with such painful irreverence called his demigods, would have shunned such encounters if they doubted their own strength. But he could not. He might fast and pray during the whole interval, but the human was more powerful in him than the divine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOWEVER, if God disposed not, woman did. The next morning but one brought him this note from her:

"Don't come next week. On your own account don't. We were too free, under the influence of that morbid hymn and the twilight. Think no more than you can help of
SUSAN FLORENCE MARY."

The disappointment was keen. He knew her mood, the look of her face, when she subscribed herself at length thus. But

whatever her mood, he could not say she was wrong in her view. He replied:

"I acquiesce. You are right. It is a lesson in renunciation which I suppose I ought to learn at this season. JUDE."

He despatched the note on Easter eve, and there seemed a finality in their decisions. But other forces and laws than theirs were in operation. On Easter-Monday morning he received a message from the widow Edlin, whom he had directed to telegraph if anything serious happened:

"Your aunt is sinking. Come at once."

He threw down his tools and went. Three and a half hours later he was crossing the downs about Marygreen, and presently plunged into the concave field across which the short-cut was made to the village. As he ascended on the other side a laboring-man who had been watching his approach from a gate across the path moved uneasily and prepared to speak. "I can see in his face that she is dead," said Jude. "Poor Aunt Drusilla!"

It was as he had supposed, and Mrs. Edlin had sent out the man to break the news to him.

"She wouldn't have knowed 'ee. She lay like a doll wi' glass eyes; so it didn't matter that you wasn't here," said he.

Jude went on to the house, and in the afternoon, when everything was done, and the layers-out had finished their beer and gone, he sat down alone in the silent place. It was absolutely necessary to communicate with Sue, though two or three days earlier they had agreed to mutual severance. He wrote, in the briefest terms:

"Aunt Drusilla is dead, having been taken almost suddenly. The funeral is on Friday afternoon."

He remained in and about Marygreen through the intervening days, went out on Friday morning to see that the grave was finished, and wondered if Sue would come. She had not written, and that seemed to signify rather that she would come than that she would not. Having timed her by her only possible train, he locked the door about mid-day, and crossed the hollow field to the verge of the upland by the Brown House, where he stood and looked over the vast prospect northwards,

and over the nearer landscape in which Alfredston stood. Two miles behind it a jet of white steam was travelling from the left to the right of the picture.

There was a long time to wait, even now, till he would know if she had arrived. He did wait, however, and at last a small hired vehicle pulled up at the bottom of the hill, and a person alighted, the conveyance going back, while the passenger began ascending the hill. He knew her; and she looked so slender to-day that it seemed as if she might be crushed in the intensity of a too passionate embrace, such as it was not for him to give. Two-thirds of the way up her head suddenly took a solicitous poise, and he knew that she had at that moment recognized him. Her face soon began a pensive smile, which lasted till, having descended a little way, he met her.

"I thought," she began, with nervous quickness, "that it would be so sad to let you attend the funeral alone! And so—at the last moment—I came."

"Dear, faithful Sue!" murmured Jude, with tearful eyes.

With her natural elusiveness, however, Sue did not stand still for any further greeting, though it wanted some time to the burial. A pathos so curiously compounded as that which attached to this hour was unlikely to repeat itself, and Jude would have paused, and meditated, and conversed. But Sue either saw it not at all, or, seeing it more than he, would not allow herself to feel it.

The sad and simple ceremony was soon over, their progress to the church being almost at a trot, the bustling undertaker having a more important funeral an hour later, three miles off. Drusilla was put into the new ground, quite away from her ancestors. Sue and Jude had gone side by side to the grave, and now sat down to tea in the familiar house, their lives united at least in this last attention to the dead.

"She was opposed to marriage from first to last, you say?" murmured Sue.

"Yes. Particularly for members of our family."

Her eyes met his, and pensively remained on him awhile.

"We are rather a sad family, don't you think, Jude?"

"She said we made bad husbands and wives. Certainly we make unhappy ones. At all events, I do, for one!"

She was silent. "Is it wrong, Jude," she said, with a tentative tremor, "for a husband or wife to tell a third person that they are unhappy in their marriage? If a marriage ceremony is a religious thing, it is possibly wrong; but if it is only a sordid contract, based on material convenience in householding, rating, and taxing, and the inheritance of land and money by children of fixed parentage, which it seems to be, why surely a person may say, even proclaim upon the rooftops, that it hurts and grieves him or her?"

"I have said so, anyhow, to you."

Presently she went on: "Are there many couples, do you think, where one dislikes the other for no definite fault?"

"Yes, I suppose. If either cares for another person, for instance."

"But even apart from that? Wouldn't the woman, for example, be very bad-natured if she didn't like to live with her husband, merely" (her voice undulated, and he guessed things)—"merely because she had a personal feeling against it—a fastidiousness, or whatever it may be called—although she might respect and be grateful to him? I am merely putting a case. Ought she to try to overcome her pruderies?"

Jude threw a troubled look at her. He said: "It would be just one of those cases in which my experiences go contrary to my dogmas. Speaking as an order-loving man—which I hope I am, though I fear I am not—I should say yes. Speaking from experience and unbiassed nature, I should say no.... Sue, I believe you are not happy!"

"Yes, I am!" said she, excitedly. "How can a woman be unhappy who has only been married eight weeks to a man she chose freely?"

"Chose freely!"

"Why do you repeat it?... But I have to go back by the six-o'clock train. You will be staying on here, I suppose?"

"For a few days, to wind up aunt's affairs. This house is gone now. Shall I go to the train with you?"

A little laugh of objection came from Sue. "I think not. You may come part of the way."

"But stop—you can't go to-night. That train won't take you to Shaston. You must stay and go back to-morrow. Mrs. Edlin has plenty of room, if you don't like to stay here."

"Very well," she said, dubiously. "I didn't tell him I would come for certain."

Jude went to the widow's house adjoining to let her know; and returning in a few minutes, sat down again. "It is horrible how we are circumstanced, Sue—horrible!" he said, abruptly, with his eyes bent to the floor.

"No! Why?"

"I can't tell you all my part of the gloom. Your part is that you ought not to have married him. I saw it before you had done it, but I thought I mustn't interfere. I was wrong. I ought to have."

"But what makes you assume all this, dear?"

"Because—I can read you through your feathers, my poor little bird."

Her hand lay on the table, and Jude put his upon it. Sue drew hers away.

"That's absurd, Sue," cried her cousin, "after what we've been talking about. I am more strict and formal than you, if it comes to that; and that you should object to such an innocent action shows that you are ridiculously inconsistent."

"Perhaps it was too prudish," she said, repentantly. "Only I have fancied it was a sort of trick of ours—too frequent, perhaps. There, you may hold it as much as you like. Is that good of me?"

"Yes; very."

"But I must tell him."

"Who?"

"Richard."

"Oh—of course, if you think it necessary. But as it meant nothing, it may be bothering him needlessly."

"Well—are you sure you mean it only as my cousin?"

"Absolutely sure. I have no feelings of love left in me."

"That's news. How has it come to be?"

"I've seen Arabella."

She winced, then said, curiously, "When did you see her?"

"When I was at Christminster."

"So she's come back; and you never told me! I suppose you will live with her now?"

"Of course—just as you live with your husband."

Sue looked at the window-pots with the geraniums and cactuses, withered for want of water, and through them at the outer distance, till her eyes began to grow moist.

"What is it?" said Jude, in a softened tone.

"Why should you be so glad to go back to her if—if—what you used to say to me is still true—I mean if it were true then? Of course it is not now. How could your heart go back to Arabella so soon?"

"A special Providence, I suppose, helped it on its way."

"Ah—it isn't true," she said, with gentle resentment. "You are teasing me—that's all—because you think I am not happy."

"I don't know. I don't wish to know."

"If I were unhappy it would be my fault, my wickedness, not that I should have a right to dislike him. He is considerate to me in everything; and he is very interesting, from the amount of general knowledge he has acquired by reading everything that comes in his way. . . . Do you think, Jude, that a man ought to marry a woman his own age, or one younger than himself—twenty-two years—as I am than he?"

"It depends upon what they feel for each other."

He gave her no opportunity of self-satisfaction, and she had to go on unaided, which she did, in a vanquished tone, verging on tears:

"I—I think I must be equally honest with you as you have been with me. Perhaps you have seen what it is I want to say—that though I like Mr. Phillotson as a friend, I don't like him—it is a torture to me to—live with him as a husband! There, now I have let it out; I couldn't help it, although I have been—pretending I am happy. Now you'll have a contempt for me forever, I suppose!" She bent down her face upon her hands as they lay upon the cloth, and silently sobbed in little jerks that made the fragile three-legged table quiver.

"I have only been—married a month or two," she went on, when calmer, but still remaining bent upon the table, and talking into her hands. "And it is said that what a woman shrinks from—in the early days of her marriage—she shakes down to with comfortable indifference in half a dozen years. But that is much like saying that the amputation of a limb is no affliction, since a person gets comfortably accustomed to the use of a wooden leg or arm in the course of time."

Jude could hardly speak; but he said:

"I thought there was something wrong, Sue. Oh, I thought there was!"

"But it is not as you think—there is nothing wrong except my own wickedness, I suppose you'd call it—a repugnance on my part, for a reason I cannot disclose, and what would not be admitted as one by the world in general. . . . What tortures me so much is the constant necessity of being responsive to this man, good as he is morally—the dreadful legal contract to feel in a particular way, when the essence of affection is its voluntariness! I wish he would beat me, or be faithless to me, or do some open thing that I could talk about as a justification for feeling as I do. But he does nothing, except that he has grown a little cold since he has found out how I feel. That's why he didn't come to the funeral. . . . Oh, I am very miserable—I don't know what to do! . . . Don't come near me, Jude, because you mustn't."

But he had jumped up and put his face against hers—or rather against her ear, her face being inaccessible.

"I told you not to," came from underneath.

"I know you did; I only came to—console you. It all arose through my being married before we met, didn't it? You would have been my wife, Sue, wouldn't you, if it hadn't been for that?"

Instead of replying, she rose quickly, and saying she was going to walk to her aunt's grave in the church-yard to recover herself, went out of the house. Jude did not follow her. Twenty minutes later he saw her cross the village green towards Mrs. Edlin's, and soon she sent a little girl to fetch her bag, and tell him she was too tired to see him again that night.

In the lonely room of his aunt's house Jude sat watching the cottage of the widow Edlin as it disappeared behind the night shade. He knew that Sue was sitting within its walls equally lonely and disheartened, and again questioned his devotional motto that all was for the best.

He retired to rest early, but his sleep was fitful from the sense that Sue was so near at hand. At some time near two o'clock, when he was beginning to sleep more soundly, he was aroused by a shrill squeak that had been familiar enough to him when he lived regularly at Marygreen. It was the cry of a rabbit caught

in a gin. As was the little creature's habit, it did not repeat its cry; and probably would not more than once or twice, but would remain bearing its torture till the morrow, when the trapper would come and knock it on the head.

He who in his childhood had saved the lives of the earthworms now began to picture the agonies of the rabbit from its lacerated leg. If it were a "bad catch," by the hind leg, the animal would tug during the ensuing six hours till the iron teeth of the trap had stripped the leg bone of its flesh, when, should a weak-springed instrument enable it to escape, it would die in the fields from the mortification of the limb. If it were a "good catch," namely, by the fore leg, the bone would be broken, and the limb nearly torn in two in attempts at an impossible escape.

Almost half an hour passed, and the rabbit repeated its cry. Jude could rest no longer till he had put it out of its pain, so, dressing himself quickly, he descended, and by the light of the moon went across the green in the direction of the sound. He reached the hedge bordering the widow's garden, when he stood still. The faint click of the trap as dragged about by the writhing animal guided him now, and reaching the spot, he struck the rabbit on the back of the neck with the side of his palm, and it stretched itself out dead.

He was turning away, when he saw a woman looking out of the open casement of a window on the ground-floor of the adjacent cottage. "Jude!" said a voice, timidly—Sue's voice. "It is you—is it not?"

"Yes, dear."

"I haven't been able to sleep at all, and then I heard the rabbit, and couldn't help thinking of what it suffered, till I felt I must come down and kill it. But I am so glad you got there first. . . . They ought not to be allowed to set these steel traps, ought they?"

Jude had reached the window, which was quite a low one, so that she was visible down to her waist. She let go the casement stay and put her hand upon his, her moonlit face regarding him wistfully.

"Did it keep you awake?" he said, tenderly.

"No—I was awake."

"How was that?"

"Oh, you know—now! I know you, with your religious doctrines, think that a married woman in trouble of a kind like mine commits a mortal sin in making a man the confidant of it, as I did you. I wish I hadn't, now!"

"Don't wish it, dear," he said. "That may have been my view, but my doctrines and I begin to part company."

"I knew it!—I knew it! And that's why I vowed I wouldn't disturb your beliefs. But—I am *so glad* to see you! and, oh, I didn't mean to see you again, now the last tie between us, Aunt Drusilla, is dead!"

Jude seized her hand and kissed it. "There is a stronger one left," he said. "I'll never care about my doctrines or my religion any more! Let me help you, even if I do love you, and even if you. . . ."

"'Love me,' you were going to say; but don't say it. I can't admit so much as that. There! Guess what you like, but don't press me to answer questions."

"I wish you were happy, whatever I may be."

"I can't be. So few could enter into my feeling—they would say 'twas my fanciful fastidiousness, or something of that sort, and condemn me. . . . It is none of the natural tragedies of love that's love's usual tragedy in civilized life, but a tragedy artificially manufactured by chaining people together who in a natural state would find relief in parting. . . . It would have been wrong, perhaps, for me to tell my distress to you, if I had been able to tell it to anybody else. But I have nobody. And I must tell somebody. Jude, before I married him I had never thought what marriage meant. It was idiotic of me—there is no excuse. I was old enough, and I thought I was very experienced. So I rushed on, when I had got into that Training-School scrape, with all the cocksureness of the fool that I was! . . . I am certain one ought to be allowed to undo what one has done so ignorantly. I dare say it happens to lots of women; only they submit, and I kick. . . . When men of a later age look back upon the barbarous customs and superstitions of the times that we have the unhappiness to live in, what *will* they say?"

"You are very bitter, darling Sue! How I wish—I wish—"

"You must go in now." In a moment

of impulse she bent over the sill, and laid her face upon his hair, weeping, and then, imprinting a scarcely perceptible little kiss upon the top of his head, withdrawing quickly, so that he could not put his arms

round her and return the kiss with interest, as he would unquestionably have otherwise done. She shut the casement, and he returned to his cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF THE LIVER.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

WHEN Mr. Mallock wrote his book entitled *Is Life Worth Living?* Mr. Punch, in the exercise of that shrewd, practical common-sense which is the concomitant, and often the essence, of wit, replied to the titular query, "That depends on the liver!" And the saying of *Charivari* is perfectly true. Whether we have regard to the welfare of the physical man that lives, or to that of the most important appendage of his digestive apparatus, there can be no doubt that our enjoyment of vitality and all its concerns is founded on a very material basis indeed. Truth to tell, the liver has played, from the very first, a most important rôle in human affairs. Far before and beyond human details, however, it is easy to show that the big digestive gland comes well to the front in the maintenance of the organism. For one thing, it is the digestive gland which is the first to be specialized with any degree of exactness as we trace life from its small beginnings onwards to the fulness of its development. We find a liver, or its feeble representative, in animals which boast of little else in the way of digestive belongings than the bare tube which is the essential feature of a nutritive system. This tube begins with the mouth, is prolonged into a gullet, dilates into a stomach, and narrows again into an intestine. Digestion is simply the journey of food along this tube. Attached to the sides of the tube, and opening into it, are certain organs we call digestive glands. These number in their ranks the salivary glands of the mouth, the sweetbread, and the liver as the chief appendages of the bodily commissariat department. They pour upon the food the fluids or secretions they manufacture from the blood which is supplied to them, and these fluids act chemically on the diet and fit it for its future destination, which, of course, is the blood current itself.

Now among these digestive addenda the liver comes early to the front. What-

ever certain biological opinions may say to the contrary, it is pretty certain that even in a worm we may find sundry cells that appear to discharge the duties of a liver; but no doubt whatever exists that in a snail or an oyster, and equally in a cuttle-fish, as well as in a lobster or crayfish, the liver is an organ of much importance, if one may judge by the high degree of development to which the gland attains. Possibly we shall not be very far from the truth if we assume that among miscellaneous feeders in lower life the liver's largeness bears a direct relation to the multifarious work their digestive systems have to undertake and execute; and when we arrive at the highest animals of all—the backboneed tribes—the liver is never wanting in size or in importance. Even in that groundling among vertebrates, the lancelet, at once lowest of fishes and a connecting link with the backboneless tribes, the liver appears as a little sac or offshoot of the intestine; while in all other fishes it assumes a prominence that heralds the importance to which it attains in the warm-blooded aristocrats of the group.

Thus far, then, there is no lack of evidence to show that the liver presents us with a bodily possession influencing in a marked degree the physiological fate of the organism, whether it is of a high or a low grade in the living series. If we have regard to ancient opinions regarding the liver, repeated and enlarged upon in edifying fashion by the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, the part played by the liver in human affairs may clearly enough be ascertained to be anything but limited to its digestive work. For the very word "melancholy" itself, etymologically interpreted, means "black bile." In the old days when "humors" poured forth from this organ and that were believed to be the direct cause of mental as well as physical ailments, the bile secretion of the liver played its own part in the the-

oretical production of disease. In these days the spleen was regarded as a cistern whence issued forth vapors that upset the even balance of body and mind alike—a tradition which lingers and survives still in our expression, “a fit of the spleen.” The liver, giving “black melancholy,” was an equal offender against the proprieties of health, and perchance there was perfect reason for this belief, if the ancient idea of the causation of melancholy was a little at fault. To-day we frankly recognize the powerful part played by the liver in the production of health-dérangements, and a bilious subject is just as apt to be “melancholic” as to exhibit any other feature of his ailment which the ancient world emphasized and noted as a sign and symptom of erratic behavior of the big gland we own as a chief detail of our physical belongings.

The anatomical facts regarding the liver are easily appreciated. By way of a rational understanding of the liver's work it is necessary to become acquainted with the liver's build. It is the biggest organ in our body, weighing, as it does, between three and four pounds. Its color is of a chocolate brown, tinged somewhat with a burnt-umber hue. Lying to the right of the stomach, it is sheltered under the lower ribs and below the big muscle (or “diaphragm”) which separates the chest from the body's lower cavity. Convex above, it is hollowed out below, and its right side is thick and rounded, in opposition to its thin left border. Solid in its substance, we find the liver to be marked off into five unequal parts, or divisions, or “lobes,” of which the right lobe is the largest, the left lobe ranking next in point of size. Now this big gland, as regards its essential structure, is found to be composed of *cells*. Everywhere we find the essential elements of a living body to consist of these microscopic units, the nature of which it is necessary to appreciate, especially with reference to the liver's work and duties. Cells are really the workmen of the living frame. They are composed of living matter (or “protoplasm”) in their typical development, and it is through the work and labors of the different cells of our bodies that the life physical, and I may add the life mental also, are maintained. For cells in the tear-glands manufacture tears, just as cells in the sweetbread manufacture sweetbread juice, or just as cells in the

salivary glands are responsible for the making of saliva. It is the cells of the brain which are the physical instruments through which the work of governing and controlling the body is carried on. And if we go back in our body's history to its very beginning, we shall find that, to start with, it arose from a single living cell we call the *ovum*, or germ. Whatever may be doubtful about life and its action, this at least is certain, that all our bodily work is performed by means of the cell-colonies which compose the most vital and most active constituents of our frame. Like other organs, then, our liver is essentially built up of living cells, the *hepatic cells* of the anatomist. They are aggregated in clumps which form the “lobules” of the liver, each lobule measuring from the one-tenth to the one-twentieth of an inch in diameter. A lobule is really an epitome of the whole liver. If we may ascertain the functions which one of these little clumps of liver cells discharges, we may be sure of knowing the work of the gland as a whole. Regarding the liver cells themselves, they are of course utterly microscopic bodies. In diameter they vary from the one-thousandth part to the one-two-thousandth part of an inch. Of yellow color, the microscope shows us that their protoplasm, or living matter, is of granular nature, and exhibits oil globules in its substance.

If we have regard to the liver's size, these facts regarding its constitution become invested with singular interest. For the gland must be composed of millions of these living cells or workmen, whose collective labors represent the actual work the liver performs. The complexity of that work, as we shall note, is of startling character; so that once again we meet with the consideration that so frequently faces us in the discussion of vital problems, namely, the apparent inadequacy of mere structure to explain the intricacy of the functions discharged. Nor is this all. Another point of interest forced upon our attention is the fact of the co-operative nature of our whole physical existence. For it is clear that the living body, if it is anything definite at all in its constitution, represents a strictly co-operative organization. Cells of one kind discharge one duty, be it respectively the formation of bone, the growth of muscle, or the secretion of gastric juice;

and they discharge this one duty only. It is left for cells of another kind to undertake the manufacture of saliva, the production of nerve-force, or the making of tears. Yet varied as are their operations, the summation of their collective work is the maintenance of the organism of which they are the real constituents; and it is in this summation of their labors that we discern that perfect co-operation which has its practical outcome in the healthy and ordered life we know. If any argument is of avail towards showing that the apparent single individuality of man is really a matter of colonial constitution, that argument will assuredly be found in the facts of cell life and work to which I have alluded. Our personality in this sense may be said to be a compound one, veiled by the very perfection of the co-operation that binds our diverse units in unbroken harmony.

Certain channels or byways have also to be reckoned with in considering the liver's constitution. If we compare the liver to a factory, we may first of all find it necessary to provide for the nutrition and feeding of the workmen we employ. Hence into the liver passes a big artery (the *hepatic artery*), which supplies a constant stream of blood, if not to the cells directly, at least to those structures which bind the cells together. Out of the liver passes a vein (the *hepatic vein*), which drains the liver of its blood, returning that blood to the heart and lungs for purification. The blood of this vein, as we shall see, carries out of the liver other products besides mere liver waste. Then comes a big vein, called the *portal vein*, whose nature demands our special attention. For this vein is formed by the union of many other and smaller veins which convey blood returning from its work of nourishing the stomach, intestine, and other organs. We see this portal vein passing upwards and disappearing within the substance of the liver, so that in addition to the blood which the gland receives by the hepatic artery for its nourishment, and to that which it is always sending away back to the heart by the hepatic vein, this portal vein is carrying into the liver a large additional supply. Comparing the liver to a factory, we may think of the portal vein very accurately as the railway siding which brings the raw material to the establishment. It supplies the liver with the stuff to work

on, just as the hepatic vein, going out of the liver, represents at least one exit for the manufactured article. Finally there leaves the liver a tube or duct called the *bile-duct*. This tube carries bile out of the liver, as its name implies, and pours it on the food in the intestine just after that food leaves the stomach. If bile is not required for digestion it passes backwards, as it were, into a receptacle lying on the under side of the liver, called the *gall-bladder*, which parts with its stored-up bile to the intestine when the demand arises for the services of that fluid.

Bearing in mind the three blood-vessels connected with the liver, and the bile-duct that carries off the manufactured product, it behooves us to notice the manner in which these blood-vessels are distributed within the liver's substance. For that the blood arrangements of the gland must bear a close relation to the cells of the organ goes without saying. We may simplify our study of this matter by taking the bile-duct and its origin as a starting-point for our inquiries. Accurate investigation has shown us that the bile-duct begins in the liver in microscopic channels which surround the cells. The proof of this fact, and of another fact, namely, that the bile passes directly from the cells of the liver into these byways surrounding them, is interesting. An indigo-carmin dye was injected into the veins of an animal, and in a short time afterwards, on the animal being killed, the examination of the liver cells showed that the coloring matter had collected around the cells, and was practically contained within the little channels between them. This was a demonstration which had long been needed, and a proof of its correctness was found in the fact that if an animal thus treated was killed at a prior stage of the investigation, the dye was found, not in the channels, but in the cells, which, of course, had absorbed it from the blood. These microscopic channels, as they pass from the lobules of the liver, unite with the byways coming from neighboring lobules, and thus form larger ducts; and finally, by the union of many such ducts, we at last practically reach the main tube or bile-duct which leads out of the liver into the intestine.

Disposing thus of the manner in which the bile-product of the liver finds its way from the cells of the gland to the intestine, to be there poured upon the food,

we may now turn our attention to the distribution of the blood-vessels themselves. The portal vein, which we saw to carry blood into the liver from the stomach, intestine, and digestive organs at large, soon begins to divide and to subdivide within the gland. If we trace it onwards to its finest ramifications, we see the last branches of this vein running round the edge or circumference of the lobules or little clumps of liver cells. These fine branches of the vein send their divisions inwards among the cells, and when they reach the central part of each liver lobule they unite to form a larger branch. This latter vessel, when we trace it onwards, soon unites with similar branches from other lobules, and thus form the beginnings of the hepatic vein itself. So that the blood which is carried into all parts of the liver by the portal vein, after giving off its substance to the liver cells, passes onwards in a continuous stream, and is taken out of the gland by the hepatic vein. The end of the portal vein, in other words, if end it can be called, is the beginning of the hepatic vein. And the pure blood, lastly, which the hepatic artery brings into the liver for its nourishment, similarly, after branching within the liver, also discharges its burden into the hepatic vein, which returns the blood to the heart and lungs.

The main points regarding the circulation in the liver are now before us. Summarizing the facts, we find that the main current of blood which goes into the liver by the portal vein, after being conveyed to the cell-workmen, is carried out by the hepatic vein. This is at once the evident source of supply of raw material to the liver, and the carriage out of the gland of waste matters, and of certain other products of vastly greater importance. The hepatic artery we may merely remember as a channel of liver nourishment. Its duties do not directly affect the liver's work, while the bile-ducts, in perhaps the truest sense of the term, represent the liver's drainage system, and remove from its substance to the intestine the materials, mostly of waste character, which result from the operations whereon the gland is perpetually engaged.

A very apt simile was once used by Dr. Lauder Brunton to indicate the difference which modern science has shown

to exist between old and new views regarding the functions and duties of the liver. If we watch a steamship sailing on its way, we see jets of water given off to the sea from the engines. Now if any person were to argue that the sole purpose for which the ship was built was that of discharging its water-jets, we should esteem such an observation savoring of foolishness. The jets of water do not represent the work of the steamer; they are really the results of its work. Applying the case of the ship to the liver, we may note how inadequate is the view, common enough still, by-the-way, among educated persons, that the duty of the liver is "to make bile." The manufacture or secretion of bile is really as much a result of the liver's work as is the ejection of water from the steamer's engines, which is the same thing as saying that the liver's duties are far more important and complex than the production of the familiar fluid which has been so long popularly associated with it. The truth is that our liver is a many-sided organ in respect of its duties. It does not perform one function alone, but several, and it is perhaps difficult to assign to any one of its duties a superiority or importance over the rest. The due discharge of these duties is all-important and essential for the welfare of the organism, and it is this multifarious round of functions which lies at the root of the liver's paramount place in the animal economy.

Perhaps the most natural method of appreciating the study of the liver is that of commencing our study with the relations of the gland to the digestion of our food. Here we fall back upon an elementary piece of physiology which leads us straight to the nature of our foods and to the work of the stomach in their assimilation. People are often startled to learn that the stomach has really very little to do, as regards the bulk of the operation, with the digestion of food at all. But such is the case. By far the greater part of every meal we eat consists of starches, sugars, and fats, and over these articles of diet, all-important as they are as energy-producing foods, the stomach exercises little or no digestive power. There is, however, another class of foods of highly important kind which is the special care of the stomach. These are the nitrogenous foods, which go to build up the tissues of our frame, whereof al-

bumen (represented by the juice of meat and white of egg, the gluten of flour, the caseine of milk, and like substances) is a familiar example. It is the nitrogenous foods which the stomach, by aid of its gastric juice, poured out on the food, is able chemically to alter and to adapt for their further assimilation. Let us see, then, what happens when the work of the stomach fails to be carried out. The nitrogenous foods, mixed with the gastric juice (whereof the chief constituents are pepsin and hydrochloric acid), are converted into *peptones*. This action is a complex one; suffice it to say that at its close peptones are formed out of the albumens and like foods which the meal has contained. Now what are these peptones? The answer is, they are still albuminous bodies, chemically speaking, but changed physically in a marked degree from the state in which they were swallowed. For in the shape of peptones they can pass easily by diffusion through the walls of the stomach, and are thus taken up by the blood-vessels of that organ. So that we arrive at the real *raison d'être* of the stomach, in a physiological sense, if we say that its chief duty is to convert our nitrogenous foods into peptones, so that in this form they may strain through the walls of the stomach and gain admittance to the blood. Carrying our thoughts back to the blood arrangements of the liver, it will be remembered that the portal vein which enters the liver is made up of a union of veins coming from the stomach, intestine, and other digestive organs. Therefore it follows that the peptones of our food, passing from the stomach into its blood-vessels, will be carried by these vessels into the portal vein, and will be swept up with the blood current of that vessel into the liver.

This in itself is an interesting point, for it teaches us, in plain language, that the stomach is really "a short-cut" for these nitrogenous foods into the blood; only the "short-cut" leads through the liver, and here begins the recital of one of the chief duties of that gland. The stomach's operation reminds us of the doings at a frontier custom-house. The passengers are turned out bag and baggage for examination by the *douanier*. Articles not liable to duty are passed on, but contraband goods are seized and conveyed to the depot for further action in the shape of the levying of duty. The

stomach is the frontier station on the digestive journey; the nitrogenous foods are the contraband goods sought out by the gastric juice, which figures as the custom-house officer; and while they are swept up as peptones into the depot (or liver), the non-contraband mass, in the shape of the fats, starches, and sugars, is allowed to go on its way rejoicing into the intestine as its own and proper digestive destination.

One of the most remarkable facts regarding the natural digestion of our food which modern science has disclosed to us is that which declares, on experimental evidence, that under certain conditions our diet may poison us. This strange but true declaration applies to these very peptones whose history I have just detailed. The evidence on this head is unmistakable. If peptones are injected directly into the blood of an animal they act as poisons of very virulent type, allied in their nature to the ptomaines and like bodies which chemistry has succeeded in extracting from decaying and putrefying meat. It seems that the peptones prevent coagulation of the blood when directly placed in contact with that fluid, while they lower the force of the heart and the blood pressure, produce coma or insensibility, give rise to convulsions, and ultimately cause death. These, in fact, are extraordinary statements, because they refer not to any action which is of unnatural or abnormal kind, but to the ordinary process of digestion as it is naturally conducted. It is not suggested that all albuminous or nitrogenous bodies give rise equally to poisons by reason of their chemical decomposition; what is certain is that many of them, in the shape of peptones, have the power of producing serious effects when they are allowed to pass into the general circulation, and to be conveyed throughout the frame. On the one hand, therefore, it would appear that the living body demands these albuminous foods as essential parts of its nutritive store; while, on the other hand, it is demonstrated that as peptones, representing the first stage on their digestive journey, they may become virulent poisons. This is a sheer anomaly apparently. The way out of the physiological difficulty, however, lies through the liver.

Our peptones are swept up to the liver through the portal vein, which, by-the-

way, it should be remembered, is also bringing to the gland other food products from the later stage of digestion in the intestine. It behooves us, therefore, to see what part is played by the liver in dealing with the erratic peptones which threaten our physical prosperity and welfare in so marked a degree. A tolerably long physiological experience has shown that the liver is really placed like a police official or sentinel at the gateway of the blood. It has long been matter of scientific knowledge that the gland has a power of dealing effectively with poisons of many kinds which have found access to the body. It thus plays the part of an antiseptic organ or disinfecting establishment, rendering innocuous substances otherwise destined very powerfully to affect the welfare of the organism at large. Orfila and others, for instance, showed that mineral poisons, such as arsenic, lead, mercury, and the like, accumulate specially in the liver, and this for the reason that the gland has arrested them from passing into the circulation. Later on Schiff, Hegger, and others found that on poisons of a much more powerful nature, to wit, nicotine, curarine, daturine, morphine, and strychnine, the liver exercised a destructive action. There followed naturally on the heel of these discoveries the information that the poisonous bodies produced by the decomposition of albumens, peptones and the like, were also intercepted and rendered chemically inert by the all-useful and watchful liver. Even the poison of the serpent, subtle as it is, is subjected to the same physiological scrutiny by the gland. Poisons which, like snake virus, act at once when introduced directly into the circulation, were known to be harmless when swallowed, and this result was explained on the assumption that the digestive secretions chemically decomposed them, and rendered them innocuous by the time they were absorbed. To-day we see once again the liver action coming to the front in this process as in the mere natural action of dealing with the poisonous peptones our food may contain. If it be true (as seems likely) that, in the process of digestion and also in certain disorders of that function, poisonous principles are generated in the intestine, absorbed by the blood, and carried by the portal vein to the liver, we receive a fresh addition to the long list of debts which, in a physio-

logical sense, we owe to our liver for guarding us against noxious actions that seem inseparable from the discharge of the ordinary processes of our lives.

Swept up into the liver by the blood of the portal vein, the peptones are ultimately brought into immediate contact with the cells of the gland. It is in this relationship that we begin to see more clearly the physiological importance of the living population of the organ. For whatever work is executed by the liver is simply the outcome of the combined labors of these wondrous microscopic particles, which, in the truest sense of the word, are the real laborers in the bodily vineyard. What the liver does with the peptones, and what is the exact nature of the changes which it effects upon them, is still matter of physiological speculation; but we shall perhaps not be drawing upon pure hypothesis too largely, or stating that which is unsupported by fact, if we assume that they are chemically altered by the liver cells to fit them for passing into the blood to renew and replenish the fluid, and in turn to repair the tissues of the body. Physiologists incline to the belief that the peptones are remodelled in the liver to form a substance known as "globuline," which is a very complex albuminous substance, much in request by the red corpuscles of the blood. Not all the peptones, however, are thus filtered off and passed on to the blood, escaping out of the liver by the hepatic vein, which we saw to be the outlet channel of the liver. Possibly the liver makes the peptones pay toll on their way through its territory, and so much of the peptonic material retained by the liver is probably converted into a substance known as "glycogen," of the curious history of which more anon. Such is the first, but not the whole duty of the liver. It is the detective policeman at the gate of the exhibition who keeps pickpockets from gaining admission; or rather it entraps the evil-doers, securely jails them, and liberates them only when it has purged them of their power to do evil. Following upon these facts comes another of practical importance to the physician. A bilious attack may be compared, as regards its symptoms, to a case of poisoning. There is headache, nausea, retching, vomiting, and collapse. On the idea that the liver's duty, from one cause or another, has been neglected, we can see

how the bilious seizure may be a case of poisoning by peptones, which, like the un-arrested pickpockets, find their way into the circulation, and produce on the brain and in other organs their dire effects, only too well known as concomitants of our highly civilized but artificial existence.

The story of the liver leads us to notice a second chapter in the history of the duties it performs. This recital begins with the discovery by Claude Bernard, many years gone by, that the liver was to be regarded as a sugar-making organ. Bernard found the liver, after death, to part with large quantities of sugar—not ordinary sugar, let us note, but grape-sugar. The liver itself dissolved in water gives a rich solution of sugar, and when all blood has left it, and a stream of water is sent into it by the portal vein, sugar can be washed out through the natural outlet, the hepatic vein; and this process can be repeated again and again, after intervals, until the liver's sugar store is exhausted. Before these experiments were undertaken it was believed that the liver destroyed or consumed the sugar which was brought to it by the portal vein from the intestine, in which part of the digestive tube sugar, starch, and fat digestion takes place. Bernard's observations, therefore, seemed to prove just the contrary result. Another observation was of a remarkable kind. A liver removed from an animal just after death, cut into small pieces, and placed in boiling water, gave little or no sugar. But the infusion became milky in appearance, and when a ferment was added to it (such as that of saliva, which converts starch in the mouth into grape-sugar), and the infusion heated, it became clear, and was found to be rich in sugar. Here, then, was a proof that if the liver itself did not contain sugar, it at least was a repository or storehouse of some substance or other which could be changed into sugar by adding a ferment to it. This substance, it was clear, was of the nature of starch, readily convertible into sugar (as in our mouths), and on this substance the name "glycogen," or "animal starch," was accordingly bestowed. We know that glycogen is naturally stored up in the cells of the liver, which thus become a kind of purveyor of starch to the organism, while this starch is also found as a natural constituent of the muscles, of the white corpuscles of the

blood, of the brain, and of other tissues of the body. It is perfectly certain whence the liver obtains its starchy store—namely, from the starches and sugars it obtains from the food. For if an animal be fed exclusively on flesh, which contains no starch, the amount of sugar found in the liver is very much less than that which results from a starchy diet, while on the latter diet much starch is stored up in the gland. Even if, as is likely, the liver may convert so much of its peptones, derived from flesh foods, as has already been hinted, into glycogen, the broad fact remains that it is the starch of the food which directly contributes to the fulness of the liver's store.

Now what are the meanings and purports of this second duty of the liver? Claude Bernard explained the starch-storing function of the liver in what appeared to be a singularly apt fashion. Let us remember he found the blood issuing from the hepatic vein to be rich in sugar, while the portal vein carried none. Hence came the conclusion that the liver really formed the sugar it gave forth to the blood; that it converted its glycogen or starch into sugar; that this sugar, paid out to the blood by the hepatic vein, was carried to the lungs; and that, burnt or oxidized in the lungs, it was the source of animal heat. Suppose that this sugar was not so used up in the lungs, Bernard maintained that it passed into the blood, was carried to the kidneys, and gave rise to the disease known as "diabetes." These views have been hotly contested. Dr. Pavy, for example, maintained that the blood of the hepatic vein issuing from the liver was not richer in sugar than the blood elsewhere; and this seemed to be a crushing fact, annihilating Bernard's theory. Again, the heat of our body is not produced in our lungs, but in our muscles, so that this part of Bernard's theory has certainly to be surrendered. The truth probably lies, here as elsewhere, in "the middle way." It is true the liver has a very marked sugar-producing power, making sugar out of the starch it stores; and it is also true that sugar, which is soluble, is a form of nourishment or pabulum easily adapted for diffusion in the blood, while starch is not. Again, Bernard probably laid too much stress on what he observed to occur after death in the animal liver, and gave too little heed to the possibly different actions which might, and probably

do, occur in the liver during life. Dr. Pavy holds that the sugar formation was a post-mortem process, and that the real destination of the glycogen of the liver is not to form sugar, but to be converted into fat, and that this fat goes to aid in the production of bile. When sugar is produced by the liver, this is regarded, accordingly, not as the work of a healthy organism, but as the result of disease. The mean between these extremes teaches that probably the liver does give forth sugar in the healthy and normal state, and that this sugar goes, not to produce heat in the lungs, but to supply the muscles and other parts with a food product adapted for their nutrition. If this view be correct, then the liver appears before us as a kind of physiological banker, which, receiving deposits of money in one form of currency, pays out these deposits in another shape. Its banking operations, however, are not limited to the current account system required for the hourly wants of the tissues. For it has been well suggested that, in the shape of a deposit account at the bank of nutrition, the sugar may be stored (as starch) in the liver till it is wanted for the body's needs and necessities. So long as plenty of sugar reaches the blood and tissues from the digestive system direct, the liver's deposit of starch would not be drawn upon. But when there is a commercial crisis in nutritive affairs, and sugar is deficient, the reserve fund in the liver is brought into requisition, and it passes out its store to the blood, to relieve the business pressure of the body and to restore the balance of things in the disturbed organism.

Whether or not the liver is a true fat-forming organ is a point open to dispute. Dr. Pavy, as we have seen, maintains that fat-formation is part of the natural work of the gland. The liver cells certainly contain fat globules, while in sundry states of life, best illustrated, perhaps, by the fate of the Strasburg goose, the liver, in a state of food-repletion combined with inactivity, becomes a mass of fat. Again, no doubt starches and sugars are fat-formers; but it is a difficult matter to conceive how glycogen can be converted into fat; so that on grounds of expediency we may, perhaps, most safely assume that the liver simply stores fat normally in small quantity, but liable to be excessively increased when a more than ade-

quate amount of fat-forming matters are contained in the food, and when a deficiency of muscular exercise is therewith associated.

We have left for consideration the third chapter in the liver's story—that relating to its duty as a bile-forming gland. The story is told of a science student who, once upon a time, when asked a question regarding bile and its history and uses, replied that "bile was formed in the stomach, and was used for cleaning carpets." Doubtless this youth was better instructed in the principles of domestic economy than in the facts of physiology; for although bile is decidedly not formed in the stomach, it is often used by housewives, who obtain it from the gall-bladder of the ox, for removing grease stains from fabrics of various kinds. The student's answer illustrates the great advantage to be derived from following out our knowledge to its ultimate end, for, curiously enough, what bile does in the way of dissolving grease stains in a carpet it also does in the way of dissolving the fats of our food in the intestine. Whatever bile may be—and we have already seen it partake of the nature of a waste product—it certainly assists materially in the digestion of fats. So, also, it aids the absorption by the wall of the intestine of our digested foods (fats especially), while to it may be attributed antiseptic properties, in that it serves to retard injurious decomposition of the food. That it has an influence in stimulating intestinal movements, and of thus expediting the digestive process, is also an ascertained fact.

Viewed from the stand-point of its relations to the liver, which produces it, bile may be said to possess a double origin. For it is now well ascertained, as the result chiefly of the experiments of Schiff, that while the liver is perpetually excreting, that is, separating bile from the blood, it is also absorbing bile from that fluid. Putting this fact in another way, the liver, we may hold, is always making new bile by means of its cells from the blood as the raw material, while it is giving forth to the intestine, for digestive purposes, the old bile which it has absorbed from the blood brought to it by the portal vein. The course of the bile is therefore largely one from the liver into the intestine, whence it is absorbed into the blood, which, in turn, carries it back to the liver again. Concurrently

with the operation of this main bile vortex, as it were, we find much bile carried away for good, as by an overflow of the swirl, by the intestine. If bile be added to the blood directly, or if it be placed in the stomach or intestine, the liver flow of this fluid is increased; and it is presumable, therefore, that a certain amount of bile is naturally present in the blood itself. But the place of origin of bile, beyond all dispute, is the cells of the liver. Bile-making and bile-elaboration thus appear as additional duties which these living workmen perform and sustain. It is from the blood of the portal vein, that great inlet of the liver, that bile is formed, and our previous studies have shown us how intimately associated with the clumps of liver cells are the ramifications of that vessel. That the changes which result in the formation of bile are of complex description is a fact which need not be emphasized. The protoplasm or living matter of the cells of the liver here, as elsewhere, is the seat of a chemistry which practically defies explanation. Very intricate in its own composition is bile itself. It is probably the most complex of all our bodily secretions. Containing a large percentage of water, it has solids, consisting of cholesterine, pigment, fats, and minerals (among which common salt is conspicuous), along with phosphates of lime, soda, and magnesia, carbonate of soda, oxide of iron, and even traces of silica itself, of manganese and copper. Certain curious compounds of soda are characteristic constituents of this fluid. It is matter of certainty, then, that only the cells of the liver can form the special substances found in bile, and it is notable that its color is derived from the blood, while the fat it contains also represents the contribution of the liver cells.

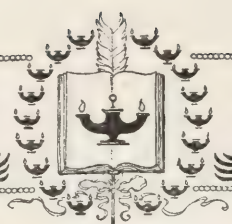
Regarded as part of the liver's story, the making of bile, as we have seen, is really a result of the work of the gland. Yet in another sense bile-making partakes of the nature of a special duty, for that fluid undoubtedly represents the work of the liver in removing from the blood waste matter, or substances which represent the result of the wear and tear of the vital fluid. It is nothing to the point here involved that bile is utilized in the work of digesting fats. Its mode of origin clearly indicates that it is a fluid resulting from the separation and elaboration, by the liver cells, of matters partly derived from

the blood itself, and in part resulting, no doubt, from the operations in which the liver engages in connection with its guardianlike duties over the peptones and other products derived from the digestive system. Whatever be the exact origin of the bile, this much at least is certain, that its formation represents one of the most complicated of our bodily duties; while its manufacture testifies no less to the extraordinary powers exercised by the living cells, which, with an apparent simplicity of structure, are enabled to figure as the agents in chemical processes defying the efforts of the furthest science perfectly and clearly to explain.

The story of the liver thus briefly narrated forms, perchance, one of the most typical illustrations of the extent and nature of the researches in which the science of these latter days is given to engage. It is often difficult for those whose interests lie outside the domain of scientific research to admit the utility of investigations which, when casually viewed, appear to be far removed from any practical application to human affairs. But the house of knowledge is only builded by slow degrees and by many hands; and the liver's story finds its best commentary and moral in the fact that on the foundation afforded by such studies, the edifice of rational medicine is reared, and this result, in its turn, makes directly for the cure of disease and for the promotion of the happiness of man.

NOTE.—Since this article was written, Dr. Pavy has published his treatise on the carbo-hydrates (starches and sugars) in their relations to healthy nutrition and to disease. He maintains that the liver really arrests sugar by absorbing it from the blood of the portal vein. Diabetes results when this action is imperfectly discharged. The glycogen stored in the liver, Dr. Pavy holds, is used to build up proteid (or nitrogenous) matter or fat—possibly both. The question, however, is not decided, elaborate as Dr. Pavy's researches have been. For example, in our food the starches and sugars bulk most largely, and it is difficult to see how all this material can adequately be disposed of as fat or proteid matter. So also it is possible that if proteid matter can be formed out of starches and sugars, the reverse action may be represented in the liver's work. But the whole matter is still *sub judice*. The views expressed in this article may perchance be held to represent the general consensus of opinion among physiologists regarding the destination of the liver's glycogen; and this opinion may be maintained while according to the researches of Dr. Pavy the highest possible credit due to the efforts of a veteran worker in a most difficult and complex department of the science of life.—A. W.

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

LOOKING from the window of a Tuscan villa across to the great republic, one can have some conception how it appears to foreigners who never travel out of their own kingdoms. It lies there vast and undefined. The high lights caught of it in the distance are unattractive, merely the illuminations of crime, accidents, and the abnormal news that the news-gatherers think worth sending by cables, or the correspondents dish up to suit readers who only care to hear of the eccentric. The picture is never normal, always exaggerated. There is a vague conception of a vast region, generally lawless, always reckless, without comfort, without safety, in a very slow process of evolution out of barbarous manners. Yet even its geographical vastness is not comprehended. Italy is twice the size of England, but it is less than half as large as the State of Texas, and both England and Italy, leaving Sicily out, could be put into Montana. Of course mere size is nothing, and we do not even care to set off Alaska against Siberia, but the territory of the United States is capable of sustaining as large a proportionate population as Europe, and at its present rate of increase in population its numbers will soon be commanding in the world. Of course, again, there is nothing in numbers without quality, but it is precisely in regard to quality that the European conception of the United States fails—quality and diversity. The information conveyed to Europe takes little note of the vast and normal soundness of American life, of its general every-day happiness and security and confidence in its future, of its education, the high level of its general intelligence, its strong moral and religious tone, its churches, its splendid charities. Of its wealth, newly gained, there is an exaggerated notion, and this sets in high relief its vulgarity, the vulgarity being largely not from corruption of the heart, but a departure from the conventional forms of Europe. Judgment is passed upon us from our excesses and the differences from Continental manners and habits, natural to diverse people liberated from conventions and let

loose as builders of a new world. What Europe fails to comprehend, adequately, is the spectacle of the creation of a great nation under absolutely new conditions. What it does not see is that the only stable, unrevolutionized government of the last hundred years is the United States, and that the Federal government is unique among nations for the official integrity of its civil servants. It is rare that a dollar is lost in the handling of its immense revenues. No, the even, peaceful life of the great body of the people is not seen, but a conception of the life is got from the railway wrecks, of all sorts, the fires, the strikes, the antics of cranks, many of them recent importations, whose cultivated Old World cussedness is passed wholly to our credit. It is the accidental by which we are known. Presumably there is much agreeable existence in Hungary, and even in the Carpathian Mountains, but almost the only news we ever get of them is some outburst of violence, generally of a flood that sweeps away a whole village. In the same way, if the traveler from America were to judge his country by the news of it coming over sea, uncorrected by his knowledge of the actual life, he would have no desire to go home.

But he can learn something from this distant view in which so many unpleasant things are thrown in high relief. For one thing, there seems to be an uncommon number of what the Bible, which never needs to explain its terms, calls fools, even for the growing population. Perhaps there are proportionately no more fools in the United States than elsewhere, but their distinction is in the things about which they are foolish. From ignorance simply they insist upon trying financial experiments which the experience of ages has uniformly found to be disastrous. The spectacle is simply amazing of a great nation, with unequalled resources and opportunities, running into debt in a time of profound peace, unable to pay its current expenses without a loan, often on the edge of financial suspension, simply because the fools who think that nine inches are a foot have got the balance of votes. Another amaz-

ing spectacle is the attitude of the people generally in the matter of the result of their high taxes, that is, in the failure of the taxes to produce the necessary public improvements and comfort. Tried by any European standard, our taxes generally are high, though they are not so minute and inquisitorial as many other systems. But when we contrast our expenditure with that of Europe we see how little we get for it, in the matter of good roads, paved streets, clean cities, sanitary precautions, and enduring work of all sorts on our highways of travel. The excuse offered for this state of things is that the citizens are too busy making private fortunes to care for the public fortune, and would rather submit to all that is unsightly and crude and expensive in our temporary shabby city work than to give any time to rectify the evil. And seeing that this is so, the European verdict is that government by popular suffrage is a failure.

And yet foreigners are eager to go to this land of failure by the hundreds of thousands annually. In the matter of emigration people seem to obey a kind of blind instinct as to the existence of better opportunities and freer lives in regions to which they are impelled to move. The theory of equality has taken a very strong hold, and there are few people anywhere, like the present farmers of Tuscany, who are content with their condition. In America there is a certainty of changing the condition, and a fair gambling chance of bettering it. Even if they do not better it, they are, even in poverty, their own masters to a degree they cannot be in fixed Old World traditions. And to be one's own master, rich or poor, has been the seductive dream of all time. It is useless to say to the emancipated negro in the United States that he is not, as in cases he is not, as well fed and clothed and cared for as he was in slavery. He knows that he has the privilege of lying abed in the morning if he chooses. In the same way the emigrant to America is little deterred by the pictures that are held up to him of disorder in the States, and of political and financial incompetency. The great thing for him is that there he can not only have an opinion, but an opinion that will be counted, and that he will be a real unit in the State. Sentiment rules more than reason in persuading him to try his for-

tune, though news may come to him that he will not escape either hard work or poverty.

II.

The reconciliation of liberty with order and good government—the unsuccessful struggle of the fifteenth century—is not the only unsolved problem the nineteenth century is carrying on to the twentieth. In the studies of the fifteenth century by Professor Villari, the foremost of Italian historians, the penetrating interpreter of Machiavelli and the defender of Savonarola, the most perplexing problem of the Renaissance is the constant decay of morals and religion in the revival of art and letters. It was precisely in the courts, the centres, the societies, most devoted to learning and to literature, the most refined in appreciation of art, that the corruption of morals and the absence of religion were most marked. Political morality and good faith did not exist anywhere, and if there was any private regard for the moral code it was not in the high places of the church or state. Virtue seemed to be nothing but the result of an artistic well-being. The absolute debasement of society in crime, in indecent speech, in murder, in lust, in perfidy, is almost inconceivable, yet this was precisely the time of the revival of Greek learning, of the Platonic Academy, of the zeal in collecting MSS. and founding libraries, when the amusement of the most dissolute men in the most corrupt courts was learned discussions, the capping of Latin verse, the writing of poems, the acting of plays, when Raphael was painting the Madonna and the stanzas of the Vatican, and Michael Angelo carving the Moses and the statues of the Medicean Chapel. In the gravest despatches, reports, and correspondence the ablest statesmen and ambassadors and scholars related adventures, real or invented, with women that the most debased mind to-day would shudder from telling. “At that time all distinctions of caste, of class, nay, even of sex, seemed to have utterly vanished. Mæcenæ and his protégés, in conversing on letters or science, treated one another on terms of equality, and addressed one another with the familiar *thou* and *thou*; women studied Latin, Greek, philosophy, sometimes governed states, and, clad in armor, followed condottieri to the field. To us it causes an astonishment almost amounting to dis-

gust and horror to hear indecent talk carried on in the presence not only of refined matrons, but of innocent girls; to hear politics treated as though no such thing as conscience were known While daringly denying God, they believe in fate and fortune; while despising all religion, they study the occult sciences with ardor. Almost every republic, every prince, every condottiere, owned an astrologer, without whose counsel no treaty was signed, no war commenced." The greatest statesmen and publicists and princes drew horoscopes, believed in spirits of the air, consulted astrologers. "Reason, in trying to explain all things, found itself confronted by its own impotence!"

In a well-adjusted world the contemplation of beauty ought to lead to refinement of spirit, and the cultivation of the intellect and of taste lead away from sensuality. In the fifteenth century it did not. In her intellectual and artistic pre-eminence Italy grew more and more feeble and corrupt, and if morality existed anywhere it was in the lower classes, which were stirred by no intellectual or artistic impulse. Was this phenomenon due to the peculiar circumstances of the age, or is it a universal continuing tendency? That is, was the disorganization of morals due to the transition from the Middle Ages into the Renaissance, and did it merely coincide with a revived taste for letters and great achievement in art, or is the cultivation of the imagination always dangerous to morality, and the worship of beauty always relaxing to the moral fibre? Had the early devotees of the Christian faith an instinct of self-preservation when they set themselves against the refinement of learning and the æsthetic movement? Or, in plain terms, is there an antagonism between art and religion, meaning by religion private morality?—for in the fifteenth century there was no antagonism between art and the current Christianity. The Christianity was not of the sort to make decent the poetry or the plays at the Vatican, or to restrain the most sensuous side of art.

One explanation of the phenomenon lies upon the surface. The new interest in letters and in art was due to the revival of classic literature and the rediscovery of classic art, a return to its reality out of the fantastic symbolism of the

Middle Ages. With this adoption of the classic idea of life came a practical paganism; and paganism has absolutely no morality in the Christian sense. The ancient word virtue was not the expression of any lowly personal quality of righteousness. The conception of life therefore that obtained in the circles that cultivated art and letters was wholly the pagan conception, at the highest a worship of beauty of form, or of so much rectitude of conduct as was necessary to produce the highest physical sanity and mental serenity. The importation, then, of classic art with the pagan morality into a corrupt society could not be expected to lessen that decay, or lift life into any purity. The formula would naturally be, "Art for Art's sake," and the conception that the author, the painter, the sculptor, the dancer, the actor, had no business with moral questions, or rather with Christian morality, would pass readily into the tolerance which more or less to this day is extended to the artist and author, namely, that their necessities are such that they are not to be judged by the ordinary rules of morality. It is not put so baldly as this in modern terms. We invent a euphemism to excuse the moral laches of genius, but the fact remains that there is one standard of morality for the artist and the actor and the imaginative writer, and another for the preacher.

The situation in Italy in the fifteenth century has a lively interest for us. We are witnessing in our day an assiduous and not altogether affected cultivation of æstheticism. There has been a frank return in many of the art capitals to the pagan idea of art and morality. Aside from the considerable æsthetic posing in London, which is merely for effect, there has been some not insincere belief that beauty is sufficient in itself to save mankind and to keep society pure, and that a beautiful line even has a sort of moral quality. It is curious to see what sort of society this theory produces, and to compare the art-for-art's-sake conceptions of life in Paris and London with that in Florence and Rome four centuries ago. The modern life is a good deal feebler and less bold and not yet so corrupt, but there is a sort of æsthetic imitative effeminacy that is more corrupting than brutality. If the phenomenon of the fifteenth century is repeating itself in the

nineteenth century, the query is whether it is merely a coincidence, or whether it is natural that the pursuit now of the Greek ideal of beauty should produce a society all adrift morally. If it is only a coincidence, it is not the only one. In the decay of faith and in the scepticism as to Christian supernaturalism there is in both ages the same resort to all sorts of superstitions, to the study of occult sciences, to astrology and palmistry, to spirits in the air and belief in the antics of mediums, to theosophy and second-sight. The two centuries run an equal race in credulity. The repetition is a little discouraging to the believer in progress, and the continual want of harmony between the love of beauty and the love of righteousness is perplexing. Perhaps there is no safer course for one than to sit squarely on the Ten Commandments, and let the world go round.

III.

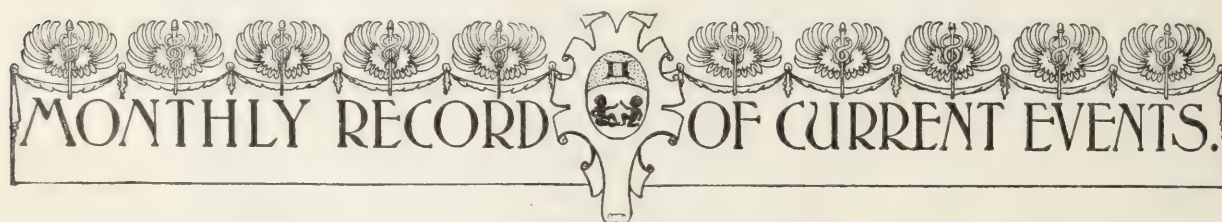
Perhaps, after all, in our pursuit of harmony in our lives, we are not paying enough attention to physical conditions. Science pretends to have made great progress in interpreting the relations of body and mind. We have, on the one hand, the advocates of physical culture as the reconciliation of our disordered faculties, and on the other the zealots who have a mind-cure for every physical ill and disturbance. But it is singular that the scientists have as yet made no fruitful effort to discover the relation of food to the best physical power or the highest mental production. Training and diet for a specific and temporary purpose, like football contests or the ordeal of oratorical competition, we are familiar with. But anything like a broad, scientific study of the results of specific diet has hardly been attempted. There are certain popular notions afloat on the subject, as that fish and celery are good for the brain. There was an American judge who distinguished himself a few years ago by declaring that he could sit longer on the bench with less fatigue—in short, could be better sustained in his mental and physical endurance in court—on a breakfast of buckwheat cakes than on any other morning diet. But no effort was made to follow this out, to ascertain whether his life was shortened by this daily packing of his stomach with layers of flap-jacks, or what was the character of his

judicial decisions. Nor was any investigation ever made in regard to the Scotch cultivation of literature on oatmeal—whether the oatmeal was not an obstacle overcome by Scotch genius, or whether the oatmeal merely restored the equilibrium that might be disturbed by Glenlivet. The moral reformers have forced us to consider the properties of tea, coffee, and alcohol, and the physicians unite in condemning or commending at different times the same article of diet in relation to the health of patients. But the effect of different kinds of food upon people in a normal condition, upon the power or quality of their brain-work, upon their dispositions, upon husbands' treatment of their wives, is hardly considered. We blunder along till we reach middle life, experimenting without any scientific programme, and at last, when the game is almost over, begin to learn what to avoid, and so mitigate the failures of our remaining years. We do not treat horses this way, or cows, or dogs from whom we expect any intelligent service in hunting.

We know that some plants are stimulants, and some are narcotics; there is a belief even among savages that certain articles of food give courage and others make the eaters chicken-hearted. There is good reason to suppose that every sort of food, vegetable or animal, has an action as specific as what we call drugs have, and a specific relation to human quality and capacity. We calculate roughly that such a thing is indigestible, or that another article of diet increases nervousness—the special disease of this period of time. But we do not study what diet will make a man kind, or truthful, or a lyric poet, or an honest historian, or a disinterested politician. We have got so far as to see that we must discriminate about medicines, but it would be as reasonable to expect a dozen persons with as many maladies to go to the drug-shop and swallow the same kind of doses as is the spectacle of a dozen people at a dinner table, all unequal in mental gifts and habits and in physical status, helplessly eating the same things. Take, for instance, the egg, one of the commonest articles of diet. It is assumed, in this case, that the egg suits everybody—we mean, of course, mentally—and that all eggs are alike. As a matter of fact, eggs are as various as apples or oranges. Assuming

that the egg is in perfect condition, its character depends upon a thousand prenatal causes. We can detect its obvious flavor; we say that one egg is rich, and another poor and thin; but when we consider its more subtle relations to human life, the recklessness with which we eat eggs without investigation is amazing. It is strange that the extreme believers in the doctrine of heredity will ever eat an egg without knowing the hen that laid it. It may be the bellicose egg of a game-chicken or the meeching egg of a spiritless farm-yard fowl. The hen may be underfed as well as underbred. The egg is different from mutton, and yet we lay great stress upon the breed of mutton, though even in eating mutton we take no account of its effect upon the intellect. The mutton represents death; the egg is the beginning of life, and has in it all the possibilities of new existence. In taking different eggs into the system we take in different qualities, different impulses. Yet we never inquire about the hen. Every one who is familiar with fowls knows not only that different kinds have distinctive characteristics, but that hens of the same breed have different dispositions and characters, and, it is not too

much to say, different moral qualities. Scientists, when taxed with their failure to investigate the subtle transmission of qualities by the egg, will say that the human organism is so coarse that it cannot be affected by such delicate influences, and they cite the well-known cases of persons who do not know the difference between a good egg and a pretty good egg. But this gives away the whole case. The existence of such persons is an added proof of the lack of vigilance in what goes to the building up of a human being. This demoralization of the taste is probably a sign of a deeper insensibility. We may not be able now to prove that a bad egg will produce a bad man; it may be that only a bad man will eat a bad egg; but as we know that a man's disposition is affected by what he eats, and that much of the evil in life comes from bad digestion, it is a fair inference that moral and intellectual qualities are transmitted in food. It is the business of science to make better men and women. It gives itself great airs about heredity, but hitherto has done little in the investigation of the subtle causes of the so-called hereditary qualities in our consuming relations to the animal and vegetable world.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 11th of March. The Fifty-third Congress ended March 4th. Its appropriations during the second session were more than \$500,000,000, and during its term nearly a billion dollars. It repealed the Sherman silver law; amended the McKinley tariff by the substitution of the Wilson-Gorman bill, which included a tax on incomes exceeding \$4000 annually, and restored the duties on sugar; voted \$5,000,000 bounty to the sugar-growers; and refused the payment due to British North American sealers under the Paris award agreed to by the Secretary of State.

To maintain the gold reserve the Secretary of the Treasury, on February 20th, issued \$62,500,000 in four per cent. thirty-year bonds through a syndicate of New York bankers. The amount was promptly subscribed, the syndicate buying from the government at \$104 48, and offering them for sale at \$112 25.

A union was effected and made public March 2d, of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries in New York, giving to the city a public library of 300,000 volumes, with property worth \$8,000,000.

The Japanese were continuously successful in the war against China, winning every engagement,

and capturing New Chang, Koushino, Teu-chan-tai, and Kiu-gow. Li Hung Chang, ex-Prime Minister of China, was invested with power to conclude peace, and sent on March 5th as envoy to Japan.

OBITUARY.

February 14th.—Isaac Pusey Gray, United States Minister to Mexico, aged sixty-seven years.—At New York, Charles Wheatleigh, the actor, aged seventy-two years.

February 18th.—At Vienna, Archduke Albert Frederick Rudolf, Field-Marshal and Inspector-General of the Austrian Army, aged seventy-seven years.

February 19th.—At Paris, Auguste Vacquerie, author, poet, and journalist, aged seventy-six years.

February 20th.—At Washington, Frederick Douglass, foremost orator of American negroes, aged seventy-eight years.

February 22d.—At Epping, New Hampshire, Benjamin F. Prescott, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, aged sixty-one years.

February 24th.—At Troy, Major-General Joseph B. Carr, aged sixty-seven years.

March 5th.—At London, Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, the Assyrian scholar, aged eighty-five years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A WELSH EXPERIENCE.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SHALL I call these few words "The Three Feathers," a "Tierce of Welsh Rarebits," or "My Prints of Wales"? Either name would be too formal for the half-column of nonsense.



TAN-Y-BULCH.

Suffice it to say that we were coaching in Wales, the Angel, Mrs. Angel, the Heir, the Skipper, and myself. Having proved apt at itinerary doggerel, I was solemnly created Mistress of Rhymes, Travelling Laureate to the party—an office that, however honorable, was no sinecure, since it obliged me to write rhymed eulogies or diatribes on Dolgelley, Tan-y-Bulch, Tyn-y-Coed, and other Welsh villages whose names offer similar breakneck fences to the Muse. The Angel was very autocratic in the matter. It was he who led me up to the visitors' books at the way-side inns, and putting the quill in my reluctant fingers, bade me write in cheerful hexameters my impressions of the unpronounceable spot. The martyrdom began at Penygwryd (Penny-goo-rid'). When I saw the name over the door of the inn I was moved to disappear and avert my fate. Hunger at length brought me out of my lair, and promising to do my duty, I was allowed to join the irresponsible ones at luncheon.

Such a toothsome feast it was! A delicious ham where roses and lilies melted sweetly into one another, some crisp lettuces, ale in pewter mugs, a good old cheese, and that stodgy cannon-ball the "household loaf," dear for dear association's sake. We were served at table by the granddaughter of the house, a little damsel of fifteen summers, with sleek brown hair and the eyes of a doe. The pretty creature was all blushes and dimples and pinafores and courtesies and eloquent good-will. With what a sweet politeness do they invest their service, some of these soft-voiced English maids! Their kindness al-

most moves one to tears when one is fresh from the resentful civility fostered by democracy.

As we strolled out on the greensward by the hawthorn hedge, Chloe, or Daphne, or Phœbe, or whatever her name ought to have been and probably was not, followed us, and with a new series of shy confusions and courtesies asked us if we would write in the "locked book," whereupon she presented us with the key. It seems there was an ordinary visitors' book, where the common herd was invited to scrawl its unknown name; but when persons of evident distinction and genius patronized the inn, this "locked book" was put into their hands.

I found that many a lord and lady had written on its pages, and men mighty in church and state had left their mark, with much bad poetry commendatory of the beds, the food, the scenery, and the fishing. Nobody, however, had given a line to pretty Phœbe, so I pencilled her a rhyme, for which I was well paid in dimples:

At the Inn called the Penygwryd
A sweet little maiden is hid.
She's so rosy and pretty
I write her this ditty
And leave it at Penygwryd.

Our next halt was at Bettws-y-Coed, where we passed the week-end. It was a memorable spot, as I failed at first to rhyme the name, and only succeeded under threats of a fate like unto that of the immortal babes in the wood. I left the verse to be carved on a bronze tablet in the village church, should any one be found fitted to bear the weight of its eulogy:

Here lies an old woman of Bettws-y-Coed;
Wherever she went, it was there that she *goed*.
She frequently said: "My own row have I *hoed*,
And likewise the church water-mark have I *toed*.
I'm therefore expecting to reap what I've sowed,
And go straight to heaven from Bettws-y-Coed."

At another stage of our journey, when the coaching tour was nearly ended, we were stop-



PENYGWRYD INN.



BETTWS-Y-COED.

ping at the Royal Goat at Beddgelert. We were seated about the cheerful blaze (one and sixpence extra), portfolio in lap, mak-

ing ready our letters for the post. I announced my intention of writing to a fellow-American left behind in London with a sprained ankle, and determined that the missive should be saturated with local color. None of us were able to spell the few Welsh words we had picked up in our journeyings, but I evaded the difficulties by writing an exciting little episode in which all the principal substantives were names of Welsh towns, dragged in bodily, and so used as to deceive the casual untravelled reader.

I read it aloud. The Heir declared that it made capital sense, and sounded as if it had happened exactly as stated. Perhaps you will agree with him:

"DDOLGHYHGGLLWN, WALES.

"...We left Bettws-y-Coed yesterday morning, and coached thirty-three miles to this point. (How



"THE ROYAL GOAT."

do you like this point when you see it spelled?) We lunched at a way-side inn, and as we journeyed on we began to see pposters on the ffences announcing the ffact that there was to be a Festiniog that day in the village of Portmadoc, through which we were to pass. I always enjoyw a Festiniog yn any country, and my hheart beat hhigh with anticipation. Yt was ffive o'clock yn the cool of the dday, and ppre-sently the roadw became ggay with the returning festinioggers. Here was a fine Llanberis, its neck encircled with shining meddals won in previous festiniogs; there, just behind, a wee shaggy Rhyl led along proudly by its owner. Evydently the gayety was over for the day, for the ppeople now came yn crowds, the women with gay plaid Rhuddlans over their shoulders and straw Beddgelerts on their hheads.

"The guardd ttooted his hhorn continuously, for we now approached the principalw street of the vil-lage, where hhundreds of ppeople were conggregga-ted. Of course there were all manner of Dolgelleys yn the crowd, and all that had taken pprizes were gayly decked with rribbons. Just at this moment the hhorn of our ggward ffrightened a superb Llan-rwst, a spirited black creature of enormous size. It made a ddash through the lines of terrified mothers, who caught their innocent Pyllhelis closer to their



A FINE LLANBERIS.

bbosoms. In its madd course it bruised the side of a huge Llandudno hitched to a stout Tyn-y-Coed by the way-side. It bbroke its Bettws and leaped ynto the air. Ddeath stared us yn the face. David the whip grew ppale, and signalled to Absalom the ggward to save as many lives as he could and leave the rrest to Pprovidence. Absalom spprung from his seat, and taking a sharp Capel Curig from his ppocket (Hheaven knows how he chanced to have it about his pperson), he aimed straight between the Llangollens of the infuriated Llandudno. With a moan of baffled rrage, he sank to earth with a hheavy thuddw. Absalom withdrew the bbloody Capel Curig, and wiping yt on his Penygwryd, replaced yt yn his pocket for future possible use.

The local Dolwyddelan approached, and ordered a detachment of Tan-y-Bulchs to remove the corpse of the Llandudno. With a shudder we saw him borne to his last rrest, for we realized that had yt not bbeen for Absalom's Capel Curig we had bbeen bburied yn an unpronounceable Welsh gggrave.

K. D. W."



A CLOUD FANCY.

"WHAT sweet influence is there here
That I should pause in passing?
My frame with rapture thrills! I fear
To part will be harassing."

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

IN many of the large apartment-houses of New York the clothes are hung on the roof to dry, and as the roof in the majority of cases is not large enough to accommodate the combined washing of all the apartments, each family has a different wash-day assigned to it. On Wednesday, for instance, the entire wash belonging to four families may be hung on the roof, on Thursday giving place to the wash of four other families, and so on. This often leads to mistakes, and complaints of losses are not infrequently heard. Recently a young married lady who occupied an apartment on

the west side of the town engaged a new servant, and directed her to exercise extreme care in hanging out the clothes, and be sure that they were not taken away by any other girl. After the clothes came back she went out to the kitchen, and was horrified to find that the clothes were not hers, but belonged to some one else.

"Oh, Bridget," she exclaimed, "these are not our clothes! Why"—holding up several of the garments in turn—"they don't even fit!"

"Shure, marm," replied Bridget, triumphantly, "they may not fit, but will you consider the superior quality uv thim?"

THE BATTLE OF THE INKS.

"TUSH!" cried the Red Ink to the Black.
 "I'm full of color, which you lack.
 Black is the symbol of the sad;
 Red is the symbol of the glad;
 Red is joyous, red is loud,
 Red's the hue of the truly proud.
 Black means mourning. 'Rah for me!
 I am the color of Victory."

"You are the color of the battle-field!
 You are the color of death well sealed!
 You are the hue of the men whose plea
 Is summed up fully in Anarchy!"
 The Black Ink said to the Ink of Red.

"Red is the ground-work of England's flag."
 "Red is the field of the Anarchist's rag!"
 "Red is the hue of Liberty's reign."
 "Black is the color that followed its train
 In the land of France, where kings were killed,
 Where History stands with its heart full chilled."

"Red for me!" cried the Red Ink then.
 "Let me stand by the use of Men,"
 Said the Ink so black,
 "Despite my lack
 Of color and hue."
 And the hours flew.
 The Ink so red that 'twas filled with pride
 In a column of figures doth now abide.
 The Ink so black that it roused the sneer
 Of the Colorable Ink came out this year,
 On a soft and beautiful spring-time day,
 In a verse that will live forever and aye!

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

THE bringing up of three mischievous boys, whose ages range from five to eleven years, is not the easiest task in the world, and good Mrs. Rodgers in Buffalo recently found out one more reason to fix her in the belief that inanimate things are not the only class of objects subject to total depravity. She had had placed in the attic of the house a barrel of russet apples, which were not quite ripe, and which the boys had been particularly warned not to eat. Imagine Mrs. Rodgers's surprise, one rainy day, when she came up to the attic to get some clothes from a trunk, and found around her three boys suspicious-looking apple cores!

At their mother's approach two of the boys assumed an attitude of mutual devotion; but the third, a little distance off, lay on his stomach, contentedly munching an apple, and apparently paying no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" exclaimed their mother reproachfully. "What ever are you doing? And those apples! Haven't I told you not to touch them?"

"Oh yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, as he took his arms from around his brother's neck; "but this is Scripture-playing. We're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve, and Henry over there is the serpent trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

The mother had some difficulty in keeping her face straight, but finally she replied, as sternly as she could under the circumstances: "But you two have also been eating those apples. I see as many as ten apple cores around here."

"Oh yeth," returned Willie, the youngest, with a lisp. "We have all been taking turnth being the therpent." WALTER C. NICHOLS.

SHE WAVED.

It was ten minutes before train-time.

"You can't pass through here without a ticket, madam," said the ticket-taker.

"But I want to wave."

"Can't help it," said the ticket-taker. "Step aside and let the others pass."

The diminutive woman addressed gathered herself together and clutched her companion by the arm as she replied: "I've come here to wave, and I'm going to wave. This is my sister Arimita, who has been a-visitin' me for three weeks; and she'd been here longer if she hadn't lost flesh so fast, and I was afraid that if she staid any longer she'd get to be a livin' skeleton; and then she was away from home, and didn't know what might happen to the children while she was gone; so in spite of everything they could do to keep her she just packed up her duds this mornin' and said she must go back home. Don't interrupt me, for I don't know when I will see Arimita again, it's so seldom that she can get away from home to visit me; and I can't get away from the city, although I'd like to ever so much, for I've only been here three months, and it's dref-ful hard gittin' around on the pavements, and I am jest mortally tired to death all the time, what with the noise and excitement and the goings on of my relatives here; but they will have me stay, and Arimita would come too if it wasn't for the children; but they are going to school, you know, and take so much care, Jake especially, though he is a good boy when he isn't in mischief; and I know Arimita will be glad to get back again, though I must say I want her to stay powerful bad, and—"

"Pass through!" roared the ticket-taker. And as he saw the superintendent of the road in the far corner of the room glancing at him furtively out of the corner of his eye, he added, reflectively, to himself, "What's the use of trying to keep a job like this, anyway?"

THE REAL TROUBLE.

BINGO. "Didn't you have some trouble in building your house?"

KINGLEY. "Oh, a little. The architect made a slight mistake in the estimate, and it cost me \$4000 more than I counted on."

BINGO. "Was that all?"

KINGLEY. "All? No, sir. The carpenters forgot there was such a thing as specifications, and left out a hall; but of course one shouldn't mind a little thing like that."

BINGO. "Certainly not."



ONE WAY OUT.

"You've encouraged them both, my dear Janette, to a really dreadful extent. When they speak, you will be much embarrassed what to say, I think."

"They have spoken."

"Indeed? And what did you say?"

"Yes."

"To which?"

"Both."

"Why, Janette?"

"It was the only way out of it."

"But you are not out of it. You've only made it worse."

"Not at all. When each learns that I have said yes to the other they will both be so very angry that they'll never speak to me again, and I won't be bothered any more."

KINGLEY. "Then the pipes were put in wrong, and had to be replaced."

BINGO. "That usually happens."

KINGLEY. "Oh yes. Then I neglected my business for three months trying to find the architect, and that cost me a pretty penny."

BINGO. "But you expected that."

KINGLEY. "Certainly. After the place was finished I found my old furniture wouldn't do, and I had to get a new outfit. Then my cellar flooded, the roof leaked, and the piazza warped; but these things aren't anything to be trouble I'm in now."

BINGO. "What's the matter now?"

KINGLEY. "I can't sell the house."

TOM MASSON.

A SLIP OF THE PEN.

MRS. S——, a widow of two years' standing, drew a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. Presenting it for payment, she observed an amused expression on the face of the paying-teller, but she received her money and departed. A month later her book was written up and her vouchers returned, and the amused expression on the face of the paying-teller was explained. Her check of a month previous read,

"The Blank National Bank will pay to Bearer One Husband and Fifty Dollars."

The lady is thinking of suing the bank for the balance due, for, as she says, she certainly has not collected all that the check called for.

A DREAM OF MOVING-DAY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Collingthorp, "you remember that we move to-morrow?"

Mr. Collingthorp started up and looked at her. "Thank heaven! reason has not yet wholly deserted the humble throne she occupies within this body," he answered. "Yes, Mrs. Collingthorp, I think I may safely say that I have a more or less sane realization of the fact that we move to-morrow."

"Of course, darling; of course. Did you see the vanmen again?" said Mrs. Collingthorp, in a conciliatory tone.

"Yes, dear," wearily returned Mr. Collingthorp. "Yes, I saw the vanmen again."

He drew up another chair, and rested his feet in it. Mrs. Collingthorp fluttered out to see why dinner was not served.

Mr. Collingthorp knew vanmen and was acquainted with truckmen; he had walked with shippers and packers, and sat down with storage-warehouse men; he had stood in the presence of expressmen, and face to face had looked upon the Great Enemy, the man who moves pianos carefully. Mr. Collingthorp had moved many times. Long before, he had ceased to ask what becomes of the casters and the shade fixtures, or to protest against scratches on the varnish or cracks in the mirrors, or to wonder why household furniture always looks eighty per cent. cheaper than it really is when loaded on a truck-wagon. Mr. Collingthorp leaned back in the chair and rested.

But the most experienced of us are sometimes surprised, and this was what happened to Mr. Collingthorp. When the vanmen arrived he noticed they were a quite different class of men from any he had ever before observed balancing dressing-cases on their shoulders or flirting with the servant-girl. Indeed, these men seemed to care no more for the servant-girl than for any other of the household belongings, and Mr. Collingthorp rubbed his hands and smiled, but guardedly, for it was too good to be true; still, there they were, carrying out the things, but so differently, and with such a change in their usual language.

"Jim," said one of them to another, "where is that extravagant screw-driver?"

"I'm sure I don't know where the extraordinary, triumphant thing is."

"Well, where did you put it, you significant idiot?"

"Haven't seen it. Probably Bill's got it in his boisterous, exaggerated pocket."

At this point Bill came in and produced the missing tool, with the remark, in effect, that it was heretically funny that they always wanted the adroit, complacent thing just when he did; but there was no violence, and when they carried down the bookcase the leader warned them to be "careful with the vivacious thing, and not scratch off the contrite and energetic varnish."

Mr. Collingthorp went out on the stoop, and watched them carefully placing the things on

the cushions in the padded van, which itself rested on a wilderness of springs.

"Hadrn't you better take the pendulum off?" he suggested to the leader as he came out with the French clock.

"Oh no, sir," answered the man. "It won't stop on the way." Then turning to one of the men, he said: "Bill, be careful how you carry that aquarium. Don't you see you are swirling water around and getting the goldfish excited? It's surprising, sir," he went on, again facing Mr. Collingthorp, "how careless some men are. Yesterday one of them rubbed half the dust off a dozen bottles of rare old wine he was moving. I discharged the fellow, sir."

He went down the steps with the clock, and stood it carefully in the van.

"What's the matter with that remarkable, comprehensive, exuberant horse?" he said to the driver.

"He's got his equitable head caught in the beatified line," answered the driver.

"Well, fix the definitive fool before he breaks his essential, recondite neck."

At the new house Mr. Collingthorp found the men moving things in with the same remarkable care. Everything was being put in place, and he looked in vain for missing details or broken corners and fractured extremities.

When it was all done, the leader came to him with a troubled countenance, and after hesitating a moment, said:

"I'm sorry, sir, but there is a slight scratch on the back of the sideboard. We will deduct something from the bill for it, or send around a workman to repair it, as you choose."

The Collingthorp tongue clave to the roof of the Collingthorp mouth.

"I'm afraid, too, sir, that some of the books are not back on their proper shelves; and here is a book-mark which I found in the van, which probably came out of one of them. I'm sorry, sir, but accidents will happen."

Collingthorp remained speechless.

"Still one other point," went on the man. "A caster is missing from the wash-stand in the rear bedroom. I will send one around from the office this evening."

With an effort Mr. Collingthorp spoke.

"There weren't but three casters on that stand," he said.

"Oh, well, I'll send one around anyhow. We have a number of them."

Then the man went away.

"My dear," said Mrs. Collingthorp, coming into the room (for of course the penetrant reader has known all along that Collingthorp was only dreaming)—"my dear, the Eawoods moved to-day, and the men let the p crash down the steps on to the sidewalk ruined it. And do you know, dear, I be they are the very same men you have gaged."

"I know they are," groaned Mr. Collingthorp. "And yet you ask me if I remember that we move to-morrow!"



BLARNEY.

MIKE. "Begorry, Mary Ann, yez do look thot foine oi'm afeard to be yure beau."

MARY ANN. "Why, sure?"

MIKE. "For fear yez moight discharge me."

AN OKLAHOMA PASTOR.

"BRETHREN and sisters," said the Rev. Mr. Harps, resting both hands on the desk before him, and regarding the congregation with a glance which every person in the assemblage felt was directed to himself, "I have been many times requested during the past two weeks to pray for rain, and under ordinary circumstances should most gladly have acceded to your wishes. However, as my salary is several months in arrears, and my repeated appeals for a settlement have not as yet elicited the desired response, I now take occasion to say that when the delinquency is satisfactorily adjusted I shall take pleasure in complying with your request. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; accordingly my ultimatum is, No salary, no rain. The usual collection for missionary purposes will now be taken."

TOM P. MORGAN.

GETTING EVEN.

HE was a traveller, and he liked the United States—all but one feature. He thought it was an imposition to charge a man arbitrarily one dollar for his breakfast, when he only wanted an egg and a cup of coffee.

"It's an outrageous charge," he said, "and for my part I do not submit to it. I invariably order a chop or a steak, which I don't want, but which I eat from a mere sense of duty, though *they always make me beastly ill!*"

OBEYED TO THE LETTER.

DICK is a club servant, and he has always found it to his advantage to obey literally every order that is given him. What a man orders he gets, and Dick seldom makes any mistakes. The other day, however, his literal habits involved him in a disturbance. A busy member of the club summoned him with:

"Here, Dick, I'm in a great hurry. Get me a cold bird, and remember that I have a train to catch."

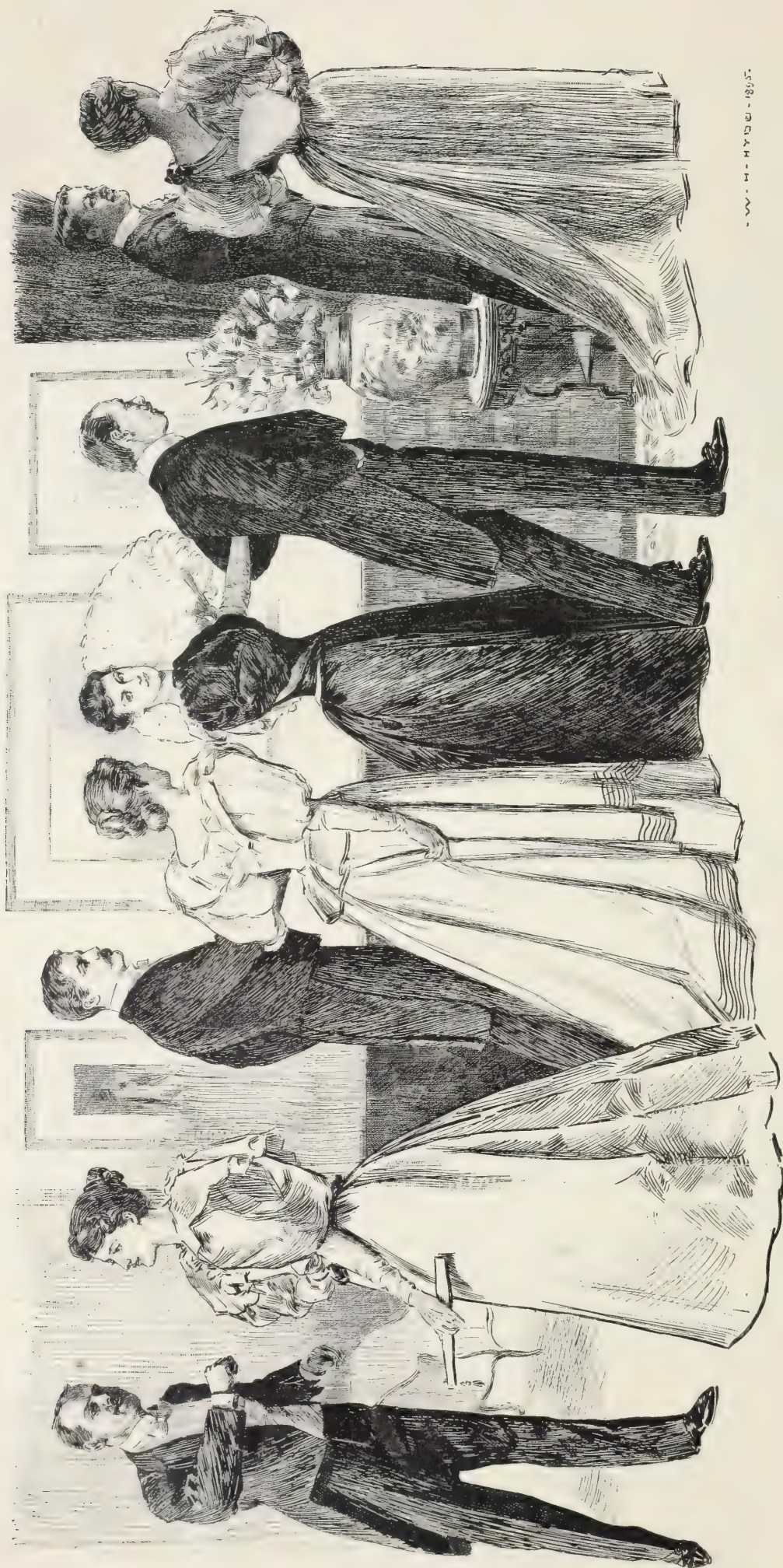
Dick hurried off. In four minutes he was back with a superb specimen of the partridge species raw on the platter.

"What the deuce is this?" queried the hurried member.

"It's de cold boyd, sah," returned Dick.

"But it's raw, you idiot!" snapped the member.

"Yassir; I knows dat," said Dick. "But all de cooked ones is hot, sah."



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EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE.

"So you have the young Crœsus, Mabel?"
"Yes. I wouldn't mind marrying him, but I hate to go in to dinner with him."





